

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Stardust"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SPACE 1

The wide, vast expanse of SPACE stretches out before us, the STARS of countless constellations stay frozen in the depths of space.

PAN DOWN to see the MOON, its desolate face showing no signs of life.

PUSH PAST the moon, until we see the planet EARTH in all of its glory.

Suddenly the screen BRIGHTENS, and a bright swath of LIGHT with flickering multi-coloured flecks fills the screen.

A huge COMET streaks past, on course to scorch safely past Earth itself.

TRACK the comet as it continues to pass over the Earth, strange flecks of DUST breaking off and silently gliding towards the planet's atmosphere.

ANGLE ON THE COSMIC DUST

The dust gently rains down on the planet, not affected at all by the atmosphere.

Follow the cosmic dust into the atmosphere:

2 EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE 2

The colourful dust continues to sparkle as the friction from the force of gravity and the atmosphere lights it up.

Continue to track towards the continent of NORTH AMERICA, as the stardust still continues to RAIN down.

PUSH IN faster as the land below quickly fills the screen, more and more detail flooding in - rivers, towns, roads.

Continue to move ever closer, until we focus on one particular CITY, the stardust filling the screen with sparkling light as we CUT TO:

3 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT 3

A typical city street. Cars driving along the street, HORNS tooting at the growing traffic jam of a Friday night.

Elsewhere on the city streets, PEDESTRIANS go about their business - HAWKERS selling their wares, COUPLES arm in arm, even a BEGGAR sitting down trying to get some spare change.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

PAN UP to see the stardust glitter down, ever so faintly. It's there, but not as visible as we saw it from space.

Up above, the COMET pushes through the night sky, our view obscured by thick clouds and FOG.

A COUPLE is fortunate enough to see it, stopping and pointing up at the sky.

WOMAN

Look, honey. You don't see that every day!

MAN

Relax, it's just a shooting star...

WOMAN

I may look dumb, but even I know a shooting star moves a lot quicker than that. It's a comet.

MAN

(smiles)

Yeah, okay. You win. Sure looks pretty...

The stardust is continues to fall on the couple, who are completely unaware of it. TRACK along and notice the stardust is FLOATING down onto the other people.

They continue about their business, and except for the couple, no one else notices the comet.

MOVE ALONG the street until we see a pair of GOTHS walking towards a quiet looking BAR.

4 EXT. BAR - NEXT

4

Outside the bar, another two GOTHS are chatting as they notice the newcomers coming towards them. They stop for a beat.

Throughout all of this, the faint stardust trickles over them.

The four goths nod their heads in acknowledgement, before they enter the bar:

5 INT. BAR - NEXT

5

From the clientele, this is more than just a Goth Bar - it's a REBEL VAMPIRE bar! The scene inside is quiet for the time being.

Oddly enough, the stardust still seems to trickle into the bar, each time the door opens and closes.

(CONTINUED)

The scene soon becomes silent, save for the rock music playing in the background.

PUSH IN on the bar as a young VAMP looks at the newcomers with growing FEAR in his eyes. A shot glass slowly slips from his fingers.

REBEL VAMP

What the...?

(shouts out)

It's Trads! Trads have come here to kill us!

The new arrivals exchange puzzled glances as the Rebel leaps from his chair, yelling frantically.

GOTH REBEL VAMP

What are you talking about? If anything, you're the trad!

Everyone in the bar remains silent, as they all begin to look at each other with accusing stares.

The tense silence suddenly erupts into pandemonium as the newly arrived vampires LAUNCH themselves at the others!

Each and every one of them YELLS obscenities to one another and begins PUNCHING and KICKING other rebel vampires!

ANGLE ON another rebel vamp who looks at his female companion before he SMASHES a bottle across her head!

REBEL VAMP #2

You're not taking me alive!

She responds by grabbing a GLASS and smashing it across his face.

FEMALE REBEL VAMP

I've already killed you once before, Dad! Don't think I can't do it again!

The SCREAMING and YELLING continues as every Rebel Vamp in the bar goes absolutely nuts.

One unfortunate Vamp gets the business end of a broken stool, and slides to the ground in shock.

REBEL VAMP #3

(snarls)

That's for attacking our nest, punk! Don't think I didn't recognise you!

5 CONTINUED: (2)

The battle continues as we PAN UPWARDS and still make out the glittering stardust, floating in the air, touching down on every single vampire in the bar.

As the cacophony continues, PAN UP towards a WINDOW.

PUSH TOWARDS the window, showing the FULL MOON and the comet just to the right of it, looking bigger than before as it passes close to the planet.

With the sounds of the battle still raging between the normally peaceful rebel vampires, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

6

DANYAEL walks towards us, looking over a list with a furrowed brow.

DANYAEL

Twist, are you sure we can even get this? I'm pretty certain that stuff's still illegal in the States.

PULL BACK to see VIVIAN with a wry grin on her face.

VIVIAN

I think she wants it so she can hallucinate.

DANYAEL

Oh, if that's all you want, I'm sure I know a friend of a friend of a friend who can hook us up with some...

(off Vivian's look)

... ah, never mind... Twist?

PAN AROUND to see TWIST, arms folded and looking every bit grumpy.

TWIST

I need my booze to dull the pain. Because every time I look at him, I see her, and every time I look at her, I see them doing...

(cringes)

Ugh! It's so disgusting! I can hear them through the walls!

DANYAEL

(blinks)

What are you talking about?

Twist throws her hands up in the air, before POKING a finger at her temple.

TWIST

Er, hello? Chris and Lyra! How many times have we heard her say, "Chris is so strong," "Chris is my hero," "Chris can do anything..."

DANYAEL

Chris... and Lyra? 'Chris and Lyra' what?

(CONTINUED)

She raises an eyebrow. It takes a few seconds for the penny to drop.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Oh.

(beat)

Oh...

VIVIAN

What... seriously? The two of them are...

TWIST

Doing the steps of the mummy and daddy dance.

DANYAEL

No, no, that can't be right...

TWIST

They're vulcanising the whoopee stick in the ham wallet.

VIVIAN

Since when?

TWIST

Since... actually, I have no idea. Point is, he's still marinating the nether rod in the squish mitten, and oh God I need a drink right now. To throw in my eyes!

VIVIAN

Twist, I think Chris is allowed to have a little Chris Time after all he's been through.

DANYAEL

He did get you out of Hell.

(beat)

Twice.

Twist shoots Danyael a dirty look.

TWIST

Once. Get it right. The first time was a fluke, so that doesn't count.

DANYAEL

Hey, if those two want to hook up... I got no problem with it.

VIVIAN

Me either.

CONTINUED: (2)

TWIST

What? Are you two serious?
They're...

She makes some furious (and indecipherable) hand gestures.

TWIST (cont'd)

... like, all the time now!

DANYAEL

(shrugs)
I never heard 'em.

VIVIAN

Me either.

They walk on. Twist groans loudly in annoyance.

TWIST

Fine! Be a pair of jewel-encrusted
Judases. You're welcome to the
whole sordid little affair. Nobody
spares a thought for me, do they?
I'm trying to get some sleep, but I
can't over that racket!

DANYAEL

Twist, you're the one who makes the
racket, playing video games at all
hours of the night!

TWIST

Assassins Creed is about the only
pleasure I have left now.

(beat)

Except for alcohol.

(beat)

And candy.

(beat)

And clothes. Oh, and...

Danyael and Vivian stop and stare at Twist.

TWIST (cont'd)

What?

VIVIAN

Did you always talk this much?

Twist stares at her dumbfounded, before turning to Danyael.

TWIST

Anyway, back to what I was saying.
Chris and Lyra are always together,
and it's a wonder if he even needs
me any more!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TWIST (cont'd)

(beat)

She's replacing me, I tell ya! When Chris was stuck on her island, she pulled the old voodoo on him, and now all he thinks about is her!

VIVIAN

It's kind of pleasant getting replaced, isn't it? Maybe you should just get over it? Chris is finally happy, and we shouldn't stand in their way.

DANYAEL

(shocked)

Who are you, and what have you done with Vivian?

TWIST

But... you... you don't...

Twist looks as if she is about to explode. And she does...

Into TEARS! She sinks to her knees, shivering as she HUGS herself.

TWIST (cont'd)

(loud exaggerated crying)

Nobody loves me any more! I'm always so... so alone!

(beating her chest)

Why is the world so cruel to me?

Danyael and Vivian look at each other, and then at Twist's strange behaviour.

Meanwhile, PEOPLE passing by look on at the unusual behaviour, making a wide berth of the group.

VIVIAN

You've got to be kidding me...

Danyael hunkers next to Twist and gently pats her on the shoulders, who is now a blubbering mess.

DANYAEL

Ah, Twist, can you kind of calm down? We're outside and people are looking at us like we're... well, like you're crazy.

But Twist only CRIES even more loudly as she buries her head in Danyael's shoulder.

TWIST

(blubbering)

You still love me, don'tcha Spook?

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

(flustered)

Ah... yeah... sure... let's all
take a deep breath, 'kay? You
wouldn't want Chris to see you like
this.

Twist gets up, her eyes wide open, before her crying resumes
several decibels higher than before.

VIVIAN

Oh, brother, now you've done it!

TWIST

That's exactly right! He'd probably
think I am crazy or something!

She buries her face in his chest and HOWLS again, and Danyael
lets out a deep sigh as he fishes for a cigarette with his
free hand.

DANYAEL

Alright, alright. There, there.

He PATS Twist on the back, her weeping gradually subsiding as
he looks round for Vivian:

And sees her Vivian kneeling in front of a BABY'S PRAM. The
previously HAPPY PARENTS are now staring at Vivian with
growing terror.

VIVIAN

(cooing at baby)

Who's a little angel? Huh? You are!

Yes, you are!

(to parents)

Ooh, he's so adorable! I could just
eat him right up.

ANGLE ON BABY who stares blankly at her for a beat - then
bursts into squeals of childish laughter. Vivian's face
lights up.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Oh! Isn't that sweet? You must be
so happy!

MOTHER

(wary)

Extremely.

(whispers, to her husband)

Let's go. This woman is crazy.

And with that, the parents rush around Vivian and RUN down
the street.

(CONTINUED)

A long beat. Vivian looks all sunshine and hollow chocolate bunnies for another couple of moments.

And then she snaps out of it, shaking her head and turning back to Danyael and the recovering Twist.

VIVIAN

Did I... just... 'gah gah' over a human baby?

Danyael raises an eyebrow and blows out a lungful of smoke. Vivian closes her eyes and GROANS.

DANYAEL

You could say it was out of character for you.

VIVIAN

No more out of character than Twist bawling her eyes out.

TWIST

Hey!

VIVIAN

I don't normally do that. No, actually I've never done that at all, not even when I was human!

Danyael stands, offering a hand to Twist to help her up.

DANYAEL

Let's just chalk it down to hormones or something.

(nods to side)

We have reached our goal.

They are now outside a LIQUOR STORE.

VIVIAN

Great. I need something hard and heavy to make me forget I just did that.

She leaves them to enter the store.

TWIST

(under her breath)

Sure, baumgartner, I got something hard and heavy for you right here...

Twist balls up her fists and takes a step forward, but Danyael quickly drags her back round.

DANYAEL

Not in front of witnesses. I think we've attracted enough attention for one night, don't you?

TWIST

(sighs)

Alright, lead the way.

As Twist enters the liquor store, Danyael pauses to finish his cigarette, looking up at the building.

And he recoils in horror - the store is suddenly a towering, chaotic TEMPLE, with gruesome BODIES strung up and impaled on spikes, and FLAMES licking up into the sky!

The blazing red brand of the TRINITY glowers balefully down at him, illuminated by a flash of LIGHTNING.

Danyael staggers back, stumbling and falling as he hears deep and sinister LAUGHTER, raising a hand to defend himself as a SHADOW looms over him, and we CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - CHRIS AND LYRA'S ROOM - NEXT

LYRA is curled up asleep on the bed like a kitten, shifting every now and again.

PAN ROUND to see CHRIS sitting on the ground, a number of TEXTS spread out before him. He picks up one book, flicking through the pages carefully.

CHRIS

Come on, it has to be in here!

He continues to mutter to himself as he picks up books and flicks through them, consulting what look like STAR CHARTS.

LYRA (O.S.)

Chris...

He turns around to see Lyra sitting up on the bed. He gets up and walks towards the bed.

Lyra is ROLLING over, but she is far from awake. She mutters in her sleep, shaking her head to and fro.

LYRA (cont'd)

Chris... no, don't. We can't save them all...

CHRIS

(frowns)

Lyra? Lyra, it's alright. You're just having a bad dream.

7 CONTINUED:

7

Lyra moves her head, her eyes moving rapidly underneath their lids.

LYRA

So much blood... so much
violence...

(suddenly frantic)

Oh, God! It burns! It burns! Make
them stop! Oh, Chris! Make them
stop!

Alarmed, Chris SHAKES her, but she isn't waking up.

CHRIS

Lyra, wake up! It's only a dream,
it can't hurt you!

PUSH IN on Lyra as Chris tries to wake her, and we CUT TO:

8 INT. LABORATORY - DREAM SEQUENCE - NIGHT

8

The camera angle is jittery. A PAIR of HANDS before us, as we run from whatever is chasing us.

LYRA (O.S.)

No! I won't go back! No leave me
alone!

CHRIS (O.S.)

Lyra, wake up!

PAN RIGHT to see Chris running with her, but he is FLICKERING in and out of existence.

LYRA (O.S.)

Chris? Help me, Chris! They're
going to cut me open again!

CHRIS

Snap out of it!

Lyra pushes ahead, groping at the walls as she tries to understand how she can see, when suddenly...

A DOOR slams open and we SMASH CUT TO:

9 INT. MOTEL - CHRIS AND LYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

9

Lyra shoots bolt upright, YELLING her lungs out! Chris tries to restrain her as she continues to scream.

CHRIS

It's okay! You were dreaming, it's
over now. You don't have to worry.

Lyra is still struggling when she points at empty space.

(CONTINUED)

LYRA

Can't you see it? He's standing
right there! He's going to take me
and cut me up!

Chris looks to where Lyra is pointing but can't see a thing.

CHRIS

There's nothing there. Whoever you
were seeing in your dreams is gone.
There's nothing in this room but
the two of us.

(beat)

Wait a second - how can you see
anything if -

Lyra shakes her head and continues to point at thin air.

LYRA

He's right there! He's going to
take the both of us! We have to
escape! We have to get the hell out
of here!

She manages to slip from his grasp and looks towards the spot
with sheer terror.

Lyra starts to SING, a single note stretching quickly beyond
the range of human hearing as the glass in the windows begins
to shake!

Chris is gripping his ears as Lyra starts to SCREAM at the
personal demon before her.

Lyra stops suddenly and backs away into a corner. Her hands
scratch at thin air, raving incoherently.

Chris steps before her, trying to hold her hands still as he
speaks slowly and clearly:

CHRIS

I'll figure something out. Just
hold on, alright?

LYRA

Chris... help me...

She stands up for a beat - before FAINTING dead away, wilting
into Chris' arms.

He checks for a pulse, breathing a quick sigh of relief
before carrying her limp form back over to the bed.

He gently lays her down - and she erupts into life once more,
this time clawing and attacking at Chris!

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

CHRIS

Lyra! Lyra, stop it! It's me!

LYRA

You're not Chris! You're here to
kill me!

Chris struggles with Lyra as she tries to punch him, when he hears more screaming from outside.

He lets go of Lyra, who continues to thrash around as if she's in the grip of an invisible attacker.

Chris walks towards the door and gently opens it, stepping out into:

10 EXT. MOTEL - NEXT

10

Chris leans over the balcony and sees Twist, Danyael and Vivian wandering aimlessly around the car park of the motel.

CHRIS

It's about time you lot got back,
something's happened to...

He realises they're not listening - in fact, they're all lost in their own worlds, babbling to themselves as they blunder back and forth.

Chris stares in confusion for a beat, before another CRY from Lyra sends him running back into:

11 INT. MOTEL - CHRIS AND LYRA'S ROOM - NEXT

11

Lyra is still thrashing about on the bed, and she is now foaming at the mouth!

Chris quickly surveys the room, grabbing his KATANA from the floor before darting over to the bed.

He uses the sword to quickly slice up several strips of bedclothes, wrapping them round the squirming Lyra's wrists.

With a few swift turns, he's tied her to the bed frame, stepping back to make sure she's secure before he rushes back outside:

12 EXT. MOTEL - NEXT

12

Chris CLATTERS down the stairs to get to ground level, calling out to the others:

CHRIS

Hold on! I'm coming!

(CONTINUED)

He reaches Twist first, just as she falls to her knees, screaming:

TWIST

Not again! Please don't make me kill them! I'll do anything you want, but I can't do that! Please Boyce, don't make me kill my family!

Twist starts punching at thin air, a look of sheer terror in her eyes. He tries shaking her.

CHRIS

Twist! Snap out of it! It's a hallucination, it's not real! I repeat, it's not real!

But Twist won't snap out of it. She continues yelling at ghosts, clutching her head.

Chris looks on helplessly, not knowing what to do. He turns to see Danyael looking shell shocked, staring into space.

DANYAEL

You killed her... You killed her... You betrayed all that what the rebel vampires stand for. You went and joined them!

CHRIS

Danyael, whoever you're talking to, they're not there.

Danyael points to blank air, an incredulous look on his face.

DANYAEL

What? She's right there! Naomi's right there! She's just killed Twist! My God! Twist is dead, oh my God!

Chris grabs hold of Danyael and tries to shake him out of it.

CHRIS

Danyael! Naomi is dead! You killed her, remember? You killed her!

DANYAEL

(a look of recognition)
I... killed her.

CHRIS

(hopeful)
That's it! You remember...

DANYAEL

I killed Naomi. I cut her throat,
because she killed Twist.

(looking dead at Chris)

So why is she there, laughing at
me?

Again Danyael is pointing at thin air, and Chris realises it is useless.

PAN UP to see very faint COLOURED LIGHTS hanging in the air - more dust from the comet.

Chris, however, doesn't notice this, and makes his way towards Vivian who is standing with a dumbfounded expression on her face.

CHRIS

Vivian, are you okay?

Vivian stares ahead, her jaw slack. She screws up her face as fresh tears begin to flow.

VIVIAN

It's all my fault.... I did it! I
did everything!

Chris approaches cautiously, careful to not set Vivian off.

CHRIS

What did you do to the others? What
did you give them?

VIVIAN

All my fault.... I'm an evil woman.
I don't deserve to live. I killed
them, I killed them all! I blamed
him, but really it was my fault...

Chris frowns and approaches a little less cautiously.

CHRIS

Vivian? Who did you blame?

Vivian's tears stream down her face as she screws her face up in anguish. She PUNCHES herself in the head.

VIVIAN

Don't you get it? I blamed Chris
for everything that I've done.
They're all here to judge me.
Everyone I've killed, they're going
to tear me apart!

Chris looks on in horror as Vivian continues to PUNCH herself and pull her hair.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Vivian. It's a hallucination. No one is here, it's just us...

He turns around - and now sees Twist screaming at a ghost Boyce, and Danyael screaming at a ghost Naomi!

CHRIS (cont'd)

What in the...

He turns around - and sees a familiar sight before him.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Not bloody me as well...

PAN ROUND to see someone we all know very well. It's JULIE KINGSTON, complete with the fatal wound that Naomi gave her in the monastery!

JULIE

(gravelly)

Chris... you promised to keep me safe... but you lied...

CHRIS

No... If I had have known I'd would have saved you...

JULIE

(snarls)

Liar! You love Syren more than you ever loved me...

CHRIS

Julie... I...

He stops as he stares at Julie, who looks back at him passively.

Her jaw slacks open and she tilts her head back. The jaw falls away as she begins to decompose before our very eyes!

Suddenly the sky turns a baleful GREEN and all the surrounding buildings SHATTER and FALL, as if they were caught in an ATOMIC blast!

Chris falls to his knees, COUGHING uncontrollably. He looks up to see the remains of "Julie" before him. He turns and see the remains of Twist, Danyael and Vivian as well.

CHRIS (cont'd)

No... not this place...

A loud SCREECHING can be heard overhead. Chris looks up. He can't see what's in the air, but he sure recognises it.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)

Oh... shit!

He gets up and RUNS, just as a LARGE SHADOW flies overhead, the familiar SCREECHING following him!

Chris runs as fast as he can, the heavy beating of huge wings growing louder.

Something SCREECHES as it swoops down to grab him, blotting Chris from view as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 EXT. MOTEL CAR PARK - NIGHT

13

The team are strewn around the tarmac, not moving.

Slowly, Chris stirs, GROANING as he sits up. He looks round to see the others doing the same.

CHRIS

Is everyone alright?

Twist rubs her eyes, looking quickly all around.

TWIST

What... what happened?

VIVIAN

Did somebody spike our drinks?

DANYAEL

We didn't get any drinks, remember?
We started freaking out again.

The team all rise to their feet, regrouping.

CHRIS

Something just happened to us,
that's for sure. Even -

LYRA (O.S.)

Chris?

They turn - a shivering Lyra stands at the balcony, strands of white bedsheets still round her wrists.

LYRA (cont'd)

Are you there? I just... I just had
the most awful nightmare!

The others exchange knowing looks as we DISSOLVE TO:

14 INT. MOTEL - CHRIS AND LYRA'S ROOM - LATER

14

The team are all sitting or standing around. Everyone is silent.

Lyra is sitting up on the bed holding her head, her eyes closed.

Twist is sitting against the wall with her knees close to her chest. She is staring off into space.

Danyael looks at Twist, before shaking his head. He takes out a cigarette, but stops himself.

(CONTINUED)

Vivian is sitting at the table gripping the edge of the it tightly. She too is staring ahead.

Chris is on the ground with books sprawled out before him. The only sound in the room is his feverish flickering through books. He stops to look at everyone.

CHRIS

Alright, is someone going to even attempt to theorise what just happened out there?

A silent beat. No one is talking. Danyael shuffles his feet.

DANYAEL

Um... I'm going to get some air. Maybe call around, see if the local vamps came across anything strange tonight.

He makes his way towards the door. Twist glances up at him, but resumes her brooding stare at the ground.

CHRIS

Appreciated, Danyael. But be careful, we don't know what we're up against.

Danyael nods once as he leaves the motel room. Chris resumes his research while everyone else still remains silent.

VIVIAN

Maybe we've been drugged. Maybe... we think we're seeing this reality, when in fact we could be somewhere else entirely.

CHRIS

Where did the three of you go?

TWIST

We were getting some booze. That's all. Though...

(beat)

Something weird did happen before that...

Vivian looks to Twist, shaking her head. "Don't say it."

TWIST (cont'd)

I got really emotional and broke down crying.

CHRIS

Over what?

TWIST

Over... you and Lyra.

Twist hugs herself, feeling particularly bashful.

TWIST (cont'd)

(meek)

I thought I was being replaced.

CHRIS

Twist, Lyra isn't replacing you. You're all valuable members of the team. I risked my life and soul to get you out of Hell for a reason, after all!

Twist rolls her eyes and looks at the ceiling.

TWIST

Yeah, I know. I think we've established that me going all Ally McBeal was out of character by now.

(beat)

Just ask Vivian.

CHRIS

Vivian... What happened?

VIVIAN

(glares at Twist)

I don't want to talk about it.

CHRIS

Vivian! No one is going to say anything bad...

TWIST

Vivian went gah gah over a baby.

Vivian hurls mental daggers at Twist, before slumping in her chair. Chris stares at Vivian for a beat, before shaking his head.

CHRIS

I admit, it does sound out of character... for the both of you, but neither of you have given an explanation into why you did what you did. Or even why we started hallucinating...

LYRA

Who says it's a hallucination? Maybe Vivian is right, maybe we're all stashed away and being... experimented on.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

That's what you were hallucinating,
was it? You were back in a lab?

Lyra nods her head quietly. Chris looks at Twist.

TWIST

I was back at home, trying to save
Mom and Dad. Repeat sequence.

(beat)

You... "saw" what happened. You
know what I went through.

CHRIS

(nodding)

Don't worry about it. It's a bad
memory, we've all got them.

Chris looks at Vivian, expecting a response. Vivian glances
in his general direction.

VIVIAN

I still don't want to talk about
it.

CHRIS

You said I was responsible for all
that you've done since you were
turned.

Vivian SLAMS her fist on the table.

VIVIAN

(angry)

I said, I don't want to talk about
it!

A beat.

Danyael comes back into the room, observing the tense
silence. He raises an eyebrow.

DANYAEL

Who died?

They all turn to give him an incredulous look.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

(raises hands)

Alright, alright... sheesh. Just
trying to lighten things up.

TWIST

I would if I could, but given the
circumstances, I won't.

CHRIS

(moving along)
What did you find out?

DANYAEL

The local vamps have pretty much confirmed what is going on. All the nests have gone crazy, and lots of vamps have been caught in the crossfire. Earlier tonight, a rebel vamp bar got torn to the ground from the inside out.

(beat)

At first, looked like Trads attacked the bar, but they later found out the rebels killed each other.

CHRIS

Could it be some kind of virus? Maybe one that the Trads have unleashed, or someone else out there?

VIVIAN

By 'someone else,' you think maybe Parker?

CHRIS

It sounds like something he would do.

DANYAEL

I don't think it was Trads. Locals found that some Trads they saw were acting crazy as well, turning on each other.

(beat)

The rest of the humans in the city seem to be going about as normal.

CHRIS

Looks like the Cleaners are going to be working overtime tonight...

Danyael gives a grunt in agreement, as he sits down in a chair.

TWIST

What are we going to do? We've got to help, but we'll be no good if we go nuts every time we hallucinate.

(beat)

What's going to happen if we accidentally kill a human, and not realise it?

CHRIS

(grimly)

Then we need to find out what this is, that's affecting the underworld.

(beat)

Until then, we have to stay inside and watch each other.

Silence from the others.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Okay, I'll start researching now before we...

TWIST (O.S.)

(moans)

No...

Chris turns towards her exasperated.

CHRIS

Twist! It's the only way! What if what you said is going to...

He stops when he sees Twist staring ahead with a look of sheer horror on her face.

TWIST

Boyce, please! Don't kill them again! Please!

Quickly PUSH IN on Twist before a SMASH CUT TO:

Twist is in her parents' bedroom with BOYCE and his CREW standing by. Her MOTHER stands before a baby's cot, screaming at Boyce.

Boyce turns towards Twist with a sadistic grin on his face.

BOYCE

I can't believe this. This is your mom?

(beat)

This should be a whole lot easier, then. Twist, kill her. And the baby too.

TWIST

(meek; not believing it)

No. I won't.

15 CONTINUED:

15

BOYCE

Twist... don't make me tell you
twice.

TWIST

No! I won't! You've already killed
them, so why is this happening
again?

Boyce remains quiet for a beat, before slowly stepping
forward.

BOYCE

Because I can. And because you want
it to happen.

(beat)

Over and over again...

ANGLE on Twist's face as her eyes WIDEN in horror. Her mother
SCREAMS off screen, and Twist CLASPS her hands to her head in
terror, SCREAMING as well.

SMASH CUT TO:

16 INT. MOTEL - CHRIS AND LYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

16

Chris begins to get up, a look of worry on his face. He turns
to the others, seeing they are slowly succumbing to their
hallucinations once more.

CHRIS

Oh no, not again...

Danyael is staring at empty space, a look of disbelief on his
face.

DANYAEL

You're dead! I killed you! So why
won't you die?

Off Danyael's confused and shocked look, we CUT TO:

17 EXT. FACTORY ROOF TOP - NIGHT

17

Standing on an open rooftop of a rusty old factory, Danyael
is staring at somebody off screen.

SNAP ROUND to see NAOMI with a dark grin on her face, her
slashed throat still visible.

PAN DOWN to see a very dead Twist crumpled on the ground, a
BLOODY HOLE in her back, the stake laying on the ground next
to her.

Naomi looks at Twist and chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

NAOMI

You thought this really ended when you killed me... but it was really only the beginning. You thought you loved her. Loved her more than life itself.

(beat)

But you always knew that I would be your first love. No one, not even that whore on the ground can ever replace me!

(condescending sneer)

Is that why you came to me, out of all them? You wanted to be loved, and she wouldn't give it to you. Only I can ever really love you, Danny! You know that. You know that deep within your unbeating heart.

(beat)

You and me are meant to be together... forever...

Danyaël GRIPS something tightly in his hand. It's the arrow he used to kill Naomi with.

DANYAEL

Shut up! Shut up! You always wanted to be in control! I don't buy that the only reason you wanted to remake the world was because of what you went through... you were never capable of love. That's why you were so jealous of Twist!

(beat)

God! I wish I'd have listened to her earlier, then none of this would have happened!

Naomi laughs as she drifts closer, FLICKERING in and out of existence as she draws up close.

NAOMI

I killed Twist? No, no, no, Danny. I didn't kill Twist.

(beat)

You did.

Danyaël looks confused, before looking at his hand. It isn't the arrow he's holding - it's now the STAKE!

DANYAEL

(moans)

No... I know what happened. This didn't happen this way! It didn't! You killed her!

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

Naomi continues to laugh, throwing her head back and CACKLING. Danyael drops the stake, falling to his knees and putting his hands to his face as we CUT TO:

18 INT. MOTEL - CHRIS AND LYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

18

Danyael is now on his knees, holding his head. He rocks back and forth, in the grip of his fugue.

Chris looks at Danyael, knowing he can't help him. He staggers towards the bed, watching Lyra thrash about.

LYRA

No, no, not again! How many times
must you do this?

Chris stumbles and watches Lyra helplessly as we CUT TO:

19 INT. LABORATORY ROOM - NIGHT

19

PUSH THROUGH a room of large VATS, bubbling with a lemon coloured FLUID. There's movement in each vat we pass, but not enough to make out what it is.

Continue to move towards one particular vat - until a pair of FISTS slam against the reinforced glass.

A FACE slams against the surface of the vat - it's LYRA!

Lyra screams, bubbles issuing from her mouth as she BEATS against the glass.

A pair of MALE HANDS come into view and touch the side of the vat tenderly, before disappearing from view.

PAN ROUND to look at the other vats, their contents now clear and visible:

Each and every one of the vats has a CLONE of Lyra in it!

All are in varying degrees of mutations and development. Some have no arms; some have eyes in the wrong places; one has an arm growing out of her chest.

All of them are screaming the same scream.

ANGLE ON the first Lyra as she looks around in horror. She lets out a fresh SCREAM, as we SMASH CUT TO:

20 INT. MOTEL - CHRIS AND LYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT

20

Chris reaches over towards the bed, finding it an almost impossible task. He stops when he hears a very familiar whisper off screen.

(CONTINUED)

JULIE (O.S.)
(whispers)
Chris...

Chris turns around, shaking his head in disbelief.

CHRIS
No... no it can't be...

JULIE stands at the motel window. Her features are decomposing, as if she's suffering from radiation sickness.

She SCRATCHES at the window, bits of her fingers flaking off.

JULIE
Chris... let me in. I forgive
you... let me in...

Chris backs away from the spectre at the window as there's a BLAZE of light outside.

The night sky FLARES brightly, before turning a sickening GREEN colour. In the distance, a MUSHROOM CLOUD rises.

Julie raises both her hands, clawing at the window - before being TORN APART by the ATOMIC explosion outside!

A sonic boom SHATTERS the very walls and ceiling of the motel, Chris quickly covering his head to protect himself from the falling debris.

After it is finished, he looks around to see the corpses of the others scattered all around him. He stands, a shocked look on his face.

ANGLE ON the remains of the city. All shattered buildings, broken cars, fires burning out of control. A truly nightmarish and apocalyptic landscape.

The greenish hue of the night sky blends morbidly with the rising flames of the out of control fires.

CHRIS
No... this didn't happen! We fixed
all this! We stopped it!

He tries to shake his head, getting his bearings, even going to the extremes of PUNCHING himself to wake himself up.

He freezes as he hears a loud SCREECHING off-screen. Chris looks up, every muscle tensing.

CHRIS (cont'd)
This isn't real... this isn't
happening!

He goes to his equipment and retrieves his KATANA, only to find it looks far older and less useful than what it previously looked.

Not bothering about this, he glances up once, raising the blade to defend himself.

PULL ROUND to see a growing SHADOW moving towards us with breakneck speed. The screeching gets louder and louder until:

SMASH CUT TO:

21 INT. MOTEL - CHRIS AND LYRA'S ROOM - NIGHT 21

Chris is on his knees with his hands in the air, as if he is holding something. He swings, trying to fight an unseen attacker.

PUSH PAST the others, as they are in the grips of their own hallucinations, until we stop on Vivian.

She is sitting at the table, her knuckles white from gripping the table's edge so hard.

She stares into space, a spooked look on her face. Not a single sound comes from her, as she sits in silence.

EXTREME CLOSE UP on Vivian's eyes, as the reflections of the others play across her retinas.

Yet there's also something else. FIGURES that should be in the room there with them, but are clearly not.

Slowly PULL BACK, with Vivian's expression of terror still evident.

ANGLE ON Twist, whose struggles abruptly stop. She blinks, looking round. She quickly gets up, moving away from the spot she was just in.

TWIST

No fucking way! I'm not doing this again! I'm out of here!

Twist rushes past Danyael, who is still kneeling on the floor. She gropes for the door handle, finding it slippery to turn. She looks over her shoulder, a look of worry etched on her face.

TWIST (cont'd)

Stay the hell away from me, you psycho! Leave me alone!

She yanks open the door, before SWINGING a wild punch at what is obviously thin air.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

She then BOLTS outside through the door, leaving it wide open as she rushes onto:

22 EXT. MOTEL BALCONY - NEXT

22

Twist runs along the balcony, before disappearing down a set of stairs.

PAN OVER towards the balcony's edge as Twist tears out into the night.

SLOW PAN around, through the open doorway. The others are still in the grip of their hallucinations.

It isn't long before Danyael comes barrelling out and running off-screen, followed by Chris, Lyra - who is stumbling, but still seems to know where she is going, and finally Vivian.

Stay on the open doorway, as we SLOWLY PULL BACK to see the CAR PARK of the Motel, the others running into the night as they try to get away from whatever it is that's tormenting them. Off this scene, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

23

Various PEDESTRIANS are walking by with concerned looks on their faces. A ranting voice is heard off screen.

ANGLE ON Twist, running haphazardly. She looks over her shoulder with abject fear in her eyes.

A young MAN notices her in distress and approaches her.

YOUNG MAN

Hey, are you alright? Is someone after you?

Twist stares at the young man before pointing down the street, her finger shaking.

TWIST

Can't you see them?

The young man looks down the street, but only sees more concerned onlookers watching them.

YOUNG MAN

I'm not sure who you're pointing to. If you want me to call the cops, I can if you want...

TWIST

What are the cops going to do against vampires? Don't you get it? They want me to suffer, again and again!

The young man now takes a step back, more than concerned. What Twist doesn't realise is that her eyes have gone BLOOD RED, and her FANGS are showing!

YOUNG MAN

(scared)

Look, I... I don't know what your problem is, but please, don't hurt me...

TWIST

(blinks; bemused)

What the hell are you talking about?

But the young man turns on his heel, sprinting away from Twist.

He runs past a trio of PUNKS who look at Twist with distrust.

(CONTINUED)

PUNK #1 points towards Twist.

PUNK #1

Check it out - she's a rebel! Take her out before she brings any of her piece of crap friends!

Twist looks over as the punks approach, but her fearful reaction is for an entirely different reason:

TWIST

You're with them, aren't you?
You're part of Boyce's crew! Leave me the hell alone!

She bolts as the punks begin to give chase - but they suddenly stop and turn on each other!

The passers by give the melee a wide berth as the punks continue to cause serious damage to each other.

Twist runs in the distance, her panicked voice carrying through the night as we CUT TO:

Another part of the city, another street. Danyael is creeping slowly alongside a wall, his eyes darting this way and that.

The reaction from the humans he passes range from complete indifference to suspicion.

He moves silently, looking across the street - and seeing a VAMPIRE fighting something bulky and monstrous.

The NONHUMAN continues punching the skinny VAMPIRE to the ground.

NONHUMAN

Get this into your tiny little bloodsucker skull, idiot - I didn't kill your girlfriend!

Danyael looks on, recognising the vampire in question. It's a rebel vamp from the nest he visited earlier that night.

He breathes deeply and walks out onto the road, not even checking for oncoming traffic.

A loud HORN blares out, followed by the sound of screeching tires. Danyael freezes, raising his arms in defence.

A older man sticks his head out of the window.

OLD MAN

Ya crazy bastard! Why don't you
look where you're going?
(shaking his head)
Freaking junkies... don't care
about nothing but their next hit.

The car drives around Danyael, who watches it pass. He turns towards the fight, or what's left of it.

The Nonhuman is sporting a massive gash in its stomach, while the rebel vamp is on the ground, surrounded by spattered patches of his own BLOOD.

Danyael hurries over as the Nonhuman leans against a wall, its massive chest heaving for breath.

Danyael reaches down to the rebel vamp, who recognises him with a smile.

DANYAEL

Mikey? What's going on? We're right
out in the middle of the street...

He nods towards a group of humans watching them from nearby, a growing sense of fear and confusion in their eyes.

NONHUMAN

Hey, don't look at me! He attacked
me for no reason!

MIKEY coughs up blood and stares at the nonhuman in contempt.

MIKEY

He killed Larissa, and he was
trying to kill me, but I got him, I
got him good!

NONHUMAN

What ya talking about? I've never
met you before in my life! I'm a
knulcarn, and we don't kill unless
our lives are in danger!

(coughs)

I'm out taking a walk, and bright
eyes here just up and attacked me!
I was minding me own business!

Mikey shakes his head, pointing his finger at the KNULCARN.

MIKEY

Don't believe him, Danny. He and
his crew were the ones behind the
massacre at the rebel bar on 5th
Street.

DANYAEL

(shaking his head)

Mikey, we've established that they killed each other. It wasn't Trads or this... guy here.

He points towards the Knulcarn, who is slouching his way towards an alley.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Hey! Get back here! We can help each other try and figure out what's going on!

KNULCARN

Go to hell. You're not going to get me. I'll fight you tooth and nail before you finish me off...

Danyael looks back at the rebel vamp, who shakes his head. Danyael looks down the alley and sees the Knulcarn slumped on the ground a few feet ahead. He isn't moving.

MIKEY

Don't go down there! He's trying to trick you!

Danyael looks back at Mikey, who struggles to get up and follow him. Danyael looks back down the alley again, before stepping into:

The alley is dimly lit and only the sound of rustling paper can be heard. The Knulcarn's body is still.

Mikey can be heard off-screen, but Danyael is approaching the body of the nonhuman cautiously.

Suddenly a pair of bright LIGHTS flash on Danyael. He raises his hand to shield his eyes, as a BLACK VAN drives up the alley from the other direction.

It stops, and two FIGURES dressed completely in BLACK step out.

They turn towards Danyael for a beat, before grabbing the nonhuman and carrying him away.

DANYAEL

Hey! Who are you guys?
(dawning fear)
You're... not Parker's men?

He backs up as the Figures dump the Knulcarn's body in the back and turn to look at him.

Nothing can be discerned about their features. It's as if they are cut from darkness itself.

FIGURE #1
(gravelly voice)
Just turn around and walk away,
Norton.

FIGURE #2
Go home and lock all your doors.
Wait this out.

They get back into the van and reverse out of the alley before disappearing completely.

Danyael stops for a beat before turning around. He sees Mikey dead at the alley's entrance - but not before a similar BLACK VAN stops outside and two more BLACK FIGURES grab his body, hauling it into the van.

DANYAEL
Hey!

Danyael starts to run towards them, but the van speeds off before he can reach it.

DANYAEL (cont'd)
Mikey!

He watches the van tear round a corner - and sees a couple more just like it tearing by on other intersections.

DANYAEL (cont'd)
Okay... what the hell is going on?

NAOMI (O.S.)
Wouldn't you like to know...

Danyael tenses up he slowly turns around.

NAOMI stares back at him, a sneering smile across her face. The gash across her throat is still visible.

She closes her eyes briefly before opening them again, her eyes BLOOD RED.

NAOMI (cont'd)
You killed me, Danny. There's no
turning back from the darkness
within you now...

She HISSES as she RUNS at him, her image FLICKERING as before. Danyael raises his hands to his face, screaming uncontrollably.

SMASH CUT TO:

26

EXT. CITY STREETS - NEXT

26

Lyra stumbling along a sidewalk. One hand traces along the wall, while the other is groping out in front of her.

LYRA
 (rambling)
 Got to get away from the lab. Got to get away from him. Got to stop him cutting me up and making more of those monsters...

A WOMAN who is cleaning the steps of her shop notices Lyra stumbling towards her.

WOMAN
 Honey, are you alright? You seem a little lost.

Lyra shambles towards the woman's voice. She grabs her shirt.

LYRA
 (frantic)
 You have to run and hide! They're coming. They're coming to kill us all!

The woman, a little freaked, slowly removes Lyra's hands off her. She waves her hand in front of Lyra's face, not getting any reaction.

WOMAN
 Oh, poor thing. You can't see? Where's your guide dog, or walking cane? Were you attacked?

Lyra steps back, shaking her head.

LYRA
 My whole life, I've been attacked. Didn't live up to his expectations...
 (beat)
 Got to get away from him.

The woman is a little concerned now. She removes a cell phone and is about to call 911.

WOMAN
 Listen, honey. No one is going to hurt you. We'll make sure this man never hurts you ever again.

Lyra giggles, placing her hand to her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

LYRA

You can't stop him. He'll take us
all and cut us up into little
bits... chop, chop, chop!

The woman is more than freaked right now. She slowly steps inside, grabbing the door, before SLAMMING it shut.

Lyra lifts her head in the air before looking down the street once more.

LYRA (cont'd)

(tilts head)

Now who's that?

She stumbles off-screen. PAN BACK to the woman who is dialling her cell and talking quickly into it. She cranes her head to see the disappearing Lyra.

FOLLOW Lyra as she continues talking nonsense, oblivious to anyone near her.

A GANG of TRADS watch her and begin to stalk their next potential meal.

Lyra is still walking before she stops and sniffs the air again.

The GANG LEADER walks up to her as the others surround her, cutting off any escape.

TRAD GANG LEADER

Whatcha sniffing at, sweetheart?
You smell something good?

The leader SNIFFS Lyra slowly and obviously.

TRAD GANG LEADER (cont'd)

'Cause I know I sure do...

LYRA

(rolls eyes)

That's the best you could come up
with?

The gang leader turns to silence JEERS from his fellow members. He approaches Lyra and waves his hand in front of her, not seeing a reaction. He grins.

TRAD GANG LEADER

We know how this is going to end.
Things have been going a little
strange round here, but that don't
mean we can't have a little fun
while we're at it.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRAD GANG LEADER (cont'd)
 Hey boys! She's blind! She isn't
 even going to know what hit her!

Lyra however has closed her eyes, and starts to HUM a slow melody.

TRAD GANG MEMBER #1
 Hey Randy! She's singing a love
 song for you!

RANDY rolls his eyes, before he notices the others starting to BLEED from their noses. He wipes his nose and sees BLOOD on his fingers.

Lyra's song starts to grow in pitch. All around, the nearby windows start to RATTLE in their frames.

The trads grip the sides of their heads and slowly begin to turn towards each other, a glazed look in their eyes.

They then begin to turn on each other, as Lyra continues singing. Fists, fangs and claws fly as the trads collapse into one huge tussle.

Lyra's eyes open as she faces the gang leader - Randy.

LYRA
 You're not taking me back. Not ever
 again. You can't tell me what to do
 any more!

Randy falls to his knees, hands trying to staunch the BLOOD drooling from every part of him.

LYRA (cont'd)
 (dangerous)
 I can kill you without even
 touching you. You should know.
 After all, this is what you made me
 into, isn't it?

Randy starts SCREAMING in pain, as the others all begin to roll around on the sidewalk as well.

Lyra finally SCREAMS out loud, the windows in the shops and cars nearby SHATTERING into a thousand pieces.

As CAR ALARMS starts blaring all around, Lyra lowers her voice, walking calmly away from the scene.

PAN DOWN to see what's left of the trads splattered across the street beneath her. Lyra smiles to herself as she exits.

She doesn't pick up on the BLACK VAN that rolls into frame at the other end of the street, and we CUT TO:

27

EXT. CITY STREETS - NEXT

27

As more VAMPIRES and other creatures of the night stagger around the streets, either ATTACKING passer-by or just raving to themselves, the sense of panic in the city is rising.

Through all of this comes Vivian, walking slowly and carefully. Head down, fists clenched.

VIVIAN

(low; to herself)

Couldn't stop him... never did enough... was never gonna be able to do enough...

She continues walking until she stops near a man on the telephone. He turns when he realises she's staring at him.

MAN

(Scottish accent)

Y'have a problem, there lassie?

Vivian blinks - before her face contorts into a SNARL, vampire FANGS out as she HAULS the man out of the booth and SLAMS him onto the ground!

VIVIAN

Murderer! This is all your fault!
All of this!

MAN

(terrified)

Get off me! What's the matter with you?

He struggles, managing to pry Vivian's hands from his jacket as he slips it off himself.

VIVIAN

You think you can get away with this? I'm gonna bring you down! You hear me?

The man scrambles to his feet, turning and running for his life. Vivian rises, yelling after him:

VIVIAN (cont'd)

You better run! When I find you, I'm going to cut you into pieces so little, they'll need a new name for how small they are!

Oblivious to the people watching her, she stumbles onwards, onlookers parting as she zig-zags through them.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN (cont'd)
My fault. All my fault. I have to
fix this somehow...

VOICE (O.S.)
Psst! Hey, c'mere. I've got
something to show you...

Vivian stops near a darkened walkway between two shop fronts.
She cocks her head, not seeing anything in the darkness.

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
That's right. Down here. I've got
all the answers you need.

Without a second thought, Vivian strides down the walkway, as
we CUT TO:

Chris looks up into the night sky, breathless, leaning
against a wall for support.

He hears a faint SCREECHING in the distance and he raises his
fist - but it's still empty.

He sees two vamps fighting one another, before they succumb
to each others attacks in a spray of BLOOD.

Again a BLACK VAN pulls up to them, and the mysterious
FIGURES file out and grab the bodies of the dead vamps.

Chris frowns, stumbling forward even as his vision swims,
calling out:

CHRIS
Hey! Who are you?

The figures turn towards him. One of them gets back into the
van, while the other stands outside.

FIGURE
Doing what must be done. Doing what
we've always done.

CHRIS
What? You can't just take dead
bodies off the streets unless
you're... unless...
(beat)
Oh. I know who you are...

FIGURE
I suggest you watch go home, some
TV. Forget all about this.
(MORE)

FIGURE (cont'd)
 (beat)
 Mr. Berkeley.

He points towards a TV store. Chris looks in that direction, and the van quickly drives off, leaving Chris alone.

He shakes his head and staggers over towards the TV store:

He stops before the TV STORE, turning towards the rows of LCD Screens in the storefront window.

ON SCREEN there's a news special on the comet in the night skies.

NEWS REPORTER

The Rees comet is a rare occurrence indeed, as it only passes by the earth once every thousand years. Scientists have said this time round, it is passing quite close to the planet, that it can be seen without the aid of a telescope. They're hoping to gather any fallen debris from the comet as it drifts into the atmosphere...

Chris places a hand on the glass as he watches the report.

CHRIS

I knew it!

He looks up into the night sky, not searching for the flying demon he's been avoiding, but for the comet.

IN THE SKY, he can just make out the comet high above. A white smear across the night sky.

Chris shakes his head trying to get his bearings.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Have to tell them... have to find the others...

He lurches out into the street, ignoring the HONKS of angry cars as they SCREECH to a halt, and as Chris weaves across the middle of the road, we CUT TO:

Vivian is walking towards the end, until she reaches a fire escape.

VOICE (O.S.)

Up there. You'll have all the answers you're looking for...

30 CONTINUED:

30

Vivian grabs the ladder and yanks it down. She starts to climb, seeming to have a little trouble as we CUT TO:

31 EXT. ROOFTOP - NEXT

31

Vivian comes into frame as she heaves herself onto the rooftop.

She stares out onto the vast city skyline, the building and streetlights are lit up beneath her, the sounds of traffic rising up from down below.

A quick PAN up into the night sky, we can see the comet riding high in the night sky.

VIVIAN

Are you going to tell me?

VOICE (O.S.)

Sweetheart... you already know...

Vivian turns around and her eyes widen in horror.

VIVIAN

(small)

No... no...

Tears start rolling down her cheeks. She rubs her eyes furiously, shaking her head in disbelief.

PAN ROUND - the previously deserted rooftop is now populated with dozens of HUMANS, VAMPIRES, DEMONS of all shapes and sizes, all of them sporting vicious wounds. They stare at Vivian with hate in their eyes.

CROWD

(chanting)

Murderer... murderer...

They keep chanting that one word, over and over. Vivian grips both her ears, trying to block out the chanting. She shakes her head.

VIVIAN

Make them stop! Make them stop!

VOICE (O.S.)

You know what you have to do...

Vivian quickly turns around and finally spots the owner of the voice - another VIVIAN, this one without the pale skin and red eyes. Vivian when she was HUMAN.

HUMAN VIVIAN

You turned into a monster... but it didn't have to be like that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HUMAN VIVIAN (cont'd)

You blamed Chris for not saving you, when he did just that. You turned on him, just like you turned on everyone else.

(beat)

You're white trash, Vivian. You need to put yourself out of your misery, and do the entire world a favour.

Vivian looks down at her hands - she's been carrying a large cannister of GASOLINE!

VIVIAN

(soft)

Out of my misery...

The human incarnation of Vivian smiles maliciously.

HUMAN VIVIAN

That's right. You know what to do.

Vivian slowly lifts the cannister, unscrewing the top and holding it over herself.

GAS starts to splash over her as her crowd of accusing onlookers watch, and as Vivian SOBS pitifully, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

32

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

32

ANGLE on Twist as she has a moment of clarity. She looks up and she can no longer see Boyce or the other bikers. Just a crowd of concerned onlookers.

WOMAN

Honey, are you okay? You were yelling that someone was attacking you...

Twist gets up and wipes her face, smearing her make up. No doubt making her visage even more scarier.

TWIST

I was?
(quickly)
I mean... yes, yes I was! And you, uh... you've all been... Punk'd?

Confused looks all round. Twist quickly claps her hands.

TWIST (cont'd)

Alright! So, thank you, ladies and gentlemen, you've just taken part in the new practical stunt craze that's been sweeping the nation, so... uh... thanks.

The crowd don't move, a little sceptical of her hasty explanation.

WOMAN

Are you sure? You don't want a cup of coffee?

TWIST

Unless there's vodka in it?

The woman blinks.

TWIST (cont'd)

Nah, didn't think so. Thanks for the offer.

MAN

Is this some kind of joke?

TWIST

Yes! That's exactly what it is. And your cheques will be in the mail for taking part and being such good sports.

(CONTINUED)

That seems to please the crowd, who look rather pleased with themselves.

TWIST (cont'd)

But now, I have to go and... find someone... see ya!

She runs through the crowd, as they part to allow her to pass.

A STONER DUDE walks up to the woman as she stares after Twist with concern.

STONER DUDE

(to the woman)

I gotta get me some of whatever she was on.

WOMAN

(quirks eyebrow)

As opposed to what you're already on?

STONER DUDE

(beat)

What?

The woman shakes her head, the crowd dispersing as we CUT TO:

Lyra is walking along, her blood stained face freaking out people she passes.

She is singing a nonsensical song, every now and then turning to the people passing her.

LYRA

Cuts a little piece, sees how it works... cuts another pieces, throws it away... wakes you up, starts again, cuts a little piece...

She GIGGLES, swaying from side to side until she BUMPS into somebody.

CHRIS

There you are.

He grabs her and pulls her close, Lyra's face passing through several emotions all at once before she GRIPS Chris tight.

LYRA

Chris? I... what happened?

CHRIS

I'll explain later. Right now, we need to find the others before the sun comes up.

He wipes away some of the blood from her face, but Lyra pushes back from him, rubbing her eyes.

LYRA

I can do that. I can find them, wherever they are.

CHRIS

Are you sure? You look like you've had about as rough a night as the rest of us, so -

LYRA

Chris. Please.

Chris smiles, and as Lyra turns round, closing her eyes and leaning her head back, we CUT TO:

Danyael has a makeshift STAKE in his hand, swinging it haphazardly in front of him.

The ghostly Naomi stands before him, laughing maniacally, pushing and taunting him even as his stake passes through her body.

A soft MELODY starts to fade up, and Danyael blinks, turning away from Naomi - who starts to FADE AWAY.

DANYAEL

Lyra...?

He drops the stake, waking away as Naomi vanishes for good, and we CUT TO:

Twist is running down the sidewalk when she stops at a familiar walkway. She sniffs the air.

TWIST

Skank?

(beat; louder)

Vivian? That you?

She darts down the walkway, disappearing from view just as Lyra's song can be heard, and we CUT TO:

36

EXT. CITY STREETS - NEXT

36

Danyaël turns a corner, sees Chris and Lyra and hurries over.

DANYAEL

Dude! Man, am I glad to see you.

He grabs Lyra and spins her round happily, laughing.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Thought I'd lost my mind or something. What happened to us all?

He looks round - other VAMPS are scurrying back into the shadows.

CHRIS

It was the comet. The one I was researching just before we got here? Its trail sent some kind of particle down into the atmosphere, but by the looks of things they only affected the nonhuman portions of the country.

LYRA

Has it gone now? I mean, we're all back to normal... aren't we?

CHRIS

So it would seem. The comet's almost gone, so I'd imagine by morning all the effects will have worn off.

DANYAEL

Morning... morning! Crap! Where are Twist and Vivian?

CHRIS

We were hoping you knew...

LYRA

I can't find them. I tried, but they must be moving around too much. I can put more power into it, maybe try again...

Danyaël takes a few steps away from them.

DANYAEL

So what are we waiting for? Come on!

He hurries off, the other two following as we CUT TO:

37

EXT. ROOFTOP - NEXT

37

Vivian tosses the empty cannister away with a CLANG, now doused in gasoline from head to toe.

The crowd of spectres keep up their silent vigil, watching as Vivian turns to face the city again.

The horizon is slowly lightening, the impending dawn rapidly approaching. Sunrise isn't far away.

Vivian closes her eyes, stretching her arms out and waiting for the dawn to come.

TWIST (O.S.)

What in the name of Justin are you doing, dumbass?

Vivian turns as Twist marches across the roof, passing through the ghostly crowd - who FADE AWAY as she does so.

VIVIAN

Let me finish this. I have to pay for what I've done. I have to atone for my sins.

TWIST

What, by making yourself reek of gas? Yeah, real good idea of atonement there.

Twist finally notices the brightening horizon, and GULPS loudly as she catches up.

TWIST (cont'd)

Uh, Vivian? You might wanna get down off there.

VIVIAN

Twist, just... just let me burn. I've killed...

(tearful)

I've killed so many people, and I can't just... I have to be punished for what I've done! I can't just go on walking around, acting like I'm some kind of hero when I've got all this blood on my hands!

She holds out her hands as if showing Twist the blood - but it's only Vivian who can see it.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Take it from a girl who knows...
you really don't want to be
incinerated by the sun. It's not a
pleasant experience.

VIVIAN

(nodding)

I know. I know what Parker did to
you. To see if he could test your
abilities. I know what I did to
you. I made you go and kill
innocents just because I wanted to
see if you would, so you know first
hand what kind of monster I am.

(laughs)

You should be helping me!

Twist looks out towards the approaching dawn, very uneasy.

TWIST

Vivian, listen to me. What makes
you think you don't deserve a
second chance?

VIVIAN

I... but all the...

TWIST

Look at me. I was killing people
long before you came along, and I
paid for it. Then, I came back, and
that's when I started making a
difference.

She takes another step closer to Vivian, who is descending
into SOBS.

TWIST (cont'd)

You didn't exactly get to Hell, but
you've been through Hell. You
realised you were on the wrong path
and turned back all by yourself - I
can't imagine what that must've
done to you.

Twist edges closer, her eyes flicking towards the rising sun -
dawn is only moments away now.

TWIST (cont'd)

So you've got two choices right
now.

(MORE)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

TWIST (cont'd)

Either you stay up there and burn,
get sent to Hell and then find out
for yourself exactly how low down
the underworld pecking order they
consider us vamps down there...

She cautiously extends her hand.

TWIST (cont'd)

... or you step down, we get out of
here and you draw a line under all
this. Get on with your second
chance.

VIVIAN

(wails)

But what if it never makes any
difference? What if... what if no
matter how hard I try, it's never
enough?

TWIST

Look at me. I'm on my third chance.
But I keep doing the good thing,
every single day, because even a
small victory is better than none
at all.

Vivian nods slowly. A glimmer of hope crosses Twist's face
and she reaches for Vivian's hand...

38 EXT. BUILDING - NEXT

38

Lyra, Chris and Danyael arrive at the foot of the building
Twist and Vivian are at the top of.

LYRA

Wait, wait! Stop!

The boys turn to her as she cranes her head upwards. She
closes her eyes, HUMMING softly.

LYRA (cont'd)

(points)

Up there.

Danyael races for a fire door and KICKS it open, rushing
inside as the others follow, and we CUT TO:

39 EXT. ROOFTOP - NEXT

39

Twist smiles encouragingly, coaxing Vivian to take her
hand...

... only for Vivian to spin round and face the incoming
sunlight once again!

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

(cries)

No... no! This is the only way!

TWIST

(fuming)

Alright, that's it!

Vivian turns to look at Twist over her shoulder. Twist has her hands on her hips, furious.

TWIST (cont'd)

Fine! Go up in smoke! Burn if you think it'll change anything! But answer me this... what can you do to make up for what you've done in the past if you're just ashes?

Vivian looks back to the sunlight - the first rays of dawn are just breaking...

TWIST (cont'd)

Damn it, Vivian, get down from there now, or if so help me, I'll come down to Hell myself just to kick your ass all the way back up here!

A stray beam of light just CATCHES Vivian's shoulder, sparking a FLAME!

TWIST (cont'd)

You can't take it back if you're dead!

Vivian SHUDDERS as more parts of her body catch alight...

... and Vivian JUMPS down from the edge, Twist quickly bundling them both out of sight as sunlight FLOODS the rooftop!

Twist hastily SWATS out the stray flames from Vivian, leaving several ugly red burns behind.

The girls are protected by the shade of the roof's edge, Vivian still CRYING even as Twist gingerly holds her.

TWIST (cont'd)

(wrinkles nose)

Okay, next time you do this, use something that doesn't stink.

Twist tries to waft the heady fumes away as we CUT TO:

40 INT. BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NEXT 40

The sunshine isn't permeating the gloomy stairwell, and Danyael is bounding up the stairs as fast as he can.

DANYAEL
(calls out)
Twist! Vivian! Hang on!

Behind him, Chris and Lyra are doing their best to keep up as we CUT TO:

41 EXT. ROOFTOP - NEXT 41

Vivian is still WAILING miserably, and Twist rolls her eyes.

TWIST
Listen. I've done a lot of bad things in my time. Run with a guy who I idolised and loved. Trouble is... that baumgartner turned on me when I wouldn't do what he wanted me to.
(beat)
He pegged me to a hillside while the sun...

She nods towards the bright yellow sunlight covering most of the roof.

TWIST (cont'd)
... slowly fried me to a crisp. It is the most singular worst feeling anyone of our kind can ever imagine.
(quietly)
Yeah, you've made mistakes. I did too. But I'm making up for them, so you can too. We can do this together.
(beat)
I'll have your back.

VIVIAN
You... you'd do that? For me? I thought you hated me?

TWIST
When I promise something, I mean it. Besides... you're kind of useful. No point wasting all that.

Vivian SNIFFS, trying to wipe her eyes but just getting more gas in them.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN
I'm sorry...

TWIST
Hey, don't sweat it.

They lapse into silence for a few moments.

VIVIAN
Twist?

TWIST
Yeah?

VIVIAN
How are we gonna get off the roof?

Twist bites her lip as she looks towards the door leading down to the stairwell. And the long stretch of open ground covered in sunlight between them.

TWIST
Um...

BLACK OUT:

DANYAEL (O.S.)
Twist?

END OF SHOW