

SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN

"Bound By Blood, Part I"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. FOREST ROAD - DAY 1

PAN DOWN over a long, empty stretch of road down the middle of a dense, misty forest.

The distant sound of CAR is followed by a small SEDAN tearing down the road, foot to the floor.

The car ROCKETS past, disrupting a flock of birds from a nearby tree as we CUT TO:

2 INT. SEDAN - NEXT 2

With loud MUSIC blasting from the stereo, inside we find JACKIE and ELWOOD, a couple in their late twenties, howling with delirious laughter.

Jackie has a large CASE open across her lap - and inside are bundles and bundles of CASH, which she grabs handfuls of and shakes gleefully at Elwood.

JACKIE

I can't believe it! I mean, I just... I can't believe it!

ELWOOD

Believe it, baby. Five jobs, five wins, and now we are goin' over the border to start it all over again!

He lunges across the car to KISS her hungrily, the sedan SWERVING dangerously as he does so.

Wrapped up in their euphoria, their eyes are a long way from the road ahead, even as Elwood keeps glancing out front.

JACKIE

I love you, baby.

ELWOOD

I love you too.

JACKIE

Hey, you managed that without saying 'honey bunny.' I'm impressed.

More laughter, another KISS, and then Elwood leans back into his seat:

Just in time for his eyes to pop out in horror as he yells:

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

ELWOOD

Ah, shit!

3 EXT. FOREST ROAD - NEXT

3

The sedan is bearing down at incredible speed on a gray WOLF standing in the middle of the road!

4 INT. CAR - NEXT

4

Elwood STANDS on the brakes, the case flying from Jackie's lap and spilling its contents all around the car.

5 EXT. FOREST ROAD - NEXT

5

The car SKIDS and skitters to a halt, leaving a long tire trail behind it as it jinks towards the wolf:

CRUNCH! The car SLAMS into the animal, flinging it backwards and sending its body bouncing off into the trees.

Wheels smoking, the sedan finally comes to a stop, a white-knuckled Elwood behind the wheel.

6 INT. CAR - NEXT

6

Neither of them move for a long beat. Jackie finally nudges him, voice quiet.

JACKIE

Go... go see if it's okay...

ELWOOD

'Okay'? Baby, we were doing forty when I hit that thing.

JACKIE

(snaps)

Just go and see!

ELWOOD

(beat)

You remember the part where we robbed a bank and had half the city's cops on our trail, right?

JACKIE

Elwood! Just... just do it. Please.

Grumbling, Elwood unbuckles his seat belt and climbs out of the sedan, SLAMMING the door to make Jackie flinch.

7 EXT. FOREST ROAD - NEXT

7

Examining the front of the car, Elwood finds a smear of BLOOD across one headlight.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

ELWOOD
 (mutters)
 God damn thing...

He scans the surrounding area - and sees another SMUDGE of blood leading off into the trees a little further back up the road.

8 INT. CAR - NEXT

8

Jackie watches as Elwood jogs through the treeline, disappearing from view.

She settles back down, starting to gather up all the stray notes strewn throughout the sedan.

9 EXT. FOREST - NEXT

9

Muttering and cursing every step, Elwood trudges through the dense undergrowth, pushing past branches and bushes until:

He steps into a small clearing and sees the WOLF, lying on its side with its eyes closed. There's no blood on its body, but a few drops on the floor lead up to its resting place.

Elwood pauses, scratching his head, before he cautiously approaches.

ELWOOD
 Alright, alright... easy, now... I
 ain't here to hurt ya... again.

He crouches next to the wolf, checking its torso - no signs of breathing.

He SIGHS, pulling a face and looking back over his shoulder towards the road.

ELWOOD (cont'd)
 Hell.

Behind him, the wolf STIRS but he doesn't notice, finally starting to turn round:

And with a SNARL, the wolf LUNGES at him and clamps its JAWS round his throat!

Elwood SCREAMS, the animal SNAPPING its head side to side frantically as he claws to pull it off.

ELWOOD (cont'd)
 Get off me! Get off me!

The wolf REARS its head back, tearing away flesh and sinew with a SNAP and spraying BLOOD into the air!

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

Elwood stumbles back, one shaking hand trying to staunch the blood spurting from his neck.

The wolf, now very much alive and well, just GROWLS as he staggers away from it, fangs dripping with fresh blood.

Almost blind with fear and pain, Elwood lurches back through the woods, CRASHING into trees and bushes as he tries to reach the road:

10 INT. CAR - NEXT

10

Jackie waits, drumming her fingers impatiently against the dashboard. She looks down, checking the case, then back up:

SLAM! She SCREAMS as Elwood's blood-stained face appears at her window, fists POUNDING against the glass!

JACKIE

Elwood!

He tries to speak but can only GURGLE, sliding down to the road at last.

Frantic, Jackie is still SCREAMING as she scrabbles for the door handle - but freezes when she hears a GROWL.

She turns - and sees two more WOLVES on the other side of the road, staring straight at the car.

Jackie feels round with one hand and LOCKS her door, looking across to the lock on Elwood's side.

Breathing quickly, shaking with fear, she starts to ease herself across the car...

WHAM! She SHRIEKS as another wolf JUMPS at her window, jaws SNAPPING as it hammers the glass with its bloody paws.

She quickly shuffles into the driver's seat and LOCKS the door - and then GASPS when she looks out through the windshield to see:

Half a dozen more WOLVES, line astern ahead of the car. She whips round - half a dozen more are waiting behind her.

11 EXT. FOREST ROAD - NEXT

11

The wolves have the car surrounded, more loping out of the forest to join those already waiting.

12 INT. CAR - NEXT

12

Jackie fumbles for the ignition keys, starting the engine again and slamming the car into gear:

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

And with a CRASH, the rear windscreen BURSTS in as two wolves barge their way into the car!

Jackie SCREAMS, hands up to defend herself as the wolves POUNCE towards her...

13 EXT. FOREST ROAD - NEXT

13

Jackie's SCREAMS mingle with the BARKS of the wolves as the car ROCKS from side to side.

Fresh BLOOD spatters across the windows from within, more wolves clambering up and in through the shattered windshield.

PULL BACK to see more wolves feasting on Elwood's tattered body, picking the carcass clean.

PULL BACK more to find a larger, lone wolf standing back from the others, surveying the carnage with keen eyes as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

14 INT. TRUCK STOP - BATHROOM - EVENING 14

Inside this dark, grimy rest room, lit by flickering strips of neon, VIVIAN approaches the mirror.

She looks herself up and down - no makeup, hair a straggly mess, looking like she hasn't rested for days.

She fills the sink with water from the shuddering taps, hands on the basin, head down.

She SPLASHES water onto her face as if it'll make any difference, running hands back through her hair.

Staring at her reflection again, she remains silent for a long moment...

CRACK! She PUNCHES the mirror as hard as she can, fracturing the glass and her own features as they stare back at her.

Vivian checks her hand, now nursing a few light cuts from the broken glass, when she hears:

A KNOCKING from off screen. She turns towards the door.

TWIST (O.S.)

Vivian? You okay in there?

VIVIAN

Yeah...

(sniffs)

Yeah, I'm good. Just be a sec.

TWIST (O.S.)

Well, alright, but you know Chris. When he says it's time to go, that boy wants to go.

FOOTSTEPS as Twist walks away, and Vivian takes one last look at herself, two dozen images of herself looking back.

15 EXT. TRUCK STOP - NEXT 15

Vivian walks round a corner and heads towards the waiting BLACK VAN, where TWIST, DANYAEL and LYRA are waiting.

DANYAEL

I think that set a new record for a restroom stop, Vivian.

VIVIAN

(rolls eyes)

We don't need to pee, Danyael.

(CONTINUED)

LYRA

You don't?

TWIST

Now look what you've done. Bright
Eyes here is gonna need another
science lesson.

LYRA

(weary)

Twist...

TWIST

Relax, relax. Kidding. Eesh! Did we
all get a humour bypass after last
week or something?

VIVIAN

What we went through... it's not
something anyone should have to
suffer.

DANYAEL

Amen.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Is everyone ready?

They turn as CHRIS approaches, several newspapers under his
arm and a bag of groceries in one hand.

TWIST

Ship shape and ready to hit the
ocean waves, cap'n.

CHRIS

Here. This is our next destination.

He passes round the papers. Each one is different, but every
one has the same headline - unexplained wild animal attacks.

CHRIS (cont'd)

There's been a spate of these all
round this region over the last few
months, escalating each time.

LYRA

A spate of what?

CHRIS

Sorry - animal attacks. People
found torn to shreds in a series of
unlikely places.

DANYAEL

'Unlikely'?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

As in places wild animals have no business being.

VIVIAN

What makes this something we'd look into?

Chris glances at Twist at Vivian's use of 'we' - but she stays quiet.

CHRIS

When we were rescuing those akercocke a few weeks back, I saw something in one of the labs - an animal skull.

TWIST

Big whoop, Parker's probably the kind of guy who bakes vampires dry and then glues googly eyes to them.

CHRIS

Not these animals. What I saw... was a werewolf skull.

Chris waits for that to sink in.

TWIST

So?

CHRIS

(sighs)

Werewolves are virtually extinct in this country, Twist. There's a concentration of them in Europe, a more militant group called the Lupans, but over here they were hunted to extinction over a hundred years ago. Now, there's just rumours of a few small packs still scraping a living.

VIVIAN

That's bad news. If Parker's managed to find himself some wolf specimens...

CHRIS

Exactly. Just another set of DNA traits he can engineer into his soldiers.

LYRA

I'm confused - how do you know those attacks were by werewolves?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (3)

LYRA (cont'd)
I mean, couldn't they just be
actual animals?

Chris leans forward and taps the paper Twist is holding.

CHRIS
Read that one.

TWIST
Says that this dude and his girl
had just robbed a bank near the
border when their car was found out
in the woods a few miles away from
the Canadian line - and they'd both
been eaten alive.

She creases her face, but Chris just nods.

CHRIS
And the rest.

Twist reads the article, eyebrows rising in surprise.

TWIST
They didn't find the money.

DANYAEL
What? You mean... you mean whoever
killed them took it?

CHRIS
Exactly.

Danyael steps up into the van's passenger compartment.

DANYAEL
So what are we waiting for? If
there are werewolves out there,
then we've gotta find 'em before
Parker does.

He takes Lyra's hand and helps her step up.

CHRIS
It'll take us a few hours to get
there, so get some rest.

Chris heads round the van to get in the driver's seat,
leaving Twist with Vivian.

TWIST
So...

VIVIAN
I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST
No, you're not.

VIVIAN
(sighs)
No, I'm not.

TWIST
We don't have to talk about it, ya
know. I mean, yeah, we had that
whole big bonding epiphany thing,
sure, but still...

VIVIAN
We're not exactly at the warm
fuzzies stage yet.

TWIST
(smirks)
Hell, no.

Twist starts to climb into the van, when:

VIVIAN
Twist...
(beat)
Thanks.

Twist smiles, nodding for Vivian to join them, and as she
pulls the van's side door shut, we DISSOLVE TO:

16 EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

16

PAN DOWN over the scene of the murders of Jackie and Elwood -
POLICE TAPE cordons off the road both directions, and CSIs
and POLICE are keeping a heavy presence.

FURTHER BACK, the van rolls to a halt at the tail end of a
long line of traffic, with cars up ahead having to turn round
at the police blockade.

17 INT. VAN - NEXT

17

Chris rubs his chin thoughtfully, turning to the others in
the back.

CHRIS
We're here.

ANGLE ON the rear of the van - and everyone is asleep. Chris
frowns, deftly HONKING the horn to jolt them awake.

TWIST
Wah! Whussa...

DANYAEL

(yawns)

Aw, man...

CHRIS

Rise and shine, everyone.

TWIST

(rubs eyes)

Who are you, my dad? What the hell time is it?

CHRIS

Early. But nonetheless, we're here.

Vivian clambers into the passenger seat, trying to stretch within the confines of the cabin.

VIVIAN

Police blockade?

CHRIS

So it would seem.

VIVIAN

Let us out here, then. We can get up close, scout the place out and be back before you get anywhere near that line.

CHRIS

Someone needs to stay with the van.

VIVIAN

Nope.

She points up ahead - a small CAR PARK waits off to one side, a spot for hikers to leave their vehicles.

Chris nods, turning the van towards the car park's entrance - ignoring the angry HONKS of the cars he's cutting up behind.

TWIST

So! Let's hear the plan.

VIVIAN

Best if we split up into teams. We're looking for animal tracks, but so will the police and rangers, so we'll have to avoid them.

CHRIS

Twist, you're with Danyael. Vivian, Lyra, with me.

TWIST

But -

CHRIS

Let's go.

He parks the van inside the car park, exiting without another word.

Twist glances at Danyael, who is loading up his bag. She pouts, pulling open the side door and exiting:

Danyael passes bags out to the others as the group assemble round the van.

CHRIS

Alright let's go over this. Twist, you and Danyael take the left hand side of the woods, we'll take the right. We'll deal with getting round the police if we have to.

VIVIAN

No confrontations, right?

CHRIS

Absolutely. Werewolves are bloody dangerous things - they heal quickly, they're easily as strong as any vampire and they also travel in packs. Plus, they can track you for miles without you even knowing they were there, so keep sharp and run like buggery at the first sign of trouble.

TWIST

Trouble? As if.

CHRIS

Twist, I mean it.

She rolls her eyes, SNAPPING a stick of gum.

DANYAEL

Is it just me, or has she been even cockier than usual since we rescued her?

TWIST

(sharp)

It's not 'cockiness,' Danyael.

(MORE)

18 CONTINUED:

18

TWIST (cont'd)

I just know now that I am meant for greater things, and I know that even if the worst happens to me, my boys'll come and get me.

She smiles, turning and heading for the woods.

VIVIAN

Must be nice.

Chris pats her on the shoulder as he straps on his bag.

CHRIS

That's what we do for each other.

Vivian manages a faint smile as the team divides into two groups, trekking off towards the forest as we CUT TO:

19 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

19

ANGLE ON a pair of RANGERS, flashlights sweeping the gloom as they head away.

