

SomeWhere InBetween

"Zero Tolerance"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY 1

An expensive pair of SHOES walks on. The floor is spotless, reflecting the lavish loafers.

Our walker reaches a set of swing doors and PUSHES THROUGH:

2 INT. CHAMBER - NEXT 2

Looking down from above, into a huge, partitioned area filled with all manner of activity:

A FIRING RANGE where weapons of various calibres and ammunition blow away pop-up targets;

LABORATORIES with huge VATS that hold shadowed, unseen creatures within the thick, vividly-coloured fluid;

RESEARCH STATIONS where plans, blueprints and maps cover every available surface, with lines, circles and arrows scribbled on by teams of TECHNICIANS;

AN OPERATING THEATRE, with a body, chest cavity open, having their organs removed and examined by lab-coated SURGEONS;

ANOTHER LAB, this one holding a strapping SOLDIER who sports a CYBERNETIC HAND, testing its strength as he CRUSHES a girder, more technicians watching.

A GYM filled with complex monitoring equipment, as a handful of tracksuited SOLDIERS go through the paces.

PUSH ALONG the walkway that divides the room, sweeping left and right to take in all these sights and sounds.

Guns FIRE, bombs EXPLODE, soldiers GRUNT as they work out or test their strength in various observation rooms.

ANGLE DOWN FROM BALCONY, set up in the wall that overlooks the entire chamber.

A door opens and somebody walks out, standing at the edge of the platform - DR. PARKER.

ON PARKER as he surveys his kingdom, a proud smile on his face.

He reaches for a small tannoy setup mounted at the front of the balcony, activating the chamber's PA system with a quick WHINE of feedback.

All eyes turn up to look at him, the open-plan chamber giving everyone a straight eyeline to Parker.

(CONTINUED)

PARKER

My fellow... lab rats.

He smiles, and a CHUCKLE ripples through the room.

PARKER (cont'd)

We stand at the edge of a great moment in human history. Ever since we have known about the creatures that try to share this planet with us, people like us have sought to find ways to eradicate them, to make this world safe for future generations and to ensure that Earth remains in the hands of those who deserve it.

He pauses for effect, scanning the faces below. He has the room's rapt attention.

PARKER (cont'd)

We have been content to work in secrecy, locked away underground as we labour on our creations, striving to find new and ever more effective ways to wipe out the underworld menace and reclaim our lands for our own kind.

He reaches over and picks up a REMOTE CONTROL, aiming it at the wall next to him.

With the CLICK of a button, a huge VIDEO DISPLAY appears, a map of the United States with state lines and major cities marked out.

PARKER (cont'd)

Our bases and facilities now stretch to cover every state of this nation.

As he speaks, RED DOTS start to glow, spreading across the map to show just how many bases Parker now controls.

PARKER (cont'd)

As we know, the vampires, werewolves and other... entities outnumber us, creating more of their diseased offspring with each passing day.

Another overlay scrolls across the map - marking out YELLOW DOTS, showing concentrations of the vamps and wolves Parker's referring to.

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

PARKER (cont'd)

But now is when we start to turn the tide back. Now, at last, we are in a position to begin a decisive and unstoppable campaign against these monstrosities, these... vermin who threaten our very way of life.

He turns back to face the room. Smiles as he sees that he still commands their attention.

PARKER (cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen, friends, colleagues and allies... operation Zero Tolerance... has begun!

A huge banner proclaiming 'Zero Tolerance' appears at the top of the display, to a rapturous CHEER from the crowd below.

Parker raises his fist in victory, soaking up the APPLAUSE from his underlings as we PUSH IN on the map itself.

CLOSER on the map, focusing on the state of WASHINGTON as we CUT TO:

3 EXT. MOTEL - DAY

3

A nondescript Travelodge, set in a fairly grey part of town. It's overcast, light rain is falling.

The team's BLACK VAN is one of the few vehicles parked outside.

4 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NEXT

4

PULL BACK from the rain-smearred window to find TWIST staring glumly out into the weather.

TITLE OVER: HACIENDA MOTEL, SEATTLE

The TV is on, but nobody's watching. Sitting on the edge of the bed are DANYAEL and MARCUS, absently playing cards.

PULL BACK to find LYRA, leaning against the wall quietly. Lying on the bed alongside her is VIVIAN.

Vivian looks up as CHRIS emerges from the small room's bathroom, a glass of milky fluid in his hand.

VIVIAN

(quirks eyebrow)

Alright... what the hell is that?

CHRIS

It's something to help.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

Is 'help' gonna involve dosing me with sedatives again? This isn't the 'A-Team,' Chris. I don't mind going on planes.

LYRA

It's so we know you won't... you know...

TWIST

Go crazy and try to kill us all. Again.

Vivian POUTS, sitting up as Chris sits beside her. She's still weak, but doesn't appear happy about her situation.

VIVIAN

Guys, it's been a week. Alright? No episodes since then. You shot me up with that cure, and I'm -

CHRIS

Not cured yet. Whatever virus you picked up isn't out of your system.

He offers her the glass. After a reluctant beat, Vivian takes it and knocks back a gulp.

VIVIAN

(grimaces)

Dear Lord! What did you put in that, acid?

Chris allows himself a small smile, rising from the bed and approaching the window to join Twist.

CHRIS

How's it looking?

TWIST

We're in Seattle, chief. Only one kind of weather out here.

CHRIS

Then let's hope it lightens a little before we move out.

He walks back, leaving Twist to stare as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5

INT. MOTEL - DAY

5

Back with the team. It's a little later on in the day - the weather outside is still pretty miserable, however.

Twist dozes on the bed, Marcus having taken up her spot at the window. Danyael and Lyra are absent.

Chris sits with Vivian again, who is SHIVERING despite having the entire duvet wrapped around her.

VIVIAN

(teeth chattering)

And here was me thinking vampires didn't get cold...

CHRIS

Your body is reacting to a combination of the virus and the treatments we've been applying. What you're experiencing is a reflex action, based on what your brain is being told by the rest of your body.

VIVIAN

Yeah, well, my brain should shut up and go read a book or something.

Chris reaches for the nightstand - where a fresh glass of the milky liquid is waiting.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

(groans)

Again? Didn't I just take some of that?

CHRIS

We have to keep your defences up. Vampire metabolism is hardly an exact science - we need to make sure your body has plenty of ammunition to fight off the virus.

He hands her the glass.

VIVIAN

At least you've stopped it with that crazy 'let's go ask Parker for help' idea.

She takes a swing, grimaces - and then reacts to Chris' expression.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Oh, come on! Tell me you're not!

CHRIS

Vivian, it's the only way we can be sure we've got you clean.

VIVIAN

Look at me! Am I freaking out and trying to eat your brain? No!

MARCUS

It's only a matter of time.

VIVIAN

What?

Marcus turns, leaning casually against the window sill.

MARCUS

We haven't cured you. We've just slowed down the effects. You will turn again once the virus builds up its strength.

VIVIAN

So what's the plan? Keep knocking me out? Tie me to a chair? Bury me in concrete?

MARCUS

I voted for restraining...
(off Chris' look)
... but apparently that's not a popular option.

CHRIS

Vivian, this isn't a personal call. We just want to raid a facility, get the information we need and then be on our way. I'm not planning on tackling Parker again until we're all at full strength.

VIVIAN

(shakes head)

It's too risky. If Parker knows I'm sick, there's no telling what kinds of gizmos he's got tucked up his sleeve to zap me with. He could make me flip out like that.

She SNAPS her fingers. Chris nods towards the glass, and with a HUFF she swigs more of the foul-tasting liquid.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

We've tried spells, and I like to think I know enough about white magic to put together a pretty damn good healing enchantment. Nothing's worked.

VIVIAN

So keep trying! There has to be another way!

MARCUS

There is.
(beat)
We kill you.

VIVIAN

(scoffs)
Oh, yeah. I mean, there's that.
(to Chris)
Is he always going to be like this?

CHRIS

(at Marcus; terse)
I certainly hope not.

Marcus turns back to look out through the window.

CHRIS (cont'd)

All I'm saying is that this is our best chance to find you a cure that works. None of us want this hanging over you.

Vivian keeps quiet, staring at her empty glass.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Quick in, quick out. You know the layouts, the security measures - everything we need. I don't plan on getting bogged down in a fight.

VIVIAN

Nobody ever plans on that. It's just something that keeps happening.

He lays a hand on hers. The gesture shuts her up.

CHRIS

Vivian.
(beat)
We have to do this.

She meets his gaze. Holds it.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN
(sighs)
Alright.

Chris nods, rising, and takes the glass from here. Vivian rubs her face, inhaling.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
Okay. We're in Seattle, so there's a pretty big base not far from here. Not the biggest, but it'll do for us.

Chris lays down a large MAP on the bed.

CHRIS
Show me.

Vivian leans over, peering at the map and tracing lines with her finger.

VIVIAN
It's near where all the big software places have their headquarters - you know, Microsoft, Amazon, Nintendo. I always figured Parker liked the irony of being where the money was.

She taps her finger on one spot.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
There's a base underneath an old science park out there. It's mainly lab work - genetics, experiments, that kind of thing. Doesn't deal with weapons or muscle. Shouldn't be hard to get into.

CHRIS
Then that's where we're headed.

MARCUS
Will that help? I mean, shouldn't we go back to the base where Vivian was originally bitten?

VIVIAN
All the bases are linked to a central intranet, so facilities in different states can share results and information. This place we're looking for has access to that and should have all the resources we need to manufacture some kind of antidote.

CHRIS

I'm convinced. We'll wait for the others to return and then head out.

VIVIAN

(dry)

You're letting me out to play? Gee, I must've been a good girl.

Chris lets the remark slide - and the door opens to allow Danyael and Lyra back in. Danyael's on his cell phone.

DANYAEL

(into phone)

Nate, Nate, slow down, man. What's happening?

Chris frowns as Lyra glides over to him, reaching for and taking his arm.

LYRA

One of Danyael's vampire friends in the area called him. I think they're in trouble.

DANYAEL

(into phone)

Look, dude, just lock all the doors and keep your heads down. I'll come over with some people right away.

He covers the mouthpiece, addressing Chris:

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Chris, I don't know what's going on, but my buddy Nate's in real trouble. Says three other hangouts across town have been hit today already.

CHRIS

'Hit'? By who?

DANYAEL

He's not sure. Someone with lots of men with guns, who know lots of ways to kill vampires.

VIVIAN

(cold)

Parker.

CHRIS

Some kind of new offensive, perhaps?

Danyael puts his ear back to the phone, listening for a beat before turning back to the others.

DANYAEL

We can't leave them. Nate's a good guy, can call on a lot of manpower in a hurry. We'll need that.

CHRIS

(thinks; nods)

Alright. Take Twist and Marcus and go and find out what's happening.

Danyael nods, moving to the bed where Twist still dozes. He reaches out to gently nudge her:

And Marcus GRABS his wrist before he can touch her. Danyael shoots him a look, and Marcus slowly releases his grip.

DANYAEL

(stung)

Alright, you wake her.

Marcus SHAKES Twist a little, stepping back as she jolts and starts, coming to.

TWIST

(half-asleep)

Whu? What? I didn't do it...

MARCUS

Twist. Time to go.

TWIST

Already? We just got here!

Danyael SIGHS as Chris heads to the table by the TV - opening a holdall full of WEAPONS.

CHRIS

Travel light. Don't get stuck in any fights if you can help it. Move your friends to a safer location and then report back to us.

DANYAEL

Wait, you're not coming with?

CHRIS

We're going to break into one of Parker's facilities near here. See if we can find something to help Vivian.

Danyael raises an eyebrow and looks at Vivian, who rolls her eyes and shrugs.

DANYAEL

Alright. I'll check in on the hour.
There's a hire car place downstairs
we can use to get there.

He swipes a well-crafted SWORD from the bag, along with a few other items, before stuffing them into his own bag.

He heads for the door as Twist YAWNS, stretching out lazily and making no effort to hurry up.

MARCUS

Twist, we need to get moving.

TWIST

I know, I know... just gimme a -

He takes her by the arm, startling her.

MARCUS

Now.

She glares at him, jaw open in shock.

TWIST

Now wait just a god-damn-fricken
minute! If you think -

And Marcus PULLS her to her feet, almost frogmarching her towards the door!

TWIST (cont'd)

Hey! Let go of me!

Chris and Lyra stand back, letting Marcus escort her outside, Twist's cries of anger cut off as the door is kicked shut.

CHRIS

(beat)

You know, I think I'm starting to
change my mind about him...

Vivian COUGHS from the bed, extending a hand.

VIVIAN

Little help?

She's still coughing as Chris helps pull her to her feet, and as she takes a moment to recover we CUT TO:

Chris, Lyra and Vivian are in the van, Vivian just coming out of another coughing fit.

VIVIAN
 (hoarse)
 Okay, I am ready to not be sick any
 more now.

CHRIS
 We're almost there.

LYRA
 What are we likely to run into?

VIVIAN
 The usual kinds of magic and non-
 human detectors, I guess. Shouldn't
 be a big armed presence.

CHRIS
 'Shouldn't?'

VIVIAN
Won't.

Chris drives on, the van's windscreen wipers working overtime
 against the thick rain as we CUT TO:

7 EXT. SCIENCE PARK - DAY 7

A cluster of angular buildings, thrown together and discarded
 like some child's Lego set.

The van is parked on the road outside the wire perimeter
 fence.

8 EXT. SCIENCE PARK - GROUNDS - NEXT 8

Chris and Vivian stand back, on the other side of the fence,
 as Lyra approaches it.

She reaches out and touches the criss-cross pattern with one
 hand, closing her eyes...

... and as she moves her hand, she pulls the wire away with
 it to quickly form a wide gap in the fence!

She steps through, waiting for Chris and Vivian to join her.

VIVIAN
 You have got to show me how you do
 that.

Lyra smiles, letting Chris take her hand as the trio scurry
 into the heart of the complex.

PULL BACK as the team dart from cover to cover, moving
 towards a large maintenance building in the middle.

9 INT. MAINTENANCE BUILDING - NEXT

9

Chris BARGES the door open, leading the girls into a drab room filled with noisy machinery.

Vivian heads for a large HATCH built into the floor, turning it a few times before stepping back.

VIVIAN
 Alright, this is usually the part where I've beaten some guy up to get the access codes...

She nods towards a KEYPAD on the wall near the hatch. Chris heads over, examines it, then holds his hand over it.

He mutters a few words, his hand GLOWING with white light. Red LED digits start rapidly scrolling over the display.

With a loud CLICK, green lights pop on around the hatch. With a grin, Vivian takes the handle and turns.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 I take back everything bad I ever said about you guys.

After a few turns, she pulls the hatch open, gesturing for Chris to head on down.

He's taken a few steps down the ladder leading into the base, when Vivian adds:

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 Ladies first.

She smirks, waiting to help guide Lyra onto the ladder as we CUT TO:

10 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NEXT

10

Chris drops off the ladder, reaching up to pluck Lyra from the steps and lift her to the floor.

VIVIAN
 You know, some people might think she gets preferential treatment.

She climbs down to join them, looking up and down the long, plain corridor.

LYRA
 Some people can see where they're going.

VIVIAN
 Touche.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Which way? And shouldn't we be doing something about the alarms?

LYRA

Oh, right. Just a second.

She closes her eyes and HUMS - and a SHIMMER of invisible energy flows out from her, passing through Chris and Vivian.

LYRA (cont'd)

(opens eyes)

There. Our energy signatures are just a little out of synchronisation now. The base won't register that we're here.

Chris nods, moving on as Vivian pats Lyra on the shoulder.

VIVIAN

We're gonna have to find some stuff you can't do, you know, just so the others don't think you're too -

ALARMS starts to blare out, RED LIGHTS bathing the corridor!

VIVIAN (cont'd)

What the -

LYRA

(wide-eyed)

They know we're here!

VIVIAN

Well, no shit they know we're here!

CHRIS

I thought we were cloaked?

LYRA

We are!

(beat; realises)

It's her.

She turns to Vivian, who reacts, surprised.

LYRA (cont'd)

The alarms picked up the virus. I - I didn't know how to cover it!

Above them the hatch swings shut with a BANG - and thick STEEL DOORS start to descend from the ceiling around them!

CHRIS

Come on!

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

He races on, the girls hurrying behind to avoid getting trapped behind the doors as we CUT TO:

11 INT. HIRE CAR - DAY

11

The windows have been BLACKED OUT, enough to hold off any sunlight but with patches for Danyael to look through.

Not that there is any sunlight at the moment.

Danyael is checking his phone, glancing at the display.

DANYAEL

He's not answering.

TWIST

We're, like, seconds away.
Whatever's going on, we're almost
there to help handle it.

Danyael tucks his phone away, concern etched into his face.

MARCUS

How many vampires does this 'Nate'
have around him?

DANYAEL

About thirty in his own base, with
something like a hundred more all
over the area. There should be
plenty of...

He trails off as the car turns a corner, staring out through the darkened windshield.

TWIST

(horrified)
Oh, God...

The trio stare out as we CUT TO:

12 EXT. STREET - NEXT

12

An old building at the corner of the block - used to be a cafe - is ABLAZE, with a crowd of people outside.

Some of them are VAMPIRES - pale skin, mismatched clothing - and some of them are TROOPERS, Parker's well-equipped men.

There's only a handful of vamps left - BURNING BODIES and vamps with STAKES jutting through them litter the street!

The trio in the car can only watch as one of the troopers brings a FLAMETHROWER to bear on the survivors...

... who are engulfed in FLAMES!

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

SCREAMING, they try to put out the flames, crashing into one another in a futile effort to get away.

13 INT. HIRE CAR - NEXT

13

Frozen, Danyael can't tear his eyes away. Twist grips his shoulder.

TWIST

We can't... we can't help them,
Spook. They were done for before we
got here.

DANYAEL

But... but...

His phone RINGS again. He scrambles to dig it out.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

(off display)

It's Miley, she... she's another of
the vamps round here...

And then Marcus' phone RINGS.

MARCUS

(off phone)

It's Jen. She's got a pack holed up
near here.

(beat; reads)

They're under attack.

Twist and Danyael swap a worried glance, their eyes drawn back to the remnants of the vamp base outside.

TWIST

What the hell is going on?

Danyael stares - then grits his teeth and shifts the car into gear.

TWIST (cont'd)

Danyael? What are you -

And Danyael STAMPS his foot on the gas, the car barreling towards the troopers as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 EXT. STREET - DAY 14

The troopers look up, clocking the car speeding towards them. Several bring their GUNS to bear.

15 INT. HIRE CAR - NEXT 15

Twist boggles as she sees a plethora of gun barrels aimed their way.

TWIST

Get down!

She YANKS Danyaël's head down - as BULLETS smash through the car, peppering it with holes!

16 EXT. STREET - NEXT 16

The car SLEWS sideways, SKIDDING towards the troopers as they continue to pump bullets into it.

It CLIPS one of the trooper's armoured vehicles, BOUNCING up on its rear wheels!

It HITS another of the vehicles and FLIPS, rolling onto its side and BARREL ROLLING into the burning building!

Troopers HURL themselves out of the way as the vehicle SMASHES into the wall.

The soldiers are quick to recover, some recovering dropped weapons as others move to cover the car...

... but Twist, Marcus and Danyaël BURST from within, POUNCING on the nearest soldiers!

They're sporting minor injuries, but nowhere near enough to slow them down.

Twist TACKLES her soldier to the ground, CRACKING his head off the asphalt.

Danyaël KICKS one's gun away, driving a FIST into his gut that doubles him over.

He grabs the guard and swings him bodily round, using him as a human shield as more OPEN FIRE!

Marcus is like lightning - he attacks one guard, striking the next before the first has even hit the ground.

The team are evening the odds, but the flamethrower-wielding trooper is moving in...

(CONTINUED)

Marcus looks up from his latest victim, BLOOD on his fists - and sees the flamethrower taking aim at Twist!

MARCUS

No!

He DIVES towards her, SHOVING her aside as a gout of FLAME streaks towards them.

It sails past - and engulfs another trooper! He HOWLS in pain, stumbling blindly backwards.

Danyael scoops up a discarded GUN, turning and spraying the remaining troopers with bullets.

They shoot back, but Danyael ignores the bullets tearing into him, firing until every last trooper is down.

A moment passes. Breathing hard, Danyael drops the spent, smoking gun.

Twist starts to pick herself up, but Marcus keeps her pressed down, checking the coast is clear himself.

TWIST

(muffled)

Look, I get what you're trying to do, and on anybody else it'd be sweet, but -

He abruptly rises, letting her get up. She dusts herself off, quickly rounding on him:

TWIST (cont'd)

Listen up, newbie!

MARCUS

(amused)

'Newbie'?

TWIST

I'm gonna cut you some slack because you don't know how we do things, but here's one thing you need to get absolutely clear straight away - I can take care of myself! You got that?

MARCUS

I don't doubt it. But there's one thing you need to understand.

He leans in close, making her shrink back an inch.

MARCUS (cont'd)

I've got your back.

(CONTINUED)

He turns and starts to walk away, adding:

MARCUS (cont'd)
Whether you like it or not.

He heads over to Danyaël, who is looking sadly down on the ASHES and BODIES that used to be Nate and his gang.

MARCUS (cont'd)
No survivors?

DANYAEL
If we'd gotten here sooner,
maybe... we could've...

MARCUS
We'd have ended up like them. We
got lucky when we took them by
surprise.

Marcus KICKS one of the trooper's bodies, rolling it onto its back.

MARCUS (cont'd)
This has to be Parker's doing.

Both of their phones RING again at that moment, the boys checking them as Twist stomps over.

TWIST
Alright, I'm all fired up and we've
run out of things to kill. Best
find me something before I start on
you two.
(beat)
What is it?

DANYAEL
(off phone)
More vamps under attack. All over
town.
(looks up)
We're being cleaned out.

MARCUS
There's a wolf clan who hang out a
few miles from here. Last message I
got from them just said 'help.'

TWIST
So what are we standing around here
for? Let's move!

DANYAEL
Yeah, but...

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

He nods towards the twisted, broken wreck that used to be their hire car.

TWIST

(looks over his shoulder)

So we get ourselves an upgrade.

The boys turn - and see she's looking at one of the armoured vehicles, ready and waiting, as we CUT TO:

17 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CORRIDOR - DAY

17

Chris, Lyra and Vivian run on. ALARMS still ring out, their path blocked every few turns as more STEEL SHUTTERS drop from the ceiling, sealing off their escape.

VIVIAN

We're getting penned in! We have to get out of here!

CHRIS

You're the expert on these things!
Where do we go?

Vivian quickly looks round, trying to gather her thoughts.

VIVIAN

(points)

That way!

The trio start off, heading for a long, circular tunnel...

... just as a squad of TROOPERS appear at the other end!

TROOPER

Freeze!

GUNS are quickly aimed at the team as Vivian skids to a halt, twisting round to yell:

VIVIAN

Other way! Other way!

GUNFIRE rattles after them, the trio just making it round a corner as bullets chew holes in the wall behind them.

ROUND THE CORNER, the team try to catch their breath as the troopers close in, fanning out to pin them down.

LYRA

Are we trapped?

VIVIAN

No! We're... actually, yeah. We're trapped. Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

Chris leans out - and ducks back as GUNFIRE thuds into the wall, spraying him with plaster.

CHRIS
We need a diversion.

VIVIAN
No, we need an exit strategy.

CHRIS
Vivian, get yourself and Lyra out of here. I'll make sure you're not followed.

LYRA
Chris, no!

He suddenly DIVES out from around the corner, RACING across the chamber as the troopers try to shoot him down!

LYRA (cont'd)
Chris!

Lyra tries to follow him - Vivian YANKS her back as a fresh round of bullets HAMMER into the wall.

VIVIAN
That's our diversion! Go!

Vivian drags the frantic Lyra back off down the corridor.

ON CHRIS as he FLIPS into the air to avoid the bullets chasing him.

SLOW MOTION as he draws his katana mid-flip, SLICING down to cut one of the offending guns in two!

RESUME SPEED as he lands, turning and SLAMMING his open palm into the disarmed trooper's chest.

There's a FLARE of GREEN ENERGY and the trooper is PROPELLED back through the air.

He SLAMS into the wall as his comrades move to intercept - two of them lower their guns and draw STAKES instead!

Chris rounds on them as the troopers surround him, spiralling his katana round to DEFLECT a burst of gunfire.

Bullets RICOCHET all around, one STRIKING another trooper in the shoulder.

He YELLS and drops to the floor - but Chris is GRABBED from behind by another of the soldiers!

Chris struggles, but before he can break free the other two agents are on him, raining down PUNCHES!

Chris reels from the barrage, eyes fixing on a STAKE as it's held aloft, ready to finish him...

... so Chris SNAPS his head back, smashing the nose of the trooper holding him!

He staggers back, releasing Chris, who drops to the floor and PUNCHES the ground.

A SHOCKWAVE of magic ripples out from him, sending the troopers tumbling to the floor.

He quickly rises, KICKING one as he tries to recover and spinning round to tackle the survivors:

And one of them sinks a SYRINGE into his neck! The syringe is filled with YELLOW FLUID, which is quickly injected into him.

Chris whips round and drives an ELBOW into the trooper's face, knocking him back with a spray of BLOOD.

He rips the syringe from his neck - but sees with alarm that the contents are gone.

VOICE (O.S.)

That's right...

Chris slowly looks up - and there's Parker, flanked by a fresh squad of troopers!

PARKER

(smirks)

... say goodbye to your magic again.

Chris clenches his fist - and then falters, dropping to one knee.

Parker nods to the troopers behind him, who hurry forward and surround the failing Chris.

Parker strolls over, kicking Chris' stray katana away and leaning in over the now-woozy Chris.

PARKER (cont'd)

It's a little stronger than the usual stuff. Thought I'd better up the dosage when I heard you were in the area.

Chris' eyes flutter before he finally CRASHES to the floor.

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

PARKER (cont'd)

(sighs)

Although maybe I made it a little
too strong...

(shrugs)

Ah, well.

As the troopers drag the unconscious Chris up off the floor,
we CUT TO:

18 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

18

The stolen armoured vehicle SCREECHES to a halt, Marcus the
first to leap out. He's looking upwards:

At the FIRE raging through the top few storeys of the
apartment block before him.

Twist and Danyael join him, Marcus' expression hardening.
They know better than to ask what's happened.

FIRE CREWS are already on the scene, jets of high pressure
water tackling the blaze as onlookers watch them work.

MARCUS

(choking up)

Jen, she... she'd just had two
kids, a boy and a girl... just
pups, but you could tell they were
going to be just like their mom...

Twist bites her lip, glancing at Danyael. He shrugs, not
knowing how one comforts a forlorn werewolf.

TWIST

Marcus...

He spins round suddenly, marching back towards the van.

TWIST (cont'd)

(sighs)

We're getting our collective asses
kicked, aren't we?

DANYAEL

We can't be everywhere at once.
While we were driving out here,
more bases could've been hit.
Probably were.

TWIST

So, what? Parker just wakes up one
day and decides he's gonna rub out
everything not a hundred per cent
human on the planet?

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

That's what he does, Twist. This time, though...

He looks back towards the burning building.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

... looks like he means it.

They start as Marcus reappears - carrying a SHOVEL.

TWIST

(blinks)

Where did you -

MARCUS

Saw it in the back of that truck. They've got more stuff like this. My guess is that once they destroy a base, they clear up after themselves before they move on.

TWIST

Oh. Right. That's... creepy.

He stares up at the building, the fires gradually starting to come under control.

TWIST (cont'd)

So, uh... what's the shovel for?

MARCUS

To bury the dead.

Twist SIGHS again, sympathy rolling off her. She starts to reach out to squeeze Marcus' shoulder, but thinks better of it and retracts her hand.

A long beat before Danyael breaks the silence:

DANYAEL

We should, uh... wait in the truck or... something.

He heads back to the truck, Twist following though she keeps her eyes on Marcus. Marcus doesn't move as we CUT TO:

CLOSE ON CHRIS' EYE as it flutters back to life. It's bloodshot, flicking from side to side.

CHRIS' POV:

Bright, blinding light, right in front of him.

ON CHRIS as he squints against the light, managing to turn his head slightly away.

He sees he's in a well-stocked operating room, banks of noisy monitors and high-tech equipment lining the walls.

He tries to move - but he's RESTRAINED, thick cuffs at his wrists and ankles. He's also stripped to the waist.

He looks to his other side - and sees a large, unsettling machine that appears to be a huge DRILL or some sort.

Chris strains against his bonds, but he's held tight. He closes his eyes, trying to focus...

PARKER (O.S.)
I wouldn't bother, lad.

Chris turns, glaring coldly at Parker as he steps over.

CHRIS
You're starting to repeat yourself, Parker. This whole scenario feels rather familiar.

PARKER
This is just the way I do business, Christopher. That'd be like saying you always using that katana of yours shows a lack of ideas, or an unwillingness to embrace change.

He chuckles, moving to check the displays on some of the monitors.

CHRIS
So what do you want with me this time?

PARKER
Well, I'm sure a smart lad like yourself will have realised by now that the anti-magic serum we were working on has turned out to be a complete success.
(turns back; grins)
Of course, it's not the first time you've had a dose of that stuff now, is it?

CHRIS
(narrows eyes)
You're the one who supplied it to Conall.

PARKER

Och, you'd be surprised how many people out there have their hands on it now.

He moves away again, checking a tray of SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

PARKER (cont'd)

You see, once I came to realise that the kind of products and services I was creating would also be of interest to anyone else with the right means and motivation to use them, well...

He looks down on Chris, brandishing a SCALPEL. It GLINTS.

PARKER (cont'd)

... let's just say that my increased finances are the result of some very shrewd business deals.

And he CUTS INTO CHRIS' CHEST with the scalpel, drawing a long line of BLOOD!

Chris tries to hold it, but lets out a strangled CRY of pain, straining against his bonds.

PARKER (cont'd)

But you're right. I wouldn't like to think I was retreading my old paths. That's why we're moving up to the next stage with you.

Chris is still grimacing with pain - but starts to turn it into a LAUGH.

CHRIS

I got away last time. No reason at all why I can't do it again.

PARKER

Aye, but last time you had help from that raven-haired thorn in my side. This time, there's no chance of anyone getting anywhere near you. At least, not before I get what I need.

He walks round the table, pushing the large metal drill over until it's poised over Chris' abdomen.

PARKER (cont'd)

This time, I'm going right to the source of everything.

He starts pushing buttons on the drill, which begins to light up and activate.

CHRIS

So what's the plan? Are you going to drill me full of holes? Use me as a pincushion?

Parker steps back, patting the drill fondly as it begins to WHIRR, the barbed drill bit slowly rotating.

PARKER

What this little piece of magic and mystery does is burrow its way into the test subject - which would be you - and scoop out all manner of juicy nuggets. Bone marrow, organ and muscle tissue - anywhere I aim her, in she goes.

The drill bit is speeding up, Chris' gaze drawn to it.

PARKER (cont'd)

What'll happen after it plucks out enough of your relevant bits and pieces is start breaking down the DNA strands its collected, analysing them in fine detail.

Parker glances over his shoulder as more people enter the room - white-coated SURGEONS and ORDERLIES.

PARKER (cont'd)

(to surgeons)

I'll just be a minute, lads. I'm finishing up my prep.

He looks back to Chris with a wry smile.

PARKER (cont'd)

They're impatient, but it's only because they know they've got a lot to do with you.

CHRIS

So you extract my DNA? Then what?

PARKER

Then... once I figure out what makes you tick, I can start applying that to my next batch of strapping young volunteers waiting out in the labs.

He counts off on his fingers:

PARKER (cont'd)

Your strength, your reflexes, your healing - even your magic. I'm going to work out how you do all the amazing things you do - and then I'm going to give them to every single one of my troopers.

(beat)

The extraction technique will also kill you in the process, but, well... I'm just chalking that up as an unfortunate side effect.

Chris lets that sink in, the full weight of this finally dawning on him. Parker leans over him.

PARKER (cont'd)

You're going to help me save the world, Chris.

With that, Parker turns and leaves, and Chris resumes his struggles, thrashing in vain against the restraints.

Parker doesn't look back as he pushes through the doors, the surgeons descending on Chris.

He's still fighting as one mans the drill, positioning it over his abdomen - LASER SIGHTS click on to guide it.

The drill starts to lower, its wickedly sharp bit spinning at fantastic speed.

As the drill PUNCTURES Chris' gut, he lets out a SCREAM of pain as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20

INT. ARMOURED TRUCK - DAY

20

Twist and Danyael wait inside the truck. Danyael is fiddling with controls on the dashboard.

TWIST

Would you knock that off?

DANYAEL

I'm seeing if this thing's got anything we can use. Weapons, trackers, anything like -

TWIST

You hit an ejector seat, and I swear to God I'm aiming for your head on the way back down.

Danyael FLIPS a switch - and the truck's windshield DARKENS several shades. Danyael turns to Twist with a grin.

TWIST (cont'd)

(rolls eyes)

Oh, get over yourself. All you did was push a button. Anyone can do that.

She reaches over, and before Danyael can stop her she PUSHES another button:

And piercing ALARMS start to wail!

TWIST (cont'd)

Ack! Turn it off! Turn it off!

DANYAEL

What did you press?

TWIST

I don't know! Spook, make it stop!

Danyael frantically pushes every button he can - and one finally turns the alarm off.

The duo slump back in their seats, breathing a sigh of relief - but are startled again as Marcus opens the rear door.

MARCUS

What the hell are you two doing in here?

He clambers into the van, his clothes spattered with mud as he drops the also dirty shovel with a CLANG.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Danyaël was trying to figure out what the truck does, and he set the alarm off.

(to Danyaël)

I told you not to.

Danyaël doesn't even bother to answer back.

DANYAEL

(to Marcus)

You, uh... you all done?

Marcus just nods, strapping himself in to one of the several seats set into the rear compartment's walls.

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Okay. Closest base from here is Pat O'Brannon's place, about ten miles out. Let's see what's going on.

He STARTS the truck's engine, and as he pulls away we CUT TO:

21

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CORRIDOR - DAY

21

A pair of TROOPERS march past, guns at the ready. They join two more, pausing to converse as we PULL BACK:

And find Vivian and Lyra, laying low behind some large stacks of lab equipment further along the corridor.

Vivian watches the guards, waiting for them to go - and hunches up, trying to stifle another COUGH!

She just manages it to hold it long enough for the squad of troopers to move on - before she lets out a loud COUGH.

LYRA

You're getting worse.

VIVIAN

I'm fine.

LYRA

You're not 'fine.' 'Fine' would involve a lot less blood every time you cough.

Vivian looks down at her hand - wet with her own BLOOD.

VIVIAN

How did you - never mind. Come on, we need to find Chris and get out of here before I lose a lung.

The two girls rise from their cover, scampering away.

(CONTINUED)

LYRA

Where would they have taken him?

VIVIAN

Same place as last time. One of the operating rooms. Just need to figure out where the nearest one is from here, then we -

She COUGHS again, leaning against the wall as her body is wracked with painful HEAVES.

LYRA

Vivian...

VIVIAN

(waves her away)

Let's keep moving, we don't have time to...

And she FAINTS dead away!

She hits the floor with a THUD, a wide-eyed Lyra feeling round for her before she hauls her back upright.

LYRA

Vivian? Vivian!

Vivian's eyes flutter as she comes round.

VIVIAN

(woozy)

What... did I fall over?

LYRA

Vivian, come on! You have to stay strong. I can't do this by myself.

VIVIAN

Alright, alright...

With Lyra's help, Vivian drags herself back to her feet. She takes a moment, her head spinning.

LYRA

Which way do we go?

VIVIAN

(points)

That way.

A beat. Vivian winces, turning Lyra to face the right direction.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Sorry. Down here.

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

The girls head on, Vivian visibly leaning on Lyra for support as we CUT TO:

22 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - RESEARCH LAB - NEXT

22

Vivian carefully pushes open a door - looking into a small room filled with large SERVERS and stacks of PCs and monitors.

Two TECHNICIANS are working, their backs to the door as Vivian creeps inside.

She's about a foot away when one turns, spots her, and opens their mouth to shout:

WHACK! Vivian CLOCKS him, quickly grabbing his head and CRACKING it against his colleague!

Stunned, both men drop to the floor, where Vivian is quick to drag them to one side.

Vivian sits down at their vacated desk, eyes scanning the rank of monitors before her as Lyra joins her.

LYRA

Well?

Vivian narrows her eyes, reading - then lets out a LAUGH, clapping her hands and rubbing them together.

VIVIAN

Success! They were already logged in. Saves me the bother of trying to hack into it myself.

She CRACKS her fingers, ready to start typing.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Watch the door for me.

(beat; curses)

Sorry, I'll stop doing that eventually...

LYRA

(smiles)

It's alright. It took everyone a while at first.

Vivian gets to work, fingers dancing across the keyboards as we CUT TO:

23 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - OPERATING THEATRE - NEXT

23

Chris SCREAMS in pain as the drill PLUNGES into his torso once more, the surgeon manning it oblivious to his pain.

(CONTINUED)

BLOOD flows from a series of grisly HOLES punched through his skin, Chris kicking and struggling every second.

One of the surgeons leans over him, as his colleague lines up the drill for another run.

SURGEON

You can scream all you like, half-breed - it won't make any difference.

CHRIS

(spitting fury)
The second I get out of this, you're the one I'm coming for first...

SURGEON

Do you really think we'd let you get away again before we got what we needed from you?

Chris SNARLS at the surgeon - and the drill SKEWERS into him again!

He lets out a fresh CRY of pain as the surgeon moves over to the monitors against one wall.

Next to a bio-readout of Chris' vital signs and a 3-D display of his body, lines of DATA scroll down the screen.

Numbers and letters FLASH, some moving into a new column to form shorter sequences.

SURGEON (cont'd)

We're making good progress, you'll be pleased to know. Once we've extracted all the raw information from your system, we can begin compiling it into viable, applicable DNA strands for us in our trooper modification programme...

The surgeon returns to Chris, breathing fast and hard as he fights the freshest wave of pain.

SURGEON (cont'd)

We're going to be able to do some incredible work thanks to you.

CHRIS

(clenched teeth)
Then I'll make sure... I take great pleasure... dismantling anything you throw at me...

The surgeon CHUCKLES, nodding to his colleague - who steps away from the drill.

Chris manages to weakly lift his head up - only to see the second surgeon brandishing another device!

This one looks like halfway between a metal CLAW and a huge NEEDLE, the talons of the claw SNAPPING open and shut.

SURGEON

We'll use this to do biopsies on,
oh... just about every single part
of you.

(to other surgeon)

Where shall we start? The brain?
Somewhere less obvious, perhaps?

2ND SURGEON

(shrugs)

Why not.

The surgeon looks back down on Chris, his smug, victorious expression clear even behind his mask.

Chris looks away, eyes closed, as the surgeons and orderlies start to prep this next procedure.

PUSH IN on Chris, his lips starting to move, mumbling something under his breath. His brow furrows in concentration.

The monitors in the room suddenly FLICKER, images BLURRING and going to STATIC.

SURGEON

What's going on?

ORDERLY

I don't know, sir. Something's
interfering with the monitoring
equipment.

The surgeon looks to Chris. Sees what he's doing.

SURGEON

(scowls)

It's him! Get me some more of the
anti-serum, quickly!

One orderly hurries to a tall cabinet, opening a wide drawer and sorting through the pre-packed SYRINGES within.

CLOSE ON CHRIS, eyes still shut as he continues to speak.

ON HIS LIPS as a word can finally be made out:

24 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - RESEARCH LAB - NEXT 24

And Lyra's head snaps up as though someone just called her.

VIVIAN
(not noticing)
Alright, so... I've got into the
main intranet, now all I need to do
is hunt down the lab reports from
the batch of zombies that bit me,
and I'm -

Lyra grips her shoulder. Vivian turns.

LYRA
It's Chris, he's...
(frowns)
... he's in trouble. He's giving me
a message.

VIVIAN
Are you sure? Where is he? What are
they doing to him?

LYRA
(shakes head)
I don't know, but...
(eyes wide)
We have to tell the others.

Confused but sensing the urgency, Vivian fishes in her jacket for her cell phone.

Lyra steps away, tilting her head back and calling out:

LYRA (cont'd)
Chris? We're coming to get you!
Just hold on a little bit longer,
okay?

Vivian rises, starting to dial a number - when Lyra suddenly YELPS and drops to her knees, clutching her head!

25 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - OPERATING THEATRE - NEXT 25

And Chris SHOUTS as another SYRINGE full of serum is injected into him.

His muscles bunch up as he tries to fight against the liquid pumping through him...

26 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - RESEARCH LAB - NEXT 26

... but as Lyra looks back up with TEARS in her eyes, it seems Chris' line of communication has been cut off.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

Lyra, what the hell's going on?

Lyra breathes rapidly for a moment - then turns and VOMITS onto the floor!

Vivian recoils, waiting for Lyra to finish retching before she crouches down beside her.

LYRA

Chris, he... he managed to get through to me. They're doing something to him, something horrible...

VIVIAN

(catching up)

And they're blocking his magic again. Just like Conall did to him.

A thought hits Vivian as her brain connects the dots.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Wait, does that mean -

Lyra fumbles as she tries to snatch the phone from Vivian, her fingers stabbing random numbers in her flurry.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Hey! Hey. Calm down. Come on.

She takes the phone back, dialling a new number.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

We're on this. We're gonna get out of here. It'll be alright.

Lyra is still reeling from the aftershock of the psychic connection, leaning against Vivian as we CUT TO:

Concentrating on the driving, Danyael steers the truck down a narrow slip road and deeper into a dense estate.

Twist turns to Marcus, who sits silently in the back still. She bites her lip, leaning closer:

TWIST

Look, I'm... I didn't mean to get all in your face before. I know you just took a pretty big hit, and... well, I didn't want to look like I didn't respect that.

MARCUS

It's alright.

(beat; turns to her)

But thanks for saying it.

He manages a small smile, one she returns - before Danyael SLAMS on the brakes, jolting her forward!

TWIST

Ow! What in the -

Danyael's staring straight ahead, knuckles white as he grips the wheel.

Twist follows his gaze - and another ARMoured TRUCK is just pulling away from a ramshackle, grafitti-covered building up ahead.

SMOKE rises from inside the building - the soldiers beat them to it. Again.

Danyael starts to REV the engine, eyes fixed on the departing vehicle.

TWIST (cont'd)

Spook? What are you...

He drops the clutch and the truck LURCHES forward, Danyael aiming straight for the other vehicle!

TWIST (cont'd)

Woah!

(yells to Marcus)

Brace for impact!

Marcus presses himself against the wall - and the second truck looms ever closer through the windshield:

Unsighted, the second truck starts to swing out to one side, ready to rejoin the road:

And with a colossal SMASH, Danyael's truck PILEDIVES into its side, flipping it up and over!

The other truck BOUNCES off its roof, SLAMMING back to earth and skidding along with a shower of SPARKS.

Glass SHATTERS and spills into the road as the truck finally slows to a stop.

Danyael's truck is ruined - the whole bonnet section crumpled and smoking.

29 INT. ARMOURED TRUCK - NEXT

29

Recovering from the impact, Twist turns to Danyael - but he's already left the vehicle!

She turns to Marcus - whose seat is also empty, the back door swinging open!

TWIST
(snarls)
Fricken... boys!

She grabs Duggan and leaps out - and seconds later, Danyael's PHONE, left abandoned on the dashboard, starts to RING!

30 EXT. STREET - NEXT

30

Twist hurries to catch up Danyael and Marcus, both closing in on the other stricken truck.

DANYAEL
Do you want to go first?

MARCUS
(shrugs)
I'm easy.

DANYAEL
Good. 'Cause I wanted to go first.

MARCUS
Make sure you save some for Twist.
I'm sensing she wants a piece too.

They're joking, but without a flicker of a smile on their faces. This means war.

They reach the van, Danyael grabbing the buckled driver's side door and WRENCHING it back.

The soldier at the wheel is out cold, hanging from his seat, so Danyael simply DRAGS him out!

Marcus reaches in through the shattered windshield, hauling the passenger out into the street.

TWIST
Uh... guys?

They're not listening, still dragging their first victims across the road.

TWIST (cont'd)
Guys!

Danyael and Marcus line up side by side, weapons ready.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (cont'd)

Hey! Guys!

DANYAEL

(finally turns)

What?!?

And then he sees it.

The rest of the troopers, fully armed and stepping out from behind the truck. Unscathed.

Danyael snaps back round to the man at his feet - whose eyes FLICK OPEN!

TROOPER

(smirks)

Boo.

And he KNEES Danyael hard in the groin, the other trooper SPRINGING up to grapple Marcus as Danyael topples!

Twist backs up, facing a half-dozen troopers solo as Marcus tussles with his opponent.

She looks over - to see Danyael take a hard SMACK across his jaw, knocking him back to the ground.

She looks back to the incoming troopers, offering a weak smile.

TWIST

See, most people's 'bad days' just involve a stubbed toe or getting caught in the rain... mine always involve pain and death.

The troopers LOAD their guns in unison, bringing them to bear on Twist. She GULPS.

TWIST (cont'd)

That didn't buy me even a little tiny bit less of an ass-kicking... did it?

ANGLE ON TROOPERS as they take aim - and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

31

EXT. STREET - DAY

31

Back with the soldiers as they take aim at Twist, who squeezes her eyes shut as she braces herself...

The troopers OPEN FIRE - and one of the other troopers SLAMS into Twist, hurled into her from off screen!

Bullets RIP into the unfortunate human shield's body even as it bashes Twist to the ground.

She scrambles up to see Marcus recovering from the throw, before he LEAPS towards the remaining troopers.

With a GROWL he barges into them at full speed, SCATTERING them like bowling pins!

The gunfire stops as Marcus lays into the troopers, giving Twist a moment to push the dead trooper off her and hurry over to help Danyael.

He's on his back, a soldier holding a fistful of his shirt in one hand and PUNCHING him with the other.

TROOPER

You think we didn't know you were there? We knew you'd stolen that truck before you animals even knew how to turn it on!

WHACK! He opens a GASH down Danyael's cheek.

TROOPER (cont'd)

This is what you get when you try to get in the way of Zero Tolerance, you freak... you're all gonna -

TWIST (O.S.)

Hey, what's wrong with your face?

The trooper turns - POW! Twist BRAINS him with Duggan, the soldier SPINNING as he cartwheels to the floor!

TWIST (cont'd)

I mean, besides that.

She quickly grabs Danyael, pulling him to his feet.

DANYAEL

(woozy)
What... did...

(CONTINUED)

Twist looks over - Marcus is in trouble, GRAPPLED by one trooper as two more HAMMER punches into him!

TWIST
Can you stand?

DANYAEL
I don't -

TWIST
Good.

She DARTS away - and an unsteady Danyael TUMBLES back to the floor again.

Bat raised high, Twist LEAPS through the air and into the pack of troopers...

TWIST (cont'd)
Banzai!!

... and CRACKS her bat across one's head! He stumbles back, and Twist quickly flips the bat round, DRIVING the handle into another's face.

TEETH spatter as she turns on the troopers pummelling Marcus, HAULING one back.

TWIST (cont'd)
Ah ah! Hands off the merchandise.

She rears back for another hit - but someone GRABS her bat in mid-swing!

She turns - it's the first trooper she clobbered, bloodied but still on his feet!

TWIST (cont'd)
(boggles)
Didn't I just -

WHAP! He BACKHANDS her, knocking her back. She reels for a beat, but then the red mist falls over her again:

TWIST (cont'd)
(snarls)
Alright, that's it!

With a feral ROAR, she charges back at her opponent, TACKLING him and driving him back into the upturned van!

Marcus uses the moment to rear up and KICK his attacker with both feet in the chest.

He PUSHES up and over from that, flipping over the trooper holding him:

And as he lands, he grabs the soldier's neck and TWISTS, snapping it with a loud CRACK!

Twist is grappling with the next trooper, the duo SLAMMING one another against the smashed truck.

TWIST (cont'd)
Oh, for the love of Justin! Is there some kind of farm where they breed you people?

TROOPER
(smirks)
You have no idea...

He HEADBUTTS her and she stumbles back, the trooper drawing a STAKE from his outfit!

He lunges for her, but Twist quickly JINKS to the side, the trooper's stab slicing past her.

And she turns, SHOVING him forward so he plunges face first towards the shattered windscreen:

SNIKT! The trooper's head SLICES INTO jagged shards of windshield, his body sliding wetly to the ground.

TWIST
(grimaces)
Okay... ick.

She turns - two down, six to go. Twist, Danyael and Marcus regroup as the battered but unbowed troopers do the same.

TWIST (cont'd)
Alright, boys, this is gonna be a tough one. I am open to suggestions, as long as they all end in us still winning.

MARCUS
(snarling)
Kill 'em all.

TWIST
Yeah... we're doing our best, but I kinda think we're gonna need more than lip curls to win this one.

The troopers are squaring off against the trio, two to each one of them.

TWIST (cont'd)
Anything practical? Danyael?

31 CONTINUED: (3)

31

DANYAEL
 (blinks; shakes head)
 How many are there again?

Twist glances over, concerned, as we CUT TO:

32 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - RESEARCH LAB - DAY

32

Vivian is back at the desk, rapidly scrolling through several folders of information at once as Lyra hangs nearby, phone pressed to her ear.

LYRA
 They're still not answering!

Vivian pauses, blinking to clear her swimming vision. She rubs her eyes and replies:

VIVIAN
 They're probably busy. Keep trying.

LYRA
 How much longer will you be?

VIVIAN
 (concentrating)
 Just a sec...

LYRA
 Vivian!

VIVIAN
 (snaps)
 In a minute!

Lyra hesitates, stung, and Vivian drops her head and SIGHS.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 Look, this is complicated. I'm looking for a piece of straw in a stack of needles here. The system keeps locking me out because those two bozos down there didn't have high enough clearance, so I'm trying to find back doors, and...

She stops, staring at something on one of the screens.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
 That's it!

Cackling, she attacks the keyboard again.

LYRA
 What? Did you find something?

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

Oh, I found more than that.

LYRA

So can we go and get Chris now?

VIVIAN

Not yet.

(off her expression)

Look, if we leave here without what we came for, then everything we've been through will have been for nothing. Chris would want us to do this. Alright?

She taps the monitor as she sorts through the surface of the desk, locating a spindle of blank CD-Rs.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

I can't access the test results I need from this terminal, but I've got the location of a place where I can - and it's another lab like this one, specifically set up to research the vombie virus.

(beat)

Although they have a better name for it.

She slots the CD-R into the terminal and starts making a copy of the data she needs.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

So just give me another second, and we can -

Lyra CLAMPS a hand over her mouth suddenly. Vivian starts, but Lyra shakes her head.

And they hear VOICES outside the door. Vivian glances up at Lyra, finally realising what's going on as we CUT TO:

Chris is now alone in the theatre. His chest is still peppered with bloody wounds, and fresh INCISIONS have been made all over.

His breathing is slow as he tries to snatch some rest, his movements weak.

He hears the doors open and turns his head to look:

And it's Parker, a clipboard in his hand as he strolls over.

PARKER

Ah! Chris. How are you doing?

Chris doesn't answer. Too drained to even speak.

PARKER (cont'd)

(grins)

Excellent. I see that the procedures for today have been a success so far...

He checks over Chris' bloodied body, then heads over to the monitors. He brings up a few reports and peers at them.

PARKER (cont'd)

Even better! They're working faster than I expected. At this rate, we'll be done inside the week!

Chris reacts, and Parker's smirk is fixed in place as he steps back over.

PARKER (cont'd)

The quicker the better as far as you're concerned, eh?

Chris SWALLOWS, looking away. Parker chuckles.

PARKER (cont'd)

Oh, and there's someone I'd like you to meet as well. Just a moment.

He turns and walks out of the room, leaving Chris to his misery as we CUT TO:

The fight is escalating - Danyaël is picked up and HURLED bodily into the side of the stolen truck!

He CRASHES to the floor as Marcus staggers into frame, weathering the heavy-set punches of another trooper.

Twist, meanwhile, is tackling two soldiers at once, swinging her bat wildly as they DUCK and WEAVE around her.

One of them SNATCHES the bat away, tossing it to his colleague - just as the first trooper SMASHES Twist in the jaw, and his comrade RAMS the bar into her gut!

She doubles up, winded, and the bat is CRACKED down across her back!

Twist hits the deck hard, but there's no respite as one trooper grabs a handful of her hair and PULLS her up!

TWIST

Ah! Ah! Hey! You'd better not -

POW! Teeth are loosened with another powerful punch, cutting Twist off mid-sass.

She's SHOVED backwards, landing on her ass, head lolling back as she reels from the onslaught.

Marcus is trying to fight his way over to her, but now he's got three troopers between himself and Twist.

MARCUS

(clenches fists)

You need to get out of my way now.

TROOPER

Or what, freak?

TROOPER #2

We're never gonna stop coming. There'll always be more of us, waiting just round the corner.

TROOPER #3

Heh, d'you want to know what the last thing that werewolf bitch said to us before we put her down?

Marcus stiffens, simmering with fury.

TROOPER #3 (cont'd)

She said...

(falsetto)

'Aw, God, please, just don't hurt my kids! Do what you want with me, just don't kill them!'

(laughs)

Can you imagine that? An abomination like that, pleading to God? You think God had anything to do with creating her?

The troopers LAUGH - not noticing Marcus start to hunker down, drawing his arms close against his chest.

TROOPER #2

Did you hear her scream when we put those pups down? Man, I thought she was gonna break the windows or something!

TROOPER

So, you see... there's no stopping us. This won't end until every one of your kind is gone.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Now, see, that's where we disagree...

Marcus lifts his head - and he's started to CHANGE into his garou form, huge FANGS filling his mouth, his eyes a bestial yellow!

The troopers step back, taken by surprise.

MARCUS (cont'd)

... because I'm not gonna stop until every one of your kind is gone!

And with a terrifying ROAR he LEAPS through the air, CRASHING into the soldiers and bowling them all over!

They SCREAM, BLOOD spurting into the air as the frenzied Marcus tears into them.

Wet scraps of flesh fly as his huge, clawed hands rake across them, their struggles soon dying down.

Their cries of distress become wet gurgles as he rips the life out of them, not stopping until each one is dead.

Panting, he rises from the bodies, BLOOD dripping from his mouth and hands.

And SPOTLIGHTS suddenly click on, Marcus raising a hand against the glare.

Twist looks up from the floor, blood running from her nose. Danyael is still sprawled on the floor, clutching his chest as he tries to sit up.

ON THE SPOTLIGHTS as several silhouettes move before them - followed by several more.

VOICE (O.S.)

So you're the reason we got called out here...

Marcus lowers his hand - and sees TWO MORE TRUCKS with their complements of troopers standing before him!

TROOPER

Guess we'd better finish the job, huh?

Weapons are loaded with a succession of CLICKS, Marcus looking across to Twist and Danyael.

Their looks tell the whole story - this is turning into a fight they'll never win, and it's from that we CUT TO:

35

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - RESEARCH ROOM - DAY

35

Three GUARDS enter the room, quickly scanning round as one hurries over to the unconscious technicians.

GUARD

Spread out. They must've found some way to counteract the alarms.

The trio turn to leave - and there's Vivian and Lyra!

Lyra SHRIEKS into one guard's face, the man YELLING as he staggers back, hands clapped over his ears.

Vivian launches a BOOT into one guard's face, twisting round to grab the others' GUN.

She SNAPS it round and fires TWO QUICK SHOTS into him, turning the gun on the second guard and SHOOTING him dead.

As all three guards sink to the floor, Vivian checks the ammo in her newly-acquired gun as Lyra steals over to the door.

VIVIAN

Okay, I'm definitely off my game.
Shoulda taken those guys out in half the time.

LYRA

(looks round)
More are coming.

VIVIAN

Then let's go.

She takes a step - and stops to COUGH violently.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

(beat)
And let's do this quick.

With a final glance round the lab, Vivian follows Lyra outside as we CUT TO:

36

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - OPERATING THEATRE - NEXT

36

Chris, still on the table. A SHADOW falls over him, and he squints to see who it is.

VOICE (O.S.)

Funny, he doesn't look quite as impressive as I remember.

Chris blinks, recognising the voice:

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Conall?

CONALL leans closer, smirking down at him.

CONALL

Surprised to see me?

Chris certainly is, and Conall leans back to let Parker do the talking.

PARKER

Young Conall here's proven to be an invaluable ally to me, as well as a profitable business partner.

Chris LAUGHS, though it degenerates into a COUGH.

CHRIS

Sleeping with the enemy, Parker? I didn't think that was your style.

PARKER

I'm an open-minded man, Christopher. Modern thinking, you might say. Conall's been providing me with all manner of useful intelligence.

CHRIS

Funny, I got the impression that was in short supply around here...

Parker chuckles at Chris' defiance.

CONALL

Maybe I should explain. I know where almost every wolf pack in the country is, White or Black Fur. I've helped Parker's troopers start wiping out those illegitimate bastards wherever they try to hide.

PARKER

I've also been the proud recipient of some fantastic werewolf DNA samples to throw into the pot for my next batch of soldiers, making sure I offer the lads a healthy package of benefits for their loyalty.

CHRIS

(to Conall)

So what do you get out of this?

CONALL

Immunity to the purge. The good doctor and I have a deal in place that leaves me a good chunk of territory to call my own...

PARKER

... while he gets a helping hand to wipe away any wolf not of his own bloodline.

Chris LAUGHS again, mocking them both.

CHRIS

You honestly think he won't just turn on you once the job's done? Kill you too? You're stupider than I thought...

Conall SNARLS, but Parker raises a hand to tell him to step back. Parker then leans over Chris.

PARKER

It's a deal with merits for both sides. For example... did you know that your two lady friends are still scuttling about in my base like wayward insects looking for shelter?

Chris stiffens. Parker grins wickedly, looking to Conall.

PARKER (cont'd)

I think it's time you went and showed our two... 'guests' the kind of welcome we like to offer their kind around here.

CONALL

(smirks)

Gladly.

(to Chris)

Any preference over which one of them I kill first?

Chris explodes into motion, bucking and kicking wildly against his restraints!

CHRIS

You stay away from them! You so much as touch them, you filthy bastard, and I swear I'll -

WHACK! Conall SWIPES Chris across the jaw. Already weak, Chris is knocked half-cold by the blow.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS' P.O.V:

His vision swims, ears ringing with the force of the blow. Conall's blurred, distorted silhouette looms over him:

CONALL

I think I'll take the blind one first. Seeing as how you seem so attached to her.

ON SCENE as he and Parker leave the room, chuckling to one another, and a woozy Chris calls after them:

CHRIS

No... don't... I'll kill you...
I'll kill you both...

As the doors to the theatre swing shut, he manages to yell:

CHRIS (cont'd)

Parker!!

But as the doors SLAM closed, we:

BLACK OUT:

TITLE OVER: TO BE CONTINUED...

END OF SHOW