

SomeWhere InBetween

"Bulletproof"

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&
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BLACK FURS MANOR - NIGHT 1

Slowly PAN across the spacious grounds of the manor here. The floodlights partially illuminate the guards that patrol the rooftop and the edges of the grounds - some armed, some not.

Everything seems quiet. The trees lining the manor swaying back and forth in the slight breeze.

That is until there's a sudden FLICKER of motion within the trees - and another, and another before we CUT TO:

2 INT. MANOR HOUSE - CHIEF'S CHAMBER - NEXT 2

TRACK past the familiar centre of operations with its clusters of WEREWOLVES who chatter, some working on maps while others go over paperwork.

Several stop and glance over occasionally towards the desks, where it can be seen that the group of older men and women are in heated discussion.

JUMP IN to the midst of the huddled group where TORIN sits listening. ROSHEEN and REAGAN are the only two that stand in the centre as:

ELDER #1

Our clan has lived and hunted in these grounds for generations!

ELDER #2

He wouldn't dare attack us on home territory. We have the advantage. Conall and his little whelps would be outclassed.

A frustrated Rosheen shakes her head - this argument has been going on for a while.

ROSHEEN

But that was before we knew about him joining with Parker. Intel suggests he's gearing up for something big too.

ELDER #1

(sneers)

Let him come. We'll tear him and his little tin soldiers to pieces.

At this, Torin fixes him with a stern look.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

TORIN

Enough. Tanith, you've said your piece. Allow Rosheen the same chance.

Tanith looks about, ready to retort, but he begrudgingly remains silent. Rosheen gives Torin a discreet and grateful nod at his assistance.

ROSHEEN

We know our enemies are gathering to wipe us out. What we don't know is when. That shouldn't...

OFF Rosheen about to launch into a speech we CUT TO:

3 EXT. BLACK FURS MANOR - NEXT

3

In the tail end of a now ferocious scrap between the guards here and some of Conall's grey wolves.

The guards in *garou* form easily overpowering the intruders - ripping out throats with sprays of BLOOD, CRACKING necks and ripping them apart.

ROSHEEN (V.O.)

... lull us into complacency. Let's not kid ourselves. We're facing the end of days here.

Having triumphed, the guards hunch as they transform back. However their elated expressions fall as they see something off screen.

NEW ANGLE reveals a tidal wave of grey wolves CHARGING towards us. The guards share a significant, comradely look before they quickly start to change into their *garou* forms again.

Just in time, as they're soon set upon by the incoming forces. Each managing to take out two to three wolves tops before they succumb to the superior numbers that overwhelm them, snapping and ripping them apart.

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

If we don't present a united front now... we'll be ripped apart... to extinction.

The closest grey wolf throws his head back and HOWLS. His comrades join in as we CUT TO:

4 INT. MANOR HOUSE - CHIEF'S CHAMBER - NEXT

4

Everyone pauses mid-discussion as the approaching sounds of battle and howls reach them.

(CONTINUED)

TORIN

(grim)

We didn't have long to wait.

ROSHEEN

(nods to Reagan)

We'll lead those here. Give you and the other elders time -

TORIN

You'll do no such thing. It's been too long since us old men and women had a chance to get our hands dirty.

(beat)

Now let's go kill some runts.

As Torin and Rosheen share a small smile, we CUT TO:

INT. BLACK FURS MANOR - GREAT HALL - NEXT

The place here is trashed.

The long tables and chairs overturned as black and grey wolves go at it. Viciously snapping, growling and slashing at each other.

Despite the fact that the black furs are more combat capable they're faltering under the superior numbers of Conall's forces.

That is, until a loud, deep HOWL sounds.

A black wolf with flecks of grey in its coat strides forward into the chaos. Two younger jet black wolves flanking either side of it as they lead a large cluster of wolves. Reinforcements.

As one they LEAP out into the air. The grey wolves not seeming so confident now as:

The reinforcements RIP into the grey wolves here. The fight is fast and furious.

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

Others team up to BARGE grey wolves onto their backs so others can TEAR them open from belly to throat.

One black wolf suddenly rips out a huge chunk from a grey wolf's neck, blood SPRAYING everywhere.

With most of the grey wolves now dead or dying, the black wolf with flecks of grey, Torin, HOWLS triumphantly.

5 CONTINUED:

5

Other wolves soon join him before he nods toward the double doors that SWING half open in the breeze.

As Torin pads out toward the door, everyone else following his lead we CUT TO:

6 EXT. BLACK FURS MANOR - NEXT

6

As the wolves exit the manor there's a cacophony of CLICKS.

And a battalion of soldiers dressed in black military uniforms toting automatics STEP into view. Parker's new SUPER SOLDIERS!

Before the wolves even have a chance to react they mercilessly let RIP with a hail of ammunition as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 7

A loud and insistent BEEPING rings out within the dark hotel room. A figure stirs in the bed.

A hand flails across the nightstand, switching on the lamp - to reveal a bleary-eyed MARCUS - as he locates his phone.

MARCUS
(into phone)
Hello?

He rubs his eyes - then freezes.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Rosheen?

He sits up, alarmed - sounds of BATTLE and SCREAMS sounding through the phone.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Rosheen, what's going on? Where are
you? Are you under attack?
(beat)
Rosheen? Hello?

He checks the phone - the line's gone dead.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Damn it!

He swings quickly out of bed as we CUT TO:

8 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEXT 8

Another room in darkness - before KNOCKING at the door stirs the two figures sleeping there.

A light clicks on - it's CHRIS, with LYRA waking up beside him. Chris hauls himself out of bed.

He opens the door to be confronted by Marcus - no words are needed, as his grim expressions says it all.

CHRIS
Go and wake the others. We'll be
ready.

Marcus nods and darts off down the corridor.

LYRA
What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Trouble of some description. I
don't need to know what just yet.

As Chris starts pulling on his clothes, Lyra stretches out
and rises as we CUT TO:

9 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEXT

9

Another door, more knocking - and this time it's DANYAEL who
opens it, rubbing his eyes.

DANYAEL

Marcus? What's all the -

MARCUS

Get dressed. The mansion got hit.

DANYAEL

Whose mansion?

(twigs)

Oh, crap - you mean yours?

VIVIAN (O.S.)

Who is it?

Marcus glances over Danyael's shoulder - a fully-clothed
VIVIAN is rising from her sprawled position on the bed.

DANYAEL

It's, uh... not what it looks like.

MARCUS

I'm not interested. Which room are
Twist and Sophia in?

DANYAEL

Uh... forty-seven, I think...

Marcus is already on his way, prompting Danyael to lean out
and call after him:

DANYAEL (cont'd)

You do know you're still naked,
right?

He leans back as Vivian appears next to him, smacking her dry
lips and stretching.

VIVIAN

Alright, next time we play one of
your drinking games, make sure my
room isn't so far away.

Danyael reaches for his shirt, pulling it on.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

Hey, a bed's a bed. It's not like I was gonna take advantage of you.

VIVIAN

You snore.

Danyael blinks as we CUT TO:

10 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEXT

10

And this time it's TWIST, looking rather pissed off as she opens the door to Marcus.

TWIST

If you wake her up, I swear by all that is unholy -

MARCUS

Get dressed. Rosheen and the others are in trouble.

(beat)

You'll need to find somewhere to leave Sophia.

TWIST

Uh, no, I think what I'll do is keep her right there next to me unless I decide otherwise.

Not having time to argue, Marcus turns and jogs back down the corridor.

Twist double takes at his retreating - and naked - form, taking a moment to examine it as we CUT TO:

11 EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - NEXT

11

Suited and booted, the team stand waiting by the van in the cold night air as Chris and Lyra approach.

CHRIS

All set?

Twist holds a sleepy Sophia's hand as she speaks up:

TWIST

What's the plan?

CHRIS

The Black Furs need our assistance. We're going to assist. I believe that covers it.

MARCUS (O.S.)

It could be worse than that.

(CONTINUED)

The group turn as Marcus approaches.

MARCUS (cont'd)

Those Zero Tolerance attacks Parker initiated on any wolf pack and vamp nest he found may have eased off, but there's still plenty of his bio-soldiers out there.

VIVIAN

What makes you think they're involved in this?

Marcus drags the van's side door open.

MARCUS

I heard gunfire in the background when Rosheen called me.

He climbs in, the others following suit as Chris fishes out the van's keys.

TWIST

Uh, chief?

He stops as Twist steps over to him.

TWIST (cont'd)

We may need to find somewhere to stash...

She glances down at Sophia, who's still half-asleep.

CHRIS

Don't worry. We're not going to take her into a warzone. But we do need to get moving.

She nods, passing Sophia in to Danyael as she climbs into the passenger seat, and as Chris starts the van we CUT TO:

12 EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

12

The van ROARS past us, the first rays of morning sunlight just starting to peek over the horizon.

There are no other cars around, meaning Chris can put his foot down, and as the van speeds on we CUT TO:

13 EXT. MANSION GROUNDS - DAWN

13

The van rolls to a halt, filling the frame as the doors open and the team disembark.

Twist glances cautiously up at the skies - not a problem yet, but the sun will be up soon.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

Whatever happened here, I'm afraid
it looks like we missed it.

They advance, and we PAN ROUND to see:

The front gates SMASHED DOWN, fragments of twisted metal
scattered liberally across the driveway.

STAY ON the entrance as the team hurry forward - in the
distance, thick plumes of BLACK SMOKE are rising.

14 EXT. MANSION - DRIVE - NEXT

14

The team hurry round a curve in the driveway - Marcus out
front - and come to a halt as they discover:

The Black Furs mansion is IN FLAMES, partially demolished and
ready to collapse at any moment!

Marcus' jaw hangs as he surveys the scene - his eyes falling
on the dozens of BODIES that are littering the grounds.

He hurries forward to check on them as the others take in the
devastation.

DANYAEL

Oh, my God...

VIVIAN

The hell did they do? Drop a nuke
on this place?

TWIST

Chris...

CHRIS

I know, I know. We need to be
careful there aren't more troops
waiting around.

LYRA

There aren't.

They turn to Lyra - who has a single TEAR rolling down a
cheek.

LYRA (cont'd)

Nobody's here except us. Nobody's
alive.

Twist's heart breaks as she looks back at Marcus, who has
dropped to his knees by one dead wolf.

ON MARCUS, grief and frustration rolling over him as Twist
walks to his side, laying a hand on his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

TWIST

We need to get inside. See what happened here.

Fighting his emotions, Marcus manages to rise, Twist leading him away as we CUT TO:

15 INT. MANSION - HALL - NEXT

15

The scene within is as you'd expect - part of the roof is CAVED IN, with stray FIRES and SPARKS from broken cables.

Wafting away the smoke, the team make out more bodies - sprawled across the stairs and floor, filling the space.

MARCUS

There were over a hundred wolves here. The largest single gathering of any of us...

Vivian crouches by one young female wolf, her body riddled with bullets.

VIVIAN

Looks like it's now the largest single massacre of any of you.

CHRIS

Marcus... I'm so, so sorry...

Danyael peers up the stairs, but it's more of the same - some bodies hang over the railings further up.

TWIST

I'd say this gives us just about all the excuse we needed to go tear Parker a new one.

CHRIS

Twist, they wiped out almost a hundred werewolves with no visible casualties. I hardly think another offensive is going to do us much good.

VIVIAN (O.S.)

It wasn't just Parker.

They look over - she's found one of the wolf Elders, his body SLASHED by claws.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Wolf and man.

Marcus sags, leaning against the wall for support.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

MARCUS

I... I don't know what to do... we never thought... never in our wildest -

LYRA

Someone's coming.

Instantly alert, the team reconvene and head for the entrance, drawing WEAPONS as they move.

16 EXT. MANSION - DRIVE - NEXT

16

A CAR can be heard, bouncing up the churned-up driveway that leads to the mansion itself.

Chris takes point in the entrance, Lyra behind and the three vampires just inside the hall:

But Marcus just strides out into the open, as if daring whoever's approaching to tackle him first.

Seconds later, a JEEP swerves round the corner, SCREECHING to a halt as Marcus comes into view.

The doors open - and it's DERMOT and SIOBHAN who leap out, faces masks of horror as they rush over to Marcus.

DERMOT

Marcus! What happened? Are you alright?

SIOBHAN

We came as soon as we could, we've got more people on the way, and -

She skids to a halt as she sees the first bodies, her hands going to her mouth.

Dermot's eyes bulge at the chaos, head spinning as he turns to the silent Marcus.

DERMOT

My God... who did this? Who could -

WHAP! Marcus CLOCKS him, sending a stunned Dermot sprawling to the floor.

MARCUS

(icy)
Where were you?

Siobhan hurries over, helping Dermot up as BLOOD trickles from his lip.

In the background, Chris is already on his way.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS (cont'd)
I asked you a question.

DERMOT
You think we had something to do
with this?

SIOBHAN
Marcus, come on! We would never -

MARCUS
(louder)
Where were you? Why didn't you
help? Why did you let them... let
them just murder us all?

His voice is cracking, his hands shaking fists.

DERMOT
Marcus, I swear, as soon as we knew
what was going on, we were on our
way out here.

Dermot dabs his bleeding lip as Chris finally joins them.

CHRIS
Marcus. They're here to help.

MARCUS
(roars)
They're too late!

He spins to face Chris - who doesn't back down.

CHRIS
And you think spilling more blood
will help us now?

He locks gazes with Marcus - who finally relents, turning
away from them all.

CHRIS (cont'd)
(to Dermot)
We've only just arrived ourselves.
Marcus received a distress call
from Rosheen, saying they were
under attack.

SIOBHAN
(nods)
We got one too. Something about
Conall and Parker?

CHRIS
I'm afraid so.

Siobhan scans the carnage again, her eyes glistening with tears.

SIOBHAN
How... how many?

MARCUS
All of them.

With that, he turns on his heel and strides away. As they watch him go, Dermot approaches Chris.

DERMOT
Is there anything we can do here?

CHRIS
You said you had more people on their way?
(Dermot nods)
Good. We'll need a hand putting out these fires and securing some kind of perimeter.

SIOBHAN
You think they could come back?

Chris looks back to the smoking husk of the mansion.

CHRIS
Doubtful. But we need to be sure.

DERMOT
I'll get on it right away. Siobhan, call back home, tell them what happened here and get them to double security and recall any packs out on patrols.

Siobhan digs out her phone, heading back towards the Jeep.

DERMOT (cont'd)
We... we had no idea. None of us ever expected this.

CHRIS
I think that was the point.

Chris offers Dermot a comradely nod, before heading back into the mansion, and we DISSOLVE TO:

Some of the damage has been cleared up - there's activity in the background as WHITE FURS move around.

Chris and the others - minus Danyael and Vivian - are standing around the huge dining table, its surface cracked.

DANYAEL (O.S.)

We got one!

The others turn - and Danyael and Vivian enter with a bulky, combat-suited BODY held between them.

VIVIAN

Weighs more than Danyael's last girlfriend, too.

DANYAEL

How would you know?

There's little actual humour in their words. They DUMP the body on the table.

It's a male SUPERSOLDIER, given his black fatigues and equipment. His outfit is torn in several places.

VIVIAN

Cause of death...

Vivian points to an ugly SLASH across his throat.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

So they're not invincible.

TWIST

They may as well be.

VIVIAN

I'll go get the testing equipment from the van. Maybe this dude can tell us what made this attack so special.

Chris nods, and Vivian exits as he continues staring at the stocky, toned soldier's dead body.

DANYAEL

What are you thinking?

CHRIS

I have an awful suspicion that Parker made good on his promise to use our extracted DNA for his own ends.

LYRA

It was mostly yours, wasn't it?

CHRIS

And don't I bloody know it.

TWIST

So, what? We're looking at a new breed of bad guys who have dubious taste in facial hair and use words with too many syllables?

CHRIS

We won't know until we've performed a full autopsy.

Danyaël glances round, locating a french dresser slumped against one wall.

DANYAEL

I'll go find some sheets and stuff.

LYRA

Where's Sophia?

TWIST

Asleep. I found a master bedroom upstairs that was empty so I stashed her in there, away from all the noise. Marcus is outside.

Chris rests his hands on the table, peering critically at the soldier as we DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE:

- A) In a series of FADES, the soldier's body undergoes various stages of the autopsy - first, his clothing is stripped;
- B) Next, a Y-shaped incision is made across his chest;
- C) Then his internals are dissected and removed;
- D) And finally, his skull is sawn open to reveal the top of the brain nestled within.

END MONTAGE

Vivian reads results off a laptop, connected to several small pieces of diagnostic equipment.

Twist covers the soldier's body with a sheet, grimacing at the state he's been left in.

VIVIAN

Now, bear in mind that what I can get out of all this kit isn't as detailed or as accurate as I'd like...

CHRIS

Bullet points will be fine.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN

(deep breath)

There's evidence of massive, unstable genetic manipulation in pretty much every part of this guy's body. Muscle and sinew increases, denser bone structure, even tougher internal organs.

LYRA

Any evidence of abilities from Chris?

VIVIAN

The body was still trying to heal even as I was cutting it open. I'd say Chris' cellular regeneration comes with the package. I'm guessing these guys have strength and reflexes to match too.

CHRIS

(sighs)

So it's as we feared. Parker's evolving his own army.

They hear a noise and look up to see Marcus passing by - carrying a SHOVEL.

TWIST

Where are you going?

He fixes them with an empty, lifeless look.

MARCUS

To bury my family.

With that, he leaves, the others only able to watch as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18

EXT. MANSION - GROUNDS - DAY

18

PAN ACROSS several rows of freshly-dug graves. Small markers sit at the head of each mound of dirt.

Marcus kneels at the end of one row, stripped to the waist and thick with sweat and grime.

His hands are clasped and his head is bowed as he offers a silent prayer to the friends and fellow wolves he's buried.

PULL BACK to find Chris and Lyra a little way back, Lyra holding onto Chris as he watches Marcus.

CHRIS

How is he doing?

LYRA

Not good. Pain and loss is washing over him like a tidal wave. I think if I went any closer to him I'd just collapse into tears from the amount of energy he's putting out.

Chris pats her hand, withdrawing his arm from hers.

CHRIS

Than maybe I should go over alone.

She nods, letting him rise and pace down the small hill they're sat on to join Marcus.

Marcus rises as Chris approaches, wiping his brow and surveying the graves.

CHRIS (cont'd)

You didn't have to do all this alone, you know.

MARCUS

Yes, I did.

CHRIS

Marcus, I'm pretty sure nobody would have wanted you to become some kind of martyr for them.

MARCUS

It's not about what they would have wanted, Chris. It's about me. How I feel. How I've had plenty of time to think while I've been burying everyone here.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

I didn't mean any -

MARCUS

Like how there are a few bodies missing.

Chris looks up, puzzled.

MARCUS (cont'd)

I've counted. Several times. And I knew the population of this place pretty well. Even if we assume that every pack out on patrol was home at the time of the raid... then we're missing at least a dozen wolves.

CHRIS

That's... well, then that's good news, isn't it? That means some of them escaped the attack.

MARCUS

Yeah. Question is, who?

CHRIS

That, I'm afraid, will have to wait.

He motions towards the mansion, taking a few steps.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Dermot arrived back about ten minutes ago. Says he has an announcement to make. I told him to wait until you were done.

MARCUS

Thanks.

Marcus takes one last look across the graves before he starts to follow Chris, and we CUT TO:

PAN ACROSS the occupants of the hall - around twenty White Furs, Chris and the team and then Dermot and Siobhan.

DERMOT

... and so we made sure that every pack of ours got the message - return home at once. Consider the base on high alert.

He pauses, head bowed, and Siobhan continues:

SIOBHAN

Half of them were already under attack. Of those who managed to head back home, three more were intercepted and wiped out on the way.

DERMOT

Whatever Parker's done to these soldiers, they're stronger than anything we've faced before now.

CHRIS

I think I can shed a little light on that.

He rises, all eyes turning to him.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Parker captured my team and I a few weeks back, and subjected me to some intensive experiments designed to locate the specific strands of my DNA that give me my... strengths, so that he could bio-engineer them directly into his new troopers.

WHITE FUR #1

So this is your fault?

Angry bristling starts amongst the wolves.

MARCUS

It's nobody's fault, you stupid runt.

WHITE FUR #2

Hey!

A few more wolves get up, the mood starting to turn:

SIOBHAN

(yells)

That's enough!

Her outburst quietens the sullen Furs back down.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

Alright, so if Parker used you guys to give his soldiers new strengths, what about weaknesses? Anything we can exploit?

VIVIAN

I doubt we can kill these vat grown freaks with a few rays of sunshine.

CHRIS

No, she's right. We need to go back and look at the samples we took from the soldier we found. Start isolating those unstable elements you mentioned.

TWIST

Seriously? 'Cause, you know, that guy's kinda starting to stink the place out. I was hoping we could throw it out.

CHRIS

There's an old colleague of mine who works not far from here. She used to be pretty reputable in the field of biology. Maybe she can help.

DERMOT

Alright, good. You guys go see her, we'll start heading back to our own base.

MARCUS

You're just gonna leave all this?

DERMOT

Don't take this the wrong way, Marcus, but there's nothing left here. Better to consolidate our own HQ now, ready for the next attack.

SIOBHAN

We'll get the word out to any survivors from here, too, telling them to come to our base instead for protection.

MARCUS

You might have a little trouble convincing them that the heart of the White Fur territory is any safer than going up against Parker's men.

SIOBHAN

True.

(beat)

So you should tell them.

Marcus ponders this as Chris gathers his team around him.

CHRIS

Lyra, Vivian, you're with me. We'll go and see Allison and hopefully she can help us. At the very least, she can get us access to better laboratory facilities to use.

TWIST

What about Spook and me?

CHRIS

Stay here with Marcus. If he wants to move on, go with him. Chances are you'll end up at the White Fur base, so wait there for us.

TWIST

And Sophia?

CHRIS

(beat)
She should come with us. It's the safer of the two options.

TWIST

So why don't I go with -

CHRIS

Twist. Please.

She pouts, but backs down as Chris heads for the door, and we
CUT TO:

Striding down a long, sterile passageway inside a modern urban science park, Chris leads Vivian and Lyra - who holds Sophia's hand.

They pass a few lab-coated researchers, garnering a few curious looks, before they reach a door.

The plaque reads 'DR. ALLISON JONES,' and Chris KNOCKS before he pushes it open:

From behind her desk, ALLISON JONES (50s, slim) looks up at them, double taking as her eyes fall on Chris.

ALLISON

Christopher?

CHRIS
 (smiles)
 Hello, Allie.

ALLISON
 No-one's called me that for a long
 time.

She pushes her chair away, rising and approaching him with a warm smile.

ALLISON (cont'd)
 Not since I last saw you fifteen
 years ago, in fact.

CHRIS
 Yes, sorry about that. You know how
 my work is.

ALLISON
 I've got an idea. Still looking for
 the cure?

CHRIS
 Not as often as I'd like these
 days, it seems.

Allison glances at Lyra and Vivian.

ALLISON
 Who's your entourage?

CHRIS
 Vivian Taylor, Lyra Morley, I'd
 like you to meet Doctor Allison
 Jones. We knew each other from
 Seattle University back in 1993.

The girls shake hands. Allison gives Vivian a knowing look.

VIVIAN
 Problem?

ALLISON
 (to Chris)
 Another vampire, eh?

CHRIS
 (grins)
 We tend to stick to our own.

ALLISON
 (to Lyra)
 And who's this?

LYRA

Hello. I'm Lyra. And this is Sophia.

SOPHIA

'lo.

Allison narrows her eyes, examining Lyra like a lab project - until Chris gently turns her to face him.

CHRIS

Allison. I'm sorry to have to do this, but I need your help.

ALLISON

(rolls eyes)

Don't tell me. Lives at risk? The fate of the world and all life as we know it?

VIVIAN

Kinda. We need to find out if a bunch of genetically modified super soldiers, who've been cooked from Chris' own DNA, have a weakness we can use to stop 'em before they wipe out every vampire and werewolf in the country.

A beat. Allison eyes Vivian as she speaks to Chris:

ALLISON

I think I remember you telling me about this one. She's direct. Just like you.

CHRIS

A lot's happened since then.

(beat)

So... can you help us?

Allison sighs, returning to her desk and putting on a pair of reading glasses.

ALLISON

I can hardly deny the free world now, can I? Take a seat, tell me what you need, and I'll see what I can do.

Chris smiles as he sits, and we CUT TO:

Twist and Danyael are waiting at the foot of the stairs as Marcus descends them, cleaned up and changed.

TWIST

Ready to head out?

MARCUS

Not really.

TWIST

I'll rephrase that. We're going, so are you coming with or not?

Marcus pauses to take a look around. His sad eyes trace over every crack and tear in the mansion's walls.

DANYAEL

C'mon, bro. Let's go make sure this doesn't happen again.

MARCUS

(blinks)

'Bro'?

DANYAEL

What?

MARCUS

Sorry, Danyael. It just sounded for a second there like you were actually being pleasant to me.

DANYAEL

(shrugs)

Guess I'm full of surprises.

He half-grins - and Marcus responds.

TWIST

Yes, yes, and later we can all go to the zoo. Can we get moving already?

The trio head for the door as we CUT TO:

Glasses perched on her forehead, Allison peers into a microscope as Chris waits nearby.

In the background, Lyra sits up on a counter with Sophia as Vivian sorts through files on her laptop.

ALLISON

This is... are you sure these came from a deceased subject?

CHRIS

Very deceased. Why?

ALLISON

Because some of the cells are still trying to form active bonds and continue cellular regeneration.

VIVIAN

No danger of our corpse coming back to life, though... right?

ALLISON

No, there's not enough of them and they're too weak to have any real effect.

She leans back, hand on her chin in thought.

CHRIS

What you're looking at is the result of direct genetic manipulation of my cells into existing human DNA.

ALLISON

That's impossible. There's no way anyone could have enough resources to -

VIVIAN

You're looking at it, aren't you?

ALLISON

But... this could mean... I mean, the medical uses alone could change the entire face of -

CHRIS

He man who did this isn't interested in healing the world, Allie. He just wants to destroy it.

Allison exhales, looking over the notes she's made.

ALLISON

I'll have to run some more tests. If the other samples you brought are as... unusual as this one, then this could take a while. The DNA in question has been stretched, squeezed and pinched almost beyond recognition.

CHRIS

But can you do it? Can you help us identify a weakness?

She pauses in thought again - and finally nods.

ALLISON

If I can work out how it was put together, then I can come up with a way to undo it.

Chris smiles, glancing at Vivian as we CUT TO:

Cruising along in a wide Jeep with blacked-out windows, Marcus drives as Twist and Danyaël sit alongside him.

DANYAEL

Remind me to thank Dermot for lending us his wheels.

TWIST

You mean thank Siobhan. After all, she is your girlfriend.

DANYAEL

Shut up.

TWIST

(smirks)

Oh, come on! I saw the way you two keep giving each other the eye. And it's not just any eye. It's the 'hey, wolf mamma, let's go out back and make us some hairy babies' eye.

DANYAEL

This is ridiculous. And why are you being so... whatever about it?

TWIST

Whaddya mean?

DANYAEL

Come one. We both know how jealous you get if any other woman even looks at me.

TWIST

That is so... ugh!

She SWATS him rather than try and think of a clever retort.

TWIST (cont'd)

That ship sailed a long time ago, Spook.

DANYAEL

I'm not talking about that. It's just... you like to be number one. To have all the attention.

TWIST

That's... not entirely inaccurate.

DANYAEL

And so if any of 'your boys' start giving their attention to anyone who isn't you, then you can't stop yourself getting all up in their face about it!

TWIST

I do not!

DANYAEL

So what was with that 'hairy babies' remark?

TWIST

Damn it, Danyael! You want me to fetch you a stepladder so you can jump up my ass. Or do you wanna -

MARCUS

When you two are done...

Seething at each other, the vamps turn to Marcus. He glances into the rear-view mirror.

MARCUS (cont'd)

... we're being followed.

TWIST

We are?

She starts to turn, but Danyael shoves her back into place.

DANYAEL

Why not wave a flag out the window saying 'hi'?

Marcus puts his foot down, the Jeep speeding up.

MARCUS

Hang on.

He WRENCHES the wheel to the left:

And the Jeep SWERVES sharply down an exit ramp, powering down the asphalt.

Seconds later, a large BLACK APC thunders after it, quickly gaining on the Jeep.

The Jeep keeps jinking from side to side, trying to stay ahead, but the APC closes in fast.

WHAM! It RAMS the Jeep, sending it swerving sharply across the road.

There are plenty of cars about at this time of day, the Jeep CLIPPING one as it rights itself.

The APC keeps coming, BARGING smaller cars aside and shunting them back into the oncoming traffic!

Marcus tosses Danyael his phone as he fights the wheel.

MARCUS

Call ahead! Tell them we're coming
in hot!

Danyael fumbles with the phone as Twist looks out through the rear windshield:

And sees TWO MORE APCs speeding towards them, catching up with the first!

Eyes wide, she looks back to Marcus, his concentration purely on keeping ahead of the APC behind.

It RAMS into the Jeep again, leaving it JUDDERING dangerously, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

27

EXT. CHECKPOINT - DAY

27

Two armed GUARDS stand by a security checkpoint cutting across a private strip of road.

A BARRIER lies over the tarmac, stretching from a small booth. Thick woods line either side of the road.

The guards squint as they hear the sound of a VEHICLE approaching at high speed, one grabbing BINOCULARS.

BINOCULAR'S P.O.V:

Marcus' Jeep coming in fast, with SMOKE belching from its rear as it bumps down the road!

ON SCENE

The second guard reaches for a radio on his belt, thumbing the button and speaking:

GUARD #2

They're on their way, sir.

VOICE

(filtered; through radio)

Alright, raise the gates. Just keep an eye on them. Make sure they're not being followed.

The guard nods to his colleague, who slips into the booth - and moments later, the barrier RISES.

They watch as Marcus' Jeep draws closer, its engine straining at high speed.

And then the guards spot the THREE APCs right behind it!

GUARD #2

Lower the gate!

GUARD #1

But what about -

GUARD #2

You heard what Keegan said, close it! Now!

#1 ducks back into the booth as we CUT TO:

28

INT. JEEP - NEXT

28

Danyael's eyes bulge as he sees the barrier start to lower.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

What are they doing?

MARCUS

Protecting their interests.

TWIST

What about our interests? Like, our interest in not being sliced in two by that barrier?

MARCUS

Don't worry.

He pushes his foot down, REVVING the engine further.

MARCUS (cont'd)

They build these Jeeps to last.

Twist and Danyael share a concerned look, then brace themselves for impact:

EXT. CHECKPOINT - NEXT

The guards start to back up as they realise Marcus isn't slowing down.

GUARD #2

Ah, hell...

They turn and start to run as the Jeep roars down on them:

And with an almighty CRASH, the Jeep SCYTHES through the barrier, shattering it into fragments!

The Jeep rockets past, followed seconds later by the three APCs, leaving the stunned guards sprawled on the floor.

#2 is the first to pick himself up, watching helplessly as the convoy barrels down the long access road.

He reaches for his radio - as #1 hears another sound and turns to look back down the road.

And his jaw drops as he sees SIX MORE APCs bearing down on them, as we CUT TO:

EXT. WHITE FURS HQ - DAY

The White Furs have a much sturdier place to call home - looking like a renovated army barracks, it's all thick walls and angles.

A crowd of WOLVES (in human form) are already waiting outside as the Jeep clatters its way up the drive towards them.

Marcus throws the Jeep into a wide SKID, bringing it to a sideways halt just in front of the base.

The APCs are only moments behind as Marcus, Twist and Danyael disembark, with Dermot hurrying out to meet them.

DERMOT

Border guards says you smashed
right through our checkpoint! Way
to leave the front door open,
Marcus!

TWIST

Trust us. It wouldn't have made any
difference.

MARCUS

Everyone inside, now!

The wolves start to back up - but hesitate as they hear a high-pitched WHINE from overhead.

They look up - and see OBJECTS up in the skies starting to fall towards them!

The colour drains from Marcus' cheeks as he SHOVES Dermot towards the entrance.

MARCUS (cont'd)

Move, move, move!

His trio rush indoors, followed by Dermot and a handful of the wolves:

Just as the incoming missiles SLAM into the exterior of the base, DETONATING into huge balls of flame!

Several wolves are caught in the bombardment, toasted in an instant as the base's heavy main doors seal shut.

The APCs roll slowly up to the entrance as the flames rage on, parking up just clear of the conflagration.

With the next six trucks visible in the distance, the squads of supersoldiers from the first three disembark as we CUT TO:

Dermot leads the way as the group hurry into the base - its cold, military stylings a world away from the character of the Black Furs mansion.

A group of agitated Furs are waiting for them, Siobhan among them.

SIOBHAN

What the hell was that sound?

DERMOT

Missiles.

MARCUS

That's Parker's doing. Softening us up before the big push.

VOICE (O.S.)

Don't worry about that...

The group turn as KEEGAN, Chief of the White Furs, steps out of the shadows.

KEEGAN

... they won't get past our defences.

DANYAEL

Uh, hate to disagree, but they managed a pretty good job on the last place we were at, so...

MARCUS

Danyael's right. Conall and Parker are co-ordinating their attacks. It's going to be too much.

KEEGAN

(scoffs)

Unlike you and your people, we don't sit around in our country manor with our pants down, waiting for our tails to get kicked!

Ignoring Marcus' cold glare, Keegan turns and heads back down the corridor.

Siobhan lays a hand on Marcus' arm to get his attention, gesturing to the concrete walls around them.

SIOBHAN

Keegan's not wrong. This place is an old army facility, and there's basically a nuclear bunker beneath us. We'll be safer here.

Muffled BOOMS send a tremor through the base, shaking lights and dislodging DUST from the ceiling.

TWIST

(beat)

So... a nuclear bunker, you say?

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

MARCUS

Let's go.

He heads off, the group following as we CUT TO:

32 INT. SCIENCE PARK - LAB - DAY

32

Vivian and Allison are working side-by-side at a rank of lab equipment, busy distilling samples and running tests.

Chris works at the laptop as Lyra hovers nearby. Sophia is sitting on a chair, working her way through a sandwich.

LYRA

I wish there was something I could do to help.

CHRIS

You're taking care of Sophia. That counts as 'help.'

LYRA

I know, and I know we couldn't just leave her, but...

CHRIS

(smiles)

I know you didn't sign up to be a babysitter, Lyra. None of us did, to be fair.

He turns and watches Sophia for a beat.

CHRIS (cont'd)

But we have a responsibility to Twist to make sure she's safe.

Sophia looks up, offering a grin back at them.

CHRIS (cont'd)

And anyway, once things get interesting again I imagine you'll be right back in the thick of it, so...

LYRA

So in other words, 'get back to work, Lyra, and stop complaining.'

He grins, reaching over to KISS her before she heads back towards Sophia.

Vivian glances across to notice Allison watching Chris and Lyra closely. She smirks, nudging the doctor.

(CONTINUED)

VIVIAN
You too, huh?

ALLISON
(distracted)
Hmm?

VIVIAN
You another one of Chris' many
almost-wives?

Allison shoots her a look, quickly getting back to work.

ALLISON
I don't know what you mean.

VIVIAN
Of course you don't. No time for
love, Doctor Jones.

Vivian resumes her work, before:

VIVIAN (cont'd)
If it's any consolation, there was
a time I looked at him like that as
well.
(off her look)
It passes. Stabbing a guy in the
back tends to lose the rose-tinted
way of looking at them.

Vivian doesn't notice the strange look Allison is now giving
her as we CUT TO:

Marcus and the others are standing in what could pass for a
War Room - maps and screens detailing most of the country
stand all around, with more Furs behind desks with PCs.

TWIST
(looking around)
Huh. They don't have one of those
DefCon flashy sign things.
(off looks)
I always liked that part in 'War
Games.'

Marcus approaches Dermot, who is in deep conversation with
FINLEY, the stocky commander-in-chief of the Furs' army.

MARCUS
So what's our plan?

FINLEY
Our plan doesn't have you talking.

DERMOT

Finley...

MARCUS

Hey, I couldn't give a good God damn what you think about me, runt! I just had to bury most of the wolves I ever knew while you people sit here in your fortress, waiting for everything to blow over!

Marcus is raging, but Finley steps up in his face.

FINLEY

You tryin' to give the orders now?

MARCUS

Seems like you've done a bang up job so far, doesn't it?

DERMOT

Both of you, knock it off! We don't have time to -

A loud, metallic SCRAPING echoes through the room, cutting him off. The assembled Furs look around, trying to locate the source of the sound - and we CUT TO:

Back by the entrance, and two teams of soldiers are LEVERING the heavy front shutters open in groups of four.

The UNIT LEADER hangs back, watching his men work - until he hears something and turns, peering into the distance.

Dozens of small, scurrying shapes are flowing across the countryside towards him - some weaving through the forest, others streaking across open land.

The Leader reaches for his radio:

UNIT LEADER

(into radio)

He's here, sir. What are our orders?

VOICE

(filtered; over radio)

Stand down. Clear the road and let Conall's pack do the dirty work. After all, the pawns always go first in chess, eh?

The Leader tucks his radio away and turns back:

34 CONTINUED:

34

Just as the shutters are finally CRACKED OPEN with a loud, tearing SCREECH of metal on metal.

35 INT. WHITE FURS HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT

35

As the grinding sound reaches the others, Dermot stiffens - he knows what that means.

DERMOT

(to passing Furs)

Fall back everyone in sectors A through D. I want the entry clear of all personnel. Finley, draw up units of four and post them at every entrance. I want every route out of the main access corridor covered. Activate all our defensive systems, full charge.

FINLEY

Already on my way.

He jogs out of the room, a flurry of activity starting around him as the Furs get to work.

MARCUS

What about us?

DERMOT

You feel like getting a little payback?

MARCUS

(grins)

Thought you'd never ask.

Marcus nods for Twist and Danyael to follow as he and Dermot head for the exit.

TWIST

Spook...

DANYAEL

It's gonna be alright. We're ready for it this time. And besides, what better place to be than surrounded by a coupla hundred angry werewolves when it all goes down, right?

Twist doesn't look convinced. She digs out her phone.

TWIST

I'm gonna call Chris, see how they're doing. I'll catch you up.

(CONTINUED)

Danyaël nods, following Dermot and Marcus:

DERMOT

We'll head for the canteen. It's the first big, open area any incoming force'll land, so that's where we'll hit them. Should be plenty of meat for all of us to get our teeth into.

MARCUS

And here was me thinking you didn't like me.

DERMOT

(shrugs)

You're alright in small doses.

Sharing a smirk, the two wolves stride into camera, and we CUT TO:

36 EXT. WHITE FURS HQ - NEXT 36

The soldiers stand back, readying their weapons and leaving the gaping hole in the base's entrance:

As dozens of GREY WOLVES flow past them, BARKING and SNAPPING at one another in their flurry to get inside!

Like a sea of fur and fangs, they surge into the base, more and more rushing past the waiting soldiers as we CUT TO:

37 INT. SCIENCE PARK - LAB - NEXT 37

Chris' phone RINGS, and he answers:

CHRIS

Twist?

INTERCUT WITH:

38 INT. WHITE FURS HQ - CORRIDOR - NEXT 38

Twist, trying to keep up with Danyaël ahead as she pushes through the flow of traffic.

TWIST

Chris? Can you hear me?

CHRIS

Not very well. Are you underground or something?

TWIST

Sort of. We're at White Fur HQ.

(CONTINUED)

CHRIS

What's all that noise? Is everything alright?

TWIST

Um...

CHRIS

I'll take that as a 'no.' Where are the others?

TWIST

We're moving to a better position to fight off the intruders. Apparently. I'm all for hiding in a closet full of loaded shotguns, but you know what the boys are like...

CHRIS

We'll be on our way as soon as we can. Allie thinks she's on to something - she may be able to fashion a chemical that'll break down the bonds between the supersoldiers' altered cells, and -

TWIST

That's great. Can I speak to my sister?

Chris hesitates, then passes the phone to Sophia.

SOPHIA

Hello?

TWIST

Hey! Hey, you. How are they looking after you.

SOPHIA

(shrugs)

Okay, I guess. I'm bored here. There's nothing to do.

TWIST

Ask Lyra to teach you some songs.

SOPHIA

Is she the blind lady?

TWIST

Yeah, and she's got a great voice. You like singing, right?

SOPHIA

Yeah. That sounds cool.

(CONTINUED)

TWIST

Alright, great. Listen, just in case I don't see you for a while, I want you to know that I lo -

KA-BOOM! A shattering EXPLOSION rocks the corridor Twist is in, tossing her and its occupants to the floor:

END INTERCUT:

39 INT. SCIENCE PARK - LAB - DAY

39

Sophia blinks, looks at the phone, then hands it to Chris.

SOPHIA

She's gone.

CHRIS

Did she hang up?

SOPHIA

Dunno. There was this kind of 'boom' noise...

Chris throws an alarmed look at Vivian.

VIVIAN

How long till we're done, Allison?

ALLISON

I can't say... could be a while yet.

CHRIS

We may have just run out of time.

He SNAPS the laptop closed, reaching for his coat and katana as we CUT TO:

40 INT. WHITE FURS HQ - CANTEEN - DAY

40

Inside the canteen, and the aftermath of the last explosion has left the place in disarray:

Tables and chairs are overturned and smashed, with stunned Furs picking themselves up off the floor.

RUBBLE has fallen from several cracks in the ceiling, with thick DUST filling the room.

COUGHING, Marcus wafts the dust away as he locates a similarly-mucky Danyael and Dermot.

DERMOT

The hell was that? Are they calling in air strikes on us now?

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

Can't say I'd be surprised.

(beat)

Where's Twist?

Marcus blanches as he realises he's lost sight of her.

MARCUS

(calls out)

Twist? Twist!

DANYAEL

Twist? You in here?

MARCUS

Twist! Can you hear -

He stops. In fact, everyone in the room does.

Because they can hear the sound of dozens of pairs of RUNNING FEET, and the YAPS and BARKS of the incoming wolves.

Quickly taking positions, some Furs push tables around to form makeshift barriers, while others fall back and start shifting into *garou* forms.

DERMOT

(grim)

Here they come...

All eyes look towards the wide entrance to the room as the sounds grow louder...

... and with a ROAR, the first wave of grey wolves BURSTS into the room, flowing over tables and POUNCING on anything in their path!

Furs fight back, some falling while others take their targets down, BLOOD spattering in every direction.

And then the soldiers show up - several squads of heavily-armed super soldiers march into the room, OPENING FIRE!

BULLETS rake into the already-beleaguered Furs, forcing them behind cover as they try to hold back the wolves, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

41 INT. WHITE FURS HQ - CANTEEN - DAY 41

Right back into it - snarling GREY WOLVES lunge for their opponents, FANGS clamping round throats and arms.

Around them, the troopers continue to open up on the Furs with a variety of weapons - MACHINE GUNS, GRENADE LAUNCHERS and FLAME THROWERS all in heavy rotation.

In the midst of all this, Danyael, Marcus and Dermot find themselves fighting back-to-back, holding off the tide of wolves on all sides.

DANYAEL

There's too many of them!

MARCUS

There's always too many of them!

WHAP! Dermot SWATS one leaping wolf out of the air, his hands already halfway into CLAWS.

DERMOT

So take 'em down twice as fast!

Danyael DUCKS as another grenade EXPLODES on the wall behind him, and he yells over the clamour:

DANYAEL

We have to fall back! We need to find Twist and move to a better location!

MARCUS

Like where?

DANYAEL

Anywhere!

Marcus turns to respond - and a larger wolf POUNCES on him, sending them both tumbling to the floor!

DANYAEL (cont'd)

Marcus!

He goes to follow, but Dermot pulls him back:

DERMOT

He can take care of himself!

Dermot viciously KICKS another wolf down, SNARLING as he leaps for another, leaving Danyael alone as we CUT TO:

42

INT. WHITE FUR HQ - CORRIDOR - NEXT

42

Elsewhere in the complex, the corridor Twist was left in is now filled with SMOKE and RUBBLE.

Groaning, a cut and bloody Twist pushes debris off her so she can get up, seeing with horror that many of the Furs around her are now dead.

TWIST
Crap, crap, crap!

Her head snaps up as she hears GUNFIRE and SHOUTS echoing down from up ahead - and from behind her!

TWIST (cont'd)
Hello? Is there anybody still alive down here?

She waits. No answer.

TWIST (cont'd)
Alright...

She manages a few awkward steps before she hears someone weakly call out:

VOICE (O.S.)
Down here...

Heaving hunks of rubble away, Twist uncovers a battered Siobhan, pinned down by a fallen beam.

TWIST
You okay?

SIOBHAN
Yeah, I'm fine.
(beat)
Of course I'm not okay! Help me!

Twist puts her shoulder against the beam and HEAVES, straining as she manages to push it clear of Siobhan's legs.

Helping her up, Siobhan tests her left foot and finds she can't walk on it. Twist lays Siobhan's arm over her shoulders.

TWIST
Come one. We need to find the others and -

She freezes - a WOLF HOWL sings down the corridor towards the girls.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

TWIST (cont'd)
That's not one of ours, is it?

And from out of the darkness come several GREY WOLVES,
padding silently over the rubble and bodies.

TWIST (cont'd)
Okay, okay... turn!

Siobhan has to hop as Twist does a 180 and starts the other
way:

Only to have a trio of super soldiers turn a corner and into
view, all packing machine guns!

TWIST (cont'd)
(beat)
Shit.

Cut off, her head snaps both ways as we CUT TO:

43 EXT. CHECKPOINT - DAY

43

The team' van SCREECHES to a halt at the remains of the
checkpoint - now shattered and ablaze, the two guards dead on
the ground.

44 INT. VAN - NEXT

44

Chris grips the wheel tightly.

CHRIS
We're too late.

Vivian nudges him aside and STAMPS her foot down on the
accelerator, making the van LURCH forward.

VIVIAN
All the more reason to hurry the
hell up!

Chris regains control, the van bouncing across the uneven
ground. Vivian glances behind her to where Lyra sits.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
Don't worry. Sophia'll be fine back
there.

LYRA
Nobody else knows about Allison, do
they?

CHRIS
(shakes head)
No.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

Stern-faced, he keeps the vehicle powering forward - until he sees something ahead and SLAMS on the brakes!

The van JOLTS forward as it skids to a halt, buffeting the trio inside.

VIVIAN

What in the -

She follows his gaze and looks outside.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Oh...

She throws a surprised glance at Chris as we CUT TO:

45 INT. WHITE FURS HQ - HALLWAY - DAY

45

Back in the compound, and Danyael hurries down a wide, low-ceilinged corridor as the sounds of battle ring out all around.

He passes one corner - where two Furs are scrapping with a pack of wolves - and reaches another:

And has to duck back quick as two TROOPERS round the corner, OPENING FIRE as he darts back the way he came!

Desperate and also completely lost, Danyael tries to get his bearings amidst the chaos, but has no choice but to keep moving as another EXPLOSION blows a hole in the wall!

46 INT. WHITE FURS HQ - CORRIDOR - NEXT

46

With the troopers hanging back as the wolves advance, Twist grabs a protruding hunk of iron piping, YANKING it free.

TWIST

This'll have to do...

Twirling it in her hands like a baseball bat, she braces herself to meet the wolves.

TWIST (cont'd)

Stay behind me.

SIOBHAN

What good will that do?

TWIST

(beat)

I'm not sure. Just sounded like something I should say.

The incoming wolves SNARL at her - and she SNARLS back!

(CONTINUED)

TWIST (cont'd)
Yeah, that's right... come on...

The first wolf LEAPS towards her - and with an artfully-timed SMACK she knocks it out of the air!

The wolf SLAMS into the wall, but two more are quick to follow, and Twist only manages to get one before the next PINS her to the floor!

She struggles, trying to keep its jaws from clamping round her throat as we CUT TO:

INT. WHITE FURS HQ - CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT

A battle-weary Marcus and Dermot stagger into the room, where Finley and a team of tough-looking Furs are attacking more of the wolves.

Finley casually SNAPS one wolf's neck as he turns to the new arrivals.

FINLEY
Where're the vampires?

MARCUS
We got split up.

FINLEY
Prob'ly means they're dead. Or whatever.

DERMOT
What's our status?

KEEGAN (O.S.)
Our 'status'...

They turn as Keegan strides over - he has a retinue of huge Furs flanking him. Bodyguards.

KEEGAN (cont'd)
... is that I'm not letting that mongrel pup Conall and his human back-scratchers take over my house!

DERMOT
With all due respect, sir - we're losing ground.

KEEGAN
Then fight harder.

MARCUS
It's not a question of that! Look, we're surrounded -

KEEGAN

I don't want to hear your excuses,
boy! You're under my roof, you play
by my rules! Understand?

MARCUS

(growls)
Alright, that's it!

He takes a menacing step forward, but Finley firmly blocks him, just as:

VOICE (O.S.)

Now isn't this touching.

The group turn - and there's CONALL, bold as brass as he strides into the room!

At his side are BEVIN and SCAR, with a dozen more grey wolves behind them.

Several dead White Furs lay sprawled on the floor in his wake as those still in the room huddle around Keegan.

CONALL

What's the matter, old man? Are you
really that afraid of the winds of
change?

KEEGAN

(snarls)
You jumped-up, scrawny little...

CONALL

(tuts)
I'd have thought you'd have shown
me more respect. Especially after
what you did to my mother.

Keegan straightens, ignoring the puzzled glances his comrades throw his way.

KEEGAN

We'll fight to the last wolf.
You're not getting your hands on
this base while a single Fur still
breathes in here.

CONALL

(shrugs)
Suits me. I think the place needed
a makeover anyway.

Forming two lines, the two sides slowly advance on each other as we CUT TO:

48

INT. WHITE FUR HQ - CORRIDOR - NEXT

48

Twist is still fighting her wolf - and behind her, Siobhan has recovered the piping and is swinging it to keep the other wolves at bay.

SIOBHAN

Twist!

TWIST

I know, I know! Just let me -

And she SCREAMS as the wolf sinks its teeth into her arm!

TWIST (cont'd)

Son of a...

She WRENCHES her arm around, the force twisting and SNAPPING the wolf's neck. She is pissed.

TWIST (cont'd)

Right! I have had just about enough of this!

She jumps up, the dead wolf still clamped to her arm - and she promptly uses it to BATTER the other wolves aside!

Grabbing the wolf's head, she prises the teeth out of her arm, but her face is still twisted in fury as she ATTACKS:

She drives her FIST down onto one wolf, almost splitting its head in two, before KICKING the next so hard it sails back down the corridor!

The last two lunge for her, but she SWIPES one out of the air and GRABS the other by its tail, swinging it up and round:

SPLAT! She slams the wolf face-first down onto a hunk of rubble, spinning round to drive her boot hell into the skull of the last wolf.

Panting, and spattered with blood, Twist turns to face the soldiers, who exchange a startled glance.

TWIST (cont'd)

Come on! What are you waiting for?
You want a piece of this? Come on!

The soldiers hesitate - then level their weapons at her!

TWIST (cont'd)

Damn it.

She braces herself for the shot, closing her eyes:

And two GUNSHOTS ring out!

(CONTINUED)

Twist still squeezes her eyes shut - then slowly opens them.

The soldiers are down. Dumbstruck, Twist spins round:

And Chris lowers a smoking SHOTGUN, with Vivian and Lyra right behind him!

CHRIS

(to Twist)

It was quicker than a spell.

Twist sags with relief as Vivian hurries over.

VIVIAN

You okay?

(beat; eyes her)

That's not all your blood, is it?

TWIST

We need to find Danyael and the others.

(blinks)

Actually, no - first, how the hell did you guys get in here?

LYRA

The entrance wasn't guarded.

Everyone was inside.

CHRIS

Plus... we did have a little help.

Twist looks back, not understanding, as we CUT TO:

The two sides still face each other, shooting defiant looks between them:

Until Keegan ROARS a battle cry, and the two lines CHARGE into one another!

Conall goes straight for Keegan but Finley gets in his way, driving an UPPERCUT that knocks Conall back.

Bevin's claws FLASH, taking the throat out of one Fur, even as Marcus puts one of Conall's wolves down with a HEADBUTT.

Conall grins as he lunges for Finley, the bigger Fur pushed back as Conall TACKLES him.

Dermot trades blows with Scar, the two lithe wolves evenly matched as they lock arms and push.

Keegan gets jumped by one wolf - but with a grace that belies his appearance he SWEEP KICKS the attacker aside!

Another grey wolf goes for him, but this time his retinue catch on, two of them DRAGGING the unfortunate wolf down.

Keegan looks across - to see Finley stunned by two haymaker punches from Conall.

KEEGAN

Finley!

Conall glances across and smirks - before his clawed hand CLAMPS round Finley's throat!

KEEGAN (cont'd)

No!

Conall TEARS AWAY, Finley's throat exploding in a spray of blood. His hands clutch it as he goes down.

KEEGAN (cont'd)

(roars)

You bastard!

CONALL

I am what I am.

Keegan goes for Conall, his bodyguards fighting to hold him back:

Before there's a chorus of ROARS from the other side of the room, everyone turning to see:

ROSHEEN, REAGAN, TORIN and a clutch of BLACK FURS pouring into the room!

Reagan and Rosheen lead the charge as they CRASH into the rest of Conall's wolves.

CONALL (cont'd)

(snarls)

Damn it!

He whirls round to face Keegan - fighting bodies keeping the two of them a distance apart.

CONALL (cont'd)

I'll see you again soon... father.

And Conall exits, Bevin and Scar close behind, leaving his wolves to the fight.

Reagan is in his element, bodily HURLING one wolf across the room before he starts on the next.

Rosheen hurries over to a disbelieving Marcus, throwing her arms around him.

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

It... I thought you...

ROSHEEN

I'm not. But we all will be if we
don't get out of here.

Torin approaches Keegan, who is staring in mute shock at the doorway Conall escaped through.

TORIN

Time to go.

KEEGAN

You... what?

TORIN

This house is lost, Keegan. Time to
go.

KEEGAN

No... no!
(defiant again)
Over my dead body!

TORIN

You wouldn't have to wait long for
that.

He glances over - Marcus and the others have already fallen back to the far entrance, waving for Torin to join them.

TORIN (cont'd)

There'll be other battles. Other
wars to fight. Today isn't one any
of us can win.

KEEGAN

You... get the hell out of my
house, you arrogant -

SMACK! Torin lays a punch on Keegan that has his bodyguards grappling him, but Torin doesn't fight them.

TORIN

We've lost, Keegan! But we can
still get out of this!

Recovering, Keegan turns and holds Torin's gaze - before finally bowing his head.

His eyes fall on Finley, lifeless on the ground before him, as he calls to Dermot:

KEEGAN

Sound the retreat.

DERMOT

Yes, sir.

Reluctantly, Keegan joins the escaping pack as Dermot hits an ALARM BUTTON on the wall:

50 INT. WHITE FURS HQ - CORRIDOR - NEXT

50

And with Chris and the others, ALARM KLAXONS start to wail.

TWIST

Now what?

SIOBHAN

(disbelief)

That's the evacuation alarm...

VIVIAN

Good! Right?

SIOBHAN

I never thought he'd give up... I always thought we'd fight until every last one of us was gone!

CHRIS

I imagine Rosheen and Torin persuaded him otherwise.

They turn a corner, heading for a staircase leading upstairs - but Twist hangs back.

CHRIS (cont'd)

Twist?

TWIST

I can't go without Danyael!

DANYAEL (O.S.)

I'm here, I'm here!

They turn - and Danyael is racing towards them!

TWIST

Spook! Thank God you're -

Twist's face falls as a full squad of super soldiers step out behind him!

DANYAEL

Run!!

The team put the pedal down as GUNFIRE chews up the walls around them.

51 INT. WHITE FUR HQ - HALLWAY - NEXT 51

Back up by the entrance - dead Furs litter the ground, but the sounds of GUNFIRE and BATTLE still ring out from elsewhere.

The team hurry along as fast as they can - Chris forced to carry the wounded Siobhan.

The soldiers crest the staircase behind them and hurl GRENADES after them:

BANG! A brilliant flash of LIGHT flares as the stun grenades go off, but the team put their heads down and keep going.

52 EXT. WHITE FUR HQ - NEXT 52

Here, a handful of new vehicles are waiting, a few Black Furs busy scrapping with more super soldiers.

Chris's team burst outside and pile into the van, SLAMMING the doors as Chris bundles himself into the driver's seat.

As the van starts up and pulls away, Marcus and the other Furs spill out of another exit, splitting off and heading for the remaining vehicles.

ON KEEGAN as he looks forlornly back at the base, now just an ever-decreasing pile of rubble, smoke and flames.

He's loaded onto the back of a flatbed truck, other survivors cramming in around him.

He can't take his eyes off the place as the truck SCREECHES away, leaving a trail of dust in its wake.

53 INT. VAN - NEXT 53

Inside the van, Chris keeps his foot down as he glances behind him.

CHRIS
Is everyone alright?

TWIST
Yeah, yeah, I think so, but we -

DANYAEL
Where's Lyra?

Chris snaps round - and Lyra is nowhere to be seen!

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW