

**SOMEWHERE INBETWEEN**

"Bound By Blood, Part II"

by  
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**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1

INT. VAN - DAY

1

The team's van is parked up near a forest, with CHRIS in the driver's seat and VIVIAN beside him, the rest of the team plus their new arrivals are seated behind:

TWIST with DANYAEL, along with ROSHEEN and REAGAN, the latter's tall frame crammed awkwardly into the van.

ROSHEEN

In the bad old days, before there were just two clans and before we started keeping our existence more of a secret, infighting and wars between the various wolf packs was pretty common.

DANYAEL

How many packs were there?

ROSHEEN

A few dozen.

VIVIAN

And I'm guessing they helped wipe each other out just as much as human hunters did, right?

ROSHEEN

(nods)

If you caught another clan's wolf on your territory, you were within your rights to kill him. If it was a woman, you could take her home and use her for... whatever.

She pauses, running a hand through her long hair.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)

Illicit interbreeding is one of the reasons there's such... variety inside both the Black and White Furs. Conquering packs enjoyed all the spoils of victory, from land and resources to hostages, slaves and breeding partners.

TWIST

Nice to know some of us advanced beyond cavemen, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

(sharp)  
Twist.

ROSHEEN

(beat)  
As far as we've been able to work out, that's where Conall came from. We still don't know his full story, for one reason or another -

VIVIAN

What are they? The reasons, I mean.

ROSHEEN

His runts either die in battle or take their own lives. They have it bred into them not to be taken alive. Security measure, I guess.

CHRIS

All of which adds up to us facing a dangerously zealous army.

ROSHEEN

All we know is that Conall hates both clans with equal fury, and it's most likely because one or both of his parents became a prisoner at some point. We're still trying to trace back his bloodline, but with the lack of prisoners...

DANYAEL

... finding anyone who can tell you is pretty tough.

TWIST

So where does that leave us? Apart from waiting on Queen Latifah out there to do her thing, I mean.

Eyes turn to peer out through the windscreen, and we follow:

2 EXT. FOREST - CLEARING - NEXT

2

Silence. Wind rustling leaves, a few animal calls, nothing more.

A HAND reaches into frame, deftly catching a falling leaf as it spirals down to earth.

PULL BACK to find LYRA standing alone in the clearing, letting the ambience wash over her, her loose hair twisting in the breeze.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

She takes a breath, closes her eyes and starts to HUM a melody, raising her hands palms upwards, parting them before herself.

There's a stronger GUST that rattles the trees around her, and Lyra closes her hands, as though grabbing a rope.

Bringing her clenched hands to her chest, she slowly exhales, colours starting to brighten and oversaturate around her.

She opens her eyes - the scene instantly returns to normal, but with a grin she turns to face the van.

3 INT. VAN - NEXT

3

Lyra gives Chris a thumbs up before starting to head back over.

CHRIS

She's found the trail.

ROSHEEN

Really? Just like that?

VIVIAN

There's a lot of things she can do.  
(off Chris)

Apparently.

ROSHEEN

That's... that's incredible. Reagan and I couldn't pick up a thing out there!

They wait as the van door is pulled open, Lyra carefully stepping inside to sit with the others.

CHRIS

All set?

LYRA

(nods)

It's an old trail, but it should lead us to their camp if we keep going east.

Chris STARTS the van's engine, the others fastening seat belts.

4 EXT. FOREST - CLEARING - NEXT

4

The van pulls away, bouncing along a dirt road leading deeper into the forest and leaving the clearing behind.

5 EXT. FOREST - ROAD - NEXT 5

Pulling up onto a more solid, asphalt surface, the van continues through the woods, the sun overhead filtered through the thick branches.

6 INT. VAN - NEXT 6

Vivian studies a map as Chris drives, Lyra shuffling up to sit behind Chris and lay her arms round his shoulders.

VIVIAN  
(not looking up)  
Ah ah. We have rules about that.

LYRA  
About what?

VIVIAN  
PDA.  
(beat)  
Public displays of affection. Off duty only.

Lyra grins, withdrawing her arms.

LYRA  
So you're saying I can't even -

KA-BOOM! The van LURCHES to the side suddenly, SMOKE pouring into the cabin as Chris scrabbles at the wheel.

7 EXT. FOREST - ROAD - NEXT 7

Rearing up on two wheels, the van finally CRASHES down on one side, windows SHATTERING on impact.

With smoke belching from its undercarriage and a huge HOLE punched into the rear, the van SKIDS along on its side for a few more metres before coming to a halt.

Hold on the van as stillness returns, its wheels spinning and no sign of movement from within before we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

8

EXT. FOREST - ROAD - DAY

8

Resume on the smoking van for a beat - before the side door finally SLIDES OPEN.

Coughing, Danyael is the first to emerge, wafting away the thick smoke.

DANYAEL

Is everybody alright?

TWIST (O.S.)

Shut the fricken door, Spook! It's the middle of the day!

He looks up - the sun's blocked by the treeline overhead.

DANYAEL

We're good!

He pulls himself up and onto the side of the capsized vehicle, reaching in to help pull first Twist, then Lyra out of the cabin.

The passenger door opens next, Vivian pressing a hand to a cut on her forehead as she helps Chris clamber out.

Danyael hops down, helping lower the girls to the ground as Rosheen and Reagan extract themselves.

VIVIAN

What happened? Felt like we went over a damn landmine!

Danyael looks at the back of the van - the rear wheel is gone, a section of the van simply torn away.

DANYAEL

Maybe we did...

TWIST

Okay, damage report later. First, let's get out of the daylight before -

ROSHEEN

Wait.

She stiffens, a hand on Twist's chest to stop her. Beside her, Reagan narrows his eyes, scanning the treeline.

There's no movement, no sound - nothing. A wary Chris, wincing as he tests a bruised arm, joins the wolves.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

If somebody blew us off the road...

There's a sudden FLICKER of motion within the trees - and another, and another.

The team go back to back, forming a circle even as they try to shake off the ringing in their ears from the crash.

VIVIAN

How many?

ROSHEEN

Can't tell. Lots.

TWIST

Okay, then...

She CRACKS her knuckles loudly.

TWIST (cont'd)

... bring 'em on. I liked that van.

Bushes RUSTLE as figures move through the woodland towards the team, movement on all sides.

LYRA

Chris...

CHRIS

Just keep your ears open, Lyra. Anything that moves that isn't us, you blast it.

LYRA

(beat)

I don't 'blast.'

TWIST

Oh, would you two just -

ROSHEEN

There!

Several figures finally emerge from the trees - MEN and WOMEN of various ages and builds, all dressed in dark, muted clothing.

Reagan GROWLS, his body hunching up as he balls his fists. Rosheen's lip curls back like a wild animal, baring her sharp teeth.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)

Conall.

VIVIAN

Here? Now?

ROSHEEN

These are his runts. We're being ambushed.

TWIST

Ya think?

More of the GRAY WOLVES, still fully human, appear on all sides - the team are surrounded.

CHRIS

Are everyone's weapons still in the van?

TWIST

Pretty much.

CHRIS

Then we'll need a diversion.

The first wave of gray wolves take a few steps forward - but pause, almost doubling over as they pull their bodies taut.

They start to GROWL, a prickly sound from the backs of their throats - and as the team watch, they start to CHANGE.

FUR starts to sprout, CLAWS lengthen from fingernails and FANGS drop from their mouths.

DANYAEL

Oh, crap...

Rosheen watches the display carefully.

ROSHEEN

They're not changing. Not completely.

VIVIAN

So what are they changing into?

Rosheen exchanges a concerned look with Reagan.

ROSHEEN

*Garou.*

The closest wolf throws his head back and HOWLS, his comrades joining in the cry until the team are assaulted on all sides by the baleful howling.

And with that, the first group SPRING to the attack, their powerful legs LAUNCHING them forward through the air!

SLOW MOTION as the wolves sail towards the team, who brace for the impact:

And Chris PUNCHES the ground with his fist, sending up a wave of GREEN ENERGY that blasts out like a tidal wave!

RESUME SPEED as the energy HURLS the incoming wolves backwards, sending them cartwheeling back to the ground.

The second wave charge in a heartbeat later, some staying low as others JUMP again, claws and fangs bared.

Reagan surges forward, snagging one in mid-air and SLAMMING him to the floor, as the others are swamped by a wolf each.

Twist and Danyaël are SLAMMED back against the van by the force of the impacts, while Vivian ducks and gets a shoulder under hers, FLIPPING it over her head.

Chris GRAPPLES with his, the half-feral human SNAPPING and BARKING as it tries to bite him.

Lyra is left unchallenged, her wide eyes showing how disorientated she is - until a SHADOW falls over her as another wolf jumps in...

She turns and SCREAMS right at it, the full force of her blast catching the wolf dead-on - and DETONATING its body!

The others are spattered with blood and offal, the fights pausing for a beat as the remains of the disintegrated wolf fall to earth.

TWIST

Woah...

Seizing her moment, she KNEES her wolf in the groin, drops a HEADBUTT and then spins it round to SLAM it back into the van!

Danyaël fares less well, taking a SWIPE across his cheek that sprays BLOOD, before a hefty PUNCH to his gut sends him reeling.

Vivian pops her wrists, two DAGGERS sliding into her palms, and she takes on her wolf with a CROSS-SLASH across its throat.

The wolf CHOKES, blood bubbling across its neck as she KICKS it in the chest.

Rosheen, meanwhile, SWEEPS one wolf down and CHOPS it in the throat, grabbing its head and SNAPPING its neck in one fluid motion.

(CONTINUED)

She looks up to see more wolves emerging from the trees - the odds are rapidly falling!

ROSHEEN

There's too many of them...

Reagan BREAKS one wolf's back over his knee, tossing its body aside - just as two more TACKLE him from either side!

ROSHEEN (cont'd)

(to Chris)

There's too many!

CHRIS

I know.

(beat)

Run.

VIVIAN

What?

Chris CRACKS his elbow into one wolf's face, grabbing it and HURLING it sideways into two more.

CHRIS

I said run!

LYRA

We can't leave you!

CHRIS

Then don't! Come back for me! But right now - move it!

He rears back with one hand, conjuring a violent, spitting globe of BLUE ENERGY.

As several more wolves tear in towards the team, Chris SLAMS the globe into the ground.

Another WALL of power shoots up, the attackers crashing into it like it was solid concrete.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Danyael, take Twist and Lyra and get out of here. I'll cover you.

VIVIAN

We'll cover you.

DANYAEL

But -

CHRIS

Don't argue! Do as I say!

A reluctant Danyael grabs Twist's arm and Lyra's hand, the trio pulling back even as Lyra struggles:

LYRA

But we can help! They'll kill you!

CHRIS

Rosheen?

The two exchange a look. There's a beat of silent communication - Rosheen reads something in his eyes.

ROSHEEN

Reagan? Let's go.

Surprising the big wolf, Rosheen follows the escaping Danyael's group, even as the gray wolves try to batter their way through Chris' defences.

The group race rapidly back down the road, some of the gray wolves breaking off to follow them.

As Chris' wall of energy starts to SHIMMER, the power fading away, Vivian draws up to Chris' shoulder.

VIVIAN

You've got a plan, haven't you?

CHRIS

I think so, yes.

VIVIAN

Good. 'Cause otherwise you just made a really bad call.

CHRIS

(grins)

How long have we known each other?

She grins back - just as the energy drops, and the near-rabid wolves SURGE forward before a SMASH CUT TO:

Danyael's group run on, hopping over tree roots and swerving between trunks as they make good their escape.

TWIST

I don't understand! Why would he tell us to go?

DANYAEL

Because he's Chris! I'm sure he's got some idea or other that requires us to not be there...

TWIST

But Vivian gets to stay?

DANYAEL

What are you, jealous?

TWIST

No! It's just -

LYRA

Ah!

She TRIPS, crashing to the ground as Rosheen and Reagan bound past her.

DANYAEL

Lyra! Hang on...

He doubles back, helping her up, but she's pulled her ankle and only manages a few steps before stopping again.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Come on, we don't have any time to -

A low, deep GROWL stops him in his tracks.

He slowly lifts his head to see half a dozen GRAY WOLVES, all in their half-wolf *garou* form, glaring down at him.

Their chests heave, spittle drooling from their lips as they flex their huge, clawed hands.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

(small)

Twist? Twist!

The first wolf ROARS and charges forward - but a blur of motion SLAMS it out of the air!

Danyael blinks, stunned, as Rosheen SLIDES out of her tackle, the gray wolf quickly recovering to LEAP at her again.

She holds firm for an agonising beat as it rushes her - then with one precisely-timed SWIPE of her own claws, she takes out its throat!

The wolf spins and CRASHES to the floor, barely having chance to show any sign of having felt the killing blow.

Rosheen turns to the other *garou* as they start to spread out, trying to circle the team.

She just GRINS, casually tying her long hair back in a loose ponytail.

ROSHEEN

Danyaël? Fall back to Reagan and  
Twist and wait for me.

DANYAEL

But -

ROSHEEN

I'll be fine.

He hesitates, but one look at the injured Lyra makes his mind up. He turns and heads quickly back into the woods.

Rosheen paces forward, eyes scanning round as the five remaining *garou* surround her, snapping and snarling.

She rolls her sleeves up, adopting a loose fighting stance and hopping from foot to foot.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)

Man, I'm looking forward to this...

The first wolf JUMPS - and she grabs one foot and SWINGS it round, SLAMMING it into a tree.

Two more leap in and she darts nimbly between them, ELBOWING one in the back of the neck.

It drops, the other SKIDDING across the undergrowth as it tries to turn.

Rosheen drops a snap JUMP KICK to its chin, pitching it head over heels - and another solid KICK to its back sends it rocketing to the floor face first.

The last two wolves rush her, CLAWS slicing through the air in a flurry of attacks, but she ducks and weaves through them all, backing up.

One wolf over-reaches and she GRABS its arm, twisting with a sickening SNAP before driving its own claws back into its chest!

The wolf GULPS, and Rosheen quickly turns to HAMMER PUNCH the next across its jaw, SWEEPING its legs away.

While it's still falling, she returns to the first target, grabs its long hair and yanks its face down, bringing her knee up to meet it with a CRUNCH.

She snaps back into a fighting stance - but the wolves are either flat on the ground or already sinking towards it.

She's the last one standing, the six gray wolves sprawled all around her.

(CONTINUED)

With a grin a mile wide, she looks up to find Danyael and the others have returned, jaws dropped with awe. All except Reagan, who smiles proudly.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)

Been a long time since I got chance to do that.

TWIST

You... you just...

ROSHEEN

C'mon. Chris needs us to put some distance down.

She jogs past them, Reagan following.

TWIST

I wanna learn how to fight like her.

Danyael tears himself away, the trio hurrying to catch the wolves up as Danyael scoops Lyra up and carries her.

POW! Chris reels from a solid PUNCH across his jaw, he and Vivian both held down on their knees.

PULL BACK to find them surrounded by gray wolves, but the fight looks well and truly over.

One larger wolf, bearing a SCAR running over his left eye, wanders over. The other wolves back away from him - he appears to be in charge.

Chris looks up at this new arrival, who scowls down at the two captives.

VIVIAN

Your plans always go like this?

CHRIS

More and more often, it seems.

Scar reaches into his jacket pocket and withdraws a SYRINGE, tapping it for air bubbles.

CHRIS (cont'd)

What's that?

Without a word, Scar plunges the needle into Chris' neck. He GRUNTS in pain, and Vivian tries to rise to help him.

She's pinned down by a heavy hand, forced to watch as Chris gets the full contents injected into him.

Scar steps back, tossing the spent syringe away and motioning for two wolves to bring Chris and Vivian with him.

VIVIAN

Chris? Chris, are you alright?

Chris' head stays down, his brow furrowed.

CHRIS

It... they... I can't feel...

VIVIAN

What did they do?

(to Scar; angrily)

What did you do?

Scar turns to her, raising an eyebrow and grinning at her show of defiance.

SCAR

Something to make sure he keeps quiet.

With a CHUCKLE, he WHISTLES a command to the wolves holding the two vamps.

They're hauled to their feet and frogmarched after the departing Scar, Vivian watching Chris with concern as we CUT TO:

11 INT. MANSION - COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

11

Inside a dark, smoky room with several clusters of white men and women gathered around.

The place seems very much like the Black Furs command centre, with MAPS and PAPERWORK passed to and fro.

The double doors at one end suddenly BURST OPEN - and in marches TORIN, much to the surprise of all present.

As the only black face there, he stands out a mile, even as SIOBHAN hurries after him, trying to catch up.

Torin approaches somebody seated off frame, keeping eye contact as he comes to a stop.

SIOBHAN

I'm sorry, sir, he insisted -

VOICE (O.S.)

It's alright, Siobhan.

(beat)

Been a long time, old man.

(CONTINUED)

TORIN  
I need your help.

A beat. A HAND waves Siobhan away.

VOICE  
Leave us.

She backs up, casting a glance at Torin as she goes. Other people shuffle out of the room after her until Torin and the seated man are left.

TORIN  
It's Rosheen. She teamed up with this vampire who wanted to help find Marcus, but now...  
(beat)  
We've lost contact. We think something's happened, and I want your help in finding her.

The man rises from his chair and steps forward, coming under a spotlight - he's old, maybe sixty, with sharp, hawk-like features and a thin band of grey hair.

TORIN (cont'd)  
Damn it, Keegan! This isn't some chance for you to get off on playing the 'different breeds' card! We both know what Conall's capable of, and if he has Rosheen -

KEEGAN raises a hand for Torin to stop. Torin shuts up, simmering quietly.

KEEGAN  
I'm sorry... but it's not my problem.

TORIN  
(fuming)  
You son of a bitch.

KEEGAN  
If Conall walks into my territory and attacks my people... then it's my concern. If your daughter runs into his land looking for a fight, then I don't see why I should risk any of my wolves to help pull her ass back out of the fire.

TORIN  
Because she's my daughter! Or does blood not mean anything to your clan any more?

KEEGAN

(grins)

Watch that temper, Torin. I click my fingers, six of my best come in here and rip your throat out.

TORIN

(lip curls)

Just try it.

Keegan chuckles, pacing round Torin.

KEEGAN

Come back and ask me when some of my wolves go missing. Until then... you're on your own.

Torin stares Keegan down, a deep and intense rivalry played out in their glares.

Torin knows he can't win this one, whirling round and storming away.

Keegan watches with a bemused grin as Torin SLAMS the doors back open, the wolves outside scattering as he stomps away.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12

EXT. JEEP - DAY

12

Tied up and left to sit on the rear flatbed of a large Humvee Jeep, Chris and Vivian watch the forest roll by.

A large WOLF sits between them, a huge MACHETE in his hands which he uses to idly pick at his filthy nails.

His gaze is fixed on Vivian, who shifts and tries to stare right back.

VIVIAN

Got something to say?

The wolf leans forward, pointing to her with his weapon.

WOLF

What's the matter with you?

VIVIAN

What's the matter with you?

WOLF

You smell wrong.

VIVIAN

I... what?

WOLF

Dirty.

VIVIAN

Hey!

She tries to kick a leg out, but all she manages to do is unbalance herself and slide onto her side.

The wolf cocks his head to the side, resuming his sentry duty as Vivian fights to right herself.

She glances at Chris and sees he's watching her, a curious look on his features.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

(affronted)

I smell just fine.

Chris closes his eyes, beads of SWEAT dripping from him, and as the Jeep BOUNCES over another pothole, we CUT TO:

13 EXT. FOREST - DAY

13

Danyael's group have made a small camp, pausing to check their wounds.

Lyra's ankle is braced with Danyael's shirt, Reagan standing guard impassively nearby.

ROSHEEN

It'll be dark soon. We can move then.

TWIST

Move where? We don't even know where we are!

ROSHEEN

We're five point six miles from the crash. North-northwest.

TWIST

(blinks)

So you swallowed a compass. Big whoop. My phone's got satnav and Google Earth.

DANYAEL

What's Chris planning? Thought I saw one of his 'I have a plan' looks between you two.

ROSHEEN

Honestly? I'm not sure. But I'm pretty certain he wanted us to run - and then come get him when it was the right moment.

DANYAEL

Which would be when?

ROSHEEN

(shrugs)

I guess we'll find out when it's the right moment.

She rises, moving to join Reagan. While she talks to him - Reagan replying only with nods - the others huddle closer.

TWIST

You buying any of this?

DANYAEL

Well, she's on our side, that much we know. You saw her take out those wolves.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Yeah, but I also know that she seems to be the only one who knows what's going on here. And that makes me nervous. People knowing more of the plan than me always makes me nervous.

LYRA

Chris knows what he's doing.

Twist SNORTS, then COUGHS to cover it as Lyra frowns.

LYRA (cont'd)

If he asked us to leave, then it was for a reason.

TWIST

(thinks)

Maybe he wanted to get caught?

DANYAEL

(snaps fingers)

So that he'd get taken to the lair we're heading for...

TWIST

... and so we can follow him straight back there for the rescue!

DANYAEL

And so we can find the bad guys and take 'em out.

TWIST

Yeah, that too. I guess.

(to Lyra)

Reckon you can turn on the GPS and find Chris?

LYRA

No matter where he is.

Twist pats her on the shoulder.

TWIST

Attagirl.

She turns and WHISTLES to get Rosheen's attention.

TWIST (cont'd)

We got a plan. Ready to move out?

ROSHEEN

(raises eyebrow)

You have a plan?

TWIST  
 (offended)  
 We make plans all the time!

ROSHEEN  
 (smirks)  
 Let's wait for sundown so we can  
 move you two without anybody  
 bursting into flames, alright?

Twist pouts, hands on hips.

TWIST  
 Laugh it up, fuzzball.

Amused, Rosheen returns to Reagan as Twist sits back down.

TWIST (cont'd)  
 I hate her.

Knowing Rosheen's right, Danyael fishes in his jacket for his  
 cigarettes as we CUT TO:

The Jeep turns a corner, passing through a natural tunnel  
 burrowing through a hillside:

And emerges onto a short road leading up to what used to be a  
 Park Ranger station. Fire damage makes the place look  
 deserted, but there's plenty of movement outside.

The Jeep rolls to a halt, Scar emerging from the driver's  
 seat and CLICKING his tongue at the wolf guarding Chris and  
 Vivian.

They're led down onto the ground and marched towards the  
 station proper, drawing long stares from the various male and  
 female gray wolves milling around.

VIVIAN  
 Oh, this is going well. Yeah, I'd  
 definitely say this is one of our  
 better captures so far.

She turns to Chris, who looks like he's running a fever.

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
 What the hell did they stick you  
 with?

CHRIS  
 I'm not sure... all I know is that  
 my magic... it's gone.

VIVIAN  
'Gone'? How?

He throws her a look - he doesn't know either - before they come to a stop at the entrance to the station.

SCAR  
Wait here.

He steps inside, leaving the vamps as more of the wolves draw in all around them.

VIVIAN  
Alright, alright! Nothing to see here!

CHRIS  
Vivian...  
(shakes head)  
Don't.

Scar emerges from the doorway again, nodding for the captives to be led inside:

15 INT. RANGER'S STATION - NEXT 15

The interior reflects the exterior - the place looks like it was the scene of a major struggle. Smashed furniture, spatters of BLOOD and more scorched woodwork.

A new addition is the large HATCH open in the ground, a staircase leading down into the gloom.

Scar motions for Chris and Vivian to head down, the vamps carefully negotiating the steps as they descend into:

16 INT. WOLF LAIR - TUNNELS - NEXT 16

Spot lamps fixed to the walls light the way as the duo walk on, more wolves passing on both sides.

VIVIAN  
(to Scar)  
Busy place. You guys not had much to do down here once its gets dark, huh?

Scar grins, not rising to her bait.

CHRIS  
Vivian, please...

VIVIAN  
Look around, Chris. We're hostages. Least we can do is make life difficult for our captors.

Chris suddenly looks a little unsteady on his feet, but Vivian hasn't noticed.

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
I saw this movie once, British film, 'The Big Escape' or something, and this one British guy says to the German - or was it the other way round? Anyway, he goes -

And Chris stumbles and FALLS, collapsing to the ground.

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
Chris!

She tries to help him up, but gets GRABBED and yanked back by another wolf.

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
Get off me! Chris? Chris!

Scar kneels over him, checking Chris over. He seems in the grip of a high fever, shivering and sweating.

SCAR  
Guess I used too much of that serum, huh?  
(to nearby wolf)  
Stick him in the cells. Give Rollins some company.

Two wolves step in, DRAGGING the near-unconscious Chris away as Vivian kicks and struggles.

VIVIAN  
Take me with him! Anywhere he goes, I go!

SCAR  
No... you go where I say, and I say the boss wants to speak to you...

He nods to the wolf holding Vivian, whose shouts and protests echo down the tunnel as she's hauled away, and we CUT TO:

Night has fallen as we look down on the outside of the gray wolf's camp, but there are no lights on despite the activity.

PULL BACK to find Twist and the others observing the scene below, safely out of sight.

TWIST  
So! Who wants the hundred on the left?

The team hunker back down, regrouping.

ROSHEEN

We're not getting in there without a fight.

TWIST

Suits me.

ROSHEEN

Be serious, Twist. When I say 'fight,' I mean 'massacre.'

TWIST

Still not hearing a bad side.

DANYAEL

She means us getting massacred.

TWIST

(beat)

Oh.

LYRA

I could try and make a diversion, see if I can call a storm cloud or something.

ROSHEEN

You can do that?

(shakes head)

Never mind. Short answer is that we have to find another way inside to get past those guards outside.

The others deliberate as Twist pokes her head up again, surveying the wolf lair.

TWIST

Not getting in without a fight, eh?

Thoughtfully, she strokes her chin before SNAPPING her fingers and grinning.

TWIST (cont'd)

I got something.

She gestures for the others to gather round as we CUT TO:

Vivian is SHOVED roughly into a chair, the only piece of furniture in an otherwise bleak and empty room.

Scar steps back, holding the only door open a beat - and another figure walks in.

This one's older, gray-haired and lean, hair scraped back in a tight ponytail.

PONYTAIL

(to Scar)

This one of the vampires?

SCAR

(nods)

Do what you can to soften her up.  
Conall wants to see her when you're done.

Ponytail nods, waiting for Scar to exit. He locks the door with a loud CLICK.

VIVIAN

So who are you supposed to be?

PONYTAIL

My name is Owen. I make sure that prisoners are ready to talk before Conall speaks to them.

VIVIAN

I could talk all day. As long as the subject's the number of ways I'm gonna make you eat that ponytail when we're done.

OWEN snickers, pacing round to stand behind Vivian. She cranes round, trying to keep her eyes on him.

OWEN

Perhaps you don't understand.  
Perhaps you need a little... encouragement.

He suddenly GRABS one of her bound hands, isolates a finger - and SNAPS it!

Vivian HOWLS in pain, struggling wildly in the chair with rage as Owen calmly walks back round to face her.

OWEN (cont'd)

So vampires can feel pain...

VIVIAN

Of course we feel pain, jackass!

OWEN

Good. Then this won't be as hard as I thought.

Vivian hesitates, realising she may just have said the wrong thing as we CUT TO:

19

EXT. WOLF LAIR - NIGHT

19

A handful of gray wolves are on patrol - a couple in wolf form, most humanoid.

There's a RUSTLE from the treeline and several snap round, eyes narrowing.

GRAY WOLF

Who's there?

TWIST (O.S.)

Britney Spears' divorce lawyer.

A beat - and Twist emerges from the bushes, hands raised in surrender.

She's quickly surrounded by the larger wolves, but she keeps her casual demeanour.

TWIST (cont'd)

I heard this was where you give yourself up. So, here I am.

(beat)

Giving myself up?

The wolves just stare at her. She rolls her eyes.

TWIST (cont'd)

Good dogs.

She holds out her hands as if ready to be handcuffed.

TWIST (cont'd)

I surrender.

One of the wolves GRABS her, another laying a bear-like paw on her shoulder as she's marched roughly towards the ranger's station.

ON THE HILLSIDE where Danyaël and the others are watching. Danyaël fidgets nervously as Twist disappears inside.

DANYAEL

Why'd you talk me into letting her do this?

ROSHEEN

Because it works as a plan, that's why. She gets in, finds your friends and Marcus, then signals to us.

LYRA

She won't have to signal. I'll be able to hear her.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

ROSHEEN

How? We're still... never mind.

Danyael still looks anxious as we CUT TO:

20 INT. WOLF LAIR - CONALL'S CHAMBER - NEXT

20

A doorway opens into a typically dark room, spot lamps fixed to the wall as with the rest of the lair.

Vivian sags between two larger wolves, her face covered with cuts and bruises and her clothing dishevelled and torn.

WOLF #1

She's ready for you, chief.

They DUMP her unceremoniously on the ground, backing out of the room and shutting the door.

Vivian struggles to push herself to her feet as a new figure paces up to her, standing over her.

VOICE (O.S.)

Well, well... looks like the good doctor was right about you people after all.

Vivian tries to look up at the speaker - but gets a BOOT across the chin for her trouble as we CUT TO:

21 INT. WOLF LAIR - CELLS - NEXT

21

Chris stirs, finding himself alone in a grimy, dark cell. He tries to sit up, wincing in pain at every movement.

The fever seems to have died down but he's still a little woozy, pushing himself onto his knees and sitting up.

He looks round - the cell's more like an animal's hutch than anything else, with CHAINS hanging from the walls.

He hears VOICES outside and looks round, shuffling back to stay hidden in the shadows.

Feet march up to the low, iron grille door to the cell, and a RATTLE of keys is followed by the door swinging open.

WOLF (O.S.)

Get in there.

Twist is shoved inside, landing face first on the muddy floor with a SPLAT.

She recovers, grimacing at the mess on her outfit as the cell door CLANGS shut and the wolves stomp away.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Thanks, guys. Appreciate it!

Chris leans out of the shadows, surprised to see her:

CHRIS

Twist?

TWIST

Chris! Dude.

She heads over to him, grinning broadly as she looks him up and down.

TWIST (cont'd)

You alright? You look kind of like Danyael did that one time when he drank that bottle of Jagermeister.

CHRIS

What are you doing here?

TWIST

Ah! See. This is all part of the plan.

CHRIS

Whose plan?

TWIST

Mine, of course! See, Spook and the others are still outside. Once I've found you, Vivian and this Marcus guy, I tell Lyra where we are and they sneak in and grab us. Saves having to start at the front door and work their way round, and... and you're not smiling.

He certainly isn't. He leans back against the wall.

CHRIS

Twist...

TWIST

Don't! Don't give me the disappointed father face. Come on! I gave myself up and got in here, didn't I? What did I do wrong?

CHRIS

Nothing. I suppose. It's just that things haven't exactly gone according to my plan in here.

TWIST

Meaning?

CHRIS

Meaning these wolves injected me with something which is surpressing my magic, I have no idea where they've taken Vivian and I still haven't been able to locate Marcus.

TWIST

So in other words...

CHRIS

In other words, Danyael and the others are stuck waiting for us while all three of us are up shit bloody creek in here.

TWIST

(beat)

Ah.

As she bites her lip, scanning the cell for anything that'll help and coming up blank, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22

INT. WHITE FURS MANSION - COUNCIL CHAMBER - NIGHT

22

Keegan and a handful of other White Fur elders sit round a large banquet table, stuffing their faces.

A hearty buffet has been largely picked clean by the hungry wolves, with Keegan knocking back a decanter of wine.

Siobhan appears to his side, politely waiting for a break in the messy eating before she COUGHS.

KEEGAN

(without turning)

What is it?

SIOBHAN

Uh, sir, I just wanted to ask you if you'd, uh, changed your mind about helping out the Black Furs.

(beat)

Sir.

The eating stops. Siobhan shifts as the elders all turn to glare at her. Keegan keeps eating.

KEEGAN

I'll give you the same answer I gave Torin. Not our problem.

SIOBHAN

I know that, sir, and I was there when you told him, but...

ELDER #1

Get lost, pup.

ELDER #2

Tell the old man he can fight his own battles. It's what he's best at.

Murmurs of agreement pass round the table. Keegan turns to stare at Siobhan, as though her next sentence will be the one that makes his mind up.

SIOBHAN

Sir...

(beat; sighs)

Sir, I think we're next if we don't help him this time.

Silence falls again. The other elders all look to Keegan. With a grunt, he drains the last of his wine.

(CONTINUED)

KEEGAN

Take Finley and five of his boys,  
go see what the hell Torin's  
rattling his cage about. If you're  
not back by daylight, don't bother  
coming back.

SIOBHAN

Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

She scampers away, leaving the other elders to study Keegan  
as he grabs a fresh chicken leg.

KEEGAN

Stop gawking at me. We all know  
she'd have stood right there 'till  
I said yes.

He resumes eating, the other elders gradually following suit  
as we CUT TO:

INT. WOLF LAIR - CELLS - NIGHT

Twist is trying - unsuccessfully - to loosen the bars of the  
cell, RATTLING them back and forth.

VOICE (O.S.)

It won't make any difference.

She turns round, Chris also trying to locate the sound of the  
voice.

TWIST

Who -

Chris puts a finger to his lips, carefully edging forward.

CHRIS

Who's there?

He shows Twist his wrists - he's worked his way loose of his  
bonds.

VOICE

Depends who's asking. I mean, you  
two goons have been sitting a few  
feet away from me this whole time  
without even knowing I was here,  
so...

TWIST

Hey, we were busy trying to escape!

There's a hint of movement from the shadows - and a SNORT of  
laughter.

VOICE

How's that going for you?

TWIST

(beat; evasive)

We're working on some options.

VOICE

Let me tell you about 'options'...

Movement again, and Chris quickly moves to Twist's side, ready to defend himself...

... as MARCUS emerges from the shadows, his body covered with fresh wounds.

MARCUS

You've got two. Die like a wolf or die like one of those runts out there. Either way... we're not getting out of here.

Chris eyes the man up - a strong, lithe body, his beard messy and unkempt.

CHRIS

Marcus Rollins, I presume?

Marcus looks surprised to be recognised.

MARCUS

Who wants to know?

CHRIS

My name's Chris Berkeley, and believe it or not, but... we're here to rescue you.

Marcus SNORTS a derisive laugh again, settling back down.

MARCUS

Good job, English. I can taste that free air already.

TWIST

(scowls)

On second thoughts, no, we're not. We were actually sent here to remind you what a baumgartner you are.

MARCUS

(blinks)

A what?

CHRIS  
(quickly)  
Rosheen Doran sent us.

Marcus sits up at the name.

MARCUS  
Rosheen? She's alright?

CHRIS  
She's fine - in fact, she's waiting  
just outside this base with some  
more of my team.

TWIST  
They're our plan.

MARCUS  
I thought... I mean, I wouldn't  
have blamed her - I don't blame her  
for it, but...

CHRIS  
You thought they'd forgotten you.

MARCUS  
I'm not an idiot. I know diplomats  
are the first people taken hostage  
and the last people left behind.

CHRIS  
Normally perhaps, but on this  
occasion we're not leaving here  
without you.

Marcus sits back again, resigned.

MARCUS  
Great. Let me just grab my outdoor  
coat and I'll be ready to go.

Chris turns to Twist, who raises an eyebrow as we CUT TO:

Vivian lies on her back, one eye pushed shut by a thick  
BRUISE, her body healing far too slowly.

Her attacker comes to stand over her again, before crouching  
and revealing himself at last:

He's in his thirties (or looks it), with short blonde hair  
and stubble.

This is CONALL.

CONALL

What I can't figure out is why a vampire like yourself is getting involved in my business.

VIVIAN

Guess I'm just nosey...

CONALL

Did somebody put you up to this? Torin? Keegan?

VIVIAN

We're freelance.

She COUGHS, blood on her lips, and Conall rises. He paces round her as she rolls onto her side.

CONALL

What did they tell you about me?

He paces back over to his seat - a desk in front of a huge map of the United States, PINS spread all over it.

Photographs cover one wall, many with red crosses drawn over them or lines connecting them.

CONALL (cont'd)

Did they tell you how I'm some sort of... what's the word? Boogeyman?

VIVIAN

They told us you're a killer.

CONALL

(chuckles)  
That I am.

VIVIAN

They told us you've been killing your own kind, and -

Conall LUNGES back over to her in a flash, hand CLAMPED round her throat before she can blink.

CONALL

(snarling)  
Those animals are not 'my kind.'

He CHOKES her for a beat - then remembers it'll do no good. With a wry smile, he PUSHES her away, leaving Vivian to rub her throat.

CONALL (cont'd)

What else?

VIVIAN

That's it. That's all we need to know. You're one of the bad guys, so we take you out. End of.

CONALL

'Bad guy'? Really?

(grins)

They've left out a lot of details, haven't they?

Conall starts sorting through the files on his desk as Vivian pushes herself into a sitting position.

CONALL (cont'd)

Did they leave out the part where my mother and I were banished and forced to wander the streets, easy prey for any human hunter that happened to come along?

He walks back over to her, tossing down a series of glossy photos - each one showing a mutilated CORPSE.

CONALL (cont'd)

How one night one of those hunters finally put my mother to sleep, and how they still wouldn't even spit on my feet when I went to them for help?

Vivian tries not to look, but the grisly photos build up all around her.

VIVIAN

What... what are you showing me?

CONALL

This is their legacy. This is what the clans brought upon themselves. Each and every one of those pictures shows a Fur that I slaughtered with my bare hands.

Vivian looks away, and Conall crouches before her again.

CONALL (cont'd)

The next time you see that dried up old wreck Keegan, ask him whatever happened to his beloved Siev.

(beat)

Assuming I decide to let you go, I mean.

He rises, moving back over to his desk as we CUT TO:

25 INT. WOLF LAIR - CELLS - NEXT

25

Twist is pressed against the cell door, peering down the grimy corridor outside.

A wolf turns the corner and starts to pace towards her, on guard duty. She WHISTLES to get his attention.

TWIST

Hey, there. Yeah, you! Down here.

The wolf ambles towards her.

TWIST (cont'd)

My friends and I were just running a little bet. They bet me whatever food you serve us tonight that I can't kick your ass.

The wolf pauses by the cell door, snickering.

WOLF

You? Kick my ass?

TWIST

Yeah. It had to be you, though.

WOLF

Why?

TWIST

Well... look at you! You're the scrawny one. I bet the other guards pick on you all the time, don't they?

The wolf bristles, smile dropping as he SNARLS.

TWIST (cont'd)

I mean, if I was the runt of the litter...

WOLF

What did you just call me?

TWIST

Is that it? 'Runt'? What's the word you people use for 'smallest and weakest'? Is it 'runt'?

IN THE CELL, a wary Chris turns to Marcus, hanging back just out of sight.

CHRIS

Are you sure this will work?

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Every time. Consider this a lesson  
in wolf psychology.

ON TWIST, as she gestures for the tightly-wound guard to come  
a little closer.

TWIST

So hows about it? Open up the cell,  
we go at it, then I get to keep  
three sets of meals for myself.

WOLF

No way could you last more than ten  
seconds against me.

TWIST

You think? 'Cause I say it's the  
other way round.

(smirks)

C'mon. Runt. Open the door. Show me  
whatcha got.

With another fierce GROWL, the wolf fumbles on his belt for a  
set of KEYS.

Twist obligingly hangs back as he fiddles with the lock,  
finally throwing the door open and entering.

WOLF

(cracks knuckles)

Alright, you little bitch, time for  
me to show you what -

CRACK! The wolf is TACKLED by Marcus, who drives him head-  
first into the wall!

The stunned wolf drops like a stone, but Marcus doesn't let  
up, eyes blazing with fury as he clamps his hands round the  
guard's throat.

CHRIS

(hisses)

Marcus! Let's go!

Twist is already half out of the cell, but there's murder in  
Marcus' eyes as he throttles the guard.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Marcus!

He steps in and lays a hand on Marcus' shoulder - which gets  
SWATTED away as Marcus finally breaks his grip.

Still furious, he stares Chris down - but to his credit,  
Chris doesn't budge.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)

It's time to go.

Marcus slowly turns back to the GASPING wolf on the ground, kneeling over him.

MARCUS

This is for every time you came  
back when all the other guards were  
gone...

He takes the wolf's head and SLAMS it against the stone floor, knocking the guard out cold.

TWIST

You done with the machismo yet?  
Come on!

Marcus finally leaves the guard, the trio hustling out of the cell as we CUT TO:

Conall has his back to Vivian, sorting through something on his desk as she COUGHS weakly.

He holds up a KNIFE, its blade glinting in the dim light - and there's a KNOCK on the chamber door.

He turns as it opens, and a slender, good-looking brunette WOMAN slinks her way inside, pausing near Vivian.

WOMAN

Who's this?

CONALL

(grins)

That's what I'll find out soon  
enough.

He returns to his desk - and reveals a leather fold-out satchel full of KNIVES.

CONALL (cont'd)

Along with just why she seems to  
smell so strange for a vampire...

The woman steps casually over the still-woozy Vivian, wrapping an arm round Conall and drawing in close.

WOMAN

(seductive)

Can't it wait? I haven't seen you  
all day...

She tilts his head towards her and leans in for a kiss, BITING his lip with a grin.

Conall looks back to Vivian, who gingerly tests one of her legs - it seems to be broken.

CONALL

I suppose I could leave her for a few minutes...

The woman PURRS happily, pulling him in for a longer, hungrier kiss, when:

SCAR (O.S.)

Chief!

Conall breaks the kiss and turns to the door - Scar stands there. Several more wolves rush past behind him.

SCAR (cont'd)

We've got a problem.

Conall's smile fades as he marches away from the woman.

SCAR (cont'd)

It's Marcus and the vamps... they got out.

Conall's lip curls, muttering a curse.

CONALL

Don't tell me... was Eoin on guard duty?

SCAR

Yeah, he -

CONALL

Kill him. Then find the prisoners and bring them to me.

He turns to the woman, pointing down at Vivian.

CONALL (cont'd)

Watch her.

WOMAN

But -

CONALL

Do it!

With that, he and Scar leave, SLAMMING the door behind them. The woman looks down at the sorry state of Vivian, SIGHING theatrically as we CUT TO:

27

INT. WOLF LAIR - TUNNELS - NEXT

27

Two wolves hurry down a narrow corridor - before Chris and Marcus erupt from a corner, tackling them both!

Chris down his opponent with a few quick PUNCHES, a KNEE to the gut and an ELBOW across the back.

Marcus is more direct, driving a HEADBUTT at his wolf to break his nose, before jabbing his thumbs into the unfortunate wolf's eye sockets!

The wolf SCREAMS in pain as Marcus yanks his bloody thumbs back out, before he SLASHES his clawed hand across the wolf's throat.

The wolf drops, Marcus pausing to LICK the blood dripping from his gnarled, misshapen nails.

TWIST  
(grimaces)

Ew.

MARCUS  
He had it coming. They all do.

Marcus SPITS the blood away, pausing to drag some clothing off the wolf for his own, still naked body.

CHRIS  
We need to find Vivian before we can get out of here. Any idea where they might have taken her?

Marcus pulls a loose-fitting shirt over his head.

MARCUS  
Probably let Owen take a few chunks out of her first. Conall likes his hostages to lose their spirit.

CHRIS  
Who's this 'Owen'? Some sort of torturer?

MARCUS  
Something like that.

Marcus' hand involuntarily brushes his chest.

TWIST  
Where does he hang out?

MARCUS  
This way.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

He leads them on as we CUT TO:

28 INT. WOLF LAIR - CONALL'S CHAMBER - NEXT

28

The woman stalks up and down like a caged animal, not relishing her babysitting duty.

VIVIAN

Can I ask you a question?

She fixes Vivian with a withering stare.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

How long does it take you each morning to look that slutty?

The woman marches over, fist raised to strike her - and Vivian suddenly SWEEPS her broken leg round!

It connects heavily, sending the woman crashing to the floor. Vivian HOWLS in pain, but fights through it to haul herself to her feet.

She pins the stunned wolf woman down, landing three quick PUNCHES before pushing up and staggering to the door.

She throws open the door, turning as the woman GROANS and stirs behind her.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Quick lesson in guard duty, sweetheart...

Vivian stumbles back a few steps - and STAMPS hard on the woman's face, knocking her out.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

... vampires heal.

With that, she finally makes it outside, disappearing into the tunnel beyond as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 INT. WOLF LAIR - TUNNELS - NIGHT 29

Chris, Marcus and Twist sneak into frame, pausing by an open doorway.

MARCUS

Wait here.

He steps up to the door and leans inside, quickly scanning the room.

CHRIS

Well?

Marcus returns, shaking his head.

MARCUS

Must've taken her straight to the man in charge.

TWIST

Conall?

MARCUS

(nods)

C'mon. I think I know where he hides out.

He starts to move away - but Chris plants a hand on his chest to stop him.

Marcus turns and glares - seconds before three WOLVES walk past the end of the tunnel, missing the team by moments.

CHRIS

A little caution, perhaps?

MARCUS

(beat)

Thanks.

They head off again, Twist rolling her eyes at all the macho vibes floating around as we CUT TO:

30 INT. WOLF LAIR - TUNNELS - NEXT 30

Vivian limps along, trying not to put weight on her injured leg but grimacing with every step.

She hears VOICES and presses herself flat against the wall as several SHADOWS pass up ahead:

But a moment later they reappear, SNIFFING the air.

(CONTINUED)

WOLF #1 (O.S.)  
You gettin' that?

WOLF #2 (O.S.)  
I most certainly am.

Vivian spins and tries to hurry back down the corridor, but the wolves are onto her scent now.

WOLF #1  
C'mon, honey! No use in runnin'  
from us. We could track you halfway  
round the world and back, smellin'  
like you do.

Vivian keeps quiet, heading for a DOORWAY a few metres away.

WOLF #1 (cont'd)  
In fact, we might even give you a  
head start if you're interested...

The two wolves CHUCKLE as Vivian moves off screen - and a beat later, the two WOLVES step into view. Both strapping males, unshaven and scruffily dressed.

WOLF #1 (cont'd)  
Where'd she go?

#2 nods towards the door, the wolves taking up positions either side.

WOLF #2  
Alright, guess we're going to have  
to do this the hard way after all.  
We'll give you a count of three,  
alright? One... Two...

And they BURST into the room - THWACK! One wolf is FLUNG backwards as a CHAIR disintegrates into his face!

#2 hesitates, and that's all the time Vivian needs to sweep up a stake-sized hunk of wood and RAM it into his chest!

VIVIAN  
Might not work on you...

She TWISTS the wood, the wolf letting out a high-pitched WHINE.

VIVIAN (cont'd)  
... but I'm betting this hurts,  
doesn't it?

She lets the wolf fall, clawing weakly at its chest to try and remove the stake as Vivian shuffles on, and we CUT TO:

31 INT. WOLF LAIR - CONALL'S CHAMBER - NEXT

31

Conall returns to his den - and rushes to the woman's side as he sees her sprawled on the floor.

CONALL  
Bevin! Bevin, baby...

He gently sits her up, BEVIN groaning as she rubs her jaw.

BEVIN  
Vamp bitch got the drop on me...  
tell me you killed 'em already.

CONALL  
(shakes head)  
Can't track them right. No smell.  
But we'll get them soon enough.

She starts to sit up, but he pushes her back down.

CONALL (cont'd)  
Stay here.

BEVIN  
But -

CONALL  
If I need you, I'll call. Same way  
I always do. Right?

Reluctantly, she nods. Conall KISSES her and then quickly exits, as we CUT TO:

32 INT. WOLF LAIR - TUNNELS - NEXT

32

Vivian limps along another corridor, turning a corner - and bumps straight into Marcus!

She SHOUTS in alarm, raising a fist to strike - which Marcus easily GRABS.

CHRIS  
Vivian!

He appears at her side, and she throws a look over them all.

VIVIAN  
Let me guess... this is Marcus?

MARCUS  
The same.

VIVIAN  
Uh... you can let go of my hand  
now, Marcus.

(CONTINUED)

He releases her wrist, the reunited group heading back up the corridor.

TWIST

What happened to your leg?

VIVIAN

Some bastard named Owen. Did a number on me before I got to meet this Conall guy we've heard so much about.

(smirks)

I kicked his girlfriend's ass, though.

MARCUS

You hurt Bevin?

(sucks in breath)

He won't like that.

TWIST

Boo-fricken-hoo. Can we just get out of here now, please?

Marcus nods, nudging the team off down a left-hand turn as we  
CUT TO:

Outside the camp, with LIGHTS coming on and wolves moving hurriedly back and forth, PULL BACK to find Rosheen, Reagan, Danyael and Lyra watching anxiously.

DANYAEL

This is not good. This is very definitely several flavours of not good.

LYRA

Has Twist given us a signal yet?

DANYAEL

I think all that counts as a 'signal.' She's in trouble. We have to go in for her.

He rises, Rosheen glancing at Reagan. He CLAMPS a hand on Danyael's shoulder, pushing him back down.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Hey!

ROSHEEN

Wait. Just a little longer.

Danyael struggles, but can't break Reagan's iron grip.

34

INT. WOLF LAIR - STAIRCASE - NEXT

34

Marcus leans round a corner - and sees the stairs that lead up to the Ranger's station.

Unfortunately, several wolves are guarding it, forcing Marcus to duck back out of sight.

MARCUS

No good. There's six of them to three of us.

VIVIAN

Four.

MARCUS

No offence, but you're no good in a fight with that leg.

TWIST

Now'd be a fantastic time for you to rediscover your magical mojo, Chris...

He closes his eyes, clenching his fists and muttering under is breath.

MARCUS

(eyes Chris)  
What's he doing?

TWIST

His special move. Best stand back.

Chris steps smoothly round the corner, the wolf guards instantly alerted to him.

WOLF GUARD

Hey! There he is!

They manage a few steps towards him, before Chris opens his eyes:

A CRACKLE of energy flickers from his JET BLACK eyes as he opens his hands, brilliant BLUE LIGHT coalescing round his palms.

He SNAPS his wrist, sending a sheet of power rushing towards the wolves.

It SLAMS into them at full speed, scattering them like bowling pins and filling the air with SPARKS.

CHRIS

(to others)  
Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

With the singed wolves YELPING in pain, Chris leads the team back up the staircase as we CUT TO:

35 EXT. WOLF LAIR - NEXT

35

From within the Ranger's station, the rest of the team see a bright FLASH of blue light. Lyra stiffens.

LYRA

That's Chris.

DANYAEL

You're sure?

LYRA

I am. But... he's doing something... bad.

There's a muffled BOOM, and one of the station's windows EXPLODES with a gout of FLAMES!

ROSHEEN

(rising)

That's your signal, Danyael!

She and Reagan are already halfway down the hill before Danyael and Lyra are moving.

DANYAEL

Hey, wait!

Rosheen and Reagan charge at full pelt towards the station, several wolves moving to intercept.

CRUNCH! Reagan BARGES through them like they weren't there, Rosheen pausing to expertly DODGE and KICK two more.

Another BOOM sounds within the station, SMOKE pouring out of the entrance - followed by one poor wolf ON FIRE!

He runs, SCREAMING, past the others - as Chris's group emerge through the smoke.

ROSHEEN

Marcus...

Twist helps Vivian negotiate the last few steps, as Rosheen breaks rank and races up to Marcus.

MARCUS

Rosheen!

Beaming, he sweeps her up in his arms, the reunited duo LAUGHING happily.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS (cont'd)  
Man, it is good to see you...

ROSHEEN  
I thought I'd lost you!

Chris looks back as a series of HOWLS echo from within the lair.

CHRIS  
We can do this later.

The group hurry back towards the safety of the trees - but dozens of wolves are now pouring out of the camp after them!

Twist risks a look back - and GULPS at the sight of so many wolves bounding towards them!

TWIST  
Anybody with a backup plan is  
welcome to shout out...

Marcus suddenly CRIES OUT, and Twist spins to see he's caught in a SNARE!

MARCUS  
Son of a...

He YOWLS again, trying to pry the sharp metal teeth from around his shin.

The others have carried on - Rosheen sees Marcus in distress, but Reagan drags her back as she tries to return to him.

ROSHEEN  
Marcus!

MARCUS  
Go! Keep moving!

Twist is torn - Chris and the others haven't stopped, so now she's the closest to the stricken Marcus.

She casts a look back - the incoming gray wolves are seconds away from reaching him!

TWIST  
Aw, god damn it...

She races back towards him, sliding down to his side.

MARCUS  
What the hell are you doing? Get  
out of here!

TWIST

After we went through all this to  
rescue you? The hell kind of heroes  
do you think we are?

Straining, she puts her strength into prising the snare open.  
Marcus joins her, the two grunting with effort...

Danyaël finally looks round and realises Twist is missing,  
but there's too much space between them now.

DANYAEL

Twist! Twist, no!

SNAP! The snare opens, and Twist quickly helps Marcus stagger  
out of it.

She looks up - several wolves have caught them, padding round  
them in a circle and GROWLING hungrily.

TWIST

Um... say, how's that leg?

He tries a few steps - no good. He hobbles like a lame animal  
and shakes his head.

TWIST (cont'd)

Okay... so basically, we are now  
scr-

SIOBHAN (O.S.)

Let's go!

Chris' group SKID to a halt - as two dozen WHITE FURS burst  
from the trees ahead of them!

Siobhan leads the wolves, half of them changing to *garou* to  
meet the incoming gray wolves head-on.

Twist hauls Marcus to the floor as White Furs flow past them,  
SMACKING into the gray wolves and making short work of them.

DERMOT appears before Twist and Marcus, looking him up and  
down.

DERMOT

Guess you're tougher than I  
thought.

MARCUS

Good to see you too.

DERMOT

Go. We've got trucks waiting while  
we cover you.

(CONTINUED)

The White Furs are busy tearing lumps out of the gray wolves behind them as Chris' group do as they're told.

Dermot watches the combat for a few beats before someone stands beside him - a little older, dark-haired and typically swarthy. This is FINLEY.

FINLEY

Alright, that'll do it.

DERMOT

You sure? Conall's probably still down there, we could just -

FINLEY

We did what we came here for.

He lets out a WHISTLE that brings several White Furs running back to him.

Pulling away, the White Furs leave a trail of BODIES behind, the remaining gray wolves left with no option but to BARK and SNARL at the now superior force.

As the two packs of wolves increase the distance between them, their HOWLS filling the air, we DISSOLVE TO:

36 INT. WHITE FUR MANSION - HALL - NIGHT

36

Marcus FLINCHES as Rosheen carefully winds bandage round his wounded leg.

ROSHEEN

(bites lip)

Sorry.

MARCUS

It's alright. Feels like a picnic after what I've been through.

Rosheen looks over - Torin and Keegan are in a heated debate, with Chris' team hanging back. Siobhan, Dermot and Finley stand close by.

ROSHEEN

I've never seen Dad this upset.

(teasing)

You must be more important than I realised.

MARCUS

So I'm told.

She finishes up, waiting as he tests his weight.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS (cont'd)

Nice work.

ROSHEEN

(shrugs)

We've got some good books on this kind of stuff.

He smiles, Rosheen grinning back as Chris and Twist wander over to them.

CHRIS

How are you feeling?

MARCUS

Much better. I never got a chance to say thanks for what you did back there.

CHRIS

It's no bother, it's what we would have done for -

MARCUS

(directly to Twist)

You saved my life.

Chris blinks, watching Twist as she steps forward.

TWIST

I like to think you'd do the same for me.

MARCUS

Maybe one day I will.

(beat)

Give me your hand.

She reacts, glancing at Rosheen. Rosheen narrows her eyes at Marcus, but eventually nods.

ROSHEEN

Go ahead. It's alright.

Bemused, Twist steps up and Marcus takes her hand, turning it palm upwards.

MARCUS

This is how we make sure debts are paid where I come from.

Taking his nail, he quickly SLICES it across her palm!

TWIST

Hey!

Twist tries to pull away but Marcus holds her firm - and uses his ragged nail to CUT across the palm holding Twist's hand.

MARCUS

Bound by blood, one soul to  
another...

He grabs her hand fully, Twist grimacing as the blood from their cut mingles and DRIPS to the floor.

MARCUS (cont'd)

... in this life forever, my one  
blood brother.

He releases her hand, Twist quickly rubbing her stinging palm.

TWIST

What did you just -

CHRIS

He just made you his blood brother.  
(beat)  
Sister. It's a great honour.

TWIST

I'm sure it is, but couldn't we  
have just, I don't know, swapped e-  
mail addresses or something?

She examines her hand as Chris steps forward.

CHRIS

I hope you realise what you're  
letting yourself in for...

MARCUS

I could say the same thing. Rosheen  
tells me you guys are trying to  
bring down this Parker guy who's  
been causing us so much trouble?

CHRIS

That's the plan, yes.

MARCUS

Then consider me your new team  
mate. If he's attacking wolf packs,  
you'll need somebody who can help  
you deal with them.

CHRIS

I... I'm not sure -

ROSHEEN

Just say yes. Trust me.

MARCUS

I know the location of pretty much every major pack in the States, plus I've just spent a few weeks held prisoner in Conall's command central, which I'd like to think gives me a pretty good idea of the way he's running his operation.

(beat)

We're going to help each other bring these bastards down.

Chris looks from Rosheen to Marcus, then with a sigh extends his hand.

CHRIS

Then welcome to the team.

Marcus grins, shaking Chris' hand before grabbing him for a hearty man-hug, Rosheen chuckling at the sight.

37

INT. WOLF LAIR - CONALL'S CHAMBER - NIGHT

37

Meanwhile, back with Conall, he sits at his desk talking on the phone while Bevin plays idly with his knives.

CONALL

(into phone)

Look, don't get pissy with me. They got away, sure, but we at least found out that your anti-magic shot works the way you wanted. And something tells me we'll get another chance to use it soon.

(beat; grins)

Alright, then. Speak to you soon...

INTERCUT WITH:

38

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

38

And it's DOCTOR PARKER who turns in his chair to face us!

CONALL

(filtered; through phone)

... Doctor.

Parker scowls, hanging up the phone, and it's from his disgruntled features that we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**