Twist and Danyael slowly rise from the cover of some bushes, watching the departing rangers.

DANYAEL

They'll give up soon. It's getting too dark even for them.

TWIST

But not for us, huh?

She slips away, RUSTLING through the undergrowth as Danyael follows her.

TWIST (cont'd)

What do you think they want?

DANYAEL

Who, the werewolves?

TWIST

Well, yeah. I mean, they've been killing people for food, that much I can understand. Thing's gotta eat. But why take the money?

DANYAEL

Beats me. Maybe they're saving up to buy some new furs.

Waiting as distant VOICES from the rangers float past, Danyael hunches down next to Twist.

TWIST

Danyael... can I ask you something?

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

That depends entirely on what it is.

TWIST

What did you see?

DANYAEL

Hmm?

TWIST

When we were all halfway to La La Land on space dust. What did you see?

DANYAEL

(shifts)

Y'know... stuff. Why?

TWIST

Just curious. Everyone else has spoken about it - except you.

DANYAEL

And why'd you suppose that is?

TWIST

C'mon, Spook. Ain't nobody here but us chickens. You know you can tell me.

DANYAEL

(beat)

Nope.

He rises, resuming his search, and Twist follows.

TWIST

Aw, come on! What was so bad? Vivian almost got persuaded to go up in flames y the ghosts of people she's hurt or killed. Is what you saw worse than that?

DANYAEL

It's all subjective.

TWIST

Or... was it something to do with me?

He glances round at her, then carries on going. Twist grins.

TWIST (cont'd)

I knew it! Alright, what was it? Spill.

DANYAEL

No! Twist... can we just drop this?

TWIST

Not until you tell me what -

DANYAEL

(snaps)

I saw Naomi. Alright?

She's quiet, watching his reaction.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

She... it was back when we... when we took care of her.

TWIST

Me too?

Danyael holds her gaze, then looks away and nods. He takes a few more steps before she closes in, laying a hand on his shoulder.

TWIST (cont'd)

I came back, Spook.

He stops, not looking at her.

TWIST (cont'd)

She didn't kill me. I'm right here.

DANYAEL

For how long?

TWIST

As long as you'll have me.

(off his look)

Sorry. Bad choice of words.

DANYAEL

Can we just drop this, please? I... I don't want to think about it any more.

(beat)

Or her.

She raises her hands and steps back, letting him trudge off ahead.

TWIST

(sighs)

That boy...

She follows. STAY ON the area of woodland they just left.

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

SOMETHING MOVES in the foliage behind them - just a whisper of movement, nothing more.

20 EXT. FOREST - NEXT

20

WITH CHRIS and the girls as they continue their sweep, spread out several paces apart.

CHRIS
(to Lyra)
Anything yet?

LYRA
(frowning)
Lots of things... it's hard to tell one trail from another. Lots of energies, all intertwining.

VIVIAN
Any of those energies suggesting fur and fangs to you?

LYRA
It doesn't work like that.

VIVIAN
How does it work?
(off looks)
I'm sorry, but nobody really tells me anything, in case you hadn't noticed. I have to find stuff out for myself.

CHRIS
That's not entirely true.

VIVIAN
It is when it comes to Lyra.

Chris glances at Lyra, smiling.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
Hey! I saw that.

CHRIS
Saw what?

VIVIAN
Very definite tender moment, right there.

He looks over - Vivian's grinning. She's teasing.

CHRIS
Oh, yes. Har bloody har. Come on.

(CONTINUED)

He keeps moving, letting Vivian have her chuckle.

As they move on, STAY ON a thick tree trunk as the trio move past it and on into the woods.

From around the trunk slips a lithe form, wrapped in shadows until a beam of MOONLIGHT shows up:

A young black WOMAN, her eyes GLINTING in the light as she observes the team, before melting silently back into the shadows, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

21

Back with Twist and Danyael. They've reached a clearing, Danyael kneeling over a spot of leaves.

TWIST

What've you got?

DANYAEL

Not sure. Could be blood, but...

He rubs something onto his fingers, raising it to his nose for a SNIFF.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Smells weird.

TWIST

'Weird'? Yeah, way technical.

DANYAEL

(stands)

Tangy. Metallic. Kind of like human and animal mixed together.

TWIST

Sounds like our targets, then.

Danyael scans the area, spotting some ANIMAL TRACKS and heading over.

DANYAEL

Here.

He points as Twist joins him - PAW PRINTS. They lead off into the woods.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Looks like just the one.

TWIST

Something tells me that would be uncharacteristically simple.

DANYAEL

So let's make sure we're ready.

He reaches for his bag and takes out a SWORD, sheathed in the lining of the bag itself, as Twist grabs her baseball bat.

The duo head off again, following the tracks as we CUT TO:

22 EXT. FOREST - NEXT 22

With Chris' team, crouched down as they survey the roadside scene of police and forensics.

VIVIAN
Looks like they've got that covered.

CHRIS
Yes, but we're going to need to get over onto the far side of the road if we're to follow those tracks we found.

LYRA
Leave that to me.

She rises, carefully winding her way forward by feeling a path along the trees.

VIVIAN
What's she doing?

CHRIS
(smiles)
What she does best.

Vivian watches, confused, as Lyra reaches the treeline:

23 EXT. FOREST ROAD - NEXT 23

Pausing at the edge of the road, she's just out of sight of the mix of flashing siren lights and vehicle headlights.

She closes her eyes, HUMMING a melody under her breath - before she boldly steps out straight into plain sight!

She waits - but nobody bats an eyelid at her. Still humming, she waves for Chris and Vivian to follow.

24 EXT. FOREST - NEXT 24

Chris turns to Vivian, waggles his eyebrows and rises, quickly heading for the road.

VIVIAN
(bemused)
Nobody tells me anything...

Following, she soon reaches:

25 EXT. FOREST ROAD - NEXT 25

Lyra waits until Chris joins her, the trio scampering into the refuge of the trees over the road.

26 EXT. FOREST - NEXT

26

Safely out of sight once again, Lyra ceases her humming. Vivian looks back towards the road.

VIVIAN
How did she do that?

LYRA
I just made them look the other way
for a few seconds.

Vivian starts to reply, then shakes her head.

VIVIAN
Never mind.

CHRIS
This way.

Back on the trail, he leads on as we CUT TO:

27 EXT. FOREST - CLEARING - NEXT

27

With Twist and Danyael, as they enter another clearing. A fallen tree trunk sits at the top of a ridge to their left, the ground dipping away underneath them.

Danyael suddenly pulls up, looking all around. Twist BUMPS into him.

TWIST
What?

DANYAEL
The tracks have stopped.

Twist looks round, too - nothing there.

TWIST
So where'd all the wolves go?

A twig SNAPS behind them, and the duo spin round.

TWIST (cont'd)
Did you -

DANYAEL
Ssh.

He squints, peering into the darkness - and sees foliage RUSTLING as something moves through it!

He gestures, aiming Twist at the incoming object as he signals that he'll watch their backs.

(CONTINUED)

Twist grips her bat tight, eyes fixed on the motion rippling through the woodland.

A silvery-gray BLUR darts between the greenery, Twist trying to follow it:

And a WOLF appears through the bushes, standing alert about ten feet away.

TWIST
(whispers)
We've got company.

PULL BACK to find Danyael staring up at something off screen.

DANYAEL
Yeah... we do.

Twist glances over her shoulder - and STARTS at:

SIX more WOLVES are standing on the edge of the ridge, peering down at the duo below.

TWIST
Um...

DANYAEL
No sudden movements.

TWIST
This isn't 'Jurassic Park,' Spook!

DANYAEL
No, but if we don't freak them out then they might not -

As one, all the wolves surrounding them start to GROWL.

DANYAEL (cont'd)
... attack.

More wolves step out of the shadows, quickly hemming the duo in on all sides as we CUT TO:

Lyra suddenly snaps her head round, causing Chris and Vivian to sop and step back over to her.

CHRIS
What is it?

LYRA
Twist and Danyael. They're in trouble.

VIVIAN

How does she -

But Lyra's already off, heading off into the woods.

LYRA

Quickly!

Chris follows without hesitation, leaving Vivian to mutter to herself again before she catches them up.

Circling slowly round, Twist and Danyael try to look for a way past the wolves, but there's nowhere to go.

TWIST

Did you bring any grenades?

DANYAEL

Do we have any?

TWIST

No, but I thought you might've brought some anyway...

One of the wolves BARKS, jerking forward a step as its hackles rise.

TWIST (cont'd)

Woah!

The other wolves are growing more agitated - pacing back and forth, lips curling back.

DANYAEL

Alright... alright, I've got something.

TWIST

Is it a rocket launcher?

DANYAEL

When I say 'now,' we split. You go left, I'll go right.

TWIST

What good will that do?

DANYAEL

Split the pack, maybe give us a better chance to fight them.

Twist YELPS as another wolf BARKS at her.

TWIST

I have a better plan.

DANYAEL

Okay...

Twist hesitates - and then GRABS Danyael and RUNS straight for the nearest wolf!

DANYAEL (cont'd)

What the -

The wolf LUNGES for her, but a well-timed KICK knocks it back - and the duo speed through the gap and into the forest!

The wolf pack flows from its various positions, making an effortless chain of bodies that pursue the fleeing vamps.

Twist and Danyael tear through the woods as fast as they can, branches and bushes hindering their speed.

DANYAEL

Oh, yeah, great plan! You know these things love to hunt their food down, right?

TWIST

They're not gonna eat us, dumbass, we're already dead!

DANYAEL

You think they'll care about that?

GROWLS and BARKS from (very) close behind them make the duo pick up their speed.

Danyael glances over his shoulder - gray, furry shapes dart through the foliage far quicker than he could ever manage.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

They're gaining!

TWIST

So run faster!

With wolves SNAPPING at his heels, Danyael puts as much speed down as he can...

... and the duo SLAM into Chris and Vivian as they burst through a thick field of greenery!

CHRIS

What -

TWIST

Wolvesraerightbehindusdosomething!

Chris quickly raises a hand, and as the first of the wolves ERUPT from the forest, fangs bared with fury:

POW! They hit a field of blue ENERGY like it was concrete, more wolves piling out of the trees and HURLING themselves at the barrier.

Twist and Danyael recover, falling back behind Chris as he grimaces, pushing to keep the wolves at bay.

TWIST (cont'd)

How did you know where to find us?

LYRA

I could sense you were in trouble.

DANYAEL

Great. But now we're all in trouble.

CHRIS

(straining)

I can't hold this for much longer!

He falters a little with each impact, as the wolves recklessly throw themselves over and over at the field.

VIVIAN

So let's go!

She reaches into her backpack - and draws out two FLASH GRENADES.

TWIST

(nudges Danyael)

Now why didn't you get any of those?

VIVIAN

Chris! Fire in the hole!

Chris steps back - then DISPELS the field, turning and running along with the others.

Vivian remains, ready to throw the grenades as the slaving wolves cascade towards her:

FOOM! Two bright FLARES of light bloom as the grenades hit the ground.

The wolves YELP in distress, running blindly in circles and slamming into one another.

31 EXT. FOREST ROAD - NEXT 31

Back with the crime scene, and several police look up as the two FLASHES of light shine through the dense forest.

POLICEMAN

What the hell...

He reaches for his RADIO as we CUT TO:

32 EXT. FOREST - NEXT 32

Chris slows, calling out to the others to stop. Twist is the last one to actually stop.

CHRIS

They're not following us.

DANYAEL

Good!

CHRIS

So that means now we can follow them.

TWIST

Bad!

She hurries over as Chris takes a moment to compose himself.

TWIST (cont'd)

You did see the wall of teeth and claws, right? What happened to 'run like buggery at the first sign of trouble'?

CHRIS

We've done that part. But if we don't find out where these wolves are hiding, then they'll be free to attack again.

He heads back into the forest, calling back:

CHRIS (cont'd)

We've scared them off, they'll be more interested in getting back home than tackling us again!

Twist shakes her head as Chris heads deeper into the trees.

TWIST

Mad... he's actually gone completely insane.

She blinks as the others all start to follow Chris.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

TWIST (cont'd)
 What the hell is wrong with you
 people?!?

With a final curse aimed at the sky, she follows as well.

33 EXT. FOREST - WOLF LAIR - NEXT

33

The gathered team peer out through the cover of dense
 shrubbery at the clearing below:

A natural CAVE in the basin of a small valley, surrounded by
 thick trees and foliage on all sides.

Two smaller WOLVES pad absently around, SNIFFING the ground.

CHRIS
 This is the place.

TWIST
 You're sure they can't just smell
 us out?

VIVIAN
 We're upwind. We should be okay.

LYRA
 What should we do now?

CHRIS
 Well, given that they attacked
 without provocation, it's safe to
 assume that last night's incident
 wasn't just a cultural
 misunderstanding.

TWIST
 Bad werewolves. Who knew?

CHRIS
 What we should probably do is smoke
 them out of the caves, after we lay
 plenty of traps around...

He trails off, his eyes catching MOVEMENT on the far side of
 the valley.

DANYAEL
 What?

He says nothing, the others having to follow his gaze.

VIVIAN
 Is that...

(CONTINUED)

A JET BLACK WOLF pads boldly out into the open, standing at the edge of the valley.

The two gray wolves below look up - and then scamper quickly back into the cave.

The black wolf GROWLS, at which command several more emerge from the woods to join it.

TWIST

The hell is this, the wolf version
of 'West Side Story'?

CHRIS

Ssh!

(beat)

Wolf packs are fiercely
territorial. Could be these new
arrivals haven't taken kindly to
our gray friends' actions.

More black wolves slip silently from the trees until almost TWO DOZEN of them stand, waiting.

The sounds of BARKING and movement filter up from within the depths of the cave - and moments later a flood of GRAY WOLVES flows out and into the clearing!

The black wolves remain impassive, not rising to the bait as the gray wolves below BARK and YAP at their opponents.

The lead wolf raises its head and HOWLS, a battle cry soon taken up by its fellows, a chorus of bloodlust.

The howls whip the wolves below into a frenzy, several of them leaping a few steps up the valley to keep BARKING defiantly at their rivals.

The black wolves finish their howl - and then as one, LEAP out into the air, searing straight for the waiting wolves below!

BLOOD is flying within seconds, the animals launching themselves at one another in a berserk rage.

The black wolves are cooler, more capable combatants, using the exuberance and ferocity of the gray wolves against them.

Some team up to BARGE gray wolves onto their backs, so others can TEAR them open from belly to throat.

Some SNATCH gray wolves from mid-air, clamping jaws round their throats and SHAKING to snap their necks.

Others TACKLE their foes and tumble round the clearing, paws scrabbling and fangs flashing as they fight for purchase.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Holy bitch fight...

LYRA

(hand to head)

The blood... it's driving them
crazy, they're... they're losing
control!

CHRIS

I don't think they are, Lyra...

Over half the gray wolves are dead or dying, but every single black wolf remains combat ready and fresh.

They CHARGE the last pack of wounded wolves, with WHIMPERS and YELPS of pain replacing the savage, primal BARKS of earlier as the gray wolves are summarily torn asunder.

Soon, only two remain, panting and weak with the many wounds each has suffered.

They're surrounded by the other wolves, murder in their eyes as they close in...

... and Lyra suddenly jumps up from the team's hiding place, hand outstretched as she yells:

LYRA

Stop!

As one, the animals below turn to face her.

CHRIS

(hisses)

Lyra, what are you doing?

Ignoring him, she takes a few steps forward, the wolves' beady eyes below fixed on her.

LYRA

Don't kill them. You've done
enough.

The black wolves exchange curious glances, looking towards their leader for their next move.

He looks from Lyra to the two pathetic survivors - and lowers his muzzle, stepping back.

Lyra manages a smile, the others cautiously emerging from the bushes to join her.

CHRIS

I don't know what you just did...
but it worked.

(CONTINUED)

LYRA

They're not completely animals,
Chris. I could pick up what they
were thinking... I just couldn't
let them go through with it.

VIVIAN

Uh... guys?

She gets their attention, pointing down to the valley.

The black wolves are all curling up, retracting limbs and
snouts as they huddle down on the spot...

... and their bodies start to SHIFT, muscles and fur
coalescing as their whole bodies begin to DEFORM, TWISTING
and MELTING out again!

TWIST

(boggles)

Woah...

Fur recedes into skin, sinews shift and bones CRACK back into
place as the wolves' bodies begin to take on a larger, more
human form.

Several lift their heads, snouts retreating into place as
their fangs shrink, claws sliding back into fingers.

As one, the werewolves rise to their feet, shaking the last
few changes clear as they crane their necks back, stretching
out their new bodies under the moonlight.

And every single one of them is stark, buck naked.

Twist GASPS, clamping her hand over Danyael's eyes. Vivian
does the same to Lyra - then sheepishly retracts it.

The werewolves part as a young woman walks forward, dark-
skinned as her fellows - and it's the woman who was trailing
Twist and Danyael earlier.

WEREWOLF WOMAN

Alright, you got our attention.
Now... who are you?

Chris and the team swap cautious glances as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

34

EXT. FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

34

Chris and the team are gathered round their van - and a convoy of other vehicles, everything from minivans to Jeeps.

The werewolves are clustered round these, some pulling on their last few bits of clothes while they joke, chatter and generally chest-bump each other's egos.

TWIST

This is weird.

VIVIAN

Which part? Seeing them all change?

TWIST

Huh? Oh, no. I've seen that many naked people at once before. I mean... everything else.

Chris' eyes narrow as he watches two conspicuously white-skinned men get SHOVED roughly into the back of a waiting van. They're clad only in scraps and rags.

CHRIS

Whatever our feelings, we're heavily outnumbered but don't seem to be being taken as a threat for now, so I suggest we keep ourselves on a tight leash, and -

TWIST

Ha! Leash! Good one.

CHRIS

(scowls)
... and watch our step.

VOICE (O.S.)

Uh, excuse me?

They turn as the young werewolf woman walks over, now fully clothed. She smiles, extending a hand to Chris.

ROSHEEN

I'm Rosheen Doran. We didn't exactly get a chance to be properly introduced.

TWIST

It's cool. I've known people that naked before and not known their names.

(CONTINUED)

Danyael shoots her a look as Chris shakes ROSHEEN's hand. He nods towards the van containing the two prisoners.

CHRIS

What happens to them?

ROSHEEN

We take them home for questioning, help us figure out where the rest of his pack are hiding out. Thanks for helping us find them, too. We'd been going round in circles trying to track them.

Two more werewolves step over, one whispering into Rosheen's ear. She nods, turning back to the team.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)

It's time to go. Just follow our lead back to base camp.

She turns to go, but Chris steps forward, laying a hand on her arm.

CHRIS

Just a -

A huge werewolf PUSHES in between them, SNARLING.

ROSHEEN

Reagan! Back off.

REAGAN eyes Chris for a beat before obediently stepping away.

CHRIS

Sorry. I didn't mean any disrespect.

ROSHEEN

That's okay. Reagan here is my army commander. He's a little... tense.

Reagan just eyes the team for a beat before silently walking away.

CHRIS

I was going to ask what's happening now? What are you planning to do with us at your base camp?

ROSHEEN

I'll let Torin explain that when we get there.

She walks away, calling back:

ROSHEEN (cont'd)
Don't worry - we've eaten.

Grinning at her own joke, she rejoins her comrades as Chris turns to the others.

VIVIAN
So we go along with them?

CHRIS
For now.

He heads into the van, the others starting to climb back in.

DANYAEL
You picking anything up off these guys?

LYRA
They don't mean us any harm. Not right now, at least.

TWIST
And that's why you should never ask her things like that.

Vivian is the last to enter, casting another way eye round the gathered werewolves as we CUT TO:

The wolf convoy rattles down the long road, leaving the edge of the forest behind and passing into more rural territory.

The Jeeps and vans BOUNCE across the uneven terrain, many werewolves riding pillion and WHOPPING with each bump.

Near the back, the team's van kicks up dirt as it follows over the uneven ground.

The wary team watch the convoy of wolves - two vehicles flank them on either side as well as he train ahead.

CHRIS
Vivian, is that GPS system still working?

Vivian goes to a console set into the wall, bringing up a radar map on a small screen.

VIVIAN
Yup. I set it to block our own signal so Parker couldn't use it to find us.

CHRIS

Make sure it logs where we're going. We may need to come back here some day.

She nods, typing at the keyboard as Twist leans across the seats into the cabin.

TWIST

(points)

Is that 'base camp'?

Chris look ahead - the trees either side are pulling back as the convoy heads towards a huge MANOR HOUSE.

CHRIS

Looks that way.

The convoy start to turn, swinging across the grounds of the huge building as we CUT TO:

Floodlit from its spacious grounds, the mansion looks old and is many years past its best, but there's plenty of activity in and around it.

The convoy heads for a wide, gravelled parking area to one side, people on the ground moving to meet them.

Inside, many lights are on and shadows can be seen moving around.

GUARDS patrol the rooftop and edges of the grounds, some armed, some not.

The team's van comes to a halt in the middle of the assembled convoy, the team disembarking as the crowd of wolves leaves their own vehicles.

ON CHRIS as he waits for Rosheen to head over, the others noticing the suspicious looks they're drawing from the wolves exiting the mansion.

ROSHEEN

Follow me.

She heads for a large, open set of double doors that has plenty of human traffic flowing in and out.

Rosheen pushes open more doors to lead the team into a huge dining hall, complete with long table and chairs.

All the places are laid, and staff wearing white kitchen aprons are already loading the table up with a huge feast.

DANYAEL

How did you guys end up living here?

ROSHEEN

We have a few places like this lying around. Abandoned, deserted, otherwise forgotten. We just snap up the deeds good and cheap, fix them up however we need them and move our people in.

She pauses, looking out through one of the large bay windows.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)

Plenty of open ground, lots of wildlife - and nobody here but us.

CHRIS

Yes, I've been meaning to ask you about -

ROSHEEN

Just this way.

She heads into the next room, the team following:

The team step into what feels like a large court - an arrangement of tables and chairs stands on a raised platform at one end, the rest filled with clusters of other werewolves who chatter, some working on maps while others go over paperwork.

Several stop and stare at the team as Rosheen leads them towards the desks, where a group of older men and women sit in deep discussion.

Twist waves at a few of the watching wolves before Danyael sharply pulls her close.

DANYAEL

Don't wind them up.

TWIST

I was just -

DANYAEL

Twist.

She pouts, crossing her arms and marching a few steps ahead of him. Lyra then slides her arm round Danyael's.

LYRA

It's alright. Nobody's going to hurt us here. The air's clear.

Not looking as convinced, Danyael and Lyra join the others as they wait at the steps leading onto the platform.

Rosheen waits for a break in the discourse, then leans in to speak to one of the wolves. He's a black male in his fifties, grey flecks in his hair and beard.

The elder wolf rises, striding confidently over to look down at the assembled team.

ROSHEEN

This is our clan leader, Torin.

CHRIS

(nods)

How do you do.

TORIN

(to Rosheen)

These are the people who helped you with Conall's pack?

ROSHEEN

Yes, they were -

TWIST

(raises hand)

Um... question? Who's 'Conall'?

The room falls quiet. Twist glances round, realising she may have said something wrong.

TORIN

(clears throat)

I wanted to offer our thanks for your assistance.

CHRIS

Accepted, although I should stress we weren't aware of your clan when we arrived here.

TORIN

We know. You were here to investigate the murders, weren't you?

VIVIAN

(narrows eyes)

How did you know that?

ROSHEEN

We've kept an eye on you since you arrived. I mean, come on, it's not every day a bunch of vampires walk into our turf, is it?

LYRA

I'm not a -

ROSHEEN

Yeah, we know.

Torin turns to the other elders and nods, the group returning to their conversation as Torin descends the steps.

DANYAEL

(to Rosheen)

You mentioned earlier that you wanted those two prisoners to tell you where the 'rest of his pack' was hiding. Does that mean there are more of those other wolves out there?

TORIN

(nods)

I'm afraid there are more than you think.

CHRIS

I woke up this morning and didn't think there were more than a handful of werewolves in the entire country.

He looks around the room, buzzing with activity.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Clearly, I was mistaken.

Torin motions for the team to follow as he walks towards another doorway, leading them into:

The team step into some kind of large portrait gallery, the high walls covered with paintings, maps and art of all kinds.

VIVIAN

(whistles)

Nice...

TWIST

Did you draw all these yourself?

Torin turns to her - but then smirks, picking up on her joke.

TORIN

Our clan is known as the Black Furs
in your tongue, and what you see
here is a record of our ancestry,
as far back as we can trace it.

He points to one wall, that has a huge diagram of a family
tree stretching from floor to ceiling.

TORIN (cont'd)

We've been around long enough to
know that keeping our existence
quiet is the key to our continued
place on Earth, and one day we hope
to find the balance that'll let us
live in peace alongside humans.

VIVIAN

That's a pretty big dream.

TORIN

I never said it wasn't.

ROSHEEN

The wolves you helped us kill
belong to a pack led by a wolf
named Conall. He's a rogue, hunting
wolves and humans alike, and -

WHAM! Doors at the far end of the room are suddenly thrown
open as two white people stride in, a crowd of Black Furs
trying to hold them back.

One's male, middle aged but tightly-built, the other is a
tall, skinny younger female with long red hair.

TORIN

(narrows eyes)
Dermot?

The male, DERMOT, stops and shouts over the heckling:

DERMOT

Torin, it's happened again! We
can't just sit around any more, we
have to do something!

Torin pauses, glaring at the newcomers. Dermot meets his gaze
while the girl looks down respectfully.

ROSHEEN

Torin?

He raises a hand, stepping forward and addressing the Black
Furs who followed the arrivals in.

TORIN

Leave us.

There's some muttering and complaining, but gradually the wolves retreat, leaving Dermot and the girl alone with Torin and the others.

Torin paces slowly forward, his steps even and measured in contrast to the tense, prickly Dermot.

TORIN (cont'd)

I'm surprised to see you barging into my home like this. It must be something major.

DERMOT

Four of my people, dead. I know that's not 'important' to you, but we both know it's only a matter of time before he strikes again.

TORIN

So it's a good job we captured two of his runts to get a location on the rest of his bolt holes, isn't it?

DERMOT

(surprised)
Really?

TORIN

(grins)
Old dog, new tricks. Imagine that.

Rosheen steps forward, addressing the girl:

ROSHEEN

Siobhan.

SIOBHAN

Hey, Rosheen.

SIOBHAN peers past her, noticing Chris and the others.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

Who are they?

ROSHEEN

Friends.

TORIN

Vampires.

Dermot raises an eyebrow, nudging Siobhan out the way so he can get a better look.

(CONTINUED)

DERMOT

Why are they here?

TWIST

'They' have names, you know.

DERMOT

(shrugs)

Don't care.

(to Torin)

You hiring outside help now, is that it?

CHRIS

Now wait just a minute -

Dermot ignores him, getting in Torin's face.

DERMOT

I'm gonna ask you once and once only. This bastard's been killing both our kind for too long. Are you gonna come help us take him down for good, or sit back and let us whites do all the work?

Torin straightens, his voice thick with tension:

TORIN

Don't accuse us of doing nothing, you arrogant little prick.

ROSHEEN

(scolding)

Dad!

Chris and Vivian exchange a quick look.

DERMOT

So prove me wrong.

Torin is silent for a long beat, holding Dermot's gaze - until he SIGHS and nods. Without breaking eye contact, he addresses Rosheen:

TORIN

Have Reagan draw up five of your best. You leave in one hour.

He turns and marches away without another word, leaving a smirking Dermot to call out:

DERMOT

It's about god damn time, old man.

He CHUCKLES to himself - before an angry Rosheen steps in front of him.

DERMOT (cont'd)
 Aw, what's the matter, sweetheart?
 Did I upset your daddy and make you
 cry?

He SMIRKS - and Rosheen KNEES him in the groin! Dermot GROANS as he sinks to his knees, allowing Rosheen to lean in and whisper:

ROSHEEN
 Made you cry, though.

Twist grins, nudging Vivian:

TWIST
 I like her.

Rosheen leaves Siobhan to tend to Dermot as she turns to face Chris and the others:

CHRIS
 Who's that?

ROSHEEN
 Dermot's the... deputy, I suppose,
 of the White Furs. The other big
 clan still operating in the States.

CHRIS
 Are there any more?

ROSHEEN
 (shakes head)
 Just us two. And Conall.
 (beat)
 So are you in?

VIVIAN
 What would we be doing?

ROSHEEN
 Helping us take out the trash.

TWIST
 Hey, I'm all about the taking. Out.

Rosheen nods, heading back into the main hall. Siobhan helps a winded Dermot limp away, leaving the team behind.

VIVIAN
 Are you sure this is a good idea?

DANYAEL

Yeah, I mean, we always try to stay out of things like this.

CHRIS

Perhaps, but if this Conall character is behind the attacks and we have a chance to stop him, we'd be daft not to take it.

LYRA

Even if it means getting in the middle of two obviously opposing clans of werewolves?

CHRIS

You play the cards you're dealt.

He heads off, following Rosheen.

TWIST

See, this is why I don't play cards.

Twist, Lyra and Vivian go next, leaving Danyael behind as he takes a last look round the gallery.

He looks back to the far doorway - and sees Siobhan waiting there. She WINKS at him before slipping away, and from Danyael's bemused expression we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

41

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

41

There are two teams of wolves out on the prowl in these darkened woods - one black, one white - with Chris' team keeping a few metres behind them.

Rosheen and Reagan head the Black Furs, while Dermot, Siobhan and three new arrivals make up the White Furs.

Dermot pauses, holding up a hand to signal the others to stop.

He crouches low to the ground, SNIFFING, as Rosheen joins him.

ROSHEEN

Trail?

DERMOT

Maybe. And maybe those punks you've got back at your mansion just fed us a load of bull to slow us down.

(beat)

You know, this'd be going much faster if we could just hit the trail in our real bodies.

ROSHEEN

(shakes head)

We can't risk it. Too many humans still combing these woods.

Dermot GROWLS as he rises, signalling to his troops with some complicated hand gestures.

The White Furs scatter, spreading out and disappearing into the woods.

Chris walks up to Rosheen as she rises, Reagan and his men hovering nearby.

CHRIS

We're feeling rather like spare parts here. Isn't there anything we can do to help?

ROSHEEN

Not really. Tracking is what we do, after all. Conall's runts gave us a general direction, so we're just following it.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I could easily set up a few quick spells, maybe point us in a more specific direction, or -

There's a quick BARK, and Rosheen's group spin round.

VIVIAN

What?

Rosheen's eyes GLINT as they scan the darkness.

ROSHEEN

That was Dermot. He's found something.

She hurries off, the Black Furs following. The others are left standing for a beat.

TWIST

Alright, I'm gonna come out and say what we're all thinking here.

(beat)

This blows.

CHRIS

Instead of criticising, maybe you could try to be a little more positive?

He starts after Rosheen, everyone but Twist and Danyael falling into step behind.

DANYAEL

C'mon, Twist. We're kind of out of our comfort zone here.

TWIST

Yeah, hence me not liking any of this. What the frick are we even doing out here? We should be looking for this Conall dude by ourselves, not playing 'follow the werewolf' in the middle of the fricken night!

Danyael just shakes his head, turning and following Chris' lead. Twist throws up her hands in frustration.

TWIST (cont'd)

(mutters)

Surrounded by amateurs...

She reluctantly gets going at last, and we CUT TO:

42 EXT. FOREST - CLEARING - NEXT

42

Chris's team catch up - Rosheen's group are poised on top of a small hill overlooking a wide open clearing.

Sprawled on the floor by three small tents are several BODIES. BLOOD is spattered around the decimated camp.

CHRIS

I thought Dermot said he'd lost
four of his own kind?

ROSHEEN

(darkly)
He did. These are fresh.

She nods down towards the treeline - Dermot's pack are encircling the clearing, moving silently.

Rosheen glances at Reagan, who nods, and her pack start to edge carefully down the hillside.

ON DERMOT as he kneels by one of the bodies, turning it over to examine the CLAW MARKS across its throat.

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

Well?

He rises, Rosheen by his side.

DERMOT

Wolf. Can't tell how many.
(looks round)
But the scent's fresh. Less than an
hour.

VIVIAN

So this has happened since we left
the mansion, right?

DERMOT

(weary)
Give the girl a biscuit.

Vivian shoots him a foul look as Chris joins Rosheen.

CHRIS

Something's not right about this.

DERMOT

Like what? You having trouble
seeing all this blood without
wanting to snack on something
yourself, is that it?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

With all due respect... piss off.

Dermot SNORTS as he wanders towards his own men.

ROSHEEN

So what's on your mind?

CHRIS

This feels... staged, almost.

ROSHEEN

Like a coincidence?

CHRIS

In my experience, there's no such thing as 'coincidences.'

ON TWIST as she peers into one of the shredded tents, poking the debris inside with her bat.

TWIST

Hey, Spook, over here. Looks like they took a -

ROAR! One of the bodies suddenly LUNGES up from the floor - and sinks its TEETH into her leg!

TWIST (cont'd)

Yow!

She CRASHES to the floor, the bloody, mangled human clawing its way over her in a flurry!

DANYAEL

Twist!

He starts to run over - and as he passes another body, it SNAGS his leg and trips him up!

Chris and Rosheen whip round - and hear SHOUTS from behind as two of the Black Furs are attacked by more of the 'bodies'!

ROSHEEN

It's a trap! They've been Turned!

With a HOWL, a dozen GRAY WOLVES suddenly burst from the trees, flooding towards the waiting Furs.

Several POUNCE, pinning their opponents to the floor, SNARLING as they tussle.

Vivian races over and CHOPS one wolf down from mid-air, quickly grabbing Lyra and YANKING her back.

VIVIAN

Stay behind me!

Wide-eyed, Lyra clings to Vivian as two more WOLVES pace towards them, fangs bared and drool spilling.

Twist is still fighting the dead camper attacking her - and even as she pushes its head back, its features start to change.

FUR sprouts from its skin, teeth stretching into FANGS and CLAWS bursting from its fingertips!

TWIST

Son of a...

The half-turned WEREWOLF ROARS in her face - so Twist snaps a HEADBUTT that stuns the creature in its tracks.

TWIST (cont'd)

Go find another snack!

She twists and rolls the creature off her, hands grabbing her bat as she rises.

POW! She CRACKS her bat off its skull, hitting it again and again until it falls still.

TWIST (cont'd)

(panting)

Stay.

Seeing more Furs under siege from the incoming wolves, she's quickly up and off into the fray.

Danyael is trading blows with two of the wolf-corpses, backing up as they hammer punches and SWIPES towards him:

Until with a THWACK, Reagan's huge fist SWATS one aside. He quickly steps in and SNAPS the other's neck, dropping it to the floor.

DANYAEL

Uh... thanks.

Reagan just eyes him, moving back into the battle.

Several Furs are down but the wolves are still coming on strong, surrounding the remaining Furs and Chris' team.

CHRIS

Lyra! Go high!

(turns)

Anyone who isn't trying to kill us,
cover your ears!

(CONTINUED)

Lyra closes her eyes and sucks in a breath. Rosheen clamps her hands over her ears, getting odd looks for doing so:

And LYRA hits a high SCREAM, quickly passing beyond human hearing in a note that sends all the wolves sprawling to the floor.

One of the Furs drops too, the others quickly taking the hint to protect themselves.

The wolves YELP and WHINE, writhing in pain on the ground, until Lyra drops the note at last.

Rosheen throws an incredulous look at Lyra - but Dermot breaks first, his men quickly SLASHING out the throats of the stunned gray wolves.

ROSHEEN

No... stop! Wait! Don't kill all of them!

The White Furs make short work of their attackers, but it takes Reagan literally PULLING one back from the last wolf to keep it alive.

The White Fur GROWLS, trying to square off against the much larger Reagan - who just SMILES.

White Fur gets the hint, backing slowly away as Rosheen and Siobhan both reach the wolf first.

SIOBHAN

You thinking what I'm thinking?

ROSHEEN

It's the only way we'll know.

The girls nod, both placing a hand behind an ear on the panting, disorientated wolf.

They close their eyes, the wolf before them starting to WHINE - before it hunches up, limbs starting to CRACK out of place.

TWIST

What are they doing?

DERMOT

Forcing a Change.

DANYAEL

Didn't know you could do that.

DERMOT

Wolf to wolf only, kid. Don't go getting any ideas.

The others watch as the gray wolf's transformation continues, until with a very human HOWL of pain, a naked and battered young man is left.

Rosheen leans in as Siobhan backs off, taking the man's head and looking into his eyes.

ROSHEEN

You will die unless you tell us where to find Conall.

GRAY WOLF

I... I can't... he'll...

ROSHEEN

Whatever he would do will be no worse than what my kin will do.

GRAY WOLF

You... you don't understand, he...

Reagan steps into view, the cowering gray wolf looking up at his towering frame.

GRAY WOLF (cont'd)

Marcus...

ROSHEEN

What did you say?

GRAY WOLF

He... he told us that you wanted Marcus, but... but I -

DERMOT (O.S.)

Oh, get out of the damn way!

Dermot suddenly SHOVES Rosheen asides - and SLICES the gray wolf's throat open with his claws!

ROSHEEN

No!!

The wolf slumps to the floor, blood BUBBLING as he expires, and Rosheen angrily TACKLES Dermot to the floor.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)

You idiot!

DERMOT

He wasn't gonna tell us shit!

ROSHEEN

He knew where they were holding Marcus, and now he's dead! Do you have any idea what you've done?

He **SHOVES** her off him, springing to his feet. The two of them go face-to-face - but Reagan calmly steps between them.

DERMOT

For all we know, that's just another trap they want us to walk into!

ROSHEEN

And for all you know, you just cost us our best chance of finding Marcus again!

DERMOT

How do you know he's not dead already?

SIOBHAN

Dermot...

She takes his arm, trying to pull him away.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

Come on. We're done here.

Dermot **SHRUGS** out of her grip, marching back off to join his surviving Furs.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

Rosheen, I -

ROSHEEN

Just go. Get out of here.

Stung, Siobhan shoots a last look towards Chris' team before she hurries to catch Dermot up.

Chris waits a few beats before walking up to Rosheen. Reagan moves away, the other Black Furs licking their wounds.

CHRIS

Everything alright?

Rosheen seethes for a moment, rubbing her hands over her face, then through her hair.

ROSHEEN

(snarls)

That stupid, reckless... jackass!

VIVIAN

What did he do?

TWIST

Who's 'Marcus'?

Rosheen shoots Twist a look, but when twist just quirks an eyebrow, Rosheen SIGHS and looks away.

ROSHEEN

Marcus Rollins is our chief... diplomat. I guess. He's the one who helps us negotiate with the White Furs, or with humans when we need to.

DANYAEL

And I'm guessing he's lost?

ROSHEEN

He disappeared a few weeks ago. He'd gone to try and speak to one of Conall's smaller packs, thinking he could maybe work out some kind of settlement.

(scoffs)

I told him he was wasting time, that he was just gonna get himself killed, or worse, but he...

Chris lays a hand on her shoulder.

CHRIS

I understand.

Chris glances at Reagan - who isn't looking - before he removes his hand. Vivian nods for Chris to step back.

VIVIAN

You think Parker's involved?

CHRIS

Could be. Could be that we are in the middle of another species' turf war, and the longer we stay the harder it'll be to extract ourselves.

VIVIAN

You said it yourself, Chris. We'd do good to have these guys on our side. Better that than let Parker get his hands on any more of them.

ROSHEEN (O.S.)

Did you say 'Parker'?

She steps over, joining the conversation.

VIVIAN

You know him?

ROSHEEN
 (taps ears)
 I hear things.

CHRIS
 (beat)
 So what do you suggest?

Vivian looks towards Rosheen, then turns to her.

VIVIAN
 We'll help you find him.

ROSHEEN
 Thanks, but we don't -

VIVIAN
 Yeah, you do.

She gestures over her shoulder - Dermot and the White Furs are leaving.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 You saw what we can do in a fight.
 You could use our help.

ROSHEEN
 (glances at Reagan)
 He won't like that...

DANYAEL
 He doesn't have to. You're in
 charge... right?

ROSHEEN
 (curious)
 How did you know?

DANYAEL
 (shrugs)
 Hunch. The way you carry yourself,
 and the way you boss all the boys
 around. Wasn't a huge leap of
 logic.

ROSHEEN
 I'm Torin's deputy, so yeah...
 yeah, okay. I accept.

Chris extends a hand, and Rosheen stares at it for a beat before realising.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)
 Oh! Right.
 (shakes hand; grins)
 We don't do that.

42 CONTINUED: (8)

42

Chris smiles back, and from that scene we CUT TO:

43 INT. DARK CELL - NIGHT

43

Somewhere in the gloom of a filthy CELL, more like a dungeon than anything else, PUSH INTO the black - until a huddled figure can be made out, cold and naked in the cell.

It's a black male, thirties, SHACKLED to the wall and covered in heavy cuts and bruises.

VOICE (O.S.)

They took the bait.

The figure looks up, features hidden from view - as a second person steps into frame.

VOICE (cont'd)

The ones I left in charge of setting the trap almost ruined it by trying to lay one of their own... but they've paid for their disobedience, and my own plan is still on course.

The shackled man is silent, and the other person CHUCKLES.

VOICE (cont'd)

What's the matter, Marcus? Lost your famous sense of humour?

MARCUS looks up, face highlighted at last. He shoots daggers at the speaker as they turn and walk away.

VOICE (cont'd)

Next time you see your beloved Rosheen... she'll be in the cell next to yours, begging for mercy as Owen and his boys tear her to pieces.

The speaker steps out of frame. PULL BACK from the shivering, fuming Marcus.

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

Sweet dreams.

A cell door CLANGS shut, and as Marcus finally EXPLODES into a roar of fury, straining at his chains, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW