

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"No Comebacks"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BOSTON - DOCKS - NIGHT 1

To the accompaniment of Trivium's 'The End Of Everything,' A full on THUNDER STORM is ripping across the night sky, lashing heavy rain down across the Boston skyline.

Coming into view is one end of a large DOCK, with storage warehouses and other buildings dotted all around, planks and tiles rattling in the heavy winds.

A huge, disused CRUISE LINER is moored at one end of the pier, surrounded by other rusting and decaying ships - this is where good ships go to die.

The lights visible within this liner mark it out as something different, however, and as movement can be seen on the deck below, we start to push right in, until we're on:

2 EXT. LINER - FOREDECK - CONTINUOUS 2

The rain seems even heavier down here, great rivers of the stuff sluicing across the deck as a pair of black BOOTS stride into view.

Tracking up as their owner heads across the deck to the railing at its edge, the long, black coat and neatly-tied black dreadlocked hair can only belong to one person - VIVIAN. She's soaked through but doesn't seem to have noticed.

Reaching the railings, she places both hands on them and looks out across the city beyond, glancing down at the choppy waters lapping at the boat's hull far below.

WOLSLEY (O.S.)

Not exactly sightseeing weather,
Vivian.

Vivian spins round - and strolling out towards her is WOLSLEY, the well-groomed businessman decked out in a heavy raincoat and umbrella against the downpour.

WOLSLEY (cont'd)

Things are moving into the final stages downstairs, everyone's gearing themselves up for the activation ritual... so I find myself asking 'why is our master's right hand man - or woman, rather - standing out in the rain instead of joining the rest of us?'

Vivian looks him up and down, then turns back round.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

I'm not one for rituals.

WOLSLEY

That much I've gathered.

Wolsley comes to stand next to her, also looking out across Boston. There's a beat of silence.

VIVIAN

Am I looking like I want company right now? 'Cause, you know, I was hoping the whole 'standing out alone in the rain' thing was a dead giveaway.

WOLSLEY

(ignoring her)

I was musing on what the answer to my question could be, and then a disturbing thought struck me. 'What if she's having second thoughts?'

Vivian turns slowly to Wolsley, who pointedly doesn't look back at her as he continues.

WOLSLEY (cont'd)

We're too close to the end of things now to have any last minute complications. If Monsieur Manon felt for a moment that any of his followers were starting to regret their involvement with him, I'm sure his reaction would be...

(turns to her)

... unpleasant.

VIVIAN

(beat)

You threatening me, silvermane?

WOLSLEY

(shrugs)

I'd prefer to class it as a friendly warning.

With that, Wolsley turns and walks away, leaving Vivian to the view, but she can't help watching him go.

WOLSLEY (cont'd)

We'll be waiting for you downstairs, Vivian. Don't be too long out here.

With that, he steps through an open doorway back into the large cabin in the centre of the foredeck.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

Vivian lowers her head for a beat, obviously mulling something over, and as she heads for the cabin with a SIGH, we cut to:

3 INT. LINER - CARGO BAY - NEXT

3

The cargo bay is an even busier hive of activity than on our last visit - three huge TEMPLES have now been fully constructed, their cramped brickwork stretching from floor to ceiling, with dozens of black-uniformed WORKERS swarming over them like insects.

Complicated electronic equipment is being mounted at various points over the temples, with plenty of SPARKS flying as power lines hooking everything together are activated.

Standing in the middle of the bay, watching the men at work with his hands behind his back, is MANON. He has an inscrutable smile on his face - somewhere between satisfaction at a job well done and smugness at the victory within his grasp.

Vivian steps into frame behind him, wringing the rain out of her dreadlocks.

VIVIAN

Hey. I'm here.

He doesn't turn round, and she takes a moment to shake herself dry before moving closer to him.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

I said-

MANON

I 'eard you the first time.

(beat)

Where 'ave you been?

VIVIAN

(evasive)

Out. Needed some air.

Manon turns to her, fixing her with a stare that makes Vivian visibly uncomfortable - before he GRINS broadly, extending a hand towards her. She smiles back and takes it, and he quickly pulls her in close for a KISS.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

So! The big night, huh?

MANON

Indeed it is, *ma cherie*.

VIVIAN

How long till we hit Def Con One, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

MANON

Not long. I take some comfort in knowing there is nothing that can be done to stop us now.

VIVIAN

Don't count Chris' crew out yet. Even with Chris out of the game, they're not the sort to give up easily. They're probably working on some kind of crazy ass last minute plan of attack as we speak.

MANON

Oh, I 'ope they are. I need a good field test for the first wave of my army, when they arrive.

Manon turns round to look at something behind him, and as Vivian follows his gaze, we turn to see:

The huge stone ARCHWAY, now CRACKLING with tendrils of magical energy, thick power cables trailing from bulky devices fixed to many points on its surface, leading back to the three temples.

Manon's grin returns, and as he watches more of his workers busy themselves with preparations for the night's work, we cut to:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Fire crews are still doing their best to tackle a series of BURNING BUILDINGS, as fire rips through an old industrial and factory district, far from the bright downtown lights.

Focus on a manhole some distance from the action in the background, the shouts of the fire crew and the noise of their hoses fading out - replaced by a loud SCRAPING.

Slowly, the manhole starts to move, wisps of smoke escaping from within it - until a pair of pale white HANDS reach up and grab the edge of the cover.

With a GRUNT, the cover is SHOVED back out of the way, and the hands grab onto the lip of the manhole as a figure starts to pull themselves out.

It's CHRIS. He's bloodied, bruised and blackened with soot and dirt, but there's fire blazing in his eyes. He's a long way from out of this yet.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

5

Closer to the blazing buildings now, Chris limps into frame and takes cover behind a row of parked cars, wincing as he sinks to his knees.

He gingerly lifts his shirt - and a large piece of SHRAPNEL is jutting out from his gut! The wound is slick with blood, and Chris' hands slip as they try to grab the fragment.

Setting his jaw, he wipes his hands and finally gets a hold on the shrapnel - and with agonising slowness, he starts to DRAG it out of his belly.

He manages to suppress a cry of pain until the bloodied chunk of metal POPS free, and Chris GASPS before slumping to the floor, dropping the fragment with a CLANG.

He stays on his back for a few beats, catching his breath, before he starts to stand - but as he puts his weight on his left leg, he stumbles and crashes to the floor.

Still fighting the waves of pain, he turns onto his side and rolls back his trouser leg - and a hunk of his own BONE is sticking awkwardly out of his shin!

CHRIS

(wearily)

It's never just one bloody thing,
is it?

Chris takes a moment, closing his eyes as he places his hands on the dislodged bone - and with a loud SNAP, he suddenly shoves the bone back into place!

This gets a YELL of pain from him, but after a few seconds' rest he's able to slowly push himself to his feet again, using a car for support.

He looks towards the burning buildings and the fire crews attacking the blaze, his eyes scanning the scene for any sign of Danyael.

His hands go to his waist - his katana is gone. Chris shakes his head to clear the cobwebs, then pushes away from the car and starts to stagger down the street, as we cut to:

6 EXT. QUIET ROAD - NIGHT

6

A long, empty stretch of road flanked by thick woods on both sides, with a familiar figure making her way along it - TWIST. She glances up and down the road, but there's nothing else in sight. Only the moonlight for company.

(CONTINUED)

She has her baseball bat slung over one shoulder, and as she passes a sturdy looking tree she pauses to lean against it, stretching her tired leg muscles.

TWIST

(to bat)

You'd think that we'd have seen at least one car by now, wouldn't you?

She stands again, making another survey of the road but again seeing nothing.

TWIST (cont'd)

Ah, well. We're never gonna make it back in time at this rate, Duggan old pal, so I guess we'd better start praying for divine intervention. Know any good non-denominational deities?

She glances down at the bat and chuckles.

TWIST (cont'd)

Of course you don't. You're a baseball bat. And I'm talking to myself.

(beat)

Again.

She starts on her way, but for once her luck is in - after a few steps, she finally hears an approaching CAR ENGINE, and turns to see the welcome sight of two headlights speeding up the road towards her!

TWIST (cont'd)

Alright! Guess all those Girl Scout cookies finally paid off...

She jerks out her thumb in classic hitcher style, watching expectantly as the car draws nearer...

... but it doesn't stop. In fact, the sight of a young goth chick walking down a dark road with a baseball bat in her hands actually makes the car's driver ACCELERATE past her.

Twist's jaw drops as the car speeds away into the night, before her lips curls in anger and frustration.

TWIST (cont'd)

Well, of all the...

(shouts after car)

I hope you die in a car crash, you spud monkey!!

She scowls for a moment, then with a resigned sigh gets back to her walk, as we leave her and cut to:

7

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

7

A grimy, low rent apartment, filled with all the touches of modern single life - piles of empty takeaway cartons and beer cans, stacks of unread magazines converted into furniture, and a widescreen TV blazing away with some cheap movie.

Shuffling into view comes BRION, a middle-aged man with pallid grey skin that seems to be spotted with flecks of green ooze, a tray in his hands with his TV dinner steaming away on it.

He flops into the armchair with a contented sigh, and starts to reach for the remote control...

... when the apartment door is kicked open with a loud CRASH, and a fierce-looking Chris marches into the apartment!

Brion YELPS in alarm, the tray flying out of his lap, and he barely has time to whimper before Chris reaches him, grabbing him by his food-stained cardigan.

BRION
(petrified)
W-wh-wh-wh-w-who-

CHRIS
(narrows eyes)
Are you Brion?

BRION
What?

CHRIS
(shouts)
Are you Brion?

BRION
(nods rapidly)
Yeah, yeah, that's me! That's me,
I'm Brion! Who-

CHRIS
The vampire I just killed told me
you were the best person to come to
in this part of town for
information. Was he correct, or am
I going to have to show you what I
did to him and then move on?

BRION
No, no, you've come to the right
place, Mister, er...

CHRIS
Berkeley. Chris Berkeley.

(CONTINUED)

BRION

Right. Chris.

(beat; eyes widen)

Oh...

Chris lets him go, and Brion slumps back in his chair, his fear replaced by amazement.

BRION (cont'd)

We all thought you were dead!

CHRIS

Who's 'we,' exactly?

BRION

You know, the people like me in this city. We all knew you were in town, so we've been trying to lay low, but with that fire earlier, we all heard you were-

CHRIS

Well, I'm not.

BRION

Yeah, yeah, so I can see.

(beat)

Um... how are you?

Chris eyes him, then takes a threatening step forward, pushing Brion back towards fearful cowering.

BRION (cont'd)

Okay, okay! Bad question, Kind of irrelevant. Sorry.

(laughs nervously)

So, uh... what can I get you?

CHRIS

I need to know if my colleague survived the explosion at the rebel cell safe house.

BRION

Well, you were there, right? Didn't you see for yourself?

CHRIS

(dry)

I imagine I was a little distracted by trying to avoid several tonnes of falling rubble.

BRION

Right, yeah, sorry. Uh...

CHRIS

Well?

BRION

Honest answer? I don't know. Like I just said, anybody who's anybody in our kinds of circles heard you and that vampire kid bought it in that explosion. You know, just like the others.

CHRIS

(narrows eyes)

'Others'? What 'others'?

(beat; alarmed)

You don't mean...

BRION

Didn't you hear about it? The big fight at the graveyard out of town?

Chris steps back, sitting abruptly down on the dirty old sofa, shock falling over his features. Brion takes the moment to carefully sweep stray food out of his lap.

BRION (cont'd)

Sounded like a real party, from what I've heard. The rest of your crew mixed it up with that Manon guy and a bunch of his goons. Plenty of explosions.

CHRIS

Are they... did anyone make it back?

BRION

What, on your side, you mean?

CHRIS

(snaps)

Yes, of course on my bloody side!

BRION

Right. Uh...

Brion trails off, and Chris lowers his head.

BRION (cont'd)

(sympathetic)

I'm sorry, man. For what it's worth, sounds like they took plenty of the bad guys with them, but nobody-

Chris suddenly JUMPS forward, exploding off the sofa and GRABBING Brion, his face twisted with anger as he SNARLS into the informer's face, eyes blood red and FANGS bared!

CHRIS

You're lying!!

BRION

No! No, I swear! I swear! Why would I lie?

CHRIS

You... you couldn't know, you weren't...

BRION

Look, what would I have to gain from lying to you about this? I'm just telling you what I heard! It's been all over the grapevine, some of the vampire lackeys of that Vivian chick boasting about taking everybody out, burying that blonde girl underground and stabbing the tall, dark-haired guy with his own sword...

Chris lets go of Brion and staggers back, drifting back into shock as Brion warily watches him.

BRION (cont'd)

Uh... if you wanted to go check the graveyard out, maybe that'd help...

Chris glances up at him, then turns away, looking confused as he stumbles back towards the door. Brion watches him exit, waiting until he hears the clatter of FOOTSTEPS descending the staircase before he finally exhales.

BRION (cont'd)

Man. Not a good night to be one of the good guys.

With a sympathetic expression, Brion scoops up what he can of his dinner and reaches for the remote again, as we cut to:

Vivian sits in what appears to be her room - a few piles of clothes are strewn about the small cabin, with a few personal effects sitting on top of a table, next to Chris' KATANA, still specked with dried blood.

Vivian is staring at the wall, hands behind her head and foot tapping noisily against the bed frame. Looks like there's still something on her mind.

8 CONTINUED:

8

She holds that pose for a while before suddenly sitting up, and with a determined look on her face she stands and marches out of the room.

9 INT. LINER - CORRIDOR - NEXT

9

Two body-armoured Skorpione guards wander past on late patrol, chatting to themselves as they round a corner.

Moments later, Vivian leans out of the shadows, checking that the coast is clear before tip-toeing back down the corridor.

She comes to a bulkhead door and tries to turn the handle, but despite putting a spurt of vampire strength into it, it stays locked. With a grunt of annoyance, she moves on to the next, glancing over her shoulder in case the guards return.

She meets with no success on the second door she tries, but the third CLICKS loudly, the sound making her wince as it echoes down the corridor. She waits a beat, but when no guards show up she pushes the door open and steps through:

10 INT. LINER - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

10

Vivian steps into a darkened room, flipping the light switch, but as the neon strips overhead flicker to life, she sags as she sees the room is empty, save for a few storage crates.

She starts to turn back round - and starts with alarm as she walks straight into Wolsley!

VIVIAN

Aah! Damn it, Marcus, you gave me a heart attack!

(beat)

Or not.

WOLSLEY

Are you lost?

VIVIAN

What? I'm just-

WOLSLEY

Because I'm fairly certain your quarters are a long way from here.

VIVIAN

So I'm being nosey. Big deal.

WOLSLEY

You wouldn't happen to be looking for a certain... device, would you?

VIVIAN

I don't know what you mean.

(CONTINUED)

WOLSLEY

Don't get cute with me, Vivian...

She opens her mouth to reply, but Wolsley suddenly SURGES forward, clamping a hand round her throat and SLAMMING her against the wall!

WOLSLEY (cont'd)

... I don't have the patience for it!

She struggles in his grip, trying to prise his hands away as he leans in close to growl at her:

WOLSLEY (cont'd)

I knew you were trouble from the first moment I saw you.

VIVIAN

Since when... did you... give a crap?

WOLSLEY

My loyalty lies with Manon. Any threat to his plans has to be eliminated.

(leans closer)

Are you a threat, Vivian?

She finally breaks free of his grip, angrily SHOVING him away from her.

VIVIAN

(seethes)

No, I'm not! I just want some kind of guarantee that I'm gonna get what's coming to me, that's all!

Wolsley eyes her as she rubs her neck.

WOLSLEY

You've had your assurances. You have a job to do now. If any of Christopher's team survived the battle at the cemetery and come here looking for revenge, it'll be up to you to take care of that situation.

VIVIAN

Yeah, see, I'm not remembering a conversation where you became my boss.

WOLSLEY

Just do as you're told, vampire.

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

With a last, scolding glare at her, he turns and leaves the room. A frustrated Vivian stands in defeat for a second, before KICKING the wall with a loud YELL.

11 INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

11

DIEGO drives Chris' van, concern etched into his face as he glances back over his shoulder - and sitting up against the wall of the passenger compartment is SANCTUS, stripped to the waist as he finishes dressing a wound on his abdomen.

DIEGO

Are you sure you don't want me to stop? We could get some fresh supplies, maybe-

SANCTUS

(firm)

No. There's no time for that now. We have to...

He tries to stand but grimaces and sits back down, clearly still in plenty of pain.

SANCTUS (cont'd)

We have to get back to central Boston and try to stop Manon before it's too late.

Diego is obviously unhappy with this plan, but keeps his foot down as Sanctus turns to stare out through the van's tinted rear windows.

SANCTUS (cont'd)

(quietly)

I hope I don't let you down, old friend. You deserved better.

He turns back - and his gaze falls on a finely-crafted SWORD in front of him. He lifts it up, the keen blade glinting under what little light there is, and we cut to:

12 EXT. HEPBURN CEMETERY - NIGHT

12

The former cemetery still resembles a battlefield - broken and smashed gravestones and crypts, police crime scene tape cordoning off large areas of the plots and many chalk outlines etched onto the grass to mark the fallen - with accompanying blood spatter.

Chris lifts up one loosely flapping section of tape and walks into the wreckage, casting a disbelieving eye over what's left of the cemetery.

He comes to a halt, closing his eyes and tilting his head back, before INHALING deeply, searching for something...

(CONTINUED)

... and his eyes snap open. Chris' head turns to the left, and he hurries off, literally following his nose.

He comes to the rubble that used to be the crypt that Julie and Syren were buried beneath, and Chris pulls up to a stop. He sees dried blood on the ground and starts to dig through the rubble, growing more agitated as though homing in on something.

He stops suddenly, reaching a hand into the debris - and withdrawing Julie's handgun. He stares down at it, before closing his eyes and bowing his head.

He looks round and sees a patch of blood, pressing his hand against it reverently.

CHRIS
I'm sorry, Julie...
(beat)
And I don't blame you.

Chris stays there for a moment before standing, looking round the trashed cemetery again, the gun still in his hand.

He suddenly throws his head back and cries out at the top of his voice:

CHRIS (cont'd)
(roars)
Manon!!

And as Chris' booming voice echoes around the graveyard, we cut over to:

Twist, visibly more tired, is still trudging along the side of the road, the bright city lights never seeming to get any closer.

She hears a stuttering old car approaching and turns round, hopefully sticking her thumb out again as a new set of headlights fall on her.

To her surprise, the vehicle comes to a stop, and Twist sees that a beaten up old pickup truck has come to her rescue. Peering out at her from within is OWEN, the grizzled old driver.

OWEN
The hell are you doing this far out
by yourself, girl?

TWIST
Looking for a ride back to the
city.

13 CONTINUED:

13

OWEN

Guess you'd better hop in then, eh?

With a relieved smile, Twist opens the door and climbs into:

14 INT. OWEN'S PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

14

Shuffling across on the seat, Twist makes herself comfortable as Owen pulls away, not batting an eyelid at her dishevelled appearance.

OWEN

Name's Owen, by the way.

TWIST

Hey, Owen. I'm Twist.

OWEN

So, whereabouts you headed?

Twist thinks, then pats her jacket pockets down until she produces a slip of paper, passing it to Owen.

TWIST

There. I'm meeting some fr-
(catches herself)
I just need to get back there.

OWEN

Okay. Your wish is my command.

Owen drives on, and Twist allows herself a moment to relax. Owen glances across at her, looking her up and down.

OWEN (cont'd)

You been in a fight or something?

TWIST

(grins)
Something like that.

OWEN

What's with the baseball bat?

TWIST

The fight isn't finished.

OWEN

You don't strike me as the kind of girl who'd get her hands dirty like that.

TWIST

Well, to be fair, you have just met me.

(CONTINUED)

OWEN
(chuckles)
I guess so.

They drive on in silence for a few moments.

OWEN (cont'd)
This fight you're heading for, it
got a name?

Twist looks across at him, then with a thoughtful expression reaches forward and snatches up a small fruit knife from the dashboard, sitting next to a half-eaten apple.

Owen raises an eyebrow as she starts to etch something into her bat, lifting it up to the light and examining it with a wry grin.

OWEN (cont'd)
Well?

Twist looks at him, then back at the bat - and she's carved the name 'MANON' into it.

TWIST
You like the French, Owen?

OWEN
Can't say as I do. Can't like any
nation that lets its capital city
get so darned dirty.

Twist's gaze is fixed on the name on her bat.

TWIST
(grins)
Me either, partner. Me either.

As Twist narrows her eyes, steely determination starting to creep across her features, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15

INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NIGHT

15

Doctors and nurses wander past as we look in on a peaceful wing of the local hospital, a gentle buzz of background noise joining the steady beeps of various monitors and equipment.

A nurse finishes checking a chart at the foot of a patient's bed, replacing it and moving off screen to reveal JULIE asleep in the bed.

She's cut and bruised and sports a few bandages, but is sleeping peacefully and doesn't appear to be in a serious condition.

She stirs, her head shifting from side to side as her eyelids flutter open, and she blinks in disorientation for a few moments as she finishes coming round.

She starts to sit up, but winces as she pulls something, carefully pressing a hand to three different places on her stomach.

A little dizzy, she scans the ward around her but there's no staff currently in sight, just other patients.

Her eyes fall on another figure sleeping in the next bed along - it's SYREN. She seems better off than Julie, with far fewer visible injuries.

Julie checks round again, then carefully swings her legs round out of the bed, pausing to draw an IV drip out of her forearm and flick off the heart rate monitor before removing the pads on her chest.

She hobbles over to Syren, gently shaking her in an attempt to rouse her.

JULIE

Syren? Syren! Come on, wake up,
Syren, we've got to get out of
here...

Syren murmurs something and shifts round, her eyes slowly opening. Her face wrinkles with confusion as a sea of strange sounds washes over her.

SYREN

Who's there? Where am I?

JULIE

(soothing)
Ssh. It's alright, honey. You're
with me. We're safe.

(CONTINUED)

SYREN

Julie?

Syren turns to her, reaching a hand out, and Julie presses it to her cheek with a smile.

JULIE

The one and only.

SYREN

Where are we?

JULIE

St. Elizabeth's, probably. That doesn't matter - we have to get out of here and find out what happened to the others. Can you move around?

Syren starts to sit up, nodding as she quickly pats her arms and legs to check she isn't injured anywhere.

SYREN

I don't remember what happened. One minute we were at the graveyard fighting, and then...

JULIE

You got suckerpunched. It happens.

SYREN

(not following)
Sucker... punched?

JULIE

I'll explain it later. Come on, we'd better get you gone before the staff here figure out you're not exactly a hundred per cent human.

Julie starts to help Syren out of the bed, pausing as she hears VOICES approaching them. Julie quickly helps Syren back into the bed, whispering to her:

JULIE (cont'd)

Stay here. I'll be right back.

Syren nods, and Julie dashes back to her own bed, quickly tucking herself back into it. Syren feigns sleep as two nurses stroll past her, before she opens her eyes again, listening for Julie.

The door to the ward CREAKS open as Julie peers out, checking that the coast is clear.

16 CONTINUED:

16

She's still in her hospital gown, but spots a door marked 'Staff Only' before her and dashes over, trying the handle and finding it unlocked.

17 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - NEXT

17

Syren is still pretending to be asleep, but as a shadow falls across her she stirs and looks up again.

SYREN
(whispers)
Julie?

Julie leans forward - she's now dressed in a plain white porter's uniform, badly-fitting but tucked in enough to hide it. She takes Syren's hand and helps her to sit up.

JULIE
Just play along. We're going to go for a little ride, and after that we're home free. You okay?

SYREN
Yes. I just want to know that everyone else is alright.

JULIE
Yeah, me too, honey. Me too.

Julie looks round as Syren stands, and we cut to:

18 INT. HOSPITAL - RECEPTION - NIGHT

18

The Hispanic night shift receptionist, MARGOLITA, is busy with two phone calls at once as Julie rounds a corner into view, pushing along a wheelchair-bound Syren as she heads for the exit.

They're most of the way to the main entrance when Margolita calls out to them:

MARGOLITA
Hey, wait!

Julie freezes, tensing up as Margolita hurries over to them. She tries to look casual as she turns round.

JULIE
Uh... yeah?

MARGOLITA
(off Syren)
Are you taking her outside?

JULIE
Yeah, just a, you know, transfer.
We're waiting for our ride.

(CONTINUED)

MARGOLITA
 (eyes her)
 What happened to you?

Julie realises she's still showing her cuts and bruises.

JULIE
 Oh, these? Violent patient earlier
 tonight. Got a few swings in before
 security showed up. You know how it
 is.

MARGOLITA
 Uh-huh.
 (beat)
 Stay here.

Margolita heads back to her desk, and an anxious Julie's eyes
 dart towards the entrance, judging how fast she can get
 there.

She looks up as Margolita walks back over - and blinks in
 surprise as she's handed a thick blanket.

MARGOLITA (cont'd)
 You'd better make sure you wrap her
 up if you're going out there,
 there's a hell of a storm kicking
 up!

JULIE
 Right! Yes. I will. Thanks.

Margolita smiles and heads back to the desk as the phones keep
 on RINGING, and a relieved Julie drapes the blanket over
 Syren.

SYREN
 Is everything alright?

JULIE
 Soon as I figure out how we get
 from here back to the safe house,
 yeah, everything's going to be just
 fine.

As Julie starts to push Syren towards the automatic front
 doors, pondering how the heck she's going to find transport,
 we cut back to:

Twist pushes open the door to the main room of the safe
 house, bat slung over her shoulder.

TWIST
 (calls out)
 Honey, I'm home!

She looks round the room, empty except for a few scattered weapons and the heaps of research material on the table.

TWIST (cont'd)
 Oh wait, I forgot. I'm not married.

She takes a breath, then heads for the assorted weapons, sifting through the swords, axes and other items on offer, before shaking her head and turning back to her bat.

TWIST (cont'd)
 Stick with the classics, huh,
 Duggan?

She glances across at the table, her eyes drawn to a few maps lying next to each other.

Red dots and lines pepper all the maps, but the lines all seem to converge at one point, helpfully marked by a large red circle and a question mark.

Twist studies the map, working out the location, before taking one final look round the room and making her way towards the exit.

Just outside the safe house, which is an innocuous building surrounded by cheap apartment blocks, and AMBULANCE pulls to a stop - with Julie at the wheel! A broken driver's side window and missing plastic round the steering column suggests how she got her hands on it.

Julie looks up, checking she's got the right place, as Syren runs her hands over the vehicle's dashboard and interior.

SYREN
 Are you sure we won't get into
 trouble for taking this, Julie?

JULIE
 I'm sure. And I'm also sure that
 the two paramedics I knocked out to
 get this will forgive me in the
 next life... assuming we somehow
 stop Manon from destroying the
 world tonight, anyway.

Julie opens her door and steps out, heading round to open Syren's door and helping her down onto the street. The wind and rain are still at full force, making the girls dash for the front door.

As the girls approach the entrance, they don't bother looking up to the roof - where Twist is just climbing out from an access door, jogging across the rooftop and neatly JUMPING across to the next building, already on her way back out!

21 INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

21

Julie and Syren enter the small room, Julie helping Syren down onto the sofa before heading for the research materials, sifting rapidly through the books and notes.

SYREN

What are you looking for?

JULIE

Anything that'll help!

Julie casts her eye over the maps, making a mental note of the highlighted location again before the girls hear a door OPEN somewhere off screen.

Julie glances at Syren, who rises from the sofa as Julie scans the room for a weapon, grabbing a nearby axe.

They hear footsteps approaching the door, and Julie tenses up, ready to face whoever walks through the door...

... and DANYAEL walks into the room! He's looking somewhat worse for wear, but as takes another drag from his cigarette it's clear he isn't in too much pain.

DANYAEL

(looks up)

Julie?

JULIE

(relieved)

Danyael! Thank God...

She races forward and throws her arms round him, and Danyael grins, patting her on the back. Syren steps over, reaching out a hand, and Danyael squeezes it.

DANYAEL

Hey, girls. Miss me?

JULIE

Are you okay? Where were you? Is Chris with you? We saw the news, we thought you were... well, I tried calling you soon as we saw what had happened, and you didn't answer, so we thought...

SYREN

We thought you were both dead.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

Yeah, sorry about that. Kinda hard to answer your phone when you're digging your way out of a collapsed building, you know?

JULIE

Where's Chris? Is he hurt?

DANYAEL

I don't know. We got split up, I haven't seen him.

JULIE

Oh, no...

DANYAEL

Relax, I'm sure he's fine. You know Chris, he's like Jason Vorhees or something. Always with the sequels.

JULIE

Danyael, I... I don't think he's okay.

DANYAEL

What? Why not?

There's a beat as Julie glances round at the TV and video player on the other side of the room.

JULIE

There's something you need to see.

Danyael's expression darkens, and we cut to:

Down by Manon's cruise liner, with two GUARDS patrolling one end of the pier it's moored to, shivering in the freezing rain. They pause, looking up as a FLASH of lightning and a RUMBLE of thunder rolls across the stormy sky. Linkin Park's '1stp Klosr' accompanies the scene.

GUARD #1

Remind me again how we got saddled with border patrol?

GUARD #2

I think it was about the time you remarked on what a, quote unquote, 'fine piece of tail' the bosses girlfriend was.

GUARD #1

Well, she is!

GUARD #2

Yeah, but you don't say that when she's around, do you? She's a vampire, dumbass! Better hearing!

Guard #2 turns away from his colleague - this argument has clearly been going for some time.

As Guard #1 wraps his arms round himself to stay warm, #2 tries to light up a cigarette - but sees something streak past in the shadows.

He spins round, raising his rifle and leaving the cigarette on his lips.

GUARD #2 (cont'd)

What was that?

GUARD #1

What was what?

GUARD #2

Don't say that! Did you see something or not?

GUARD #1

I can barely see you in this rain, and you're standing a few feet aw-

BOOM! #1 suddenly EXPLODES in a blaze of fire, blasting #2 off his feet!

As the shocked guard pushes himself back up, and the flaming body of his partner pitches forward into the water, a terrifying sight marches towards him.

Chris.

FIREBALL ready in one hand, his blood red eyes burning with fury.

GUARD #2

Hey... hey! Wait! Don't-

The guard is cut off as Chris HURLS the second fireball, and with an agonised SCREAM the guard is enveloped in flames.

Chris doesn't drop a step as he walks past the burning corpse, his eyes fixed on a walkway up ahead leading into the liner as we cut to:

Back with Twist as she makes her way across town, wiping the rainwater from her face as she focuses on her destination.

23 CONTINUED:

23

Hopping neatly across the various rooftops, JUMPING gaps and clambering ladders to stay on the highest level, she pauses as her target comes into view.

The docks are some way off, but the bulk of Manon's liner is clearly silhouetted against the backdrop of the city lights.

Twist narrows her eyes, and with renewed determination doubles her pace, LEAPING across from one rooftop to the next and running from the landing as we cut to:

24 INT. LINER - CORRIDOR - NEXT

24

Chris storms boldly down a wide corridor, flanked by bulkhead doors on both sides.

Three more guards round the corner up ahead, and there's a beat as they stare at him with surprise.

They then click into attack mode, going for their weapons, but Chris is already on them, his fists and feet blurring as he CHOPS one down, KICKS a second into the wall and RAKES his hand across the throat of the next.

The guard drops to the floor in a spray of blood, and Chris reaches down to liberate the plain sword hanging from the guard's belt.

Turning the weapon over in his hands, he looks back up and carries on, stepping over the bodies and into:

25 INT. LINER - CANTEEN - NEXT

25

A wide, open area filled with long tables and an empty serving station at one end of the room.

The room is full of about two dozen more guards, who all cut their chatter and turn as Chris walks in.

A beat.

CHRIS

I'm looking for Manon.

Several guards quickly jump to action, levelling their rifles at him and moving to surround him. Chris stands, calmly waiting for them to stop moving.

GUARD #3

Don't move!

GUARD #4

You try anything, and we'll-

SLICE! Chris' sword moves faster than the guards can comprehend, and #4's head rolls neatly from his shoulders as he drops to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I really don't have time for th-

GUARD #3

Fire!!

The room descends into mayhem as rifles BLAZE with gunfire, but Chris is already on the move - he SAILS over the heads of the guards to land on one of the tables, KICKING two opponents to the floor and neatly BACKFLIPPING as the barrage of gunfire tracks him across the room.

GUARD #3 (cont'd)

Don't let him get away!

More guards move in to attack him, some drawing swords instead of their guns, and Chris meets them head on - he CHOPS his sword across one guard's chest, and as he CRIES OUT and falls back, his still-firing gun rakes bullets across the ceiling.

The overhead lighting EXPLODES in a shower of sparks, plunging the room into flickers of darkness, punctuated by muzzle flashes from the firing weapons.

Chris darts from side to side, cutting down more guards and filling the room with SCREAMS.

He grabs one table and SHOVES it up into the air, using it as battering ram and flooring another group of attackers, before vaulting off the upturned table and launching himself into the firing guards.

One by one, his sword blade glints in the strobing light as he slices the men down, and in moments every guard lies dead at his feet.

Chris turns - more guards are piling in through the far door, alerted by the noise, and Chris wastes no time in drawing up a huge ball of blazing red energy in his fist.

GUARD #5

There he is!

More GUNFIRE, but Chris stands his ground, turning and throwing the energy dead at the new guards.

We follow it to its target, and as the horrified faces of the guards rush towards us, we quickly cut to:

Dropping down from the roof of a small building and into view, Twist looks up as a section of the liner DETONATES, exploding outwards and hurling the bodies of dead guards out into the night like rag dolls.

TWIST

I knew it...

Her confidence restored, she runs for the access ramp as we cut back to:

27 INT. LINER - CHAMBER - NIGHT

27

Four guards back into view, FIRING frantically at something off screen, but this doesn't stop Chris who marches on, not seeming to notice the bullets tearing into his body.

He spins round, his sword knocking one rifle up into its owner's face, before he PUNCHES one guard hard enough to shatter his helmet's visor, turning on his heel and KICKING one guard across the large chamber he now finds himself in.

The final guard's weapon clicks to empty and he turns and runs, but Chris quickly takes aim and THROWS his sword.

It spears into the guard's back, and with a YELL he clatters to the floor, falling still with a final WHEEZE.

Chris walks forward, already covered with wounds but not looking like slowing down any time soon, WRENCHING his sword back out of the guard.

He looks up - and his jaw drops at the horrifying sight laid out before him.

He's in a smaller cargo area, but instead of supply crates and boxes, the room is filled with human-sized COCOONS.

Looking like huge insect egg sacs, dozens of the grotesque objects are suspended from the ceiling, dripping with slime and swaying gently with the liner's motions.

Lightning FLASHES through windows up ahead, and Chris sees many, many more plastered to the walls. There's got to be well over a hundred of the things in here.

Chris walks towards one, his mission forgotten for a moment as natural curiosity takes over. He lifts his sword and SLICES down the nearest sac, standing back as something humanoid is disgorged from within in a glop of yellow slime.

It's a young WOMAN.

Naked and shivering, she's curled up in the foetal position, and Chris drops to one knee, laying a hand on her shoulder.

CHRIS

Can... can you hear me?

She lifts her head, eyes trying to focus as she whispers one word with a ragged voice:

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

H-h-help... me...

Chris sighs, closing his eyes and standing. He looks up at the horde of other cocoons. There's nothing he can do here, and he knows it. He looks back down at the woman.

CHRIS

(softly)

I'm sorry.

She stares up at him with wide, questioning eyes as he lifts his sword, ready to put her out of her misery...

WOLSLEY (O.S.)

Now that's certainly not the Chris
I know about!

Chris spins round - Wolsley has entered the chamber, flanked by a pack of snarling VAMPIRES.

WOLSLEY (cont'd)

There was a time you'd risk anything just to save one innocent life, Christopher. Of course, there was also a time you'd just walk away, but you've had a lot of good influences on your conscience since then, haven't you?

Chris glances back at the cocoons, and Wolsley grins as he pushes the guilt home.

WOLSLEY (cont'd)

It must be true what's been said about you, then. Your priorities have changed.

CHRIS

Why don't you come a little closer, Marcus? You'll find that's not all that's changed.

Wolsley steps forward, the vampires following as Chris conjures up a fresh globe of energy in his hand, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

28

INT. LINER - CABIN - NIGHT

28

As the liner is rocked by a muffled BOOM, Vivian rushes out of her room to see several squads of Skorpione guards rushing down the corridor, and as she tries to figure out what's going on another EXPLOSION shakes the entire boat.

VIVIAN

Hey! Stop! Wait a second!

Nobody listens to her, so with a grunt of annoyance she CLOTHESLINES one of the passing guards, dragging the stunned soldier up from the floor.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

And now that I have your attention...

MANON (O.S.)

Vivian! Leave 'im.

She looks up to see Manon heading towards her, pulling on a long, scarlet jacket, his huge sword strapped across his back. She registers his dark expression and drops the guard.

VIVIAN

They're here, aren't they?

MANON

Someone is 'ere, oui. I 'ave yet to find out who.

He starts to step past her, but she cuts him off, placing a hand against his chest.

VIVIAN

Let me handle this.

He eyes her, but she flashes him a grin - fangs bared.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Come on, lover. You know I'm your girl.

A beat - and Manon grins, nodding.

MANON

Alright. I will be in the main chamber, preparing for the ritual. Do not let me down.

He leans forward and gives her a quick kiss, before turning and striding back down the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

A smirking Vivian pops back into her room, re-emerging with Chris' katana. She makes a few experimental sweeps through the air with it.

VIVIAN
(impressed)
Oh, yeah...

The liner SHUDDERS again, the lights flickering, and Vivian snaps out of it, hurrying down the corridor as we rejoin:

EXT. LINER - MAIN DECK - NIGHT

The wide, flat midsection of the ship, awash with rain - and a sudden EXPLOSION punches a hole through the deck, belching smoke and flames out into the sky!

A figure hurtles up out of the hole, landing heavily on the deck with a painful CRUNCH - and it's Chris.

Wheezing as he struggles to push himself upright, he seems to have taken a real beating, looking up as something RUMBLES its way towards him.

He looks up - and Wolsley floats up out of the hole, his body surrounded by a crackling field of blue energy.

Skorpione guards race out onto the deck, appearing from bulkhead doors and scampering up ladders to reach them, joining the vampires that scuttle out through the hole.

With a resigned glare, Chris pushes himself to his feet, adopting a defensive stance as Wolsley lowers himself to the deck, the field gathering into two fizzing globes of energy around each hand.

WOLSLEY
Don't you see how hopeless this is, Chris? You can't stop us now! We've already begun the ritual, it's too late!

CHRIS
I'll believe that when it's all over. You're still pulling your smug bastard routine instead of trying to kill me - that tells me you're just playing for time.

Wolsley LAUGHS, and Chris' eyes dart to the guards as they take up flanking positions, guns and swords ready.

Wolsley suddenly THROWS the two bolts of energy at Chris, and though he manages to leap over one, the second catches him square in the chest, BLASTING him backwards.

Chris CRASHES down onto the deck, skidding across the wet floor and coming to a halt, smoke rising from his singed clothes.

He coughs weakly as Wolsley looms over him, reaching into his jacket and pulling out a sharpened wooden stake.

WOLSLEY

Popular myth says one of these
won't kill you, you know. People
seem to think your hybrid status
renders you almost invulnerable.

Wolsley STAMPS a foot down onto Chris' chest, pinning him to the ground.

WOLSLEY (cont'd)

I plan on finding out...
eventually.

Wolsley grins sadistically, grinding his boot onto Chris' chest, and as Chris cries out in pain, we cut to:

Twist is barrelling along a roofless corridor, the main deck up ahead - and she hears Chris' SHOUT of pain.

TWIST

Chris...

She skids to a halt, looking up to the source of the noise, before looking round for some way to get up to the deck.

She spots a set of chains swinging in the wind out over the small hold alongside her, leading up to the next few levels.

Twist takes a few steps back, preparing to take a running jump for the chains.

She starts to sprint forward - but as she launches herself into the air, a hand STREAKS into frame, GRABBING her ankle and swinging her round in the air!

With a YELL, Twist SLAMS into a pair of double doors, knocking them out of their frame and leaving her in a heap on the ground. Duggan skitters out of her grip.

Winded, she looks up - and with a FLASH of lightning to highlight her, Vivian steps into frame.

VIVIAN

You know, part of me almost wishes
I'd let you try that. Would've been
pretty cool if you'd made it!

Twist glares at the vampiress as she picks herself up.

TWIST

I can be pretty spry when the mood
takes me.

Vivian tosses the katana from one hand to the other, grinning
as Twist's eyes fall on the blade.

VIVIAN

Recognise this?

TWIST

That's not your property.

VIVIAN

Finders keepers. Pulled it out of-

The girls' heads both snap round as they hear Chris YELL in
pain again.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

What...

She's distracted for long enough for Twist to GRAB her,
spinning her round and throwing her through the open door
frame! She pauses to call back out towards the deck:

TWIST

Hang on, Chris, I'm coming!

She turns back towards the smashed open doors, rolling her
sleeves up as she collects her bat from the floor.

TWIST (cont'd)

Oh, it is on like Donkey Kong now!

Twist charges into:

As Coal Chamber's 'Fiend' kicks in, Vivian clatters back into
a set of tall steel trolleys, Twist is on her in an instant,
PUNCHING her and grabbing hold of her again.

Vivian KNEES her back, pushing Twist back and SLICING round
with the katana.

Twist ducks, narrowly missing the blade as she UPPERCUTS
Vivian, sending her staggering back and into a row of ovens.

Twist has her bat at the ready, SLAMMING it down in a series
of blows as Vivian spins away from her, grabbing a vat of
bubbling soup and HURLING it towards her.

Twist YELPS as the hot liquid splashes over her, and Vivian presses the advantage as she surges forward, TACKLING Twist and sending her flying back into a heavy walk-in freezer.

Twist's head CRACKS painfully off the freezer door, but as Vivian lunges forward, Twist dodges to the side and the katana skewers straight through the metal door!

Twist KICKS back, and Vivian releases the katana hilt as she stumbles back.

TWIST

You really are something, aren't you, Viv?

Wiping blood from her split lip, Vivian glares back at her.

VIVIAN

I'm not the one blindly following somebody else's crusade!

TWIST

Hey, your track record's far from spotless, friesacher! Let's do a countdown of your greatest hits.

Twist JABS Vivian, but Vivian blocks the next punch and SHOVES Twist back, grabbing for the sword blade again.

Twist gets there first, bending the sword back and TWANGING the hilt into Vivian's face!

Vivian staggers, and Twist SWEEPS her legs from under her, sending Vivian crashing to the floor.

TWIST (cont'd)

You get Turned, you do the right thing and stick with Chris. Then, one day, you go psycho, stab him in the back and walk out on him!

VIVIAN

You ever ask yourself why?

Vivian effortlessly spins back to her feet, KICKING Twist in the chest and knocking her back into a row of hanging cutlery, which clatters down all around her.

TWIST

Can't say I cared! Given that your next great move was shacking up with *La Grande Mal* out there!

VIVIAN

(furious)
It isn't like that!

Vivian tries to PUNCH her, but Twist dodges, grabbing Vivian and SMASHING her face first down onto the nearest counter.

TWIST

Oh, I bet it was. I can see your thought process now 'Hmm. I'm kinda crazy as well being an enormous whore. Maybe sleeping with this random bad guy will make me feel better? Nope! Still crazy!'

Twist tries to SLAM her down again, but Vivian twists round and HEADBUTTS Twist, knocking her back.

VIVIAN

(snarls)

You couldn't even begin to understand what I've been though, you little bitch!

TWIST

Hello? I went to Hell! You got anything that can top that?

VIVIAN

I knew he wouldn't choose me!!

A beat. Vivian can't believe she just said that. And the look on Twist's face says she can't either.

TWIST

You... what?

Vivian snaps out of it first, diving forward and KICKING Twist across the cheek, knocking her down.

VIVIAN

I spent five years of my afterlife following that stupid, arrogant, self-centred bastard around, and even after all that time, I knew that if he ever got his hands on any kind of cure for what we were, he didn't think I was good enough to use it on! Do you have any idea how that feels?

Twist's face burns with anger as she slowly pushes herself back up.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

I thought he'd pick me. I thought I was worth it, I thought when he found what he was looking for, he'd undo his one big mistake and give me my life back!

Vivian is shaking with anger, but Twist just grins - she's found a chink in the armour.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
(exploding)
He owed me! He took my life away!

TWIST
He knew you didn't deserve it!
That's why you stabbed him, isn't it? You knew you'd never get what you wanted, so you just walked away.
(chuckles)
And here was me thinking I was a hothead...

VIVIAN
Shut up!!

She KICKS out, but Twist grabs her foot, yanking it round and knocking Vivian off balance.

Vivian hits the deck as Twist reaches up, WRENCHES the katana out of the freezer door and turns back to Vivian.

TWIST
You just don't get it, do ya? This was never about payback - this was about doing what's right.

VIVIAN
You saying I didn't deserve it?
After what he did to me?

TWIST
Honey - you did it to yourself.

Twist rears back with the katana, ready to strike - but Vivian's leg snaps out, catching Twist and knocking her back. Vivian springs to her feet, grappling with Twist for the sword, and we cut to:

Wolsley is clearly enjoying punishing Chris - the stake in his hand is splashed with blood, but Chris is still moving around - he's been badly hurt by now, though, and is trying to crawl away from Wolsley as Wolsley laughs at him.

WOLSLEY
You're one of those people who loves to play the loner, aren't you? Always has to be the dark, brooding hero, going off into battle alone.
(MORE)

WOLSLEY (cont'd)

Well, do you know what happens to people who take on odds they can't stack up to?

Wolsley SLAMS the stake down into Chris' leg, spearing him to the floor as Chris SCREAMS in pain.

WOLSLEY (cont'd)

They lose!

Wolsley turns to one of the guards and motions for him to hand over his sword, as Chris reaches back with shaking hands to try and pull the stake free.

Wolsley examines the guard's sword, swishing it through the rainswept air.

WOLSLEY (cont'd)

I think I know the best punishment for you now, Christopher. I'm going to make sure you're still alive when the Skorpione march into this world and claim it as their own. I want to see the look on your face as this planet goes up in flames, and you know in your heart that no matter how hard you tried to stop it... you failed.

Wolsley turns back to Chris, striding towards him with a smirk. Chris is still pinned down by the stake.

WOLSLEY (cont'd)

So I'm going to stand right here and make sure you don't go anywhere. Monsieur Manon is close to the end of the ritual now, and soon the portals will-

CHRIS

Oh, for God's sake, please...

Wolsley pauses - and fast as lightning, Chris YANKS the stake out of his leg, springs to his feet and RAMS it into Wolsley's throat!

CHRIS (cont'd)

... shut the bloody hell up!

Wolsley SPLUTTERS, his shocked eyes locked on Chris as Chris pushes the stake deeper.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(cold)

You know something, Marcus? You're right. Stakes don't kill me... but they hurt.

(MORE)

CHRIS (cont'd)
 And when I get hurt, I do not
 become a pleasant man to be around.

Wolsley staggers back, a jet of blood gushing from his throat before he sinks to his knees.

Seeing their leader falling, the guards raise their guns as the vampires charge towards Chris.

Chris snatches up Wolsley's sword, turning to face the advancing guards head on as several burst of GUNFIRE bounce across the deck towards him.

CHRIS (cont'd)
 Let's finish this.

He rears back, focusing his energies - and blue energy starts to CRACKLE around his sword blade.

Bullets start to rip into him, but Chris stays firm, the sword-wielding guards now only a few moments away.

With an almighty YELL, Chris sweeps the blade round, and as it cuts through the air, a great WAVE of blue energy surges out from it, quickly rising in height and sweeping towards the Skorpione guards.

As it hits them, they're BLASTED off their feet, several pitched screaming over the side of the deck and down into the bay below.

The vampires caught in the wave COMBUST into pillars of flame, several deciding to leap overboard than share the fate of the others.

As it hits the gun-toting soldiers, their weapons EXPLODE in their hands, and as the wave finally dies out and fades away, all that's left is a heap of broken and twisted bodies.

Chris drops to one knee, exhausted with the effort, but as he hears a loud RUMBLE from within the liner, his head snaps back up.

There's still work to be done.

Dragging himself to his feet, he dashes forward, heading for a large access door leading back inside, as we cut to:

Julie's stolen ambulance skids to a halt and Julie, Danyael and Syren leap out, Julie surveying the bodies littering the dock and the flames rising from the liner with alarm.

SYREN
 I can hear bloodshed... voices
 crying out in pain!

DANYAEL

(grins)

I told you Twist was okay!

Julie grabs Syren's hand and the trio race towards the liner.

Moments later, Chris' black van barrels into frame, screeching to a halt alongside the ambulance. Diego and Sanctus hop out, Sanctus now looking more steady on his feet as he and Diego check their weapons.

DIEGO

Looks like the evening's excitement has started without us!

SANCTUS

(smiles)

Rumours of his death may have been greatly exaggerated.

DIEGO

Que?

SANCTUS

Never mind. Let's go!

The duo hurry towards the liner, as we cut to:

Things are heating up in the neve centre of Manon's operation now - the man himself stands on a walkway overlooking the bay below, as electricity courses over the three temples with a series of ZAPS and SPARKS.

Workers dash back and forth, trying to avoid the barely-harnessed energy as snaking trails of power lance towards the huge archway.

The various devices attached to it are GLOWING, the whole structure vibrating as energy pours into it, and in the centre of the archway, a ball of snapping, chaotic purple energy is starting to form, growing larger every moment.

Manon grins, placing a cigar between his lips and reaching for his lighter.

CHRIS (O.S.)

That's a filthy habit, you know.

Manon looks slowly round - and Chris walks out onto the walkway. He's clearly been through the wars tonight, a marked contrast to the impeccable state of Manon.

Manon casually lights his cigar as he turns to Chris, taking a deep drag from it.

MANON

True. But it drives the ladies wild, *non?*

CHRIS

It's over, Manon.

MANON

Because...

CHRIS

Because I'm going to stop you. Right here, right now.

MANON

(chuckles)

You and what army, exactly?

CHRIS

I don't need an army. I never have.

Chris raises his sword.

CHRIS (cont'd)

But some friends of mine died tonight because of you. That gives me all the ammunition I need.

MANON

Bon. In that case, let us finish this like men.

Manon takes a final drag before dropping the cigar, crushing it under his heel.

MANON (cont'd)

I 'ave waited too long to face you again, Christopher. I plan on savouring this.

CHRIS

Sorry to let you down, but I don't plan on taking too long finishing you off.

MANON

(grins)

We will see.

Manon reaches back, shrugging off his coat, and as he stretches his muscles he reaches one hand back to grab his sword, drawing the long, wickedly spiked blade.

The sword SPARKS with firey red energy as Manon turns it over in his hand.

MANON (cont'd)

En garde.

Chris is silent.

Manon suddenly LUNGES forward, his sword blade arcing through air, seeming to trail fire as it races towards Chris, who just gets his own blade up in time - and Chris' sword SHATTERS on impact!

Chris is thrown to the floor, the walkway swaying hazardously as the stunned Chris hits the deck.

MANON (cont'd)

(laughs)

You see, Christopher? There is nothing you can do. But that does not mean I am not going to enjoy this.

Manon steps back, raising his sword once again, and as Chris pulls himself to his feet, staring Manon down but now totally weaponless, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

35 INT. LINER - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

35

Julie, Danyael and Syren hurry down one of the liner's corridors, coming to a halt as they pass the canteen, now a mess of dead and dying Skorpione guards.

JULIE
What the hell...

DANYAEL
That ain't exactly Twist's style.

Julie liberates a machine gun from one of the guards, as Syren suddenly perks up, smiling broadly.

SYREN
He's here!

JULIE
Who?

SANCTUS (O.S.)
Julie!

Julie spins round as Sanctus and Diego hurry towards her group.

SANCTUS (cont'd)
(relieved)
You're alright!

JULIE
We'll live. What happened to you guys after the graveyard?

DIEGO
Long story. I tried to come back for you, but-

JULIE
It's okay. I'm guessing the paramedics got to us first?

SANCTUS
And it looks like we were beaten here this evening!

Syren turns round, frowning as she hears something.

DANYAEL
My money's on Twist. Probably Chris too.

(CONTINUED)

SANCTUS

Danyaël, Chris... Chris was-

DANYAEL

No, he wasn't.

(off look)

Look, I know you're the one who made him and all that, so you probably have a better understanding of him than the rest of us, but we know him. No way Chris is getting taken out in a cheap shot like that. I mean, I made it out in one piece, right?

Sanctus opens his mouth to reply - and is cut off as a loud RUMBLE passes through the ship, rattling every surface.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Uh... what the hell was that?

SYREN

Power. Lots of it.

JULIE

The portals!

SANCTUS

Manon must be pushing his plan into the final phase... come on! We don't have a moment to lose!

Sanctus rushes on, and as the rest of the team fall in behind him, we cut to:

Chris stumbles back to avoid another SLICE from Manon's sword, the mighty blade sending SPARKS flying from the railing.

MANON

Come now, Christopher! Aren't you going to put up more of a fight?

CHRIS

I'm just waiting for my moment.

MANON

I think that 'as long passed!

Manon swings again, but this time Chris jumps up, balancing on the railing for a beat before LAUNCHING himself at Manon!

Manon is quick enough to GRAB Chris out of the air, whirling him round and SLAMMING him back down onto the walkway.

Chris is forced to rapidly roll to the side as Manon STABS down with the sword, and Chris dangles half over the chamber below for a frantic moment!

MANON (cont'd)

This is not 'ow you wanted things to end, Chris.

Chris grimaces as he pulls himself back onto the walkway.

CHRIS

And how would you know how I want things to end?

MANON

Because. You are a 'ero, *mon ami*. You wish to die on your feet, fighting to the last to save the world.

CHRIS

Then you clearly don't know me very well.

Manon grins - and a sudden PULSE of energy from the rapidly intensifying portal washes over the whole chamber!

Manon is knocked off balance for a beat, and Chris takes the opportunity to dodge past him, grabbing hold of one battered piece of railing and TEARING it loose.

Armed at last, he turns back to face Manon, who chuckles and aims his sword at him.

MANON

Better! That is the kind of fighting spirit I like to see!

CHRIS

Try taking me on again. I guarantee you'll see a whole lot more.

A beat - and Manon CHARGES forward again. This time, Chris knows not to try and block the sword, spinning out of its path and SLAMMING the piece of railing into Manon's chest.

But something lets out an inhuman SQUEAL as Chris' blow connects. He hesitates - and Manon ELBOWS him!

Chris stumbles back, but Manon doesn't press his advantage, clutching a hand to his chest as though in great pain.

Chris frowns, trying to process this new development as we cut down to the floor below.

There are three squads of guards on duty here, back-stepping nervously as the portal grows to fill the entirety of the archway, tendrils of purple energy lancing out and latching onto the temples.

Sanctus' team bursts into the chamber, pausing for a beat as they take in the maelstrom before them, before the guards slowly turn to face them.

Sanctus narrows his eyes, raising his sword as the others lift their own weapons. Syren brandishes a sword taken from one of the fallen guards.

SANCTUS

If you all take care of the guards,
Syren and I will deactivate the
portal.

JULIE

Yeah, and how's that going to
happen, exactly?

SANCTUS

(beat; grins)
I'll think of something.

GUARD

Open fire!

Sanctus gets a hand up, creating a wall of grey magic that deflects the burst of GUNFIRE from the guards, long enough for Diego and Danyael to charge forward, crashing into the assembled guards.

Sanctus surges forward, leaping into the air and cartwheeling over the guards' heads, landing into a run and making for the nearest temple.

One guard levels his rifle at Sanctus' back, but before he can pull the trigger Julie crashes into him, nudging his gun out of the way before KNEEING the guard in the groin.

Sanctus mercilessly cuts down two workers who get in his way, his gaze fixed on the temple ahead as Syren tries to keep up with him.

He comes to a halt, looking up at the brickwork construction towering over him before turning to Syren.

SYREN

I don't understand, what am I
supposed to do?

SANCTUS

Do what you do best, Syren! Sing!
Sing as loud as you can!

Syren blinks, confused, but as Sanctus gently aims her towards the temple and takes a step back, she sucks in a deep breath, preparing herself...

Up on the walkway, Chris is still dancing around Manon, finally noticing Sanctus and the others down below. Manon spots them too, his smug grin fading for a moment.

CHRIS

Well, how about that. Looks like I do have an army after all.

MANON

No matter. They will not be able to stop-

CRASH! Both men turn as a bulkhead door flies open, and two figures spill out onto one of the other walkways below them - it's Twist and Vivian!

Both girls are scratched and bloody by now, their fight having progressed past weapons and into primeval catfighting by now despite Twist still hanging onto Chris' katana.

Sanctus looks up, seeing the two girls fighting - and seeing Chris at last! His face lights up, and he turns to Syren.

SANCTUS

Now! With everything you've got!

Syren closes her eyes - and a low, deep note starts to sound from somewhere within her.

It rapidly grows in volume and pitch, starting to drown out the ROAR of the portal and making everything in the cargo bay RATTLE, shaking bricks loose from the temple at last.

SANCTUS (cont'd)

That's it! Come on! As loud as you can! We have to destroy the temples to stop them feeding the portal more energy!

Over with Danyael, Diego and Julie as they continue to scrap their way through the horde of guards, Julie glances over to the temple - but her face drops as she sees something else starting to happen.

JULIE

Oh, God...

The portal now fills the archway - and dark SHAPES can be seen moving on the other side of its swirling entrance.

JULIE (cont'd)

They're coming!

DANYAEL

What are?

A loud, monstrous ROAR sounds throughout the entire chamber, and everyone, even the guards, freeze for a beat.

JULIE

They are...

The group remember where they are and click back into action, Julie YELLING as a bullet clips her arm and she spins to the floor.

DANYAEL

Julie!!

He KICKS a guard out of the way to get to her, turning to see Diego disappearing under a swarm of fresh guards.

Danyael looks up - now it's Vivian's vampires who are joining the fight, with two packs of them spilling across the floor towards them. Things just got a lot worse.

Sanctus turns to see several cackling vampires charging towards him, and he dives to defend Syren, her voice still rising as the temple before her starts to CREAK, every part of it SHAKING with the intensity of her voice.

On the walkway, Chris tries to surprise Manon by diving towards him, but Manon is able to twist out of his grasp, BANGING Chris' head off the railing.

Manon looks round as another ROAR sounds from the portal, and as the huge, terrifying outline of a SKORPIONE can be seen just a few feet away from the portal entrance, he allows himself a grin of victory.

MANON

Do you see that? Soon, this will be
'appening all over the world! My
agents 'ave been securing the
network for months now, preparing
for this night, this very moment!
It won't be long before-

ZAP! Bolts of LIGHTNING suddenly stream out from the portal, one of them BLASTING into the walkway and shearing it from the wall in a shower of sparks.

Chris and Manon fall as the walkway drops from beneath them, and they CRASH down onto the same pathway Twist and Vivian are still fighting on.

Syren is blown off her feet as a bolt hits the temple before her, which DETONATES in a series of small explosions, showering her with rubble.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (5)

36

She cries out for help, but as Sanctus tries to run to her aid he finds himself swamped by attacking vampires.

As more bolts fly out from the portal, several divert their course and shoot straight upwards, **BLASTING** through the roof of the cargo bay and out into:

37 EXT. DOCKS - NEXT 37

With another huge hole punched in the liner's roof, the long columns of energy soar up into the night sky, climbing high above the skyline before splitting into dozens of smaller streams, which arc off across the sky.

38 EXT. WOODLAND - NIGHT 38

Over in a dense section of woodland, one bolt **SLAMS** into the ground, and in an instant, a **PORTAL** bursts into life, the **HOWL** of its creation accompanied by the **ROAR** of a waiting Skorpione!

39 EXT. CITY CENTRE - NIGHT 39

In a crowded city square, another bolt zaps down from the heavens, and a fresh **PORTAL** opens with enough explosive force to send people and their cars flying through the air!

40 EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT 40

And over a section of the sea, with a fishing vessel heading out for the night, another stream of energy hits the water with a colossal **SPLASH**, the waves kicked up by the portal spring open almost capsizing the boat!

41 INT. LINER - CARGO BAY - NIGHT 41

Chris pushes himself up as the cargo bay descends into chaos all around him - more bolts of energy are streaming out of the portal, some hitting stray vampires and guards and frying them on the spot, others **PUNCHING** their way out of the liner.

Chris turns - and meets Twist's gaze as she stands before him. She starts to grin.

TWIST

Now that's what I call a comeba-

CHRIS

(yells)

Twist, look out!

He surges forward and **SHOVES** her to the side - just as Manon **LUNGES** forward with his sword!

The blade sinks into Chris' chest - piercing his heart and spearing out through his back. Chris **GASPS**.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

No!!!

Manon hesitates, but with a little shrug, puts more of his weight on the sword, driving it further into Chris, whose wide, shocked eyes can only stare back at him.

Even Vivian is stunned, and as a horrified Twist looks on, tiny wisps of WHITE ENERGY start to spill from Chris' chest, floating gently up into the air.

MANON

So you die to save 'er.

(nods)

Poetic. I am *tres* impressed.

Manon finally withdraws the sword, and Chris drops limply to the ground. Twist scrambles over to him, tears streaming down her face, her fight with Vivian already forgotten.

TWIST

(frantic)

No... no... no...

Vivian stares down at them, seeing Twist desperately clamp a hand over the wound in his chest, more plumes of white light slipping from between her fingers. Vivian's expression softens - and a TEAR rolls down her cheek.

Vivian finally looks up at Manon, who is calmly surveying the destruction literally tearing the liner to pieces.

MANON

It 'as been a good night, *non?*

VIVIAN

You...

Manon turns to her as she slowly gets to her feet, fire in her eyes.

MANON

(off Twist)

Finish 'er.

Vivian looks down at Twist, who is still sobbing as she cradles Chris' still form in her arms. Setting her jaw defiantly, Vivian turns back to Manon.

VIVIAN

(shakes head)

No.

MANON

(blinks)

Pardon?

VIVIAN

I said 'no.' You need a translator
all of a sudden?

Manon marches angrily up to her, but Vivian does what she can to not let him intimidate her.

MANON

I ask you to do something, and you
do it! That is the way this works!

VIVIAN

Maybe I don't feel like you're a
man of your word anymore, Jacques.

MANON

You insolent... you would defy me
now? In my 'our of triumph?

VIVIAN

Truth be told, I shoulda done it a
long time ago.

Vivian suddenly grabs his shirt, RIPPING it open - and revealing the source of the squeal Chris heard.

Embedded in Manon's chest is a huge, insectoid PARASITE, its six grey talons dug deep into his skin, one baleful yellow eye glaring back at Vivian.

Manon GASPS - and Vivian quickly scoops up the piece of railing from Chris' hand, driving it into the parasite!

Manon HOWLS - and so does the creature - and Vivian YELLS in righteous anger as she pushes the spike as far into him as she can!

VIVIAN (cont'd)

You were never gonna give me what I
wanted, were you? I'd have just
ended up like all the rest of your
puppets when this was done!

Manon staggers backwards, his hands trying in vain to remove the chunk of railing as he sinks to the floor.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Maybe this is what I'm meant to be.

She turns back to Twist, who looks up at her, still wracked with desperate tears.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

(lowers head)
If he makes it... tell him I'm
sorry.

And with that, Vivian turns and runs, leaping over Manon and disappearing back into the depths of the liner.

Down below, Syren is struggling her way out of the rubble covering her, coughing weakly - and a vampire GRABS her, dragging her up and into the air!

She SCREAMS, but she doesn't have the strength left to put any power into it, and the vampire cackles, its fangs ready.

VAMPIRE

Man, I love me a screamer!

He rears back - and Sanctus' sword SLAMS down into the vamp's open mouth!

The vamp COUGHS once and drops back, and Sanctus deftly catches Syren as she falls.

SYREN

(dazed)

What... have we...

SANCTUS

(serious)

Not yet, Syren. Not yet.

He looks back up - Danyael is still shielding Julie from the remnants of the Skorpione guards, but most of the vampires have made their exit in the face of the destruction being wreaked by the portal.

As Sanctus watches, a pair of huge CLAWS push their way through the vortex, SNAPPING with anticipation at the new world they're only moments from entering!

The vortex itself is now spilling out from within the archway, warping and twisting the walls of the cargo bay as it spreads further and further.

Sanctus looks for Diego, and sees the brave warrior with one hand pressed to a bloody wound in his side, his other still wielding a sword as he cuts down another guard.

Sanctus turns back to Syren, gently lifting her up and tenderly running a hand down her cheek.

SYREN

Is it over?

SANCTUS

I fear it is.

SYREN

Chris, is he...

Sanctus looks up - and sees the sobbing Twist cradling Chris' unmoving body. Sanctus closes his eyes and lowers his head.

SYREN (cont'd)
Sanctus? Where's Chris?

SANCTUS
He's...

CRASH! Another beam of energy stabs through the liner wall, and Sanctus has to pull himself and Syren out of the way as a huge chunk of the liner's ceiling SLAMS down next to them.

Up on the gantry, Twist is too lost in her tears to see Chris' hand slowly reach up to her, but as it brushes her cheek she snaps out of it.

TWIST
Chris! You... you're...

CHRIS
(weak)
Twist... I think... this is it...

TWIST
No... no!
(shakes head)
Nu-uh. Not letting you go on me this easy. No way. I got way too many practical jokes to play on you yet, and besides, who's Syren gonna pine after if you're-

CHRIS
Ssh... please.

She bites her lip, fresh tears in her eyes.

TWIST
Don't leave me...

CHRIS
A bit late... for that...

TWIST
You can't! It's not supposed to be you! I'm the one who's bad, I'm the one who's supposed to die in a big sacrifice to make amends for things, not you!

CHRIS
(smiles)
Things never... work out... the way you planned...

Twist looks round as she hears another ROAR, this one much clearer - and a Skorpione is halfway through the portal! Danyael, Diego and Julie are retreating from it as fast as they can, and the remnants of Manon's army is turning tail at the sight of the hideous creature.

The portal itself is now filling a quarter of the entire bay, a large portion of it lying directly beneath the walkway where Twist holds on to Chris.

TWIST

I think things are definitely going from 'bad' to 'oh, crap' bad now.

CHRIS

Don't... don't take those things on... by yourself...

TWIST

(bitter smile)
You worry too much. Don't you know that whatever happens to me, I'm always fine?

Chris manages a smile, and Twist tries not to sink back into tears as she squeezes him against her...

... and a shadow suddenly looms over them! She looks up - it's Manon, sword in hand once again!

MANON

(enraged)
You... you baise!

Twist gasps - and Manon GRABS her, dragging her to her feet and shoving her back, away from Chris!

TWIST

Hey! Get offa me!

Manon is snarling, black ooze bubbling from his lips, the chunk of railing still protruding from his chest.

MANON

You're just like 'er... just like the others! Weak! Deceitful! Traitorous!

TWIST

Yeah, and you're just like every other French dude I ever met - you stink!

She KICKS him, but Manon SLAPS her with great force, sending her spinning to the floor. Manon looms over her, raising his sword.

MANON

I'll kill you like I should 'ave
killed 'er, and then I will finish-

CHRIS (O.S.)

Manon!!

Chris suddenly TACKLES Manon, blasting into him with every last ounce of his strength - and the two tip over the edge of the walkway!

TWIST

(shocked)

Chris!

She jumps up, watching as the two fall - straight towards the mouth of the engorged portal below!

TWIST (cont'd)

Chris!!

Still struggling as they plummet towards the vortex, there is another SURGE of power - and the duo drop straight into it, disappearing in a FLASH of blinding light!

TWIST (cont'd)

Noo!!!

There's a sudden change in the portal's power - the emerging Skorpione are heard to HOWL in distress - and the portal suddenly starts to suck itself back in, shooting off more and more stray bolts of energy as it collapses.

Diego clatters along the walkway, grabbing the screaming Twist and doing his best to drag her to safety.

DIEGO

Come on, *senora!* We cannot stay
here!

TWIST

Chris... no! He's... he's.. Let go!
We have to help him!

Diego grabs her, shouting right into her face:

DIEGO

He's gone!

Twist is stunned for long enough for Diego to pull her off screen, just as a bolt of energy SCYTHES through the walkway, slicing it in two!

Down on the floor below, Danyael is supporting Julie as Sanctus carries Syren in his arms, the group waiting for Diego and Twist to come clattering down the stairs.

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41 CONTINUED: (7)

41

DIEGO (cont'd)
Go! Go! *Vamos!*

The team turn and race away as a loud HUM starts to fill the cargo bay, and the portal shrinks to its original size...

... before there's a huge BLAST, and the bay fills with FLAMES as the unleashed energies DETONATE with colossal force!

42 EXT. DOCKS - NEXT

42

The team half run and are half thrown down the exit ramp by the force of the explosion, stumbling and rolling down to the relative safety of the pier as the liner EXPLODES behind them.

Danyaël is the first one to look up, watching as the liner is ripped apart by a chain of explosions, the streams of energy reaching into the sky all suddenly cut off from their source and fading away into nothing.

The liner starts to SINK, splitting into three chunks with an ear-splitting SCREECH of grinding metal.

Twist struggles to get free of Diego's grip, scrambling back towards the sinking liner, frantically yelling:

TWIST
Chris! Chris!!

Danyaël manages to get to her, holding tightly onto her as they watch the last remnants of the liner disappear beneath the turbulent waters, bubbles surging to the surface in its wake.

TWIST (cont'd)
No! No!!

She just stares at the water, her jaw hanging open. She finally releases the katana, which clatters to the floorboards.

TWIST (cont'd)
(softly)
Chris...

Her head starts to drop as the reality sinks in, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW