

# SomeWhere InBetween

"Childhood's End"

by  
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**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT 1

The base of operations is as busy as ever as we FOLLOW several BLACK FUR members.

TRUCKS and convoys are steadily making their way in and out as various soldiers patrol the grounds. Judging by the breath coming from their mouths, its cold at this ungodly hour.

HOLD on this to ESTABLISH before a segue into:

2 INT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT 2

Follow several Black Fur lieutenants as they make their way through a hallway into:

3 INT. MANOR HOUSE - MEETING ROOM - NEXT 3

There's only a few of the high-ranking Black Furs inside, but there are familiar faces such as ROSHEEN, talking quietly to a stoic REAGAN.

The doors open and MARCUS enters, wearing dark fatigues. He smiles at the two Black Furs.

MARCUS  
Evening, everyone.

ROSHEEN  
(smiles)  
Evening, Marcus.

MARCUS  
So how are we doing?

ROSHEEN  
(beat)  
Take a seat and we'll talk.

MARCUS  
I'll stand, but we'll still talk.

Marcus spots a platter left on the table in the middle of the room. He grabs a SANDWICH and turns to the two Furs.

MARCUS (cont'd)  
(explaining)  
We didn't get a bite to eat before.  
Or, rather, we did, but Twist ate everything worth having before the rest of us. Never seen a vampire eat so damn much...

(CONTINUED)

ROSHEEN  
(amused)  
Enjoy.

She nods to Reagan, before raising her voice to get the room's attention:

ROSHEEN (cont'd)  
Alright. Now we're all here, let's begin. As you know, my father couldn't make it today, so I'll be leading the briefing instead.

Reagan goes and closes the heavy oak doors with a click, while Rosheen clicks on a recently-installed WALLSCREEN.

An image of the United States, divided into the various Black-White Fur territories, appears on the screen.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)  
The White Furs have been venturing further out of their areas and into ours. But they're not the real problem - far from it.  
(beat; sighs)  
Conall's packs are increasing in numbers and in strength. We tried to raid one of Conall's packs as they were heading north and nearly got torn to pieces.

Rosheen picks up a remote control, aims it at the screen and hits a button.

The screen image changes to a grainy black and white photograph of an unmistakable figure - CONALL. He's stood in front of a Jeep whilst several of his soldiers mill about, armed to the teeth although its unnecessary.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)  
We did manage to recover several images from a dead White Fur of one of Conall's camps. The numbers have increased by at least one hundred more in two weeks.  
(beat)  
We can't keep trying to attack and defend at the same time. We're getting wiped out here.

MARCUS  
What about his new best friend?

ROSHEEN

Parker. He's been helping him as well, chipping in with the destruction of both groups. He's attacked Black and White Furs alike, and neither of us can take the strain much longer.

(beat; softer)

We lost three of our own in the last attack. And for every one of the enemy that we kill, a dozen spring back up. It's like the Hydra, except that there's no Hercules here to save our asses.

MARCUS

So what you're saying is...

ROSHEEN

What I'm saying is that the entire wolf nation's going to be extinct unless we can come up with a plan to bring some serious trouble to the doorsteps of these bastards.

Rosheen scans the faces before her - just as there's a soft KNOCK at the door. It opens to reveal LYRA.

LYRA

(nervously)

Um... hello?

All eyes turn to her, but Marcus strides across the room towards her before anyone can speak.

MARCUS

(warmly)

Lyra. How you doing?

LYRA

I'm good. Thanks.

(beat)

I was wondering, could you show me downstairs? I can't find anyone else and the stairs are pretty high.

MARCUS

I'd be delighted. It's not every day a guy can be gallant.

LYRA

(blushing slightly)

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

Marcus strides over and takes her hand delicately like a gentleman.

MARCUS  
 (smiling)  
 At your service.  
 (to Rosheen)  
 Do you mind?

ROSHEEN  
 We'll catch up later.

Marcus nods, leaving with Lyra as Rosheen brings up a fresh image on the screen, and we CUT TO:

4 INT. MANOR HOUSE - STAIRWELL - NEXT

4

Marcus gently leads Lyra downstairs, step by steps while members of the Black Furs watch, somewhat bemused.

MARCUS  
 So where have the others gone?

LYRA  
 (smiles)  
 I asked to be left here. To recover and enjoy the... atmosphere a while. Chris and Danyael are getting supplies and are picking me up soon.

MARCUS  
 Twist?

LYRA  
 She can manage out of your sight for more than a few minutes, you know.

Marcus raises an eyebrow at this - but Lyra smirks, and he realises she's teasing as we CUT TO:

5 INT. CLUB - SAME TIME

5

Godawful TECHNO MUSIC (it's Gene Simmons' cover of 'Firestarter') blasts through the huge speakers in the club. It's flashing lights and everything as we SWEEP past sweaty, gyrating members of the opposite genders.

PAN UP onto a circular viewing BALCONY above the dancefloor, offering a perfect view of pretty much everything and everyone.

6

INT. CLUB - BALCONY - NEXT

6

Starting to PAN ALONG the preventive metal BAR of the balcony and spot a figure, head down, before they THROW THEIR HEAD back and land on:

TWIST, who's geared up for a night out. She looks every inch of the dark princess as she DOWNS another shot and LICKS her arm before biting into a LEMON.

TWIST

Sweet Fraggie of Mercy, it's been years since a tequila shot!

(winces)

I so should have trademarked that one back in the day.

She GRIMACES at the taste and turns to the woman beside her - it's VIVIAN, dolled up more punky to Twist's goth. She stabs at one of the cocktails on the menu.

VIVIAN

You're telling me! I invented this cocktail, and then this bum just steals it from me!

(beat)

I enjoyed drinking him.

Twist PUNCHES her in the arm.

TWIST

Hey! Remember, for a couple of teetotalers like us, it's only alcohol tonight.

VIVIAN

(raises glass)

For small pleasures.

TWIST

(raises her own)

And the bigger ones that make them seem like crap.

They down another SHOT each, grimacing at the tequila makes its way down their throats.

VIVIAN

So... anyone on the horizon?

TWIST

(searches crowd)

Nope.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

At least you've got options. Every guy I talk to asks if I'm that girl from that TV show.

TWIST

Which one?

VIVIAN

(shrugs)

No idea.

TWIST

It's 'Search For The Next Pussycat Doll,' isn't it?

Vivian smirks as Twist's eyes survey the crowd expertly, searching for any cute guys in this sea of flesh...

Then her eyes WIDEN in apparent shock - PUSH IN on what she's seen.

There's a MAN, in his mid thirties, with dark hair and wearing the jeans and tee shirt that are customary in these kind of clubs.

VIVIAN (O.S.)

Hey, what's wrong? You look like you've just seen a ghost!

TWIST

No freakin' way...

VIVIAN

(concerned)

Twist?

She nudges Twist, who turns to her with wide, fearful eyes.

TWIST

It's... it's him.

(beat)

It's Boyce.

Vivian frowns, not understanding, before we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

7

Twist still looks as though her universe threw her a curve ball, bent some rule and basically screwed her over.

After a long beat, she STRIDES straight towards the bar and without missing a beat, SIDE-FLIPS over it.

Twist FLIPS over in mid-air and lands on her feet, having achieving something gracefully for once.

She looks up and sees that everyone's too engrossed in their dancing to have noticed her neat little move.

Relieved, she quickly begins to push through the crowd, carving a path through the increasingly irate dancers and members of the populace, her face a mixture of fear, confusion and anger as she searches for Boyce.

But he's not there. His glass is empty on the small table and Twist picks it up with a CRACK and SLAMS it down so hard on the small table, it SHATTERS.

Twist barely even notices the cuts in her hand as she pushes her way through, being followed by Vivian.

VIVIAN

(bemused)

What? You're not that desperate for some action that you're chasing the guy now?

Twist doesn't even register this as she heads out into:

8 EXT. CLUB - ALLEYWAY - NEXT

8

It's a wonderfully clear and cold night outside, with a multitude of stars and a full moon for enjoyment but our peroxide vampire is unaware of the heavenly beauty around her as she BURSTS through a previously locked door and searches the alleyway outside.

There's several parked CARS and MOTORBIKES nearby and a COUPLE who are kissing hungrily but there's no sign of Boyce.

Twist YELLS in frustration, causing the couple to scurry back inside, knocking past Vivian who is now looking a bit worried for Twist who PUNCHES a metal railing so hard it BREAKS.

TWIST

Son of a bitch!

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

What's wrong? Why'd you freak out  
like that?

Twist's shock is fully setting in now as she struggles to tell Vivian what the hell just happened.

After a long beat, Vivian leaves the shellshocked Twist back inside and we PAN UP from the scene to land on the rooftop of a building nearby - and there's BOYCE!

He looks down at the alleyway and smiles, the full moon behind him and giving him a shadow which casts along the entire alleyway.

Off the sight of his mysterious, grinning expression, we CUT TO:

9 EXT. VAN - LATER

9

The doors of the van SLIDE OPEN and CHRIS slides out, followed by DANYAEL and Lyra.

10 EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

10

The team's BASE CAMP for now at least is in a quiet neck of the woods. There's a fire CRACKLING merrily and the three look up to see Marcus making his way through the trees, something slung over his back.

He stops, smiles and then drops a DEAD RABBIT onto the ground.

DANYAEL

Please tell me you didn't...

MARCUS

(grins)

Sorry. Force of habit.

DANYAEL

(muttering)

Yeah, well, take the animal out of the jungle...

CHRIS

(defusing)

So, any news, Marcus?

MARCUS

(sighs)

It's not good. Parker and Conall's combined troops are decimating the entire Fur population. Not just Black Furs, either.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCUS (cont'd)

They recently attacked a group of  
White Furs and left no one alive.

LYRA

The wolf population won't last much  
longer.

CHRIS

How did you...?

MARCUS

Eavesdropper.

Lyra BLUSHES as Marcus starts to GUT the dead rabbit, Danyaël  
turning away in disgust.

MARCUS (cont'd)

But she's right. Conall's turning  
people everyday to swell his  
numbers, while the Furs have always  
operated under a much stricter  
policy.

CHRIS

Which is?

MARCUS

We stick to pureblood - born a  
wolf. We only turn humans in  
extreme circumstances.

(beat)

Soon, the entire wolf population of  
North America will be gone due to  
Parker and Conall's alliance.

TWIST (O.S.)

No, no, no, no!

The team spin at the sound of Twist's voice and the girl  
herself looks awful. Looking majorly freaked out, wild-eyed  
with shock and near hysterics.

TWIST (cont'd)

How - how could he? He's - he's  
gone! He's not supposed to be here!

She stumbles into view, Vivian trailing her.

CHRIS

Twist? Twist! Who? Who's not  
supposed to be here?

TWIST

(rambling)

He wasn't there, but now... he  
can't be alive. He can't!

(breathes heavily)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (cont'd)

Try to calm down, girl. You're... you're hallucinating! Yeah. That's it. Something in the drink, maybe, or something... how many did I have? Oh, God... tequila! Always the tequila...

(beat)

But... but... yeah, it makes sense now, too much... too many crazy things, nothing adds up, so what if I'm finally -

DANYAEL

(interrupting)

Twist!

Twist blinks, woken out of her rant. She looks around as if seeing the others for the first time.

TWIST

How did... how did I get here?

LYRA

Vivian, what's wrong with her?

VIVIAN

I don't know, she just... she saw somebody at the club and then just wiggled out on me.

Marcus takes a step forward, but Chris intercepts to get to her first. He places his hands on her shoulders.

CHRIS

(calm)

Twist, relax. You're not hallucinating. You're with me, Danyael, Lyra, Vivian and Marcus.

(beat)

You're safe.

TWIST

(breathes heavily)

Okay. But... next time you see me reaching for the bottle? Hit me with it.

She rubs her eyes, and Chris gives her shoulders a squeeze. He turns to the others as we DISSOLVE TO:

The rabbit is now cooking slowly over the fire. Chris, Lyra, Vivian and Danyael are to one side discussing something, while Marcus tends to the food, as he'll be the only one who'll be eating it.

VIVIAN

I thought she'd seen some cute guy,  
or some ex, or something - or maybe  
even some one night stand that  
brought back a heap of bad  
memories, but then she just flipped  
and went all 'grr.'

DANYAEL

'Grr'? She's not a puppy.  
(mutters)  
Unlike some people...

MARCUS (O.S.)

I heard that.

DANYAEL

(ignoring)  
So was there anything in the alley?  
The club? Anyone suspicious? I  
mean, there's guys who work these  
places slipping roofies into  
people's drinks, after all.

CHRIS

Any strange coloured dust falling  
from the sky?  
(off looks)  
We can't be too careful.

LYRA

Twist isn't drugged. I'm pretty  
sure I'd have picked it up by now.

VIVIAN

yeah, and last time, we...  
'experimented' with mind-altering  
stuff - you know, evil space dust  
and all - it hit all of us. This  
time, it was just her.

(beat)

I think she's trying to tell us  
something.

CHRIS

Such as?

DANYAEL

Maybe that...

(beat)

Okay, no idea right now, but still,  
it could be something important.

LYRA

I think she's seen someone she  
didn't like. Feared, almost.

(MORE)

LYRA (cont'd)

Something so terrifying and earth shattering that she thinks she's back in Hell.

(beat)

From what you've told me about Parker, he may have sent someone Twist was tortured by to... tamper with her mind.

CHRIS

Judging from his actions recently, that's plausible.

VIVIAN

But why freak out over one person? It's got to be something personal.

DANYAEL

(eyebrows raised)

You don't being tortured's 'personal'?

VIVIAN

(eyes him)

How many times have you guys been kidnapped again?

DANYAEL

Good point, but still -

MARCUS (O.S.)

Have any of you guys seen Twist?

They turn to see Marcus, busy stripping the meat off the rabbit with his CLAWS.

MARCUS (cont'd)

Her food's getting cold.

They turn towards the van - but Twist's not where she was.

CHRIS

She'll probably be inside. I'll ask her, see if she's making any more sense.

VIVIAN

She's not crazy, Chris. She's scared for her afterlife.

LYRA

Twist's strong. She'll be fine.

Chris heads over to the van, dragging out the large MEDICAL KIT. He rummages around inside, producing a SYRINGE and some other items.

CHRIS

I know, but after she was kidnapped by Parker the last time, God knows what they could have done to her.

(beat)

I'll grab a blood sample, cross-reference it with the usual stuff.

He calls out into the woods, syringe in his hand.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Twist? I just need to grab a blood sample.

DANYAEL

(to Chris)

Are you sure this is the best way to stop her freaking out even more?

CHRIS

I'm sure you of all people don't need reminding what happened the last time someone drugged her. I doubt very much we're seeing something on that scale again, but we can't be too careful.

Danyael reluctantly nods, and Chris calls out again:

CHRIS (O.S.) (cont'd)

Twist? Twist!

The others look around the clearing, but there's no sign of her as we CUT TO:

It's a seedy looking place with a Patsy Cline classic playing in the background from an old fashioned JUKEBOX.

PAN ALONG the generally depressed looking faces of the clientele and land on the figure of the burly BARTENDER, who pours out a shot of Scotch and places it on the bar with a CLINK.

After a moment, he SLIDES it along the greasy surface of a bar, past bowls of peanuts and snacks before it's stopped by a HAND.

The owner grabs the shot glass firmly and downs it. Yup, there's Twist.

Around her are about a dozen empty shot glasses, some overturned and some flipped upside down as though she's been in a drinking contest.

She SMACKS her lips, savouring the taste but not the alcoholic content.

She indicates another shot and the Bartender sighs before pouring another one out.

BARTENDER

You know, you shouldn't be drinking this much...

TWIST

I'm a vampire, we don't do the whole... drunk thing.

The Bartender raises an eyebrow, and Twist rolls her eyes.

TWIST (cont'd)

Never mind. Just a little joke. Come on, watch this.

She stands up, extends her hands and then brings them neatly in to touch her nose, one at a time. She then sits again.

TWIST (cont'd)

See? I could drive a Hummer right now and I'd still be okay.

The Bartender hesitates - then fills her up another shot.

TWIST (cont'd)

Thanks. And one for your lovely wife, too.

BARTENDER

I'm not married.

TWIST

Well, you should be, pretty thing like you.

BARTENDER

(beat)

Are you sure you're not drunk?

TWIST

I'm sure. I'm just also very sarcastic.

The Bartender shakes his head, wiping the bar down.

BARTENDER

So what's troubling you?

TWIST

Why should something be 'troubling' me?

BARTENDER

Because you've drunk a dozen shots  
in five minutes.

TWIST

(snorts)

Got a spare decade?

BARTENDER

Try me.

TWIST

(sighs; beat)

I saw my ex today.

BARTENDER

What's the problem? He beat you up  
or something?

TWIST

Something a bit worse.

(beat)

He set me on fire.

BARTENDER

He - he what?

TWIST

(downing shot)

He tied me up and waited for  
sunrise, and I burst into flames.

BARTENDER

How come you're, like... walking  
around?

TWIST

I'm a hell of a lucky girl. Plus,  
it means I tan real easy now.

BARTENDER

Damn straight.

(beat)

So he's a bad guy?

TWIST

Without question. He's like Hitler-  
and-Leatherface's-love-child evil.  
If there was an Evil contest, he'd  
bitchslap Mother Teresa and kick  
Ghandi in the sack to win.

BARTENDER

(beat)

So... evil, then.

The Bartender has now poured Twist another shot of her chosen liquor and slides it to her.

TWIST  
(raises glass)  
Amen to that, brother.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Have to say...

Twist FREEZES, then slowly turns in her seat:

And there he is. BOYCE. Like a rock star past his prime, but still with a glint in his eye.

BOYCE  
... I was hoping you wouldn't bring that up.

Twist just stares at him, jaw hanging. Boyce looks back - then motions to the Bartender.

BOYCE (cont'd)  
I'll have one of the 1979  
Glenmorangie, please.  
(to Twist)  
Classic year.

Twist keeps staring, her eyes wide like the ghost of her own mother waltzed in and sat down next to her.

After a long beat, her eyes ROLL BACK in her head, the glass in her hand SMASHES with a crash and she SLIDES BACKWARDS off of her bar stool.

Boyce looks down over his shoulder - twist is out cold, sprawled on the floor. A few curious patrons peer over.

BOYCE (cont'd)  
(to Bartender)  
I think she was fibbing about being able to hold her liquor.

BARTENDER  
You gonna...

BOYCE  
No worries. I'll sort her out.

Boyce hops off his stool, reaches down and scoops her up, slinging her fireman-style over one shoulder.

He's halfway to the door when he remembers something, turning round and heading back:

And downing his waiting shot of whiskey.

12 CONTINUED: (4)

With a welcome SMACK of his lips and a nod to the bemused Bartender, Boyce strides out of the bar, Twist still over one shoulder, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13

INT. BAR - LATER

13

It's nearly closing time as the Bartender stacks chairs on tables. The jukebox is still on random, playing out some old Nickelback hit.

He moves over the POOL TABLE which is bathed in a light from an overhead LAMP. Rubbing over the wood of the table, he holds a cue aloft just as:

The door OPENS and Chris enters, holding a glowing STONE which intensifies its glow as he steps further into the room.

Chris turns to Danyael, Vivian, Lyra and Marcus who have entered the bar, following him.

CHRIS

She was here.

DANYAEL

Makes sense. She always did like places like these. I wouldn't be surprised if there's a chocolate fountain out back with cigarette ends floating in it.

The Bartender makes his way over, looking taller and tougher than most of them, especially with the POOL CUE in his hand. He's not holding it like a weapon - yet.

BARTENDER

We're closed.

(off glowing stone)

Especially to freaks who burst in with pieces of Kryptonite.

CHRIS

We're not -

MARCUS

(interrupts)

We're sorry. We're just looking for a friend of ours.

BARTENDER

Well, I get a hell of a lot of customers every night.

(pointedly)

Despite this not being a 'good bar.'

Danyael has the decency to look a little embarrassed.

(CONTINUED)

BARTENDER (cont'd)  
But I've got a good memory, so  
spill. Who's the girl you're after?

LYRA  
(puzzled)  
How did you know it was a female  
friend?

BARTENDER  
(shrugs)  
Bunch of guys burst into a bar well  
past closing time looking for  
somebody? It's always about a girl.  
Plus, your guy with the glowing...  
thing here said 'she was here.'  
(off looks)  
I pay attention.

CHRIS  
(indicating)  
She's about yay high with long  
hair. Blonde. Like...

BARTENDER  
Blonde?

DANYAEL  
You've seen her?

MARCUS  
Where'd she go?

The Bartender exchanges glances with Chris and the others at  
Danyael and Marcus before continuing

BARTENDER (cont'd)  
I don't think she was capable of  
going anywhere.  
(indicating)  
She passed right out on the floor  
there.

VIVIAN  
And you didn't pick her up or help  
her?

CHRIS  
(dry)  
Good to see American hygiene's  
still up to its usual standards.  
(beat)  
Where did she go? Unconscious  
people don't usually 'go' anywhere.

BARTENDER  
Some guy picked her up. Said they  
were 'involved.'

CHRIS

If by 'involved', he meant 'total stranger', then that's right.

MARCUS

So where did they go?

BARTENDER

(shrugs)

No idea, buddy.

(beat)

Must have been close, though, 'cause he was carrying her over his shoulder, and no offence to your friend, but she's no lightweight.

(beat)

He couldn't have carried her any further than a few blocks, I reckon.

MARCUS

Did he have a car?

BARTENDER

(shakes head)

Nope. Or if he did, it wasn't in the parking lot.

LYRA

(sincere)

Thank you. You've been really helpful.

The team huddle around while the Bartender continues his cleaning. Danyaël turns to Marcus.

DANYAEL

Can't you just... sniff her out or something?

MARCUS

(beat; cold)

Try that sentence again without it becoming offensive, and I might respond in a way that doesn't result in you with a broken jaw.

Vivian steps inbetween the two men, laying a hand on each of their chests.

VIVIAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Think we can lay off the testosterone for a minute or do we have to get you two in an arena so you can square off?

(grins)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
 Will there be oil? Oh, say there  
 will.

Both of them seething, Marcus and Danyael reluctantly NOD  
 before separating their dangerous proximity.

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
 Good! Now how about an actual plan,  
 instead of seeing who can grow the  
 biggest set of nuts between you?  
 (beat)  
 Chris?

CHRIS  
 I'm thinking.

VIVIAN  
 Right. So while Chris digs in his  
 pocket to see if he even has a  
 pair... Lyra?

The previously silent Lyra turns, looking a little confused.

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
 Have you tried using your... Spider  
 Sense thing to find Twist?

LYRA  
 I was following her... essence all  
 the way from the van.

The team lean in eagerly.

LYRA (cont'd)  
 I tried to follow her trail, but  
 with the state of mind she was in  
 it was like trying to catch a  
 feather in the wind anyway. Add all  
 the alcohol she seems to have drunk  
 into that, and... I lost her.

DANYAEL  
 (edgy)  
 What do you mean 'lost'?

CHRIS  
 Don't take this out on Lyra. She's  
 tried something, at least.

LYRA  
 (optimistically)  
 I might be able to relocate Twist's  
 trail if we can get to somewhere  
 where she has been really close.

13 CONTINUED: (4)

13

VIVIAN

Let's go try and see if anyone  
nearby saw her, then.

The team nod and head outside, leaving the bemused Bartender  
behind and forcing us to CUT TO:

14 INT. APARTMENT - SAME TIME

14

The moonlight is blocked out, only allowing enough to see.  
PAN ALONG dusty and dishevelled furniture in a pretty damn  
rundown apartment.

It's like something the typical twenty-something student  
would live in but judging by the abundance of pink and blue,  
it's not a single-person affair.

There are several doors, leading off to various rooms in the  
apparently spacious apartment.

There are pictures, some of them professional prints. PAN  
ALONG tidy piles of clothing all over the place, along with  
the clutter of DVDs and CDs that make a place truly lived in.

Finally stop and then DROP right onto the couch to find  
Twist. There's a small lump on the side of her head from  
where she collapsed in the bar, but apart from that she looks  
almost peaceful in her sleep.

After a beat, she turns and STIRS, mumbling a little in her  
sleep before:

TWIST

(groggily)

No, Milo, I don't want to see your  
powers again...

Twist blinks, before CLUTCHING her head in what must be the  
mother of all headaches. She shakes her hair from her face  
and then props herself on her elbows.

She looks up, shaking her hair out of her face. She in her  
musty surroundings, as well as the fact she has absolutely no  
idea where she is.

TWIST (cont'd)

Hello?

(beat; timid)

Satan?

However a DOOR OPENS and the sounds of a shower being turned  
off sound through the otherwise silent apartment.

She turns as Boyce strides in, wearing a clean set of clothes  
and looking much fresher all round.

(CONTINUED)

BOYCE  
(smiling)  
Hey.

Twist springs up from the couch and backs away from him, assuming a fighting posture.

TWIST  
Alright, I don't know what's happening here, but you've got three seconds before I open up The Can on you...

BOYCE  
What 'can'?

TWIST  
This one right here. Says 'Whup Ass' on it.  
(raising fist)  
I can't fight a ghost, damn it!

BOYCE  
You're dead as well, you know.

TWIST  
(beat; yelling)  
Help! I'm being held prisoner by a dead guy!

Boyce moves towards her but she SMACKS him aside and opens a door, running into:

Twist SKIDS but can't stop her speed in time as she crashes into a TREASURE CHEST on the floor.

Now on the floor, she sees it's just a child's, bright pink treasure chest. She BLINKS at it and then looks up at the room properly.

The walls are a sky blue, with posters of female singers and ponies and the like pasted all around them.

Twist sees that she's next to a single BED, where the chest lies at the foot of it.

At the other end, away from where Twist crashed - literally - is the form of a YOUNG GIRL.

The Young Girl is awake now, rubbing her eyes in a mixture of annoyance and sleepy confusion at her disturber.

The Young Girl has long blonde hair, tousled from a night's sleep and big blue eyes that eye Twist suspiciously.

YOUNG GIRL  
(sleepily)  
Who are you?

Twist gets to her feet, still racking her mind to think of where she's seen this young girl before Boyce enters.

He holds his hand out as an offer of peace, then indicates the Young Girl who is sat up in bed, Spongebob on the sheets.

BOYCE  
Honey, this is a friend of mine.  
Her name's Twist.

Twist and the Young Girl look equally nervous and suspicious at the moment before:

BOYCE (cont'd)  
Twist, this is someone you haven't  
seen in a long time.  
(beat)  
Twist, this is Sophia.

Twist looks down in unbelievable shock as SOPHIA MCFADDEN, Twist's little sister, gazes up, an innocent expression of confusion on her face.

Rapidly PUSH IN on Twist's face, unable to comprehend this mindwarp that's put Boyce's appearance away from her.

Off her truly shocked expression, SMASH CUT TO:

The group are gathered around a street lamp while Chris rests a faded MAP against a wall.

CHRIS  
(indicating)  
It's likely that the person who took Twist is within a three mile radius. Now, together, it'll take us much longer to search for her, but if we split up into twos, we can cover much more ground.  
(beat)  
Vivian, try and cover everything north. I'll take east.  
(beat)  
Marcus and Lyra are our two trackers here, so Lyra, if you go with Danyael Marcus can head off on his own. He's got plenty of experience dealing with hunting people down.

DANYAEL

(beat)

Fine.

MARCUS

Fantastic.

Marcus and Danyael immediately head off in different directions, leaving Chris, Lyra and Vivian stood there.

Lyra, sensing where Danyael has gone, smiles a little and then follows him.

CHRIS

Vivian...

Vivian lays a comforting hand on Chris' shoulder.

VIVIAN

It's okay, Chris. I get it. After what Parker did to her...

(beat)

Twist is not going to be caught by that bastard again.

CHRIS

I know that we'll try until we're blue in the face, but if Twist's hurt and manipulated like that again, we'll have to... put a stop to her before she goes on another rampage.

VIVIAN

I know. And I also know that we're a hell of a lot stronger than anyone's given us credit for.

(smiles)

We've been shot, stabbed, poisoned and generally had the shit kicked out of us... and we're still here. We're stronger. And we'll find Twist.

Chris nods, apparently a little uncertain.

CHRIS

But if you find her, and she...

VIVIAN

(sincere)

Then I promise you - if that does happen, I promise to take care of them both. For Twist.

Off Vivian's determined, honest look, we CUT TO:

17 INT. APARTMENT - ROOM - SAME TIME

17

Twist is still looking down at Sophia in mingled awe and shock as the young girl blinks blearily at Twist and then Boyce.

SOPHIA  
Daddy, who is this lady?

Twist spins, eyes widening at the 'D' word. Boyce looks a little awkward, to say the least.

BOYCE  
(thinking)  
Sophia, honey, this is... an... old friend which you don't remember because you were so young when she left.

SOPHIA  
Oh. Hi.  
(beat; to Boyce)  
Can I go back to sleep now?

BOYCE  
(to Twist)  
Can I...?

TWIST  
(distracted)  
Huh? Uh... yeah.

Twist steps back as Boyce kneels down and tucks Sophia in.

BOYCE  
(to Sophia)  
You want a CD on? One of your special ones?

SOPHIA  
Yeah. Thanks.

Boyce moves over to the small CD PLAYER in the corner and starts flicking gently through a half dozen of CDs.

BOYCE  
You remember you have that project due in tomorrow, right? What's it about again? Whales?

SOPHIA  
Dolphins, Dad.

He TICKLES her and she GIGGLES, sleepily though and he heads back to the

(CONTINUED)

SOPHIA (cont'd)  
I finished it last night.

BOYCE  
(proudly)  
That's my girl.

Boyce selects a CD, pushes it into the player and starts it. The sounds of THUNDER and LIGHTNING begin to quietly come from the player as Boyce kneels by Sophia's bedside.

BOYCE (cont'd)  
Now, get some sleep, okay?

SOPHIA  
(nods)  
I will.

BOYCE  
I love you, sweetie.

Sophia KISSES Boyce on the cheek in a fatherly way.

SOPHIA  
(sleepily)  
Love you too, Dad.

As Sophia curls up snugly with her blankets and comforter around her, Boyce slowly leaves the room, shutting the door behind him.

18 INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NEXT

18

Boyce barely has time to turn around before Twist picks him up and SLAMS him into a wall by his throat, dislodging several items from the wall!

TWIST  
What the hell is this? Is this some sick joke?

BOYCE  
(grimacing)  
Twist, let... let me explain.

After a beat, Twist's curiosity wins out and she drops Boyce heavily. He moves over to the couch and sits down, rubbing his throat.

BOYCE (cont'd)  
That night, back when we... when I left you on that hill. I... I never wanted to leave you there.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

BOYCE (cont'd)  
 But I couldn't stand up to the crew. I needed to be strong and show strength and...

TWIST

What? I was the weight you had to lift to prove you were a big, strong boy so you could get in with your gang of vampire jerk-offs?!

(beat)

I loved you. And you betrayed me.

BOYCE

No! It was never...

(sighs)

The night afterwards, I headed straight back to the house.

CUT TO:

19 INT. MCFADDEN HOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

19

There's no police cars around at the moment but the distinctive sound of them confirms that they're pretty damn close.

BOYCE (V.O.)

I waited until the boys had gone for the celebratory drink and drive before I went back.

CUT TO:

20 INT. MCFADDEN HOME - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

20

The CORPSES of Twist's parents, TOM and ELENA MCFADDEN are laid in the room, pools of BLOOD around them. Boyce, the same age as we previously saw him, moves quickly around the room and past the empty cot where baby Sophia laid.

BOYCE (V.O.)

I'd hidden Sophia away in case any of the gang turned violent and thought I'd betray or leave them... and needed a hostage.

He checks no one's around before Boyce opens a CHEST OF DRAWERS and after moving some clothes aside, pulls out BABY SOPHIA!

She's asleep now, in a little pink sleeping suit, but stirs a little before Boyce rocks her back to sleeping bliss.

(CONTINUED)

BOYCE (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 They never knew that she existed.  
 Far as they were concerned, she'd  
 been left in that house to die and  
 that was no problem to them.

CUT BACK TO:

21 INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE - PRESENT DAY

21

Twist has now sat down next to Boyce on the couch. His head is in his hands, but this gets no sympathy from Twist.

BOYCE  
 I never told Sophia about you  
 because I thought that it'd hurt  
 her more than it'd help her.

TWIST  
 I'm her sister! You can't deny her  
 that! And what's with that 'Daddy'  
 crap? She has a father!

BOYCE  
Had.

She's ready to swing for him. Boyce exhales, leaning back.

TWIST  
 So I'm supposed to believe that  
 you've looked after her for seven  
years, without ever telling her who  
 her real family is?

BOYCE  
 What good would that have done? To  
 her, you're just a stranger. I  
 couldn't tell her what actually  
 happened, could I?

Twist turns away, arms crossed.

BOYCE (cont'd)  
 It wasn't until a few months ago  
 that I learned you'd come back.  
 How... how did you even -

TWIST  
 Nu-uh. Your story first.

BOYCE  
 (beat; soft)  
 She was the one thing left that  
 reminded me of you... I had to  
 protect her. Keep her safe.

(CONTINUED)

This doesn't anything to calm Twist down - far from it as she STANDS, getting right in her face as her red mist descends.

TWIST

You wanna know what happened to me?  
What you did? Where I went after  
you set me on fire and left me to  
die?

(yells)

You sent me to Hell! And not any  
kind of metaphorical, 'other  
people' crap - actual Hell! I was  
stuck in that place for... I don't  
even know how long, reliving my  
nightmares, day after day after  
day, because you sent me there! And  
for what? For your goddamn pride  
and for that gang! I only managed  
to get out because of -

SOPHIA (O.S.)

Daddy?

Twist and Boyce turn and see the still sleepy looking Sophia standing in the doorway, rubbing her eyes but with clear TEARS in her eyes at the conversation.

SOPHIA (cont'd)

What's... what's goin' on?

Twist takes a hesitant step towards the tearful child.

BOYCE

Nothing, sweetheart. Go back to  
sleep. Twist and I are just -

he freezes, turning to the window - and then he SHOVES them to one side - just as a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL SAILS through the window and EXPLODES!

FLAMES erupt onto the heavily carpeted surroundings and as Twist looks, shocked at what the frick's just happened, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22 INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 22

As fire BELCHES around them, ENGULFING their surroundings, Twist struggles to her feet whilst Sophia SCREAMS.

TWIST

C'mon, where the - ?

However as the couch CATCHES FIRE and Sophia begins to cough from the smoke, Boyce sails into view, wrapping an arm around Sophia, hauling her up close to him.

He grabs a BAG by the door, slinging it around his shoulder and then DROP-KICKS it open, sprinting through it with Twist hot on his heels.

23 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - STAIRWELL - NEXT 23

The three head straight down the stairwell, the glow from the fire behind them.

TWIST

Oh, so now you're getting firebombed? I'd thought your social life had sucked before, but now -

BOYCE

Twist, just shut the hell up for two minutes, alright?

They KICK the door open and BURST OUT into:

24 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NEXT 24

The three SKID to a halt as they spot several FIGURES, clearly waiting for them.

As the figures step out of the shadows, they're revealed as BIKERS, grinning wickedly at the trio.

TWIST

Friends of yours?

BOYCE

Something like that.

More specifically, they're BIKER VAMPS, members of Boyce's gang. Or judging by their reactions, former gang.

A single vampire BIKER steps out further, clearly the new leader and clad in smarter leathers than the others.

(CONTINUED)

LEAD BIKER

Boyce, man... you really thought you could outrun us? That you could play house with your new toy and we wouldn't find you again?

BOYCE

I picked up your cheap ass aftershave a half mile away, Morgan. You really need to invest in some new products.

MORGAN snarls at him but at that moment, Twist steps forward, moving towards the biker gang.

TWIST

Hey. Now. I'm as pissed as you are at old Boycey here. More, in fact, but you can have him as long as you leave me and the girl alone.

MORGAN

I'm afraid we'll need young Sophia as well, Miss McFadden.

TWIST

(blinks)  
You...

MORGAN

Know who you are? Yeah, we recognise you. Heard you'd come back from the dead - again - but had to see it for myself.

(beat)  
You look pale.

Sophia visibly shields herself behind Boyce and Twist sighs, clearly tired.

TWIST

You know what? I think I'm getting a hangover, and I am too damn tired to keep putting up with this...

Twist glances across. Her eyes light up, and she reaches into the bag that Boyce brought with him - pulling out a BASEBALL BAT.

TWIST (cont'd)

... so here's how this goes down. You Rob Halford groupies either step aside and let us go, or I reacquaint you all with your internal organs.

She twirls it a couple of times experimentally, smiling a little and testing the weight.

Morgan chuckles, glancing back at his gang, who join in with the derisive laughter.

TWIST (cont'd)  
 Suit yourselves. As the wise  
 prophet Yoda once said... kick your  
 ass, so I will.

And with that Twist LEAPS forward, SMACKING straight into the vamps! She RAMS her bat into one biker's gut before smashing the bat onto an incoming vamp's head.

She FLICKS the bat from one hand to another allowing her to land a heavy RIGHT HOOK on an advancing vamp!

She SMIRKS before she flips her head around and SMASHES her fist against another vamp, clothes-lining him to the ground before ax kicking him.

She dodges a blow and then SPINS - the baseball bat held in front of her as it sends the vamps around her staggering, temporarily regaining the odds.

Boyce has scooped Sophia up and running full tilt to something in the distance while Twist ducks a swing to the head but receives a knee to her chest for her trouble.

She FROWNS, giving the vamp a good one-two, flooring him for the moment.

TWIST (cont'd)  
 Hey! Didn't your mom tell you not  
 to hit girls? Especially ones this  
 pretty?

She HEADBUTTS the vamp who kneed her and kicks him in the groin, smirking before grabbing him in a headlock and SNAPPING his NECK!

TWIST (cont'd)  
 Hey, I never said I wasn't going to  
 hit back.

As the melee continues, Twist is continuing her mix of attack and defense but it's running out fast as she takes a vicious BLOW to the chest, winding her and leaving her vulnerable to a SCISSOR KICK from Morgan.

Morgan leans down, smirking at Twist's prone form, despite the bat in her hand.

MORGAN

You know, you're like an urban legend round here. The great Twist McFadden who was burnt at the stake and fought her way back through Hell itself.

TWIST

You've heard of me? My friends' d be so proud.

MORGAN

It'll be a shame that we'll have to kill you now. Re-kill you, I guess.

Twist's eyes FLICK to something off-screen briefly before she smiles.

TWIST

(smiling)

Wanna know the truth about me? The real story before I get staked?

MORGAN

Go on.

TWIST

The truth is...

And at that moment, a PICKUP TRUCK, driven by Boyce SLAMS into the vamp gang!

They're all thrown away, the front grille knocking into Morgan and sending him FLYING and SMACKING into the brick wall opposite but leaving Twist unharmed.

TWIST (cont'd)

Oh, sorry - car!

Morgan, however, is also unharmed and he and his bikers are rapidly recovering as Twist scrambles over to the door of the pickup.

TWIST (cont'd)

Nice save, for once.

Twist clambers into the van, where she sees Sophia is between her and Boyce in the driving seat.

TWIST (cont'd)

Let's go before the Wild Hogs over there manage to scramble around and find their brain cell.

(beat)

(MORE)

24 CONTINUED: (4)

24

TWIST (cont'd)

And then you can tell me why the heck you've got your former best buddies breathin' down your neck and want you with a stake in your chest. They need to wait their damn turn, for one thing.

Boyce nods, albeit reluctantly, as he guns the engine, the pickup building up speed as it heads past the recovering bikers, forcing us to DISSOLVE TO:

25 INT. APARTMENT - LATER

25

The now blackened door to Boyce's apartment is opened and Marcus peers inside, SNIFFING at the air around him with a mixture of disgust and confusion.

Everything is blackened, smoke still a little hazy in the air but with all of the objects either burnt to ash or charred so it's near unrecognisable.

Behind him, as Marcus walks into the apartment, Chris, and the others enter, clearly having been informed about this development.

DANYAEL

You know, we could have found this first if Lyra hadn't...

LYRA

Surely the main priority is finding Twist?

CHRIS

She's right, Danyael.

(beat)

Lyra, can you sense anything?

Lyra sighs, coughing a little at the remaining smoke before putting her head to one side.

LYRA

(beat)

Laughter. A child.

She moves forward, following her supernatural senses to push open a door, followed by Chris and the others into:

26 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NEXT

26

The room is a former charred version of itself, the CD player, the bed and everything of Sophia's is burnt to a crisp.

Vivian leans under the bed, spotting a PAW poking out and finds a small, stuffed MANATEE underneath.

(CONTINUED)

Unlike everything else, the fire appears to have left the small teddy undamaged, and Vivian looks down on it before putting it in her pocket absentmindedly.

CHRIS

The smashed glass in the living room indicates a deliberate attempt to damage or kill whoever lived here.

MARCUS

The probable weapon was a firebomb or a makeshift Molotov cocktail. Maybe even a small grenade, but it's too much of a localised blast to be anything mainstream.

DANYAEL

How the hell would you know?

MARCUS

Because I've blown a lot of things up in my time.

VIVIAN

(moving on)

Right, so presume that Twist was here...

LYRA

She was here.

MARCUS

(smiles; to Lyra)

How do you that?

LYRA

(blushes)

It's just...

(beat; serious)

Twist was here. There was a struggle. A fight. Then... the fire. They're not here, though. The man, Twist and... the little girl.

DANYAEL

What do you mean 'not here'?

LYRA

I don't... I don't know. They're just not here any more.

VIVIAN

So they could be...

She glances at the floor - specifically, the piles of ASH.

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

CHRIS

Let's not think that for the moment, alright? They're probably still out there, whoever Twist's with.

But the look on Chris' face says it all as we PUSH IN, forcing us to SMASH CUT TO:

27 EXT. HIGHWAY 61 - SAME TIME 27

Along a dark, deserted highway, PUSH IN on the solitary vehicle driving along and find it to be Boyce's pickup truck.

28 INT. PICKUP - NEXT 28

The man himself is still at the wheel and rubs his eyes before turning to see an apparently conked out Twist and an equally asleep Sophia.

He smiles a little at this, running his hand through Sophia's blonde hair before leaning forward and squinting his eyes, seeing something through the darkness.

BOYCE

(smiling)

Thank you, God.

PULL BACK from the car and find a SERVICE STATION, lit up like a Christmas tree in the darkness.

CUT TO:

29 EXT. SERVICE STATION - LATER 29

Boyce finishes filling up his pickup and checks his meter before he peeks inside the truck and then pulls out his WALLET.

Patting it, he LOCKS the car and enters the service station. However, as he moves off-screen, Twist's head pokes up from the passenger section.

30 INT. SERVICE STATION - NEXT 30

Boyce moves through the sections with a small metal BASKET, grabbing various items.

Snatching up ready-meal FOOD, such as burgers, curly fries and general unhealthy eating. He grabs several huge bottles of soda and a bottle of WHISKEY from the alcoholic section, smiling a little.

He's about to head to the COUNTER when something catches his eye in the confectionery section. He smiles and picks up a large MULTI-PACK of CANDY.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

Making his way to the otherwise deserted counter he places the basket on the counter and spots a wall of CIGARETTES behind the bored looking CLERK.

BOYCE

Can I get some of the -

However, before he has time to finish, there's a RUMBLE and Boyce looks over as he sees:

Twist behind the wheel of his pickup!

Boyce GOGGLES for a moment before abandoning his basket and nearly wrenching the door open, the Clerk looking finally interested.

31 EXT. SERVICE STATION - NEXT

31

Twist guns the engine and soon the truck's gaining speed as Boyce SPRINTS along the forecourt, dodging pumps and SMACKING into the side of the pickup.

BOYCE

Open the door!

TWIST

Screw you!

BOYCE

Twist, stop the damn truck!

Sophia is awake, wide-eyed and fearful.

SOPHIA

Daddy?

BOYCE

It's alright, Sophia. Everything's alright.

(to Twist)

Twist, come on, open the -

WHAP! Twist WHACKS the door into Boyce, knocking him on his ass.

She SLAMS it shut and Twist accelerates, and the floored Boyce can only watch as the truck speeds along the desert highway.

BOYCE (cont'd)

No! No, no, no!

The Clerk runs up to the panting Boyce.

BOYCE (cont'd)

Damn it!

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

Dude - what happened?

BOYCE

She took my girl! My little girl!

CLERK

She did? Uh... should I call the police?

Boyce is literally SNARLING, and the Clerk backs away nervously.

CLERK (cont'd)

I'll... call the police.

He runs back inside, as Boyce's despondency forces us to SMASH CUT TO:

Twist is driving along, Sophia restless beside her.

SOPHIA

What are you doing? Why did we leave my dad behind?

TWIST

Look, this is for your own good, alright? Your dad, he's... he's a bad man.

SOPHIA

He's not bad, he's my dad! We have to go back, you can't just -

TWIST

(snaps)  
Sophia!

Sophia shrinks back in her seat. Twist winces, regretting her sharp tone.

TWIST (cont'd)

Sorry, I didn't mean to -

But Sophia HITS her, lashing out in anger!

TWIST (cont'd)

Whoa! Easy with the attitude there.  
(to herself)  
Guess it runs in the family...

SOPHIA

You're the bad person.

TWIST

Look, sweetheart, I hate to be bearer of whatever, but... Boyce isn't your real dad.

SOPHIA

(beat)  
You're lying.

TWIST

Right now, the whole 'accidental kidnapping' thing may be blowing my mind into the third orbit of Britney, but you have to believe me. I'm not lying to you.

SOPHIA

Why do you want me?

TWIST

Look, I'm... I'm your sister. Older, obviously.

Sophia frowns at her incredulously.

SOPHIA

I don't know you. I've never met you before tonight! Now take me back to my dad!

TWIST

No! Sophia, you have to -

Sophia suddenly seizes the wheel and WRENCHES it to the right, forcing the pickup to swerve violently!

TWIST (cont'd)

Woah! Son of a...

Twist manages to right it before looking back at Sophia.

TWIST (cont'd)

Don't you ever, ever do that again!

SOPHIA

Stop saying that you're my sister! I never had a sister. It's just been me and Dad - so stop saying it! Stop lying!

TWIST

Hate to break the fairy-tale he's woven, Cinderella, but your real mom and dad - our parents - died when you were only a few months old.

SOPHIA  
No, my mom died in a car accident.

TWIST  
Can you remember it?

SOPHIA  
(beat)  
No, I was only -

TWIST  
It's a lie, Sophia! You were born  
after I... after I went away.

SOPHIA  
But that doesn't make any - watch  
out!

Twist snaps her head back towards the road - and through the rear-view mirror sees the BIKERS advancing up the road, catching up fast!

TWIST  
Oh, would you give me a damn break  
already?

Sophia SWATS her arm again.

SOPHIA  
Daddy says you shouldn't swear.

Twist shoots her a dark look, then keeps her eyes in the mirrors as the bikers close in.

Twist grasps the wheel, waiting until one of the bikes draws close enough before:

TWIST  
Hold on!!

And with that, Twist SWINGS the wheel around and SMACKS right into the bike, sending one of the bikers FLYING into the road, flailing with a sickening SNAP.

That's only one down, however, and as the others bikers close in, Twist looks suitably worried as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 EXT. HIGHWAY 61 - NIGHT 33

The bikers are in full view now as they KNOCK into the pickup.

Cries of laughter and a cruel enjoyment can be heard over the roar of the bikes and the pickup's attempts at avoidance.

It SKIDS violently and it's only a hard right that stops it from ploughing straight into the harsh roadside. Rapidly PUSH IN THROUGH the windscreen until we land on:

34 INT. PICKUP - NEXT 34

Sophia and Twist are SLAMMED from side to side, Twist's knuckles white from the effort to keep the pickup going.

TWIST

Man, this looked so much easier on  
GTA Three...

SOPHIA

Why are they after us?

TWIST

Look, it's something to do with  
your da-

The truck is SLAMMED again by the bikes.

TWIST (cont'd)

(winces)

Oh, you mother... gartners!

She's struggles to keep control, as we CUT TO:

35 EXT. HIGHWAY 61 - NEXT 35

One of the bikers draws a sawn-off SHOTGUN, taking aim at the van's rear wheels.

He SHOOTS, one of the tyres exploding with a BANG - sending the truck SKIDDING across the road!

Twist desperately tries to right the truck, but it flails before TOPPLING onto one side and SMASHING along the rough desert.

The bikers BRAKE and head straight for the wreckage of the pickup which has slammed awkwardly, crumpling it on one side. Morgan heads for the doors, BOWIE KNIFE in hand.

(CONTINUED)

However as Morgan OPENS the doors - Twist SPRINGS out, driving both feet into his face as her hands grip the top of the door!

She SOMERSAULTS out, landing on her feet and JUMP KICKING a vamp who tries to get her from behind, knocking him down.

Morgan staggers back and Twist quickly SLIDES the borrowed baseball bat out and smirks at the gathering bikers.

TWIST

You know, the definition of  
'insane' is repeating the same  
action and expecting a different  
result. See a pattern emerging yet?  
You attack, I kick your asses

BIKER #1

Like hell, little missy!

TWIST

(mock Southern accent)  
'Little missy'?

THWACK! She CLOCKS him with the bat.

TWIST (cont'd)

Ass.

The bikers advance, and Twist is on them. She SPIN KICKS another into the side of the van before HEADBUTTING another whilst donkey kicking another in the groin.

However one BIKER, JOHANSSON, KNOCKS her aside with a well placed KICK to the ribs and BURSTS into the van - where Sophia SCREAMS!

Twist SPINS AROUND and spots Sophia being dragged away, kicking and screaming for her life.

TWIST (cont'd)

(screaming)

Sophia!

Another biker PUNCHES Twist in her distraction while another ROUNDHOUSE KICKS her viciously. She staggers, desperately trying to regain her balance...

TWIST (cont'd)

(disorientated)

No... you can't...

... before getting SLAMMED to the ground by an AX KICK that sends her sprawling. Another biker closes in.

BIKER #2

Alright, let's try a little -

Twist SPINS her legs round, SCISSOR-KICKING the biker down! She FLIPS to her feet and PUNCHES several bikers, fighting furiously to get to her sister.

Johansson holds a CHLOROFORM RAG to her mouth and Sophia SLUMPS after a few seconds.

TWIST

Sophia!

Twist DODGES a blow and ROUNDHOUSE KICKS one full in the face with a heavy SNAP and RAMS the heel of her palm into another biker's face, BREAKING his nose violently.

Twist SMASHES her fist into one biker and WHACKS another in the face with the baseball bat - which is seized by another biker and SNAPS, leaving Twist holding the handle with a large, broken jagged piece of wood sticking out.

Twist looks down and grins at the makeshift STAKE that the bikers have accidentally created - before SWEEP KICKING under one of the bikers and STAKING him with a scream.

Another HIGH KICKS Twist, sending her staggering while another biker PUNCHES her in the back.

She manages to kick him in the chest but before she can stop them, Johansson has placed Sophia on the bike in between himself and another biker before starting the bike and heading off!

Coughing and crying out her sister's name, she tries to get to her feet but Morgan RABBIT PUNCHES her with a CRY of laughter.

MORGAN

C'mon, boys, let's take the pint size home. See if she can make us a nice guest.

TWIST

(threateningly; between breaths)

You... lay one finger... on her...

MORGAN

And you'll what?

Morgan reaches down and with a final PUNCH sends Twist sprawling, out cold.

He and the rest of the bikers, laughing with their bloodlust and adrenaline pumping through them, hop onto their bikes and SPEED AWAY.

Twist just manages to get up into a sitting position to see the last spray of dust as the bikes disappear from view. She sits, resting her arms on her knees and starts to SOB.

After a few painful beats, she stops, wiping the tears from her eyes and cocking her head to one side as she listens for something...

... and we can now see a pair of HEADLIGHTS speed along the road. Twist leaps to her feet, snatching the stake-bat and stepping out into the middle of the road.

TWIST

Hey! Hey!

The CAR, noticeably with a back window SMASHED open, SCREECHES to a stop and Boyce gets out, looking majorly pissed.

BOYCE

Where is she?

TWIST

Look, I -

BOYCE

(yelling)  
Where is she?

TWIST

She's gone. They took her.

Boyce CURSES, hands gripping the wheel.

BOYCE

How - why couldn't you trust me?  
What did you think I was going to do?

TWIST

Considering your track record, I wouldn't be -

BOYCE

What? You thought I'd put my girl at jeopardy for some petty revenge?

TWIST

Oh, now you're some kind of humanitarian? Little late to grow a soul, you jackass!

BOYCE

Look, I'm not gonna stand here and wait for you to pull another dumbass one liner from the gaping cavern that's your brain. I'm going to get my little girl back. Your sister, as you're at such great pains to remind me.

(beat)

Are you coming or not?

TWIST

(beat)

Who's is the car?

Boyce peels a LICENCE from the driver's seat and squints at it.

BOYCE

Well, whoever Mister Keefe is, he isn't gonna find his car in a hurry.

Twist and Boyce head into the car, Boyce throwing the licence out behind him and within seconds, the car's SPEEDING along the road, forcing us to CUT TO:

The door opens and the team enter. The gothic looking Clerk is still behind the desk, looking nonchalant as he flips through a magazine.

CHRIS

Excuse me, we're looking for a friend of ours. Maybe you've seen her?

CLERK

(without looking up)

Nope, sorry.

CHRIS

But we're sure she...  
(to others; beat)  
We are sure, aren't we?

LYRA

(nods)

I'm almost positive.

VIVIAN

'Almost'?

CHRIS

She's not a GPS, Vivian.

(beat)

Marcus?

MARCUS

Me too. I know Twist, I can tell where she's been.

VIVIAN

Which is actually a little creepy.

CLERK

Look, unless you're gonna buy something...

The Clerk's cut off when Marcus leans over and GRABS his THROAT! Lifting the young man over the counter easily, causing various items to CRASH to the floor, Marcus holds the man up at arm's length while he FLAILS, choking.

MARCUS

(ice cold)

I'm sorry, apparently I didn't make myself clear. We're looking for somebody.

CLERK

(gasping)

I... she... look like?

VIVIAN

(with hands)

About this high. Really blonde hair, couldn't miss her if you tried.

CLERK

(nodding frantically)

She... truck... hour...

Marcus DROPS him to the floor where the Clerk manages to gasp precious oxygen for a moment before Marcus drags him to his feet.

CLERK (cont'd)

She was here about a half-hour ago. She never came in, but she drove off in some guy's truck. He went off the wall about it.

VIVIAN

About a truck?

CLERK

No, the guy's little girl was in the truck with him, apparently.

CHRIS

Why would Twist kidnap a little girl? It doesn't make sense.

CLERK

(sniggering)

Twist? What kind of name is that?

Vivian quickly SLAPS the Clerk upside the head.

VIVIAN

Look, Emo Boy, why don't you shut up and get back to jerking off to 'Blood Ties'?

(beat; mock sweetly)

Okay?

The admonished Clerk heads back to the storeroom while Vivian turns to a bemused Chris.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

What? It's what Twist would've said.

CHRIS

(beat)

So why would she have taken his truck? And who's this girl?

DANYAEL

Stands to reason it was the one from the apartment, right?

LYRA

Maybe the little girl was important.

CHRIS

Enough to kidnap her?

MARCUS

Look, me and Lyra can still trace her if we're quick. Judging by our gothic friend, she wasn't long.

CHRIS

(nods)

Let's do it then.

The foursome head straight for the door, SLAMMING it behind them, forcing us to SMASH CUT TO:

37

EXT. HIGHWAY 62 - NIGHT

37

Twist and Boyce's stolen car is lighting up the road and we LAND on the bikers, closing fast.

They're not expecting the car to be any trouble - right up until the car SMASHES into one of them!

The unprepared biker doesn't have a chance as he FLIPS over his bike, which EXPLODES into FLAMES before the car KNOCKS another in the side.

The passenger window opens and Twist pops out, smiling wickedly before TWIRLING the stake-bat in her hand menacingly at the biker.

TWIST  
(to stake-bat)  
Duggan II, say 'hi' to Dead Guy  
number one.

Twist promptly nods to Boyce and he SLAMS the car right into the bike, allowing Twist to STAKE him!

He CRUMPLES and collapses off his bike which SKIDS dangerously but Twist and Boyce are already onto the other bikers.

Another biker pulls a HANDGUN from an ankle sheath and FIRES at the car. Boyce swerves but a SHOT catches him in the shoulder.

He YELLS in pain and nearly SWERVES the car off the road, but just manages to hold it on.

TWIST (cont'd)  
You alright?

BOYCE  
Forget about me - get them!

Twist looks over at him and then after a beat, KICKS the passenger door open, right into the face of another biker. It's enough to startle him and he drops back.

Another biker RAMS his vehicle into the side of the car and Twist JOLTS, smacking her head into the car.

TWIST  
Oh, this is on, you redneck  
loserazzi!

Several hundred metres in front of them, Johansson and Morgan on their respective bikes see the commotion.

(CONTINUED)

JOHANSSON

You go ahead, I'll make sure they  
don't take the girl.

MORGAN

Good.

Morgan ACCELERATES and leaves his comrades further behind in  
a cloud of DUST.

TRACK OVER to Twist, who's trying to steer while Boyce RIPS  
open his shirt, revealing the grisly GUNSHOT WOUND.

He GRIMACES, gritting his teeth as he applies the remnants of  
a shirt sleeve as a temporary tourniquet to the wound.

TWIST

You okay?

BOYCE

I've had worse.

TWIST

Good, because I can't drive stick.  
I'm doing much better with the  
hitting part.

Boyce clutches the wheel and Twist leans out of the open door  
- DIVING back inside just as a barrage of BULLETS smack into  
the inside of the ajar door, where seconds previously Twist's  
head had been.

TWIST (cont'd)

For the love of - why do they  
always get the guns?

She leans out and sees the biker from before - with an UZI in  
his hand, gunning for Twist and Boyce, drawing level with  
them.

Twist takes aim with Duggan II and then... WHAM!

The bat-stake SAILS THROUGH the air and SLAMS into his chest,  
directly into his heart.

The triumphant look fades from his face and Twist manages to  
snatch her bat back before he CRASHES!

There are only about five bikers left now and Boyce manages  
to perform a three hundred and sixty degree turn which KNOCKS  
one biker FLYING before speeding straight for the others.

Twist leans out of the car, leg wrapped securely around the  
frame of the door as she TANGLE KICKS one biker from his  
vehicle, sending him hurtling down the road.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

However her position leaves her open for attack and a biker fires several shots at Twist which she barely ducks.

Boyce CRASHES into the biker and he SMACKS into the roadside as the car passes.

There's one left besides from Johansson and he NODS to Johansson before he BRAKES violently, reaching Twist and Boyce's level.

He lifts the back wheel off and proceeds to SPIN, SMASHING violently into the car.

Twist and Boyce BOUNCE from side to side, SLAMMING into the sides of the car, causing plenty of pain and injury for the injured vampires.

Johansson suddenly SNAPS the bike around, drawing it around in a one-eighty before pointing his own handgun at the rapidly approaching car, taking aim - and FIRING.

His aim is precise as the BULLETS slam into the car's front tyres and causing it to suddenly FLIP over and over, eventually CRASHING into the roadside, striking the hard road again and again.

Johansson nods to the man behind him and checks that Sophia is still unconscious before he and the other bikers HEAD OFF, disappearing into the distance with a cry of LAUGHTER and pleasure at the defeat.

TRACK OVER to the wrecked car:

38 INT. CAR - NEXT

38

It's right side up, but too battered and bruised to be repairable. The occupants are unconscious but alive.

Twist and Boyce are both cut up pretty bad, suffering from lacerations, cuts, wounds and general injuries.

But as we REVERSE ANGLE, their bruises are far from their greatest troubles.

GAS is leaking from the car and a small but imminently deadly FIRE has broken out.

Off the unconscious faces of Twist and Boyce and the burning, growing fire behind them, we...

**BLACK OUT:**

39 TITLE OVER: TO BE CONTINUED...

39

**END OF SHOW**