

SomeWhere InBetween

"Strike"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. STREET - DAY

1

PAN ACROSS a quiet inner city street. THICK CLOUDS cover the sky overhead. Tall, dull buildings line the roads.

A shattered ARMOURED TRUCK comes into view, bonnet crumpled from a head-on collision.

A handful of BODIES lie on the ground around it - all dressed in black, military-style outfits.

Another TRUCK scrolls into frame, this one on its side and the recipient of the other truck's attack.

Another BODY lies before it, head cut almost in two on the jagged, broken windshield.

HEADLIGHTS fall across the scene, highlighting it in the dim, early-evening light.

They pick out MARCUS, halfway between wolf and man - hands curled into CLAWS, FANGS filling his mouth. He SNARLS, his body hunching down like a coiled spring.

Picking herself up off the floor is a bruised and shaken TWIST, with an even more battered DANYAEL alongside her.

Facing them are TWO DOZEN TROOPERS, more of Parker's bio-engineered mercenaries, all toting semi-automatics.

TROOPER

So how'd you want this to end,
freak? Head shot?

TROOPER #2

Naah, he'd want to at least take
us on first. You know, get some
of that aggression out before he
starts humpin' our legs or
something.

The troopers LAUGH, but Marcus is slowly backing over to where Twist and Danyael are recovering. His eyes never leave the troopers.

MARCUS

Are you alright?

TWIST

In what parallel universe is any
of this 'alright'?

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Are you hurt? Can you still
fight?

TWIST

I can always still fight. That's
the damn problem.

The troopers start to advance, fanning out to keep the trio
covered.

Twist glances at Marcus, noticing at last his *garou* form.

TWIST (cont'd)

Woah.

MARCUS

What?

TWIST

Nothin,' just... haven't seen you
do that before. It's cool.

MARCUS

Let's concentrate on the problem
at hand, shall we?

TWIST

No, right. Yeah. Course.
(beat)
Spook?

Danyaël waves a weak hand from the floor.

DANYAEL

Yup.

(beat)

I'm fine, by the way. Thanks for
asking.

Twist gives him a NUDGE with her boot as he hauls himself
to his feet.

TWIST

Alright, sit rep. Twelve on
three. That's four each. Reckon
you can manage that?

She glances at Danyaël - and he can barely stand.

TWIST (cont'd)

(gulps)

Maybe we should rethink the
numbers...

The troopers cock their weapons as one with a series of CLICKS.

Marcus GROWLS again, fangs bared like an animal backed into a corner.

He starts to move forward - but Twist suddenly clamps a hand on his arm.

TWIST (cont'd)

Wait!

Marcus snaps round to her, but she's keeping her gaze on the troopers.

She bravely steps forward, raising her hands. The bemused troopers swap puzzled glances.

TWIST (cont'd)

We surrender.

TROOPER

You... you what?

MARCUS

What the hell are you doing?

TWIST

(to Marcus)

Shut up!

(back to troopers)

We can do that, right? Surrender?

TROOPER

Uh...

TWIST

(sharp)

Oh, what is this? Did we get the bargain basement goons or something? We give up already!

The troopers are a little thrown by this. Marcus edges closer to Twist, whispering into her ear:

MARCUS

We can take them.

TWIST

No, we can't. You've seen what happens. Even one-on-one we barely took them down. And I know me and Spook can come back from gunshots, but you can't.

Marcus fumes - but she's absolutely right.

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

The troopers close in, keeping their weapons trained. One produces a set of PLASTICUFFS.

TWIST (cont'd)

So just do what I do, and trust
me. Alright? That's what family
do, isn't it?

Marcus holds her gaze - and as the troopers close in, he finally lets out a long breath.

He begins to CHANGE - fangs shrink in his mouth, his claws sliding back into his fingers.

Stepping away, he extends his hands, wrists together, and as the suspicious troopers start to shackle the trio, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CORRIDOR - DAY

2

This part of the high-tech setup features a curved corridor overlooking a wide, deep chamber, with glass panels on the far side looking into more labs and workshops.

A pair of GUARDS jog past, one urgently talking into his radio as they hurry along.

They disappear round the bend - and VIVIAN drops silently out of the shadows, landing without a sound.

VIVIAN

Clear.

LYRA emerges from an alcove in the wall, reaching out a hand which Vivian takes to pull her close.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Is it just me, or are we seeing
less of those guys each time
round?

LYRA

This way.

She tugs at Vivian's sleeve, but Vivian only manages a few steps before she stops.

She sways on her feet, looking like she's going to topple over - until Lyra SLAPS her!

VIVIAN

Ow! What the -

LYRA

You were losing it again.

VIVIAN

No, I wasn't! I -

LYRA

Vivian. I can hear really well.
Your heartbeat and respiration
slowed down even more than
normal.

Vivian eyes her, a little spooked.

VIVIAN

Vampire heartbeats are, like...
virtually nonexistent. Same with
us breathing. It's just a reflex.

(CONTINUED)

LYRA

But one I can still hear. So...

She gives Vivian's arm a slightly firmer pull.

LYRA (cont'd)

Let's go.

The girls keep moving, threading their way round the wide, curved corridor.

VIVIAN

This place is like the inside of the damn Death Star!

LYRA

The what?

VIVIAN

Never could figure out where Parker got all the money from to set these places up.

LYRA

Never mind his finances - we need to find where they're keeping Chris!

VIVIAN

Alright, look. You said they were doing something painful to him, right?

LYRA

(shivers)
Yes.

VIVIAN

Stands to reason that'd be one of the main biogenetics labs, then. Or maybe one of the OTs.

LYRA

What are those?

VIVIAN

Operating theatres.
(beat)
You really didn't want that image, did you?

LYRA

(beat)
Let's just keep moving.

And they do, hurrying on as we CUT TO:

3

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - OPERATING THEATRE - NEXT

3

And here's CHRIS, still strapped to one of the crucifix-shaped tables, white-coated SURGEONS crowded around him.

He's stripped to the waists, his upper body covered with PUNCTURE WOUNDS and other surgical injuries.

The wall behind him is filled with MONITORS, some showing real time 3-D displays of his bodily functions, others an EEG and brain wave patterns.

His eyes are closed, his breathing shallow and rapid. He's been through hell already.

PARKER (O.S.)

Are we ready for the next round?

The surgeons turn as PARKER enters the frame, peering down at Chris.

PARKER (cont'd)

Is he sedated?

SURGEON

His body's gone into some kind of light coma.

PARKER

I wasn't aware there was a 'light' coma.

SURGEON

It's self-induced. He's shut down his higher brain functions, presumably some form of meditation.

Parker nods, leaning in close over Chris.

PARKER

Trying to shut us out, eh, lad? Can't say it'll do you a lick of good. We don't need you to be fully conscious for what we're about to do.

He steps back, nodding towards the nearest surgeon.

PARKER (cont'd)

Boot up the Minkowski device.

The surgeon nods, turning to a nearby terminal and typing commands into it.

Parker's attention returns to Chris.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

PARKER (cont'd)
 Let's get some of that white
 magic out of you, eh?

He grins, Chris still too deeply under to hear him as we
 CUT TO:

4 INT. ARMOURED TRUCK - DAY

4

Hands shackled behind their back, feet clamped into
 restraints on the floor, Marcus, Twist and Danyael ride in
 the rear of the vehicle.

Three troopers sit facing them, guns still to hand. Marcus
 keeps his head down, Danyael dozes - but Twist is alert.

TWIST
 So what's the gig like for you
 guys? What kinda pay package you
 on? Get any cool benefits?
 Expense accounts? Health
 insurance?

TROOPER
 Yeah, we get a six month plan of
 shut your damn mouth.

TWIST
 Now, see, I tried that, but it
 just didn't work out for me.

The trooper LOADS his gun, but Twist just grins.

TWIST (cont'd)
 That meant to scare me?

TROOPER
 Does it?

TWIST
 Honey, I have literally lost
 count of the number of times I've
 been shot.

TROOPER
 One more won't make much
 difference then, will it?

The trooper raises his gun slightly - to an admonishing
 glare from the man beside him.

TROOPER #2
 Garton...

(CONTINUED)

TROOPER

What? This lippy vamp bitch is asking for it.

TROOPER #2

You know what our orders are.

GARTON shoots his colleague a look, then lowers his weapon. Twist quirks an eyebrow.

TWIST

And now I do, too.

(off looks)

Well, you need us for something, obviously, else you'd have killed us back there. And you need us in one piece too, so I'm thinking -

Garton surges out of his seat, RAMMING his gun into her!

GARTON

(enraged)

I'm thinking you'd better shut the hell up, right now, before I -

TROOPER #2

Garton! Sit. Down.

Garton glares at Twist, who keeps his gaze, before he finally slides back into his seat.

TWIST

Good boy. And anyway...

She NUDGES Marcus, who doesn't look up.

TWIST (cont'd)

You hurt me, and my brother here'll make you a new hole to stuff all those pies into.

Marcus finally raises his head, meeting Garton's gaze - and he SMILES.

Garton SHIVERS, the intent behind that smile perfectly clear to him, His bravado falters for a beat.

Twist smirks, leaning back in her seat as the truck speeds on, and we CUT TO:

Vivian and Lyra reach the top of a tall, spiral staircase, which leads down to the floor of a large chamber.

Within the chamber are several VEHICLES - armoured trucks like the one carrying Twist's team, larger assault vehicles and something resembling a monstrous TANK.

VIVIAN

What the hell is he building in here?

LYRA

What is it?

VIVIAN

I've not seen this kind of stuff before. Parker's not done anything on this scale, since... well, ever.

They start to descend the staircase, Lyra keeping one hand on Vivian's shoulder.

LYRA

Maybe he's planning more attacks like the ones Danyael mentioned?

VIVIAN

More like he's planning on invading Canada, with this kind of firepower.

They reach the foot of the stairs, Vivian surveying the rows of vehicles again.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

We need to take a look.

LYRA

No! Vivian, please! We've gotten sidetracked already, we have to find Chris now!

Vivian looks to her, genuinely torn - and then EXHALES.

VIVIAN

Alright. But we come back this way when we've found him.

LYRA

Agreed.

They head on, as we CUT TO:

As a heavy SECURITY DOOR starts to descend to seal the circular corridor, two Guards step beneath it.

VOICE (O.S.)
Is that all of you?

The Guards address the speaker, who remains off screen.

GUARD
We've pulled almost all of our
men out of this level now.

VOICE (O.S.)
'Almost'?

GUARD #2
A few haven't responded, they may
have been compromised already.

VOICE (O.S.)
No matter. I'll deal with them
later.

The Guards watch as the speaker steps into view - and it's
CONALL.

CONALL
(smirks)
I think I'm long overdue a little
'me' time first.

The door's almost to the floor now - but Conall has enough
time to nimbly slip beneath it.

It lands with a THUD, pressurised locks HISSING as they
seal it. The two Guards share a look.

GUARD
You wanna stick around? Maybe -

GUARD #2
Hell, no. I want to get the hell
away from that thing before it
decides we're next on the menu.

They turn and start to leave. PUSH IN on the security door
as we CUT TO:

Chris now has what looks like a large LIGHTNING ROD hanging
over him.

He's still unresponsive, but as energy CRACKLES up and down
the long, thin instrument, his body TWITCHES slightly.

SURGEON
Anything?

ORDERLY

Nothing yet, sir. His body must be fighting the effects.

SURGEON

Charge to three-ten.

The ORDERLY swaps a glance with another assistant.

ORDERLY

But, sir, that's -

SURGEON

Charge to three-ten.

The Orderly takes a breath, then rotates a dial on a control panel hooked up to the machine above Chris.

It starts to PULSE with light, more SPARKS of electricity snapping from it.

Chris' body visibly tenses up, his muscles tightening in protest against the machine's effects.

And then a thin sliver of WHITE LIGHT starts to trail up from his chest!

The Surgeon narrows his eyes, watching as the light snakes up through the air, heading for the device.

SURGEON (cont'd)

I think we just found our subject's breaking point.

(to Orderly)

Turn it up to three-twenty, just to be sure.

ORDERLY

Sir, we're already at a near-lethal level with this. If we damage the subject before we're done, Dr. Parker will -

SURGEON

(snaps)

Dr. Parker will feed you to the experiments on level forty-seven if you don't do as I say! Now turn it to three-twenty before I have you fed to the dogs!

Stung, the Orderly duly cranks the machine up higher.

Chris' back starts to arch, the pull of the machine above him intensifying.

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

More WHITE LIGHT spirals up from him, seeping through his skin and funneling in the air.

SURGEON (cont'd)
Incredible...

As the light continues to trail towards the device, the machine PULSES more rapidly.

On Chris' body, however, his wounds start to BLEED again - other injuries already half-healed starting to open up!

SURGEON (cont'd)
Keep an eye on the Hortonometer.
Make sure we drain every last
drop of essence from him.

The Orderly knows better than to answer back this time, and as Chris continues to suffer we CUT TO:

8 INT. ARMOURED TRUCK - DAY

8

Back with Twist's captive team.

TWIST
Wanna know something I heard?

TROOPER #2
We're not interested, freak.

TWIST
Suit yourself.
(beat)
I just thought, you know, that if I heard something about Parker's next batch of G.I. Joes that related directly to what's gonna happen to you guys... then you'd wanna hear all about it.

The troopers swap glances, but #2 is quick to quell them:

TROOPER #2
(to others)
Don't listen to her. She's just trying to screw with us 'cause she knows she's beat.

TWIST
(shrugs)
Just passing on the info. Heard it over the radio in the truck we stole. I don't think we were meant to, though - Danyael was messing with the radio.

(CONTINUED)

She scans the troopers, measuring their reactions.

TWIST (cont'd)

What do you think it means when
they say they're gonna 'retire'
you guys once this 'Zero
Tolerance' thing is over?

#2 draws a huge KNIFE, wearily retorting:

TROOPER #2

Why don't you -

GARTON

'Retire'?

TROOPER #2

Garton, stand down! Stop
listening to her!

(to Trooper #3)

Can't we just gag them?

TWIST

That's what I heard. That exact
phrase. Something about how
you'll have 'outlived your
usefulness,' and that the 'new
wave' of troops will take over.

GARTON

(to Trooper #2)

Mann, what the hell is she
talking about?

MANN

Nothing! She's lying!

(to Twist)

Last warning, vamp - you shut up
or I slit your throat and time
how long it takes you to heal!

TWIST

D'you reckon 'take over' was code
for 'kill off'?

Mann bursts from his seat with an angry GRUNT, but this
time it's Garton who intervenes, SHOVING him back.

As the troopers descend into a furious argument, Twist
surreptitiously glances across as Marcus, looking behind
his back:

And he's working on his bonds, having half-changed his
hands into garou claws so he can cut through the cuffs!

Satisfied, twist leans back with a sly smile as we CUT TO:

9

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALLWAY - NEXT

9

Vivian and Lyra hurry along, Vivian pausing to read down a MAP on the wall, arrows pointing to different sections.

Lyra frowns, looking up and down the corridor. It's empty.

LYRA
Something's wrong.

VIVIAN
(reading)
Just a sec...

LYRA
Vivian... nobody's here.

VIVIAN
Yeah, that's a good thing,
remember?

LYRA
No, I mean... I mean nobody's
here.

Puzzled, Vivian turns to her.

VIVIAN
Meaning?

LYRA
Meaning I can't sense anybody in
this whole part of the base. It's
like... like they've all just
gone.

Now suspicious too, Vivian's hand reaches for her SWORD.

VIVIAN
Might explain why we haven't seen
many guards...

LYRA
And why we've gotten this far so
easily.

VIVIAN
'Easily'?

LYRA
You know what I mean. What if -

CLICK! All the lights go out. The duo react, plunged into pitch darkness.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

What if we're walking into a trap, you mean?

Vivian pulls Lyra close, drawing her sword.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Alright. OTs are just past this hallway. We keep moving, we watch our backs, and if anything happens, we -

CONALL (O.S.)

(echoes)

Run, rabbit, run...

Vivian FREEZES. Lyra grips her arm in fear.

VIVIAN

(groans)

Oh, crap...

Conall's mocking LAUGHTER rings all around them.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

(pushes Lyra)

Run!

And as the girls turn and flee, LAUGHTER chasing at their heels, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALLWAY - DAY

10

Lyra and Vivian run for it, scampering down one of the wide, smooth corridors.

With the main lights out, all Vivian can see by is the faint glow from the labs and offices set up into the walls.

LYRA

Where are we going?

VIVIAN

All these bases have emergency escape hatches leading to the surface. We find one of those, we get out of this rat trap.

More LAUGHTER echoes down the corridor towards them, making Lyra turn round.

LYRA

Who is that?

VIVIAN

Gee, I don't know, maybe we should stop and ask the maniacal laughter where it's coming from?

Vivian GRABS her wrist again.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Come on!

They race on, Lyra almost stumbling as she tries to keep up with Vivian.

Vivian wipes her hand under her nose - and then reacts as she makes out a dark patch of BLOOD on her hand.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Oh, no...

She slows, Lyra BUMPING into her.

LYRA

What is it? What's wrong?

Vivian hesitates, not sure what to do next - when she hears something heavy land with a THUD overhead.

She whirls round, pushing Lyra behind her as she raises her SWORD.

(CONTINUED)

CONALL (O.S.)

Oh, come now, little rabbit.
You're going to need more than
that little pin to stop the big,
bad wolf from gobbling you up!

More snickering LAUGHTER. Vivian scowls.

VIVIAN

Okay, based on that lame attempt
to freak us out, I'm getting less
of a 'big bad,' more 'villain of
the week' feeling here. So why
don't you come on out and show
yourself? Maybe we can have a
talk about getting you some
proper dialogue...

She hears FOOTSTEPS - Conall's running from spot to spot up
on the next level, but staying out of sight.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

What are you waiting for? You
gonna hide up there all day?

LYRA

(urgently)
Vivian...

VIVIAN

Not now! We have to -

SNIKT! Something WHIPS past Vivian in a blur - and opens up
a large GASH across her cheek!

She shouts out and staggers back, pressing a hand to the
wound.

CONALL (O.S.)

This won't be any fun unless you
start running again, rabbit. I
have to work up my appetite
first.

Vivian is seething, yelling towards the ceiling:

VIVIAN

You wanna play hit and run? Fine!
Just don't screw with -

She's cut off as she's wracked with COUGHS.

LYRA

Vivian, let's go!

Vivian waves her away, hunched over as she SPLUTTERS.

VIVIAN

Just... just a...

She COUGHS UP a gob of blood with a wet SPLAT, reeling dizzily from the effort.

Lyra's hands snap back, Lyra herself backing away from Vivian as she stays hunched over, hands on her knees.

LYRA

No...

Conall LAUGHS from somewhere close by.

CONALL (O.S.)

Looks like this little chase is going to be over too soon...

LYRA

Vivian, please! Don't do this now! You have to -

And Vivian VOMITS up more blood, falling to her knees as she keeps retching.

Terrified, Lyra keeps backing up as Vivian drops onto all fours, body still heaving.

LYRA (cont'd)

(small)

Vivian?

Vivian slowly turns towards her...

... and GROWLS, her feral eyes a deep blood red and her fangs on full display!

Lyra gets the message - she turns and runs, careening off a wall as she tries to get her bearings.

She disappears into the gloom. STAY ON Vivian as she tries to rise - and something DROPS DOWN in front of her.

Vivian manages to lift her head as Conall steps into frame, peering down at her.

CONALL

(curls lip)

You're no good to me now.

Shaking, Vivian tries to reach out for him - and falls flat on her face.

Conall shakes his head and looks up - in the direction Lyra fled. A sick grin crosses his face as we CUT TO:

11 INT. ARMOURED TRUCK - DAY

11

Back with Twist and the others. Garton keeps a cold glare fixed on her, but she just smiles sweetly back.

TWIST

You want to know something else I was musing on?

MANN

Shut it, vampire.

TWIST

I was thinking about all the neat stuff Parker's gonna be able to take from our DNA.

Mann scowls, but Twist's doing her job - keeping their focus on her, not on Marcus as he keeps working at his restraints.

TWIST (cont'd)

I mean, yeah, he's probably cut open some other vamps before, but us? We're special. Did you know I went to Hell twice?

MANN

(scoffs)

Yeah, sure. And when I go home at night, Kate from 'Lost' is waiting to cook my dinner.

TWIST

My brother Marcus here, he's a big shot in the werewolf movement, and Spook here, well...

Danyael's still dozing, his body on standby as he heals from his beating.

TWIST (cont'd)

He's a different kind of 'special,' but that's not the point.

Garton holds up the STAKE he's idly playing with.

GARTON

I got your point right here, freak.

TWIST

Cute. But not what I mean.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

TWIST (cont'd)

Think of the bad ass soldier boys
your boss is gonna make when he
gets a hold o four DNA. Or of
Chris' and Lyra's. A little bit
of vampire, little bit of wolf,
little bit of something else...

The troopers swap glances despite themselves.

TWIST (cont'd)

You really think he's gonna keep
around the older models when he's
got studs like that ready to roll
off the assembly line?

Garton surges from his seat and SMACKS her hard across the
jaw.

Marcus stiffens in his seat - but a sharp look from Twist
settles him back down. Not yet.

DRIVER

(over shoulder)

We're here.

Mann glances out through the windshield - the truck is
driving down a ramp and into an underground area.

Returning to his seat, Garton moodily kicks the stake away,
and as Twist allows herself a smirk, we CUT TO:

12 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CORRIDOR - DAY

12

Lyra stumbles into a narrower corridor, this one with power
lines running along the walls and ceiling.

Her hand finds one of those, using it to guide her in a
straight line as she hurries on.

She reaches a doorway, finding it open and slipping inside:

13 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - LAB - NEXT

13

Shutting and locking the door, she slides down to the
floor, resting against the doors and hugging her knees.

She's scared and lost, but as she shuts her eyes and lowers
her head, she manages to bring her breathing under control.

She slowly lifts her head again, and we hear:

LYRA (V.O.)

Chris?

(beat)

Chris, can you hear me?

INTERCUT WITH:

And back in the operating theatre, Chris' face TWITCHES - he's still in his meditative state as the surgeons bustle in the background.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Lyra?

LYRA (V.O.)

Chris, I... I'm lost. Vivian and I, we had to split up, she...

CHRIS (V.O.)

It's alright. I'm alright. Just tell me where you think you are.

LYRA (V.O.)

I don't know! Vivian's sick, I had to leave her, and someone... someone's after us.

CHRIS (V.O.)

(grim)

It's Conall. He's working with Parker.

LYRA (V.O.)

What? But... Chris, I don't think... I can't do this by myself!

CHRIS (V.O.)

Yes, you can.

LYRA (V.O.)

But I'm -

CHRIS (V.O.)

Lyra, you have to listen to me. I'm in a state of *siddhi* trance, but if I come out of it they'll start operating on me again, and -

LYRA (V.O.)

'Operating'? Chris, what are they doing to you?

CHRIS (V.O.)

That's not important. Lyra, please... just hide. Use your powers, cloak yourself so he can't find you.

(beat)

I'm coming for you.

14 CONTINUED:

14

Lyra's eyes open as she GASPS, the link between them broken. She takes a moment to recover:

And hears someone WHISTLING tunelessly coming from the corridor outside!

15 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NEXT

15

Conall strolls casually down the corridor, eyes GLINTING in the darkness.

CONALL

There's no use trying to hide
from me, little rabbit. I can
find you wherever you go.

His eyes scan the corridor - picking out several doorways. He approaches one and tries the handle - locked.

CONALL (cont'd)

I've sealed us in down here.
There's only so many places you
can run to, and sooner or
later...

He KICKS one door open with a loud BANG - but Lyra's not there.

Amused, he turns to step back out into the corridor:

And Lyra BURSTS from the lab she was hiding in, fleeing blindly into the darkness!

CONALL (cont'd)

(vicious smirk)
... the hunt'll be back on.

He starts to jog after her, taking his time as we CUT TO:

16 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - OPERATING THEATRE - NEXT

16

In the OT, the orderlies take notice as the monitors showing Chris' vital signs and brainwave activity start to pick up again.

ORDERLY

Uh, sir?

The lead Surgeon steps over, seeing the spikes on the displays.

SURGEON

Good. He's coming around.

He steps over to Chris, still with his eyes shut.

(CONTINUED)

SURGEON (cont'd)

I knew you'd see sense eventually, Christopher. The sooner we complete our work, the sooner this will be over for:

FOOM! A SHOCKWAVE of energy blows out from Chris, HURLING the surgeon across the room!

The orderlies are also thrown back, the minors and equipment around them SHORTING OUT.

Chris' body arches up on the table, muscles straining against the restraints.

Wisps of BLACK ENERGY start to form around the thick straps as Chris' body quivers with exertion.

One orderly helps the dazed Surgeon to his feet as the others scramble to contain the damage Chris caused.

SURGEON (cont'd)

We're supposed to have stopped him from doing that! Pump another ten cc's of anti-serum into him!

ORDERLY

We already did that, sir! He's... he's not responding to it!

Chris manages to free one arm, TEARING through the straps as he brings his arm up!

SURGEON

(realising)

He's not using white magic any more...

And as Chris' other arm rips free, he sits up at last, his wounded body rippling with lines of dark, crackling energy as we CUT TO:

A lift WHIRRS as it descends into view, the armoured truck carrying Twist's team on the platform.

As the lift stops with a THUNK, the truck's rear door opens and the troopers within disembark.

Twist, Marcus and Danyael are frogmarched out, hands tied behind their backs still.

MANN

(motions)

This way.

17 CONTINUED:

17

He guides the trio towards a service elevator, Garton accompanying him as they step inside and the doors close.

TWIST

So! Anybody want to hear what
else I know?

Mann and Garton swap a glance as we CUT TO:

18 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - OPERATING THEATRE - NEXT 18

Chris now stands in the middle of the room - which has been wrecked all around him!

He holds the Surgeon by the throat - and a foot into the air, the Surgeon's feet dangling helplessly!

He CHOKES as Chris keeps his grip tight, the other orderlies and surgeons sprawled on the floor.

SURGEON

Please... please, don't... I was
just... I was only doing what I
was told!

Chris' body still has faint tendrils of BLACK ENERGY snaking around it as he glares coldly up at the Surgeon.

CHRIS

Do you want to know what I
despise the most about what you
people are doing?

The Surgeon GASPS for air, hands clawing at Chris' grip.

CHRIS (cont'd)

The resources you have, the
skills, the knowledge, the... the
desire. All of that could be used
for the good of the world. You
could cure disease, end
suffering, bring about an end to
conflict... but no. You have to
find new ways to kill. To destroy
what you don't understand or
refuse to tolerate.

The Surgeon's eyes roll back into his head as his struggles start to fade.

CHRIS (cont'd)

And that is why people like me
will always be there. To stop
you.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

With a final CRACK, Chris' stranglehold does its job - the Surgeon goes limp, head lolling.

Chris drops his body to the floor, taking a step towards the door - but he STUMBLES, crashing into the table and spilling trays of instruments to the floor.

He takes a beat to recover, then pulls the scrubs from one of the orderlies and starts mopping up the blood oozing from his wounds as we CUT TO:

19 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALL - NEXT

19

Lyra runs into frame, reaching a wide gangway that runs above a deeper chamber - this one containing more armoured vehicles below.

She finds herself at a staircase and pauses - but when she hears Conall's FOOTSTEPS gaining on her, she tries to hustle down the steps:

But she trips and FALLS, bouncing painfully off the last few steps before landing in a heap on the walkway!

She quickly picks herself up, but manages one step before she falls again, crying out in pain.

She reaches round and places a hand on her ankle - and WINCES in pain. Twisted.

CONALL (O.S.)
(tuts)
Oh, dear...

Her head lifts - Conall stands at the top of the staircase, leaning against the rails.

CONALL (cont'd)
I guess you should've watched
your step.

Lyra tries to get up again, LIMPING desperately away.

Conall grins - then VAULTS down the stairs, landing on the walkway with a CLANG!

Lyra doesn't look back, still pushing forward - not realising that there's a huge drop just a few feet away on either side of her!

Conall BLURS past her, knocking her to the floor. She tumbles, falling perilously close to the edge.

Rising, she realises there's a SYRINGE dangling from her arm, which she quickly swats away.

(CONTINUED)

But now she doesn't look frightened. She looks pissed.

Conall lazily leans against the wall on the opposite side of the walkway.

CONALL (cont'd)
I'm prepared to give you a headstart to make up for that ankle. If you're interested, of course.

Lyra focuses on him from his voice, sucking in a deep breath - and letting rip with an almighty SCREAM!

But it's just that - only a scream. Conall looks remarkably unfazed. He even starts a slow CLAP.

CONALL (cont'd)
Very impressive. I imagine you'd make an excellent singer.

Lyra's jaw drops - what's happened to her? And then it hits - the syringe! Her hand goes back to where Conall jabbed her with it.

Conall saunters slowly up to her as Lyra backs up, fear returning.

CONALL (cont'd)
But, I have to ask - was it meant to scare me away? Because, if it was...

In a heartbeat, Conall's face MORPHS as he goes *garou*, and he unleashes a terrifying ROAR into her face!

Lyra falls back, landing on her ass and shuffling away. Conall quickly shifts back to normal with a smirk.

CONALL (cont'd)
... I think mine wins.

He takes a step towards her - his hands starting to melt into huge CLAWS:

And ALARMS start to ring out all over the base! RED LIGHTING flicks on as the klaxons WAIL. Conall stops and turns, frowning, and we CUT TO:

The service elevator opens and the two troopers leap out - the ALARMS are still ringing out.

Garton corners two more troopers as they hurry past, Mann keeping Twist's group at gunpoint.

GARTON

What the hell's going on?

TROOPER

It's Berkeley! He's escaped from the labs, gone postal down in sector 7-G. The old man wants everyone down there.

The troopers hurry past. Behind them, Twist turns to Marcus with a victorious smirk.

MARCUS

Now?

TWIST

(nods)

Now.

And with a GRUNT, he BREAKS FREE of his manacles, grabbing Mann and SLAMMING him headfirst into the wall!

Garton spins round, gun halfway raised - but Marcus swats it back down as he gets a shot off - and Garton blasts his own foot in half!

He HOWLS in pain - and Marcus mercifully DECKS him cold, letting him drop to the floor.

Twist beams as Marcus quickly grabs the KEYS from Mann's belt and frees her and Danyaël.

TWIST (cont'd)

Nice! I'm starting to rethink my opinion of you, Marky Mark.

DANYAEL

Wait... you guys planned this? When?

Twist pats him on the cheek as they start to move on.

TWIST

While you were sleeping, precious. C'mon.

The freed trio hurry on as we CUT TO:

Conall turns back towards Lyra, who backs away - until she almost SLIPS over the edge of the walkway!

CONALL

Careful! Wouldn't want the fall to do my job for me, would I?

She's got nowhere to go as he looms over her.

CONALL (cont'd)
All good things...

Lyra clamps her eyes shut, terrified - but opens them as she hears a muffled BOOM somewhere nearby.

And then there's another BOOM, much closer this time. Conall turns towards the door on the facing wall:

Which EXPLODES outwards, showering the walkway with flaming debris!

Conall throws up an arm, lowering it as the smoke starts to clear...

... and Chris steps into view, hands by his side CRACKLING with two spheres of black energy!

CHRIS
I believe that's my girl.

Conall gapes at the sight as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALL - DAY

22

WHAM! Conall is slammed into frame by Chris, hand clamped around his throat. Conall just LAUGHS.

CONALL

Have to say, Chris...

He HEADBUTTS Chris, SHOVING him back before he springs to his feet again.

CONALL (cont'd)

... you look a little pale.

He KICKS Chris across the jaw, sending him sprawling. Conall starts to follow - but Chris is already up.

With a GROWL he TACKLES Conall in the chest, driving the two of them back to CLATTER across the walkway.

It WOBBLER unsteadily, their tussle unbalancing the whole structure.

Lyra, meanwhile, clings tightly to a railing as far away from them as she can.

Chris pushes his open palms into Conall's chest - and a BLAZE of energy knocks the wolf off his feet.

Chris hurries over to Lyra, his body still suffused with black energy.

CHRIS

Lyra? Are you...

He extends his hand - but pauses as she shrinks away from him.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(frowns)

What's -

WHAP! Conall surges into him again, the two of them spilling back across the gantry and half-falling over the edge!

Chris is pinned down, the walkway still swaying beneath them as Conall starts to HAMMER punches down on him.

CONALL

(furious)

I don't know how you got out of that lab...

(CONTINUED)

He grabs a handful of Chris' hair and SMACKS his head against the walkway.

CONALL (cont'd)
... but pretty soon it won't
matter any more.

Chris gets his feet up, trying to push Conall away, but Conall just weaves back - and RAKES his claws across Chris' gut!

Chris yells in pain, fresh blood starting to spill from his multiple injuries.

Conall smirks, grabbing one of Chris' feet and DRAGGING him back into the centre of the gantry.

CONALL (cont'd)
So this is your attempt at a
heroic rescue?

He STAMPS on Chris' chest.

CONALL (cont'd)
You can barely stand up straight,
let alone try to stop me from
turning your girlfriend back
there into a new coat!

Another STAMP, and Chris coughs up BLOOD.

CONALL (cont'd)
I wonder if you're even worth the
effort...

He raises his boot to stamp again - but Chris CATCHES it, twists and TOSSES Conall aside!

Conall crashes into the railings, the walkway lurching heavily to the side, as Chris rises again.

CHRIS
I'm not even getting started yet,
Conall.

Conall is stunned for a beat - but recovers quickly, and with a grin LAUNCHES himself at Chris again as we CUT TO:

Back in an earlier part of this section, the security doors that sealed the place down start to rise.

A squad of TROOPERS quickly stream through, weapons covering every angle as they fan out.

23 CONTINUED:

23

LEAD TROOPER

Alright, recon only. If you find either Conall or Berkeley, do not engage.

The soldiers hurry on, illuminated by the flashing red alarm lights as we CUT TO:

24 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CHAMBER - NEXT

24

More troopers hurry past - PAN DOWN to find Twist, Danyael and Marcus taking cover behind a collection of supply crates.

DANYAEL

Where d'you think they're going?

TWIST

My guess? Wherever the others are. Based on my equation of guns times manpower equals threat level.

MARCUS

We need to find another way around. Without Vivian, we've lost the tactical advantage here.

TWIST

Yeah, but you've got me instead! Doesn't that give you a different kind of bonus?

Marcus just raises an eyebrow as he coolly slips away.

TWIST (cont'd)

(fuming)

I take it back. He's a dick.

DANYAEL

(amused)

Let's go.

The duo nip out from their hiding spot, following Marcus as he cuts across the large chamber and heads for an access staircase, and we CUT TO:

25 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALL - NEXT

25

Back on the walkway, and a now-battered Chris SLIDES into view, sporting several new wounds.

Conall wipes BLOOD from his nose as he marches up to him, CRACKING his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CONALL

You know, I was hoping for more of a fight when we finally got our chance to lock horns again, although I suppose -

Chris raises his hand - ELECTRICITY snaps all around it - before he PUNCHES it down into the walkway!

Several LIGHTNING STRIKES rain down, the walkway erupting in a shower of SPARKS.

Conall is thrown off his feet by the blasts, landing heavily in the middle of the gantry - which suddenly LURCHES sharply to the left!

Chris clings to the railing as the walkway hangs at an angle over the chamber below.

He looks up - several of the support struts have been severed by his lightning, swinging freely!

CHRIS

(exhales)

Bollocks.

He pushes himself to his feet, trying to lean into the angle as Conall also recovers, and we CUT TO:

As more troopers and lab staff hurry past both ways, Garton and Mann head down the plush corridor that leads into the admin section.

Parker emerges from his office, barking instructions at a pair of technicians.

They take off, racing past the troopers as Parker frowns at the approaching Garton and Mann.

PARKER

What the hell are you two doing here? Where are your prisoners?

GARTON

They got away.

Mann NUDGES him sharply.

GARTON (cont'd)

Sir.

PARKER

And you're standing here now, telling me this, because...

MANN

One of them, the, uh, the girl,
she, well... she told us some
things that we just wanted
verifying, sir, so -

PARKER

(advancing)

'Verifying'? Have you two bloody
idiots failed to notice the alarm
bells ringing over every inch of
my compound? Because I bloody
well haven't!

The troopers back up as the furious Parker closes in.

PARKER (cont'd)

Get your sorry arses back out
there now, and bring those
prisoners back before I turn you
both into hood ornaments!

He **SHOVES** past them both, leaving the troopers in stunned
silence for a beat.

GARTON

So... go check the labs?

MANN

(darkly)

Let's go check the labs.

They turn and march off as we CUT TO:

The troopers keep moving - but slow as their leader signals
for the others to hold position.

He keeps his gun trained on something on the floor as he
paces forward:

And it's Vivian, still sprawled where she fell. BLOOD pools
around her.

LEAD TROOPER

Close in. Target down. Assessing
threat.

With more troopers covering him, the leader crouches by
Vivian, slowly turning her over.

She looks like death - dried blood round her lips, her skin
a mottled grey.

LEAD TROOPER (cont'd)

Looks like we've got a -

And he SCREAMS as Vivian LUNGES up and sinks her FANGS into him!

Blood sprays as she clamps down on the trooper, shaking him like a rag doll even as the other troopers fall back.

They OPEN FIRE, but Vivian uses their leader's body as a shield before HURLING it towards them.

Two are downed as the heavy body slams into them - and Vivian POUNCES on another in a flash!

Her eyes are red, but she's deep in the grip of the virus now as she HISSES at the wide-eyed trooper:

And then with one SWIPE of her hand she tears out his throat!

She bounds off his body, bouncing from wall to wall as more GUNFIRE chases her.

She TACKLES the next guard, his horrified cries for help as she tears him to pieces sending the final trooper fleeing for his life.

Vivian turns from the bloody, quivering mess she's made of her last target, watching the final soldier run back down the hallway.

Her lips curls as she SNARLS, more animal than human now, and as she takes off after him, we CUT TO:

Conall and Chris try to make their way across to each other, but the unsteady gantry makes progress slow.

DOWN BELOW, more troopers make it into the hall, taking up covering positions on the battle overhead.

CONALL

(glances down)

Ah! The cavalry. And just when I was enjoying myself so much.

Chris stays quiet, edging forward all the time - but Conall STAMPS on the walkway, unsettling it again!

Chris SLIPS, losing his footing and sliding to the edge - grabbing hold and hanging in mid-air!

Conall CACKLES as he drops to all fours, crawling across the gantry to loom over Chris.

CONALL (cont'd)
 Would you like to go and join
 your new friends down there? I'm
 sure they have lots to talk to
 you about...

Conall's hands start to SHIFT again, turning into larger,
 more fearsome WOLF CLAWS.

He slowly reaches over and digs the claws into Chris' hands
 - BLOOD oozes from them as he pushes down!

Chris grimaces, clinging on for dear life - and casting a
 glance back to where Lyra was sat.

CONALL (cont'd)
 She can't help you now, Chris.
 It's just you, and the -

WHACK! Conall reels - Lyra appears behind him, also
 crawling across the gantry, wielding a FIRE EXTINGUISHER!

LYRA
 For a hunter, you make a lot of
 noise.

Conall starts to slide forward - but he bundles up into
 Chris, causing Chris to lose his grip!

CHRIS
 Lyra!

The added weight finally pushes Chris away - he falls clear
 of the walkway, Chris and Conall sailing back towards the
 ground!

LYRA
 Chris? Chris!

He reaches a hand out for her, but he's already too far
 gone - and Lyra keeps calling out as the two bodies
 plummet.

CRASH! Conall lands on top of a JEEP, bouncing off its
 roof, while Chris lands on one of the armoured trucks,
 CRACKING his head off the roof.

Troopers quickly move to cover him, and as he starts to
 rise from the roof, he finds a dozen GUNS pointed at him.

Chris GROANS, gingerly testing his chest - which now sports
 several ugly BRUISES - when he hears:

TWIST (O.S.)
 Surf's up, big kahuna!

The troopers spin round - and Twist's team CLATTER into them, Duggan CRACKING off one's helmet.

Marcus POUNCES on two more, bringing them down and BASHING their heads on the floor.

Danyael bravely KNOCKS one gun aside as it opens up, driving his SWORD into the trooper's chest!

Twist reaches the van as she PUNCHES another guard down, calling up to the recovering Chris:

TWIST (cont'd)

So, what? You gonna stay up there
all day admiring the view, or you
gonna come and help us?

Chris manages a grin - but then his gaze shoots back up to the walkway:

CHRIS

Lyra, she's still up there, she
can't -

DANYAEL

On it.

He rushes past, heading for a spiral staircase leading up to the upper level.

Marcus is making short work of the troopers, heavy PUNCHES knocking them aside as he tosses their guns aside:

And then he spots Conall, picking himself out of the Jeep's smashed roof.

His eyes go wide - and then he SNARLS, lip curling to show off his FANGS.

TWIST

Marcus? What is it?

She then spots Conall too - but Marcus is already off, LEAPING through the air to attack!

Conall sees him coming in time to roll away, Marcus landing on the wrecked Jeep with a BANG.

CONALL

You!

MARCUS

The one and only.

Marcus DIVES at him, the two grappling and tumbling to the floor as we CUT TO:

29

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - LABS - NEXT

29

Technicians are working quickly, copying data files and locking down the base's network:

When Garton and Mann push through the swing doors and into the laboratory proper.

TECHNICIAN

Hey! You two aren't supposed to be in -

Garton SHOVES him to one side, the others giving them a wide berth as they walk on.

They slow as they take in the sight before them - a dozen huge TUBES filled with bubbling green liquid.

Each one has a fully grown HUMAN inside of them, hooked up to an oxygen mask and various IV feeds.

Mann grabs one technician by his lab coat, hauling him up close.

MANN

What's going on in here? What are you doing to these guys?

He pushes a HANDGUN into the man's cheek, clicking off the safety.

MANN (cont'd)

And do not even think about spinning me anything but the truth, or we're gonna find out if you lab guys really do have bigger brains.

TECHNICIAN

(scared)

They-they're the next batch! Th-th-the latest set of improvements to the trooper program...

Garton approaches the tubes, peering incredulously into what's inside.

GARTON

But... this ain't how it was for us! We just... took tests, had injections, nothing... nothing like this...

TECHNICIAN

You'll need to speak to Dr. Parker.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TECHNICIAN (cont'd)
 He's the one who authorised this,
 it's his program to keep finding
 ways to -

Mann TOSSES the technician aside, leaving him sprawled on the floor as he joins Garton by the vats.

MANN
 So... what happens to us? What
 are we meant to be when these...
things roll off the assembly
 line?

TECHNICIAN
 I... I don't know, I guess...
 maybe you'll be reassigned, or
 given other -

BLAM! Mann shoots him dead without even turning. He looks to Garton, jaw set.

MANN
 We can't let that happen.

GARTON
 No, we can't.

They take a few steps back - then raise their machine guns and OPEN FIRE!

The vats EXPLODE in a shower of glass and sparks, the liquid GUSHING out of them.

The slimy, naked bodies of the men and women inside are peppered with bullets, still dangling from the cables they're hooked up to.

Mann and Garton keep firing, spreading their aim to cover the banks of monitors, terminals and other equipment around the lab.

In moments, the place is filled with smoke, flames and sparks from the dying, bullet-ridden equipment.

Their guns finally CLICK empty, and the troopers toss them aside.

MANN
 Let's go find out how many more
 of these places that rat bastard
 Parker's got set up.

GARTON
 Amen.

The two men turn and march out of the wrecked lab as we CUT TO:

30

INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALL - NEXT

30

Marcus and Conall are trading blows, evenly matches despite Conall's strength.

Conall WHIRLS Marcus round and SLAMS him against the side of one truck, but Marcus shrugs off Conall's chokehold and KICKS him in the chest.

They're clawing and snapping at each other like duelling animals, halfway into their *garou* forms as they fight.

ON THE WALKWAY, Danyael's made it up to the gantry, but Lyra is clinging to the railing for dear life a good twenty feet away.

DANYAEL

Lyra, hang on!

LYRA

I've been hanging on!

Danyael tests the walkway - it CREAKS ominously as he puts a foot on it, and Lyra shuts her eyes in fear.

LYRA (cont'd)

It won't hold your weight!

DANYAEL

Well... what am I supposed to do?

LYRA

I don't know, Danyael! Look around, see if there's anything you can use!

He scans the platform he's on - and spots several POWER CABLES running up the wall.

He heads over and braces himself to hack them down with his sword - but pulls his blade up at the last second.

DANYAEL

(realising)

Metal. Electricity.

And he DROPS the sword and keeps looking.

BACK BELOW, and Marcus and Conall's titanic fight is now the only action in the room - Twist finishes off the last trooper behind them.

Chris drops painfully to the ground, Twist rushing to his side.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Holy Justin, chief, you look like
a side order of crap.

CHRIS

I'm well aware of that, Twist...

He glances over to Conall and Marcus - they're gradually becoming more wolf-like as their tussle rages on.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Get him out of that fight! We
can't exactly escape while he's
playing clash of the sodding
titans over there!

TWIST

How the hell am I supposed to
break that up?

CHRIS

Use your initiative!

TWIST

Screw that. I'm getting you out
first. Marcus can take care of
himself.

Supporting him every step, the duo make it to one of the nearest access doors, Twist punching the 'open' button:

To reveal a snarling, primal Vivian, fresh BLOOD spattered all over her!

TWIST (cont'd)

(groans)

Oh, sh -

WHAM! Vivian TACKLES them both to the ground as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

31 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALL - NEXT 31

Twist is pinned by Vivian, who SNAPS and SNARLS at her, trying to bite her!

TWIST
Get offa me!

She tries to push Vivian away, but she's too strong - and Vivian CRACKS Twist's head off the floor, stunning her.

Vivian HISSES clawing At Twist's clothes to get a better angle to bite her:

But Chris lunges in, clamping his hands either side of her head!

Vivian ROARS, but Chris keeps his gaze fixed on her - and BLACK ENERGY starts to spark from his hands!

Vivian starts to CONVULSE, eyes rolling back into her head as she shakes.

Twist groggily drags herself clear, turning to see Chris subduing Vivian.

TWIST (cont'd)
What...

Chris pushes the energy further, and BLOOD starts to drool from Vivian's nose!

TWIST (cont'd)
Chris, stop! That's enough!

Chris either doesn't hear or doesn't listen, still pumping the dark magic through Vivian:

Until Twist CLOCKS him across the jaw! Chris releases Vivian, who slumps to the floor.

Chris recovers, rubbing his jaw - to find Twist standing defiantly over him.

TWIST (cont'd)
The hell is wrong with you?

CHRIS
I... I was trying to stop her,
I... I didn't -

TWIST
Yeah, well - save it.

(CONTINUED)

She glances over - Conall and Marcus are still hard at work, tearing lumps off one another.

TWIST (cont'd)
We got bigger problems.

She glances up the walkway - and sees Lyra clinging precariously to the railing!

TWIST (cont'd)
Make that two problems...

ON THE GANTRY as Lyra's grip starts to weaken - she tries to grab the railings again, but her hands are slipping...

DANYAEL (O.S.)
Alright, Lyra, almost there!

Her head turns - Danyael has managed to coil up some of the loose support cables from the other side of the walkway, fashioning a makeshift LASSO.

DANYAEL (cont'd)
I'm gonna throw this to you. Just try and grab it, alright?

LYRA
What?

He steps back, twirling the lasso round and trying to judge the distance.

Another support cable SNAPS, sending the walkway lurching harder to one side - and Lyra slips a little further!

LYRA (cont'd)
Danyael, hurry!

Concentrating, he opens up the cable for a wider swing - and then TOSSES it towards her.

And misses.

Lyra hears it land but knows it's too far away, and with a curse Danyael starts to haul the line back in.

DOWN BELOW, Marcus has Conall in a chokehold up against another of the trucks.

MARCUS
I should've known an animal like you'd shack up with the first human to rub your belly, Conall.

CONALL

Oh, I get a lot more out of this deal than you think, Marcus.

He SWATS Marcus' hands clear and lands a heavy BLOW.

CONALL (cont'd)

Things are gonna change for my kind.

MARCUS

'Your' kind? Your kind are nothing but mangy dogs and half-breeds!

They grapple again, still evenly matched.

CONALL

Perhaps - but they're my half-breeds.

Conall ducks back - and rakes his CLAWS across Marcus' belly!

CONALL (cont'd)

And they're more wolf than your pitiful Furs will ever be!

Marcus staggers, the wound cutting him deep - and Conall follows with another PUNCH, a haymaker that sends Marcus sprawling!

ON CHRIS as he scoops up the unconscious Vivian, glancing at Twist - who is watching Marcus take a beating.

She takes a step towards him - but Chris grabs her arm.

CHRIS

We have to get Vivian out of here before she wakes up!

TWIST

What about Spook and Lyra? They're still stuck up there!

CHRIS

I'll come back for them.

TWIST

Like frick you will! You almost just melted Vivian's brains trying to stop her, I ain't taking my chances letting you loose on those two as well!

CHRIS
Twist, we don't have time to
argue!

TWIST
No, we don't.

And with that, she PUSHES away from him and runs towards
Marcus and Conall!

CHRIS
Twist! Twist!

ON DANYAEL as he lines up for another throw. The walkway
CREAKS again, and it's only moments from falling loose.

LYRA
(fearful)
Danyael...

He takes aim and THROWS - and the lasso loop lands in
Lyra's lap!

She quickly GRABS it - but in so doing loses her grip on
the railing!

LYRA (cont'd)
Aah!

She FALLS, swinging free from the gantry and across the
chamber, as Danyael strains against the weight.

With a final CREAK, the walkway's last support cables SNAP,
and the whole gantry plummets to the ground!

ON CONALL as he towers over Marcus, bleeding heavily from
his chest wound now.

CONALL
I suppose this is a fitting end
for -

TWIST (O.S.)
Incoming!

She BARGES into Conall, knocking him to the side - and with
a HEAVE, she grabs hold of Marcus' shirt and DRAGS him out
of the way!

CONALL
(recovering)
You filthy little -

A shadow falls over him.

And then he looks up.

31 CONTINUED: (4)

31

WHAM! The gantry SLAMS down, right where Conall was standing, splintering into fragments on impact.

Twist looks over, crouched protectively over the prone Marcus.

TWIST

Huh. Guess he shoulda looked both ways.

She then hears Lyra call for help - and looks up to see Danyael still struggling to lift her up to safety!

TWIST (cont'd)

Oh, for crying out loud...
(to Marcus)
You alright here for a sec?

MARCUS

(nods)
I'll be fine.

Twist sprints off, racing for the spiral staircase as we CUT TO:

32 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - CORRIDOR - NEXT

32

Chris emerges with Vivian, casting worried glances back over his shoulder:

TROOPERS (O.S.)

Freeze!

He turns - several TROOPERS have him at gunpoint.

TROOPER

Get down on the ground, now!

Chris holds their gaze, tensing himself up to attack. BLACK SMOKE snakes across his body as he charges up...

And an EXPLOSION blasts the troopers aside, hunks of brick and debris flying out from the wall!

Chris drops, but raises his head to see a gaping, smoking HOLE blown in the wall - and all the troopers are down.

Confused, he looks back towards the hall he just left as we CUT TO:

33 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALL - NEXT

33

ANGLE ON the edge of the platform, the cables trailing over the edge.

(CONTINUED)

Lyra's HAND finally appears, groping for the edge and starting to pull herself up.

She finally crests the edge - and there's Twist and Danyael, both taking the weight to pull her up.

Twist steps forward to take her hand, pulling her the rest of the way.

LYRA
(relieved; breathless)
Thank you...

TWIST
Meh. And either Spook here needs to get back to the gym, or you weigh a lot more than one-twelve.

The reunited trio take a moment to catch their breath before we CUT TO:

With Twist supporting the wounded Marcus and Danyael half-carrying Lyra, the foursome look a sorry state:

But not as bad as the scene that awaits them, as they see the bodies of troopers, technicians and extensive explosive damage to the rest of the base.

TWIST
Okay, who let Chris off his leash again?

Lyra SHIVERS, clutching Danyael tightly.

LYRA
He's not himself... he's let something terrible into himself to give him the power to do this.

CHRIS (O.S.)
I didn't do this.

The group turn - there's Chris, still carrying Vivian.

TWIST
Oh! We, uh... we weren't talking about -

CHRIS
(over her)
This way.

Sheepish, Twist leads the way as the group follow him:

35 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - PARKING LOT - NEXT

35

The team head for an open and empty freight elevator -
Twist pausing when she hears GUNFIRE.

She looks across the bay - and sees Garton and Mann, armed
to the teeth, blasting holes in anything they see!

TWIST

Woah. They actually bought that
crap?

CHRIS

You made them do this? They've
torn half the base apart!

An EXPLOSION rings out as Garton starts tossing GRENADES
into another chamber.

TWIST

(smirks)
I like to call it plan number
nine.

The base JUDDERS as something large DETONATES nearby, and
the team hustle into the elevator.

Danyael pulls the gate closed as Chris punches the buttons,
and as the lift slowly rises, leaving the self-destructing
facility behind, we DISSOLVE TO:

36 EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

36

The team's van is parked up by the side of a dense forest,
the MOON overhead shining down.

The side doors are open, and within the van Vivian is laid
out on a stretcher - restrained.

Chris sits beside her, looking at her with a heavy heart.

DANYAEL

She'll be out for a while now,
right?

CHRIS

I gave her every sedative I could
find. The...

(exhales)

I shocked her, which will keep
her down for some time anyway,
but we can't take any chances
with her now the virus has come
back so strong.

He holds up the CD-R Vivian burned earlier.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS (cont'd)

But at least we know where to get
her the help she needs now.

He rises and steps out of the van, Danyael taking his place
as he walks towards the treeline.

Lyra and the others sit round a small campfire. Twist is
patching Marcus up with iodine and gauze, dressing his
wound.

He WINCES as she dabs at one of the deeper cuts, but Twist
just rolls her eyes.

TWIST

You big baby.

MARCUS

Hey, don't cuss me out just
because I happen to have a pain
threshold.

TWIST

(off wounds)

This is nothing. Did I ever tell
you about the time I get set on
fire, like, a half dozen times?

MARCUS

You did?

TWIST

And here was you wondering why I
don't have a tan.

She grins, and he returns it. She sorts through her
supplies as he watches her.

MARCUS

I forgot to thank you.

TWIST

For what?

MARCUS

For helping me out back there.
Conall had me on the ropes.

TWIST

Conall also got a face full of
falling walkway. I don't think
he'll be a problem any more.

MARCUS

I wish I could be so sure.

TWIST

And anyway, don't mention it.
It's what we do for each other.

Marcus takes one of her hands.

MARCUS

Nevertheless... thank you.

She starts to smile, gently extracting her hand and getting back to work.

Neither of them notice the dark look Danyael is giving them from his position within the van.

Chris crouches beside Lyra, who sits with a blanket wrapped round her.

CHRIS

Are your abilities coming back?

She nods, her face aimed at the warmth of the fire.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Good. I'm going to see if there's something we can do to stop that having an effect on us, because it takes away a key advantage we have over Parker.

No answer. He reaches a hand out to her - but she shuffles away from him.

CHRIS (cont'd)

(frowns)

Lyra? What's... what's wrong?

LYRA

Just... please don't touch me.
Not yet.

CHRIS

I... don't understand.

LYRA

Not while that black magic's still buzzing around you. I can hear it. It's like a thousand insects swarming all over you.

Chris reacts, glancing at Twist - who quickly looks away and acts like she wasn't listening.

CHRIS

Lyra, I didn't have a choice. I wasn't going to get out unless -

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: (3)

36

LYRA
 (interrupts)
 Whatever you have to do to make
 it go away... do it.

She pulls the blanket tighter, keeping her focus towards the fire. Chris takes the hint and rises, walking away.

PUSH IN on Lyra as she sighs heavily, then PUSH IN on the fire and the smoke rising from it, as we DISSOLVE TO:

37 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - NIGHT

37

FIRES are still burning, gradually being brought under control by teams of technicians.

The damage to the base has been extensive, but now the worst of it is over.

PAN ACROSS the scene, taking in the holes in the walls, severed power cables, flooding and other damage.

And then Parker scrolls into view - looking down at the bullet-ridden bodies of Garton and Mann.

He stares at them for a long beat, his expression unreadable, before he turns and heads into:

38 INT. UNDERGROUND FACILITY - HALL - NEXT

38

The vehicles have been moved back as more technicians swarm around, also on damage control.

The broken walkway has been moved, deep tracts cuts into the floor.

Parker stands and surveys the scene, assessing the damage to his operation.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Let me finish this.

He turns - and Conall steps into view, cut and bruised but very much full of fire.

PARKER
 You're in no state to do anything yet, lad. You 're only walking now because of all the stuff my medical team pumped into you once they dragged you out from beneath that.

He waves a hand towards the walkway. Conall bristles.

(CONTINUED)

CONALL

Will this... setback affect our deal?

PARKER

No, no, don't worry. Things are still proceeding as planned. After the Lupans in Europe did me such a huge favour last year by wiping out the Brotherhood, I've been too slow to take up the slack and continue the work. I won't let anything else distract me now.

He turns to Conall with a smirk.

PARKER (cont'd)

Besides which, I got more than I needed from Chris. That information will prove very valuable.

Parker starts to walk away, and Conall calls out:

CONALL

So what happens now?

PARKER

Now? Once you're clear to leave the base again, you can get back to doing what you do best.

(turns)

Kill them all.

Conall grins, taking one step back:

PARKER (cont'd)

Just don't forget what we spoke about.

Conall nods, and as he leaves Parker to his survey, PULL BACK to take in the whole hall before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW