

SomeWhere InBetween

"Lycanthropology"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. VAN - NIGHT

1

The team are silent as the van speeds through the night. CHRIS drives, VIVIAN shotgun. In the back are MARCUS, TWIST and DANYAEL.

Chris grips the wheel tightly, eyes fixed on the road. Waves of anger radiate off him.

Vivian shifts in her seat, glances over her shoulder. The others make eye contact - willing her to break the silence.

VIVIAN

Chris -

CHRIS

We're not talking about it.

VIVIAN

(exhales)

You don't even know -

CHRIS

(stern)

Vivian.

She lapses back into silence. In the back, Twist and Danyael begin an urgent, silent conversation. Lots of nudging, gesturing and face-pulling.

CHRIS (cont'd)

If you two have something to say...

They look up - Chris is regarding them through the rear-view.

CHRIS (cont'd)

... don't.

Twist HUFFS loudly, shuffling closer to the cabin.

TWIST

Just tell us.

Chris stays quiet. She SHOVES him, causing the van to SWERVE.

CHRIS

Bloody hell, Twist! What do you think you're playing at?

TWIST

It's called 'Make Chris Talk.'

(CONTINUED)

She PUSHES him again, Chris fighting the van back into a straight line.

CHRIS

(roars)
Sit down!

TWIST

No! Not until you tell us why we just risked our tight little asses to go back for Lyra, then left without her! Either it was the worst rescue mission in the history of ever, or -

CHRIS

(warning)
Twist. Drop it.

TWIST

At least tell me she's okay, even if she's not with us. Because if anything happened to her -

CHRIS

She's fine. She...
(beat; restrained)
She's fine.

She waits another beat - then with an exaggerated HUFF sits back down, arms crossed.

TWIST

You suck.

Vivian looks around - neither Danyael nor Marcus are getting involved with this one.

With nothing else to do, Vivian opens the glove box and takes out a MAP, unfolding it across the dashboard.

VIVIAN

Alright. Marcus, come make sure we're still heading the right way.

He leans into the cabin, fingers tracing over the map.

MARCUS

The ultimate escape route is to get to the coast and ship out to a cluster of islands, but before that we'll stop again in another of our sanctuaries.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

VIVIAN
How many of those things do you
people have?

MARCUS
We've survived this long... that's
all I need to say.

Marcus taps over one location.

MARCUS (cont'd)
Keep heading down this route.

CHRIS
Where's the next rendezvous?

MARCUS
Neutral territory. On the border
between White and Black lands. If
the first sanctuary ever fell, we
were to assemble our leadership
there to discuss our next move.

Chris glances across at Marcus, whose expression says it all -
they may not have a next move.

2 EXT. MOUNTAIN RANGE - NIGHT

2

The van rolls to a stop at the bottom of a line of foothills,
with taller MOUNTAINS behind them.

A winding path leads up through the hills and beyond, snaking
off in dozens of directions as it hits the mountains.

3 INT. VAN - NEXT

3

Chris leans forward, studying the route.

CHRIS
Now where do we go?

MARCUS
I'll navigate.

DANYAEL
So, what, there's more of those
tunnels and caves dug into the
mountain?

MARCUS
(nods)
The others should already be
inside.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

CHRIS

And for all we know, Conall's
already closing in.

He puts the van into gear and moves on, as we CUT TO:

4 INT. SANCTUARY - TUNNELS - NIGHT 4

Marcus leads the team through a downward-sloping tunnel, a
broader chamber up ahead.

5 INT. SANCTUARY - CHAMBER - NEXT 5

They emerge into a more homely place than the bare rock of
the previous sanctuary - drapes and rugs line the walls and
floor, LOG FIRES burn and Furs mill around quietly.

A large circular TABLE dominates the room, divided into two
halves - one painted black, one white.

KEEGAN, DERMOT and SIOBHAN stand by the White side,
conferring intently.

Marcus scans the room, frowning, as TORIN approaches him.

MARCUS

Where's Rosheen?

Torin exhales. Marcus tenses up.

TORIN

She went back from you. Broke rank,
took a Jeep and headed back to the
sanctuary. Reagan followed her.

MARCUS

But... we didn't -

TORIN

We found the Jeep. No sign of
either of them... except for this.

He holds out a NOTE, which Marcus takes and reads. After a
moment, he SNARLS and crumples the paper.

MARCUS

Conall...

He THROWS the note away with a ROAR of anger as we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. SANCTUARY - BALCONY - NIGHT

6

Marcus sits with his feet hanging over the edge of a simple stone parapet, overlooking a wider chamber filled with refugee Furs.

Several campsites have sprung up - tents, food stations, field medics - but the two sides are still keeping to opposite halves of the chamber.

Marcus looks across as Twist joins him, settling down and peering over the edge.

TWIST

Looks like a gigantic, living yin-yang symbol down there.

Marcus SIGHS. Twist nudges him.

TWIST (cont'd)

Hey, at least the convoy made it here, right?

MARCUS

At what cost?

(beat)

Rosheen got herself captured going back for me, Twist. She's important to our people, she -

TWIST

She's important to you. And it obviously goes both ways, else she wouldn't have gone back.

He stays quiet. She edges a little closer.

TWIST (cont'd)

Look... I'm not sure yet how frank I can be with this whole 'blood sister' thing we have going on... but then I've never exactly not spoken my mind. So here's how I see it. She went back for you and got jumped by Conall, right?

No reply.

TWIST (cont'd)

He left a note saying he has her and calling us all out to come save her. Right so far?

(CONTINUED)

MARCUS

Twist...

TWIST

So the question now is how far are you willing to go to save her?

MARCUS

She... she wouldn't want me to sacrifice myself for -

TWIST

Who said anything about a 'sacrifice'? Dude, I only ever think in terms of 'win.'

(grins)

Heck, Chris literally dragged me out of Hell. Twice. You've probably figured out by now that we, as a team, are quite familiar with the concept of 'walking into an obvious trap just to rescue one of our own.'

MARCUS

So why didn't Chris bring Lyra back?

TWIST

(beat)

I don't know. But he wouldn't have left her without a damn good reason. You saw how charged up he got to get us in there. If she wanted to stay... we've just gotta respect that.

She rises, dusting herself down.

TWIST (cont'd)

But your girl wants to be saved. So quit emo-ing up here by yourself, and come join the pow-wow on how to find her. Alright?

She turns and leaves. STAY ON MARCUS for a beat before:

Danyael is on a bulky satellite phone, half out of the van. The call seems to be a distressing one.

Vivian watches as Chris talks to Torin, the meeting table visible behind.

TORIN

I don't want to start the talks without Rosheen if at all possible, because without a majority at the table I'm liable to get outvoted on any course of action by Keegan.

CHRIS

You're still going to run this like a democracy? Even with all that's gone on?

VIVIAN

If things had gone any worse last time out, there wouldn't be a majority.

TORIN

That's besides the point. We've adhered to our rules and traditions for generations, to give up on them now even in the face of what we're up against would -

MARCUS (O.S.)

Maybe it's time for a change.

Torin looks round as Marcus strides into shot. Twist peels off to join Danyael.

TORIN

Marcus?

MARCUS

Chris is right. And you know it. Rosheen's been telling you the same thing ever since she took command. The old ways have to go.

TORIN

I can't just turn my back on hundreds of years of -

MARCUS

What choice do we have? Sit here with our tails between our legs, waiting for Conall to come and finish us off?

TORIN

(stern)

Don't talk to me like that, Marcus. You're only getting one warning.

MARCUS

We're past that! Don't you see?

Torin straightens, bristling.

TORIN

Now, you listen to me -

MARCUS

No! Not this time. I'm... I'm sorry, sir, but I can't join you at the table. Not while Rosheen's still out there.

TORIN

(loud)

You think I don't want her back just as badly as you? She's my daughter!

MARCUS

(louder)

She's my fiancé!

A beat. Torin blinks. Jaw hangs.

TORIN

She's your... your what?

Marcus bows his head, exhaling. Lets the anger pass.

MARCUS

We were trying to find the right moment to tell you.

TORIN

But... when? When did you -

MARCUS

When she got back from Ireland a few months ago. About a week before I was taken.

Torin looks away, mind racing. Marcus steps closer.

MARCUS (cont'd)

I... we wanted to tell you, but we both know how you feel about relationships within the chain of command, and she asked me not to say anything until...

Torin turns and walks away. Marcus sags, defeated.

VIVIAN

Hey, if it's any consolation...

He turns to face her. She shrugs.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
I'd marry you.

She smirks - but Marcus doesn't have chance to answer as a worried-looking Danyael and Twist head over.

CHRIS
What's wrong?

DANYAEL
Three more rebel hideouts got hit
in the last twenty-four hours.

TWIST
Looks like Parker hasn't forgotten
that Zero Tolerance thing while
he's sent his goons after us.

DANYAEL
Chris... we need to go help them.
Especially now we've got access to
that stuff that'll kill the
supersoldiers.

TWIST
We need to swing by and grab plenty
more, then distribute it to the
nests in the area that haven't been
attacked yet.

TWIST (cont'd)
And I'd quite like to see my little
sister again, if that's all the
same to you guys.

CHRIS
Agreed. You two head back to
Allison's lab and get those gas
grenades out there. Vivian, you're
staying here with me. Something
tells me Torin might need some
advisors in the coming
negotiations.

VIVIAN
Check.

Chris tosses Danyael the van's KEYS.

CHRIS
Try not to wreck it - I don't think
we can borrow another one.

Danyael nods before he and Twist hurry back into the van, and
we CUT TO:

8 INT. STUDY - NIGHT

8

A door pushes open to reveal LYRA, entering a study similar to the one in the previous facility.

This one's half-laboratory, though, with equipment crammed into one brightly-lit side of the room.

LYRA

Parker?

She edges further inside - then stops:

Looking to her side, she senses movement - and PARKER steps into view, sleeve rolled up.

He's holding a SYRINGE in one hand, and as Lyra pauses he injects himself with a clear fluid.

Wincing, he draws the syringe back out and lays it down, before heading for a nearby chair to sit.

LYRA (cont'd)

What are you doing?

PARKER

(breathless)

While I'm not expecting you to call me 'Dad' or anything... you're free to call me 'Angus,' ye know.

LYRA

Please don't change the subject.

Parker tries to chuckle, but it disintegrates into COUGHS.

LYRA (cont'd)

Are you... alright?

PARKER

You mean besides slowly dying? Aye. Peachy.

She approaches him, Parker taking his time to get back up.

LYRA

What were you doing? It sounded like you were injecting yourself.

PARKER

(impressed)

You could hear that?

LYRA

I can hear very well.

(CONTINUED)

Parker nods, COUGHING fiercely again. Despite herself, Lyra moves to his side, supporting him.

PARKER

You always did have a soft spot for your old man.

LYRA

Don't push your luck. I'm here because I want to help you.

(beat)

And to make you stop what you're doing.

He shoots her a fierce look, then shrugs out of her grip and strides away.

PARKER

That's not why I wanted you to stay.

LYRA

I know, but it's why I wanted to.

She glides closer to him again. He keeps his back to her.

PARKER

What I'm doing here is important work, Lyra. I'm making the world a safer place for everyone.

LYRA

I know you think that, but you're going about it the wrong way. You're exterminating good vampires and werewolves just as readily as -

PARKER

There's no such thing as a 'good' vampire.

LYRA

(beat)

You're wrong. You know Chris. Danyael. Twist. You've seen what they do. How many people they help, the lives they save. You've even seen how Vivian has managed to change her ways.

PARKER

Vivian Taylor is the perfect example of the kind of evil I need to excise from this world, Lyra. She's a cancer, waiting to be cut out.

Parker glances over his shoulder as he hears the study door open again.

LYRA

She's a hero. Just like all the other innocent vampires and wolves your soldiers are killing. Please, you have to listen to me -

SHONA (O.S.)

Lyra?

She turns - SHONA has entered.

SHONA (cont'd)

(sensing atmosphere)

Is everything alright?

PARKER

Aye, we're fine. Lyra and I were just having a little... disagreement.

SHONA

Oh. I can come back later if -

PARKER

No, no. We're done for now.

Parker moves past Lyra to give Shona a quick hug. Lyra SIGHS - she knows that's all she's going to get from him today.

SHONA

I was going to head back to the house, so I wondered if Lyra wanted to come with me.

PARKER

That's a fantastic idea. Lyra?

LYRA

The... 'house'? Which house?

SHONA

Ours, silly. The one you lived in?

Lyra blinks, struggling to remember. Shona steps forward and takes her by the hand.

SHONA (cont'd)

Come on. It'll help you remember.

She starts to lead Lyra out, when:

PARKER

Shona... a word?

(CONTINUED)

SHONA

Lyra, do you want to wait just outside?

Lyra nods, leaving the room. Shona turns to Parker.

PARKER

I... I know this can't be easy for you, what with -

SMACK! Shona SLAPS him hard, stunning him. Her smile has been replaced by spitting fury.

SHONA

(seething)

I promised myself I wouldn't snap in front of her.

PARKER

(hand to his cheek)

I... I...

SHONA

Don't think for one second that I'm going to forgive you for what you've done to her, Dad. You made my sister into some kind of... science experiment! Did you think I was just going to clap my hands and play along? Help keep this charade of happy families going to massage your ego?

Parker has no answer. That's exactly what he thought.

SHONA (cont'd)

I'm keeping a game face on for Lyra's sake. Not yours. After everything she's been through - everything you put her through, she deserves better.

She marches away from him, pausing at the door.

SHONA (cont'd)

This is a long way from over.

With that, she exits, leaving a shellshocked Parker behind.

As soon as she steps outside, Shona's back to her warm, smiling self again.

LYRA

What's wrong? I heard -

SHONA

Nothing, nothing. Come on. We're going to take the bus, just like we used to.

Shona leads Lyra off down the corridor - but the cracks at the edges of her smile are starting to show now.

INT. CAGE - NIGHT

ROSHEEN lies before us on a dusty concrete floor, hair strewn across her face. CUTS and BRUISES pepper her exposed skin.

She STIRS, grimacing with pain and effort as she starts to sit up.

Looking around, she realises she's in a large CAGE, spatters of dried BLOOD and other stains across the floor.

She spies other figures sharing the cell with her - some black, some white, all huddled against the bars.

ROSHEEN

Where am I?

Nobody answers. Rosheen tries to stand but winces, rubbing her leg. She rolls up her jeans to reveal an ugly WOUND.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)

Doran.

She looks up - a burly GUARD stands at the cell door.

GUARD

Approach the bars, then turn around and put your hands through here.

He taps a narrow opening in the door with his NIGHTSTICK.

ROSHEEN

Not until you tell me where I am and what's going on.

GUARD

Just get over here.

With an expert flick of his wrist, the nightstick EXTENDS - revealing sharp BARBS.

Rosheen looks round at the cell's other occupants, but none are coming to her aid.

With a resigned sigh, she approaches the door, ten turns and slides her hands out through the opening.

The Guard slaps on a pair of HANDCUFFS.

10 CONTINUED:

10

GUARD (cont'd)
Step away from the door. Three
paces.

Rosheen steps away. The door swings open and the Guard enters, grabbing her by the arm.

ROSHEEN
Is it too much to ask for your
name?

The Guard is silent as he hauls her away:

11 INT. CORRIDOR - NEXT

11

And leads her down a long tunnel. Side passages into other chambers and areas branch off.

The duo are approaching an opening into a larger chamber - the sounds of COMBAT and CHEERS echo down towards her.

ROSHEEN
You know, if you let me go now,
I'll tell my brothers and sisters
to spare your life when they come
for me.

The Guard just smirks, SHOVING her roughly out into:

12 INT. ARENA - NEXT

12

A circular chamber, with rows of seats filled with baying CROWDS angled to look into a smaller pit below.

Rosheen takes this in - the jeering, roaring people in the crowd and the sounds of fighting rising from the pit.

She's led closer to the edge, allowing her to look down into the pit beneath her:

It's a small circular arena, dusty floor spattered with blood and accessible only through a PORTCULLIS in one wall.

In the arena, fighting against two large GREY WOLVES, is REAGAN!

Rosheen's eyes bulge at the sight of him, and she tries to struggle free of the Guard's grip to get closer.

IN THE PIT with Reagan, his body stripped to the waist and covered in fresh wounds.

He's unarmed, the two wolves before him in their half-animal garou forms, hands like claws.

(CONTINUED)

One LUNGES for him but he dodges, moving with speed and grace despite his side.

He drops an ELBOW hard into the back of the wolf's neck, and they hit the floor face first.

The second rushes him, but Reagan nimbly side steps and sends the wolf hurtling head-first into the hard arena wall.

He CRACKS against it and drops to the ground as Reagan raises his foot over the other felled wolf.

With a vicious STAMP, he breaks the wolf's neck - to a surprising chorus of JEERS from the watching crowd.

Reagan steps back, emotionless, his chest heaving with exertion as he looks upwards.

Rosheen follows his gaze - and sees one section of seats raised and sealed from the rest of the crowd.

Standing within are BEVIN, SCAR - and CONALL. He smirks down at Reagan before his eyes scan over to Rosheen.

His grin broadens, and a desperate Rosheen looks back to Reagan, who finally sees her.

His stoic expression breaks her heart, and as she's hauled away by the Guard, STAY ON REAGAN.

The portcullis behind him rises and more GUARDS spill out, armed to the teeth and ready to lead him back to his cell.

Reagan looks back up at Conall, fury etched into his features as Conall just SMILES wickedly back, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13

INT. VAN - NIGHT

13

Twist and Danyael ride on through the night. Now it's Danyael's turn to look tense behind the wheel.

TWIST

So what's going on between you two?

DANYAEL

Excuse me?

TWIST

You and that werewolf chick. Siobhan. Are we going to hear the patter of tiny paws in the future?

DANYAEL

(blinks)

I don't think now's the right time to talk about this.

TWIST

We've got...

(checks watch)

... an hour before we get to Allison's lab. There's nothing on the radio but crap. I didn't bring a magazine. So spill.

DANYAEL

There's nothing to spill.

TWIST

A big old smooch in recent memory would suggest otherwise.

DANYAEL

I... I mean, I'm sure she likes me, but... you know, I don't know why, but still...

TWIST

Maybe she's interested in genetics? Spot of cross breeding?

DANYAEL

(eyes her)

How the hell do you make a coupla kisses sound so wrong?

TWIST

Talent. So come on! What do you think of her?

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL

I don't know... she's pretty, but she's also kind of a werewolf. Pretty sure there's a rule against that. And why are you so interested?

TWIST

Because you're my boy.

He shoots her a look. She quickly backpedals:

TWIST (cont'd)

You're my... you're the boy I have to be around.

DANYAEL

Still not making any sense. Less sense, if that's possible.

TWIST

Look, it's a pretty vague concept, okay? Hard to express using words.

DANYAEL

Like you said - we've got an hour to kill.

TWIST

(sighs)

It's just... like... every girl has a boy they need around them. Doesn't matter if it's a sexual thing or not, it's just somebody who... contrasts well with them.

Danyael's raised eyebrow just frustrates her further.

TWIST (cont'd)

Alright, try it like this. I'm pretty damn good on my own. Agreed?

DANYAEL

No point arguing that.

TWIST

But I'm better with you.

He looks across. She smiles. Genuine.

TWIST (cont'd)

I just... work better when you're with me. We... fit. You know, you make me push the envelope a little more. Try harder. Do more.

DANYAEL

You're making me sound like a life coach.

She SWATS him on the arm.

TWIST

Don't... don't tease me on this, alright? This is deep. For me.

DANYAEL

So what does this have to do with my non-relationship with Siobhan?

TWIST

I need to know you're happy. I have to watch out for you.

She looks away. He waits a beat before:

DANYAEL

This is about Naomi, isn't it.

(no answer)

You think that if you'd, I dunno, kept a closer eye on me, then maybe she wouldn't have -

TWIST

(quickly)

You're okay now. That's my point. And I need to make sure you stay that way.

DANYAEL

Yeah... I'm okay.

He manages a smile. She smiles back.

TWIST

Good.

(beat)

Now step on it.

DANYAEL

Yes, ma'am.

And as the van drives on, we CUT TO:

Shona opens the door and enters a large, spacious hallway, flicking on the lights.

She waits for Lyra to enter, smiling fondly as Lyra traces her hands over the things around her.

SHONA

We don't come out here much now.
Bad memories.

LYRA

I'll take bad memories over no
memories.

Lyra's hands reach the bannister, and as she takes a few steps up, she hears:

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

The Secretary General offers his
utmost condolences for your loss,
ma'am, on behalf of the entire US
military.

Lyra frowns, puzzled at the recollection, as Shona joins her.

SHONA

Come on. Lots to see.

She leads Lyra up the grand, curving staircase:

The place is styled like something from Gone With The Wind -
but the stormy weather outside lights up the city beyond.

LYRA

Where are we?

SHONA

Just outside downtown Seattle. The
I-90's that way, Jefferson Park's
this way, and Lake Washington's
back there.

Lyra moves on, trying to touch everything around here in the hopes it'll set off another memory.

Her hands brush over a set of ornaments - china figurines of young women - and she hears:

WOMAN'S VOICE V.O.)

Girls, I... I'm sorry, I don't know
any easy way to say this, so... oh,
girls, I'm so sorry, but I... I
have to go. I have to go.

Lyra turns to Shona, who looks up at a PORTRAIT on the wall:

It's Parker, Shona, Lyra and another WOMAN. Everyone looks about ten years younger. Happier.

SHONA

Mom loved that painting. Said it reminded her why she married Dad.

LYRA

Tell me... tell me what it looks like.

Shona takes Lyra's hand, TEARS in her eyes.

SHONA

I wish you could see it. Do you remember her? Mom? What she looked like?

Lyra shakes her head.

SHONA (cont'd)

She was so beautiful... strong. Ever since... ever since your father died, she made sure nothing bad would ever happen to you again.

LYRA

My father... died?

SHONA

He was in the Army. A Colonel. He was stationed in Bosnia. You were only a little girl when it happened. After that, it was just you and Mom for a few years until she met Dad, and a few years after that, I came along.

LYRA

What happened to our mother?

SHONA

(beat)

We'll talk about that later. I want to show you something.

Wiping her eyes, Shona guides Lyra down the corridor as we
CUT TO:

Danyael speaks to DR. ALLISON JONES in the background, packing several dozen of the small ANTI-SOLDIER GRENADES into a duffel bag.

Twist kneels before us, her bright-eyed little sister SOPHIA standing before her.

SOPHIA

But why do you have to go again?

TWIST

Because Uncle Spook and I haven't finished what we're doing yet. You're okay here a little while longer, aren't you? Is Allison okay?

SOPHIA

Yeah, she's fun, I guess, but she's not you.

TWIST

(smiles)

Who is? Look. I'll make you a promise right now. Okay?

She holds up her hand, getting Sophia to do the same.

TWIST (cont'd)

I, Twist McFadden, promise to take you, Sophia McFadden, anywhere in the entire world that you want to go when we're done here.

SOPHIA

In the world?

TWIST

(nods)

Cross my heart, hope not to die.

SOPHIA

Stick a needle in your eye?

TWIST

Might make it tough to see where we're going, but yeah.

Sophia GIGGLES, and Twist bundles her up in a hug.

TWIST (cont'd)

I'm sorry. Really. I wish I could have you with me, but... listen, a promise is a promise. No comebacks.

SOPHIA

Okay.

Twist ruffles her hair, KISSES the top her head and then heads back over to Danyael.

TWIST

We all set?

ALLISON

I've synthesised as much as I could. Chris' order was a little... excessive, but I did the best I could at short notice.

DANYAEL

Thanks, Allison. You've saved a lot of lives tonight.

TWIST

Afterlives, technically.
(off Danyael's look)
Shutting up.

ALLISON

And don't worry about Sophia. I've got a bed in the back she can sleep in, plenty of food and supplies. I'm used to spending days at a time in here.

TWIST

Thank you.

Allison smiles, and with a last glance at Sophia Twist leads herself and Danyael out. CUT TO:

Chris stands with Marcus and Vivian, a MAP before them as they mark locations on it.

Behind them, Torin is speaking to Keegan and the others. It's a heated debate which Torin seems to be losing.

CHRIS

What's the most likely place he'll have taken her?

VIVIAN

Given the time since he got her... we're looking at this kind of radius.

She draws a disconcertingly large circle on the map.

MARCUS

(pointing)

We've taken out lairs here, here and here, but we're pretty sure there are two big ones here and here. He'll have taken her somewhere secure. Lots of his own kind around.

CHRIS

Any way we can narrow it down? If we have to check both, we could lose a lot of time and get sucked into a costly fight.

VIVIAN

Is it just us three going in?

MARCUS

A larger team'd attract too much attention.

VIVIAN

Suits me.

She cans the map, studying it - and then crosses off one of the potential base locations.

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Won't be there.

(off looks)

Look. River on one side, rocky terrain on the other. He won't have the luxury of centuries-old underground tunnels. He'd be boxed in if he went there.

MARCUS

We could hit a few smaller lairs on the way. Get some questioning done.

CHRIS

I don't have a problem with that.

He looks towards the conference table - where Torin and Keegan are now shouting angrily at each other.

CHRIS (cont'd)

So we'd better get her back quick, before this meeting of minds turns into a meeting of fists and heads.

The trio start to gather up their things as we CUT TO:

Back with Rosheen, who sits with the weary Reagan, doing what she can to patch up his wounds.

ROSHEEN

It'll be alright, Reagan. You know Marcus. No matter what anyone tells him, he'll come and get us.

(sighs)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSHEEN (cont'd)
Even though he knows I wouldn't
want him to risk it.

Reagan WINCES as Rosheen dabs at a nasty cut across his
shoulders. She offers a sympathetic smile, when:

CONALL (O.S.)
So you must have worked out by now
why you're here.

She looks up - Conall stands boldly outside the cell.

ROSHEEN
(cold)
I'm not fighting anyone for you.

CONALL
(chuckles)
No, that's not it.
(to Guards)
Bring her to my quarters.

He moves away - replaced by several GUARDS, who unlock the
cell door and step inside.

Reagan bristles, a low GROWL escaping his lips, but she pulls
his head to face her.

ROSHEEN
It's alright. He won't hurt me
while he can still use me.

He doesn't look convinced, but as Rosheen rises and lets the
Guards handcuff her again, we CUT TO:

Twist and Danyaël are still driving, only now Twist is
checking through a bag of WEAPONS.

DANYAEL
She'll be okay.

TWIST
Who? Sophia? Yeah, I know.

DANYAEL
Soon as we get these grenades out
to a few nests, they can pass them
on to others. I've got more lab
geek friends and contacts waiting
in other states to start cooking up
more batches based off Allison's
recipe.

TWIST
Wow. Check you out, Che Guevara.

DANYAEL
 (shrugs)
 I just know people.

TWIST
 You know, if anything ever comes of
 all this hooey we keep hearing
 about a war between us and the trad
 vamps...

Danyael looks across. She picks her words carefully.

TWIST (cont'd)
 We're gonna be glad to have you on
 our side.

He smiles, looking slowly back out across the road:

DANYAEL
 (eyes bulge)
 Holy crap!

He SLAMS on the brakes, the van LURCHING and SKIDDING.

TWIST
 What? What?

She looks out front:

20 EXT. REBEL BASE - NEXT

20

And sees two APCs parked outside, a detachment of SUPER
 SOLDIERS busy razing the place to the ground!

The base is in an old shop at the end of a quiet street, but
 it's already IN FLAMES, with some soldiers attacking VAMPIRES
 outside as others fight their way inside.

Twist and Danyael are quickly out of their van - Twist has
 Duggan ready as Danyael fumbles with one of the grenades.

Two soldiers hear them coming and turn to face them - just as
 Danyael hurls the grenade their way!

FWOOSH! The soldiers are engulfed in the thick smoke,
 collapsing to the ground as Twist and Danyael charge in.

They SLAM into more soldiers, Twist's bat CRACKING off skulls
 as Danyael tries to dodge past and get inside the building:

21 INT. REBEL BASE - GROUND FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

21

Surging through the open door, half the lower floor is
 already ablaze.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

Danyaël hears SHOUTS and GUNFIRE from upstairs, and clatters up the rickety stairs:

22 INT. REBEL BASE - TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

22

He arrives on the scene as four more soldiers are trashing six VAMPIRES, HURLING one towards him!

Danyaël has to DUCK as the vamp sails back down the staircase, yelling all the way.

DANYAEL

Hang on!

The room is filling with smoke, and Danyaël stumbles through it as he hears more GUNFIRE:

And one rebel is peppered with bullets, the force sending him SMASHING through a window!

He drops out of sight as Danyaël TACKLES the soldier, trying to wrench the gun from his hands.

He gets THWACKED by the gun itself, the soldier rising over him and levelling the gun - and as he GRINS...

POW! He's clocked by a two-by-four wielded by a young FEMALE VAMP.

FEMALE VAMP

(offers hand)

Get up!

She pulls him to his feet, and Danyaël frantically tries to ready the next grenade.

Behind him, another vampire is STAKED with a HOWL, but Danyaël is finally ready as the remaining three vampires gather round him.

He rears back to throw the grenade - and BANG! It's shot right out of his hand!

He whips round - to see more soldiers ascending the stairs, one readying his gun for another shot!

23 EXT. REBEL BASE - NEXT

23

Outside, Twist is losing her battle to hold the soldiers back - one GRAPPLES her from behind, making her drop her bat.

Another starts PUNCHING her in the gut, but Twist manages to get her feet up and KICK him back.

Whipping her head back into the nose of the soldier behind, she slips out of his grasp:

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

Just as Danyael's stray grenade from upstairs falls into her hand!

She blinks - then realises the soldiers are closing back, in STAKES in hand!

She quickly SLAMS the grenade onto the ground, jumping back as it sprays choking white smoke all around.

24 INT. REBEL BASE - NEXT

24

Danyael and the other vamps are cut off, the soldiers surrounding them in a half-circle.

VAMPIRE

Hey, you're Danyael Norton, right?

DANYAEL

That's right.

VAMPIRE

Sweet. Always wanted to meet you before I got dusted.

Danyael hears something CRACK off screen, and glances over - the floorboards are GIVING WAY, the fire below burning through.

Danyael looks back to the soldiers, who are taking careful aim, ready to blast the vamps execution style...

DANYAEL

Now!

He BURSTS forward, tackling the soldiers as their weapons OPEN FIRE.

One vamp takes a head shot, his head EXPLODING in a spray of blood, but the others charge to the right:

And SMASH straight through the burning floorboards to the ground floor!

This, of course, leaves Danyael alone against a group of supersoldiers, who SLAM him back against the floor.

Danyael looks up, the soldiers levelling their weapons at him, taking a last breath...

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25 INT. REBEL BASE - NIGHT

25

Back with Danyael, about to get blasted to scrap by the pretty irritated super soldiers looming over him...

TWIST (O.S.)
Hey, baumgartners!

They spin - and Twist OPENS UP with a huge ASSAULT RIFLE from the top of the stairs!

The soldiers are chewed up by the powerful weapon, their bodies hitting the deck all around Danyael.

Twist lowers the smoking rifle once all the soldiers are down, mouth open in awe.

TWIST (cont'd)
I have got to keep this thing...

Danyael bundles into her, hauling her away.

DANYAEL
Come on!

They rush back down the stairs:

26 EXT. REBEL BASE - NEXT

26

And pile out of the front door, just as the burning building finally COLLAPSES in on itself!

Twist and Danyael catch their breath, Twist wiping the soot from herself as Danyael approaches the surviving vamps.

The young girl kneels sadly over the bodies of her fallen comrades, while the two older males are busy ARGUING:

VAMP #1
We need to get out of here! There's nothing we can do against them!

VAMP #2
What we need to do is warn the other bases! You've heard what's going on - those muscle men are taking apart every vampire base in the country, trad or otherwise!

DANYAEL
Guys!

They turn to face him. He raises his hands.

(CONTINUED)

DANYAEL (cont'd)
 Sorry. Uh... I've come to help.

VAMP #2
 You were late.

DANYAEL
 Yeah, but not too late.

VAMP #1
 Look - Danyael, is it? I appreciate you coming out here - I mean, you know how we're getting hit left, right and centre lately - but how exactly can you 'help'?

TWIST (O.S.)
 Uh, guys?

They turn - Twist has the gooey remains of one of the dead soldiers sitting upright.

TWIST (cont'd)
 Stop me if I'm wrong, but they didn't look like this before we got here, did they?

The vamps blink, confused, and Danyael takes out another grenade to show them.

DANYAEL
 A friend of ours made these. They're the only thing that can stop those soldiers.

VAMP #1
 Great! How many have you got?

DANYAEL
 (beat)
 Not many. Which is why we need to get them to every nest and hideout in the area and then start working on making more.

VAMP #2
 We'll do what we can.
 (to female vamp)
 Hey, Amy?

AMY looks up from her mourning, wiping away tears.

AMY
 Yeah?

VAMP #2

You and Brendon go with Danyael here, see what you can do. I'm gonna head for Crosby's place, try and let people know you're coming.

She nods, rising and heading over. Danyael looks to Twist, who walks over - still carrying her new ASSAULT RIFLE.

TWIST

(off looks)

What? Damn straight I'm keeping this baby 'till it runs out of bullets.

DANYAEL

(smirks)

Let's go.

The team head back to the van as we CUT TO:

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Shona unlocks and opens another door, opening the light and waiting for Lyra to step inside.

It's a ladies' master bedroom, a four-poster bed framing the elegant stylings - despite all the furniture being covered in dust sheets.

Shona starts dragging the sheets away, revealing cabinets, drawers, wardrobes - and a GRAND PIANO.

SHONA

Sorry about all the dust. Watch your step, we... nobody's been in here for a while.

Lyra paces carefully into the room, hands feeling for objects as Shona works to reveal the rest of them.

Lyra reaches the piano, a smile crossing her features as she instantly recognises it.

She sits before it, opening the lid and running her fingers across the keys.

Shona is on the other side of the room, still busy - but stops when she hears Lyra start to PLAY.

Straight into a complex symphony like she's been glued to the piano all day, Lyra effortlessly plays on.

Shona stands behind her, smiling proudly as she lays her hands on Lyra's shoulders.

SHONA (cont'd)
 Mom always said she'd listen to you
 play day and night if she could.

LYRA
 I probably could play all day and
 night.
 (beat; still playing)
 Why am I so...

SHONA
 Good?

Shona nudges Lyra up the seat to give her room to sit. Lyra
 stops playing - and Shona starts a hesitant rendition of
 'Moonlight Sonata.'

Lyra grins, waiting until she can start to help play the high
 notes along with Shona.

SHONA (cont'd)
 (laughs)
 You still do it.

LYRA
 What?

SHONA
 Play the high part. I could never
 reach.

Lyra keeps going - and Shona gradually stops playing, letting
 Lyra take over again. Her fingers dance gracefully.

LYRA
 You haven't answered my question.

SHONA
 How you play so well? Sheer natural
 talent, I suppose. You always had a
 gift for it, even when you were
 little, so mom made sure you had
 every chance to develop it. That's
 why you took a music degree.

LYRA
 Could mom play?

SHONA
 Kind of. She always wanted to, but
 I think hearing you play was enough
 for her.

Lyra plays on. Shona's mood darkens, her smile fading.

SHONA (cont'd)
 Mom left when she found out what it
 was dad had been doing.

Lyra slows, stopping mid-melody.

SHONA (cont'd)
 (quickly)
 No... please. Don't stop.

Lyra hesitates, but starts up again. Shona SIGHS heavily.

SHONA (cont'd)
 She'd worried about it for some
 time, but she used friends he
 worked with to get access to his
 network, and when she saw... when
 she realised what he was doing out
 there, she just couldn't... she
 couldn't stay.

A TEAR rolls down Shona's cheek as she continues.

SHONA (cont'd)
 She tried to take us with her, but
 dad found out and tried to stop
 her. She was leaving the house,
 trying to figure things out,
 when...

Shona tenses up, fighting back emotion.

LYRA
 She died.

Shona looks over, surprised. Lyra keeps playing.

LYRA (cont'd)
 There was... a car accident. She
 was driving down a dark lane, she'd
 had a fight with dad and she was
 upset, not thinking straight... she
 lost control, hit a wall. She died
 instantly.

SHONA
 Oh, Lyra, baby... I'm so sorry...

Shona leans over and EMBRACES her tightly.

SHONA (cont'd)
 I'm so sorry you had to remember
 that!

LYRA
 That's why I left university.

Lyra stops, calm despite the memories returning.

LYRA (cont'd)

I couldn't play any more without her. I followed her lead and found out why she wanted to leave dad, and that lead me to the activists, the people protesting his genetic research.

Lyra rises from the piano, walking across the room.

LYRA (cont'd)

Dad had no idea I was working against him. I took a job in one of his labs to get my team inside, and that's where...

She stops, laying a hand against her chest. She exhales, pieces of the puzzle falling into place at last.

Shona joins her, wrapping her arms around her sister once again. Lyra has TEARS in her eyes at last.

LYRA (cont'd)

What did he tell you had happened to me?

SHONA

That there was an accident at the lab, that you... that you died. That's as much as I knew until about a week ago.

Lyra turns to Shona, who wipes away her tears and smiles.

SHONA (cont'd)

Hell of a family, huh?

Lyra smiles, HUGGING Shona again. The two girls manage a few laughs through their tears as we CUT TO:

As SMOKE billows from a cave entrance framed by the dense woodland all around, more FIRES burn around a makeshift camp.

The bodies of wolves litter the ground - some human, some animal - until Marcus comes into view, fists bloody as he holds a battered grey wolf down.

Behind him, Chris and Vivian are approaching from the ruins of the camp.

CHRIS

That's the last of them.

VIVIAN
 (off smoke)
 Hopefully that doesn't act as a
 signal flare to other camps in the
 area.

Marcus' gaze is locked on the wolf below.

MARCUS
 It won't. Their orders are to cut
 and run whenever one lair gets hit.

He PUNCHES the wolf.

MARCUS (cont'd)
 Isn't that right?

The wolf COUGHS weakly, blood bubbling on his lips.

CHRIS
 Easy, Marcus. He can't tell us
 anything if he's dead.

Marcus kneels over the wolf, bringing their faces close.

MARCUS
 I will ask you this once. You will
 tell me the answer, and I will walk
 away. That's the only way this
 plays. Understand?

The wolf manages to nod.

MARCUS (cont'd)
 Good. Now...
 (beat)
 Where has Conall taken Rosheen
 Doran?

The wolf hesitates, eyes flicking around shiftily - he knows.

Conall sits at a desk, before a MAP of the United States
 pinned to the wall. Pins, markers and lines cover it.

PULL BACK as he stares at the map, his back to us, to take in
 the walls of his room - covered with PHOTOGRAPHS of
 everything from dead humans and wolves to surveillance shots
 of key Black and White Fur personnel.

A KNOCK at the door gets his attention, and he turns round:

CONALL
 Enter.

The door opens to admit Rosheen, a beefy GUARD with her.

CONALL (cont'd)
Thanks. Leave us.

The Guard exits, LOCKING the door behind him. Rosheen stands firm, head high as Conall casually approaches.

CONALL (cont'd)
Let's do something about these.

He swipes a set of KEYS from another desktop, and to Rosheen's surprise unfastens her handcuffs.

CONALL (cont'd)
There. Please, sit.

He motions to a chair as he returns to his own.

ROSHEEN
I'll stand.

CONALL
We could be talking a while. I know you're tired, and while this defiance is admirable, it's not going to earn you any points here. So please... sit.

She hesitates - then sits. Conall nods.

CONALL (cont'd)
I imagine you have a lot of questions.

ROSHEEN
As to why I haven't killed you yet?

CONALL
Because you know that the second you try anything, this room will be swarming with my brothers who'll take great pleasure in dividing you equally between them.

He leans back, relaxed. She stays upright, tense.

CONALL (cont'd)
No, you want to know what all of you Furs have been wondering ever since I started my revolution.
(beat)
Why.

He rises, approaching the photographs of Furs like Dermot, Keegan and Rosheen herself.

CONALL (cont'd)
 Why I've done everything in my
 power to raise and breed an army,
 with the sole purpose of wiping you
 and your kind off the map.

ROSHEEN
 Why tell me?

CONALL
 Because of something I said when I
 destroyed Keegan's little paradise
 a few days ago.

He takes a photograph of KEEGAN from the wall.

CONALL (cont'd)
 I realised then that nobody would
 listen to me if mine was the only
 voice speaking. I needed to
 convince others.
 (turns to her)
 People like you.

He puts the photograph down, heading for a SAFE set into the
 wall.

CONALL (cont'd)
 Your people listen to you, Rosheen.
 They respect you. When you say
 something, they hear it.

He unlocks and opens the safe, taking out a bulky manilla
 envelope.

CONALL (cont'd)
 So once you know the truth, I'm
 going to send you back so you can
 spread the word to the others.

ROSHEEN
 I'm not going anywhere without
 Reagan.

CONALL
 (beat)
 That's not up for discussion.

ROSHEEN
 Those are my terms. I'll listen to
 what you have to say, but unless
 it's me and Reagan walking out of
 here, I won't say a word.

Conall pauses - and just for a moment his cool drops.

CONALL

Reagan is a lesson. He's an example
I'm setting to my own and to yours
down there in the cells with him.

ROSHEEN

A lesson in what?

CONALL

In how unwise it is to stand
against me.

He offers the envelope to her. She ignores it.

CONALL (cont'd)

Aren't you curious?

ROSHEEN

I don't care why you're killing us.

CONALL

You will.

He tries again. She holds his gaze for a long moment - and
then takes the envelope from him.

He grins as she digs out the contents - papers, photographs,
letters - and watches as she scans over them.

Her eyes widen at what she sees, jaw hanging in shock at one
photograph in particular.

CONALL (cont'd)

Now you know why.

She looks up at him in abject shock as we CUT TO:

Chris drives, the van BOUNCING harshly across uneven terrain.
The team are driving through more thick woodland.

One painful THUMP almost sends Vivian flying into the far
wall, and she angrily claws her way to the cabin:

VIVIAN

Would you ease off a little
already? You're either gonna break
the axle or one of us!

CHRIS

We don't have the luxury of time.
If news gets back to Conall of the
camp we just attacked...

MARCUS

... then he could move Rosheen and Reagan, and we'd be right back where we started.

VIVIAN

I appreciate that, I do, but if we trash this van, how are we supposed to get there? Rent a hang glider?

CHRIS

(to Marcus)
How much further?

MARCUS

According to that wolf, it should be right around...

CUT TO:

31 EXT. QUARRY - NEXT 31

The van turns a corner - and finds itself suddenly out of the trees and into the valley of a large stone QUARRY.

Excavating machinery lies abandoned high up on the sides, with evidence of a much larger CAMP spread all around.

32 INT. VAN - NEXT 32

Chris stops the van, the trio surveying the scene.

MARCUS

... here.

They exchange looks - before Chris switches off the engine.

CHRIS

Let's get our friends back.

As he exits, we CUT TO:

33 INT. BASE - CELLS - NIGHT 33

Down in the cells, Reagan sits alone in one corner of his cage. The cell's other occupants keep their distance.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey. Hey.

Reagan looks up - another WEREWOLF, a White Fur, shuffles towards him. He's missing an eye, his body a mess of scars.

WOLF

You're him, aren't you? Reagan?

(CONTINUED)

Reagan just lowers his head. The wolf shuffles to his side.

WOLF (cont'd)

If you're here, that means the Blacks are looking for us, doesn't it? Right? I mean, you're too important to them to give up, so they'll come for you, won't they? The same way they did for Rollins?

SCRAPING from the cell door gets their attention:

GUARDS have entered, beckoning to Reagan. The HANDCUFFS are ready, all the Guards brandishing weapons.

GUARD

Come on, bright eyes. Time for your next show.

Reagan rises to his feet, stoic and emotionless, as the Guards surround him.

And they also grab the wolf he was speaking to, whose demeanour changes to fear in an instant.

WOLF

No... no! I ain't fightin' him! I won't! I can't!

GUARD

You'll fight who Conall says you fight, pup. Now move it!

They SHOVE him towards the doors. The wolf turns to Reagan:

WOLF

You come near me, I'll... I'll kill you! I'll do it! You hear me?

Reagan, as expected, doesn't answer as the duo are led away. The wolf kicks and struggles all the way, fear turning into snarling fury:

WOLF (cont'd)

I'll rip your throat out, Reagan!
Huh? You hear me? You're dead!
You're dead!

And as they're finally taken away:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

34

EXT. QUARRY - NIGHT

34

Chris, Vivian and Marcus are making their way across the quarry, darting between idle vehicles and machinery and various mounds of rock and rubble.

Chris peers across the grounds for a better look - a decent-sized network of tents and shacks surround a central block of mobile offices.

CHRIS

Something's not right here. Either we've been led to the wrong location, or there's more to this than I'm able to see.

He muses for a beat, then lays his sword down and sits cross-legged on the floor.

VIVIAN

Yes, because meditating will help.

CHRIS

I'm going to do a sweep. Magically. See what I can pick up.

MARCUS

Alright, you do that. I'm going in.

VIVIAN

Hey, what about -

Marcus is already gone! Frustrated, Vivian turns to Chris.

CHRIS

Leave him. He's adept enough not to raise any alarms. He told me he was a scout for years before he became chief liaison.

Vivian doesn't look like she likes any of this, peering anxiously back across the quarry as we CUT TO:

35

EXT. QUARRY - CAMP - NEXT

35

Small camp fires burn outside some of the tents, grey wolves milling around like revellers at a festival.

Marcus can be seen creeping through the shadows, an expert in his field as he blends into the scenery.

He approaches the mobile offices, plonked in the centre of the camp and looking very out of place.

(CONTINUED)

ON MARCUS - his eyes narrow as he tries to look inside the offices. Lights are on and figures are moving, but that's all he can make out.

He checks the coast is clear and starts to advance a step, when:

A HAND clamps down on his shoulder. He whips round - it's Chris and Vivian.

VIVIAN

Easy, tiger.

(beat)

Wolf.

MARCUS

Did you find something?

CHRIS

(nods)

We need to get inside those offices. All will become clear.

MARCUS

Alright. Follow my lead.

Head down low, Marcus scurries across a gap to take cover behind a larger tent.

He waves Chris and Vivian across, but after Chris arrives and Vivian prepares to move:

Marcus holds up his hand to stop!

Vivian freezes - and sees a SHADOW fall between the two tents. An idly strolling WOLF is pacing along, smoking a fat, rolled cigarette.

Vivian can't move - she's half out of the shadows, and if the wolf turns to his left she'll be spotted!

She looks to Chris, who silently draws his katana - but Marcus lays a hand on his arm to stop him.

After an agonising beat, the grey wolf turns and ambles away, oblivious to how close he came to disaster.

Free at last, Vivian scuttles over to join Marcus and Chris, exhaling with relief.

VIVIAN

Do not let that happen again.

The trio move on - the offices are close by now, with just one dash across open ground to cover.

Sadly, a pair of tents face the gap, with several wolves relaxing lazily outside.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
Any ideas?

Chris narrows his eyes, thinking. Marcus SNIFFS the air.

MARCUS
Yeah.

And he rises, walking straight out into the open!

CHRIS
(hisses)
Marcus!

But Marcus doesn't stop - even NODS a greeting at the wolves he passes by.

To Chris and Vivian's shock, they do nothing. Marcus beckons them to join him, and they do.

VIVIAN
How -

MARCUS
(taps nose)
That's not tobacco they're smoking.

With a grin, he carefully opens the door to the offices, slipping inside:

To find the first section completely empty. A door leads to the next, where movement and voices can be heard.

Chris shuts the door, and with a wave of his hand a yellow GLOW shines in the lock.

CHRIS
Nobody'll be able to follow us.

VIVIAN
Any chance you can hide what we're about to do from the outside?

CHRIS
We'll just have to be very quiet.

Marcus grins, relishing the opportunity, and as the team approach the door to the next suite, we CUT TO:

37 INT. BASE - ARENA - NIGHT

37

Down in the pit, with Reagan in violent combat with the White Fur from his cell.

The hooting crowd bay for blood as Reagan lands a crushing FIST down across the Furs' back, leaving him face down on the sandy floor.

Reagan looks in bad shape, his many wounds not having time to heal - but as the bloodied Fur LAUNCHES himself at him, he's back into battle once more.

Reagan is carried backwards and BASHES against the arena wall, stunning him.

He slumps, the Fur taking the chance to hammer his torso with punches - his hands like claws, RAKING bloody gouges.

Reagan manages to get an arm up and PUSH the wolf back, but he's still dizzy from the knock he just took.

He staggers into some open space, the Fur also in a bad way but too frenzied to notice.

The crowd CHEERS as the wolf rushes Reagan again, the two grappling as we CUT TO:

38 INT. MOBILE OFFICES - NIGHT

38

Back with Chris' team - who are just lowering the last of three grey wolf guards to the ground.

They were standing watch over a large HATCH built into the floor. Chris wipes his katana clean as he stands over it.

VIVIAN

If that opens into a dark tunnel
with no ladder, I'm going home.

MARCUS

This is what you saw?

CHRIS

We can get down this way, I
believe.

He grabs the handles and HEAVES, pulling the heavy doors open - to reveal a STAIRCASE and plenty of lights.

VIVIAN

(relieved)
Whew.

The trio climb down, descending the staircase into the depths as we CUT TO:

39 INT. BASE - ARENA - NIGHT 39

Reagan hits the deck, his fatigue starting to show now. He's winded, struggling to sit up.

His opponent, far from noticing the life-threatening wounds he bears, is dancing round the outside of the arena, yelling at the crowd and whipping them deeper into fervour.

He steps over Reagan again, face twisted with rage as he starts PUNCHING him, the crowd counting along with each blow.

40 INT. BASE - CORRIDOR - NEXT 40

Marcus leans out into one of the narrow tunnels of the base, checking the coast is clear.

He leads Chris and Vivian out, the three of them exchanging glances as they hear the sounds coming from the arena.

VIVIAN
The hell are they doing in there?

MARCUS
(grim)
Watching sport.

He quickens his pace, the vampires following suit:

41 INT. BASE - ARENA - NEXT 41

And they arrive at the back of the arena, the pavilions of seats ahead and the crowd's attention all on the pit below.

CHRIS
Is this what I think it is?

Vivian spots two guards who have noticed them, closing in.

VIVIAN
If you're thinking 'trouble'...

She draws her sword, Chris doing the same.

VIVIAN (cont'd)
... the answer is 'yes.'

And as the guards hit them, the team fight back:

42 INT. BASE - CONALL'S QUARTERS - NEXT 42

Conall is in his chair, watching Rosheen's reactions as she continues to read the information before her.

(CONTINUED)

ROSHEEN

This... all of this... how could we not have known?

CONALL

Common practice, I'm afraid. Spoils of victory.

ROSHEEN

(shakes head)

No. No, this can't be true.

She tosses the envelope away, its contents spilling tantalisingly across the floor.

CONALL

(amused)

You'll just have to ask him yourself.

ROSHEEN

So you'll let us go? Me and Reagan?

CONALL

(sighs)

Rosheen, I explained -

Conall's door FLIES OPEN suddenly - it's the Guard who brought Rosheen earlier.

CONALL (cont'd)

(frowns)

Didn't I lock that?

The Guard looks down - he's torn the lock away! Sheepishly he looks back to Conall.

GUARD

Uh, sorry, sir, but... we're under attack.

Conall jumps to his feet. Rosheen allows herself a grin.

CONALL

By who? How many?

GUARD

Just three, sir.

CONALL

Three? Three what, tanks?

The Guard hesitates. Conall looks to Rosheen, who grins victoriously.

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

ROSHEEN

Looks like your negotiating
position just changed.

Conall GROWLS as he heads out of the room.

CONALL

Your friends just made sure you
deliver my message alone.
(to Guard)
Watch her.

He leaves, the bulky Guard filling the doorframe to block
Rosheen's escape as we CUT TO:

43 INT. BASE - ARENA - NEXT

43

Chris, Vivian and Marcus are besieged on all sides by grey
wolves - some guards, some not - as the battle continues.

More and more of the crowds over the arena are leaving now,
pushing and climbing over one another to join in.

IN THE PIT, the White Fur's face falls as he realises his
audience are leaving.

WOLF

Wait... wait! Where are you going?
Come back! Don't you want to see
this? Isn't this why we're here?
Hey! Come back! You can't -

And he GULPS as Reagan's hands close round his neck.

Without a word, Reagan TWISTS. The wolf's neck SNAPS, face
frozen in surprise as Reagan lets him fall.

He looks up, sees the stalls emptying - and SMILES.

ON CHRIS as he conjures up a ball of FLAME in one hand,
pitching it like a baseball towards an incoming wave of
wolves.

It hits the stalls and DETONATES, showering bodies and
scaffolding through the air.

IN THE PIT as half of the stalls lurch down into the pit
itself - and Reagan sees his way up and out.

ON MARCUS, ROARING with anger as he starts to shift into
garou, features becoming more feral as his fangs and claws
come into play.

44 INT. BASE - CONALL'S QUARTERS - NEXT

44

Rosheen can hear the commotion and wants to get out and join in, but there's no way past the man-mountain blocking her.

She looks round, sees the envelope and scoops it and its contents back up.

She approaches the guard, holding up a photo for him to look at. Puzzled, he reaches out to take it.

As he does, Rosheen leans forward and WHISPERS something into his ear that makes his eyebrows rise.

He looks from her to the picture and back. She takes it and stuffs it back into the envelope.

GUARD
(off envelope)
Is... is that true?

ROSHEEN
Every word. So how's about you let me out of here?

The Guard lets this sink in - then steps aside without another word.

Rosheen nods gratefully to him as she darts away, leaving the stunned Guard to his thoughts as we CUT TO:

45 INT. BASE - ARENA - NEXT

45

Marcus is still knee deep in grey wolves, tearing, biting and punching his way through the wall of flesh.

ON CHRIS & VIVIAN, keeping the worst of the horde at bay - Chris hurls another bolt of ENERGY out, with another resultant EXPLOSION.

VIVIAN
We can't fight all of them! We have to find Rosheen and get out of here!

CHRIS
Agreed. Go.

VIVIAN
But -

She stops as Chris' eyes CLOUD OVER, turning an inky black. BLACK VEINS flare up beneath his skin, and smoky black essence starts to rise from him.

(CONTINUED)

Vivian hesitates - then runs, dodging and weaving past several clumsy attacks.

Chris brings his hands together, shaking with exertion as a low HUM starts to sound. A globe of pure black energy forms between his hands.

A fresh wave of wolves are racing towards him, ready to tear him to shreds:

So he SLAMS the globe down onto the floor!

A SHOCKWAVE ripples out from him, tossing back dozens of wolves caught in its path. The floor and walls around him BUCKLE and CRACK from the force unleashed.

ON MARCUS as he cuts down another wolf - to reveal Conall and Scar rushing out of a corridor up ahead!

MARCUS

(roars)

Conall!

Conall quickly pushes Scar to head after the fleeing Vivian as he himself marches towards Marcus.

CONALL

It's about time you got her.
Rosheen and I were having a great
little talk, but I think we were
running out of topics.

Marcus doesn't blink, not even breaking stride as a stray wolf charges him and he PUNCHES them flat.

MARCUS

If you've hurt her...

CONALL

Please. I had something much more
interesting planned.

And the two titans are close enough to strike - Marcus swings first, Conall BLOCKING his punch and locking them together!

ON REAGAN as he finally hauls himself over the lip of the pit and into play, the precarious stalls finally COLLAPSING into the pit behind him.

He scans the melee - Chris, energised by black magics, cutting a swathe through the wolves; Vivian spotting him and hurrying over - with Scar moving to intercept; and Marcus and Conall, struggling and scrapping furiously.

He marches for Vivian first, whose eyes widen as she sees Reagan rearing back to attack!

VIVIAN

Woah! I'm on -

CRACK! His fist sails over her head and straight into Scar - who was a moment from Vivian's back!

He drops like a stone - but before Vivian can thank Reagan, he collapses into her arms!

VIVIAN (cont'd)

Ah, damn it...

MARCUS & CONALL are still at it - for every PUNCH Conall lands, Marcus lands one back.

Marcus SHOVES Conall against a wall, but Conall DUCKS his next attack and TACKLES Marcus to the floor.

He straddles him, PUNCHING Marcus hard to soften him up. He BOUNCES Marcus' head painfully off the floor, when:

ROSHEEN (O.S.)

Marcus!

Conall looks up - there's Rosheen! Conall looks down:

And Marcus SLICES up with one clawed hand, raking across Conall's left eye!

Conall HOWLS in pain and rears back, letting Marcus to his feet. He starts to follow up:

But Rosheen GRABS him, pulling him away.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)

Marcus, no! We have to get out of here!

Conall is hurrying away, hand pressed to his eye - and plenty more wolves take his place.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)

Now!

Marcus relents, letting Rosheen lead him away.

ON VIVIAN as Rosheen takes the slack on Reagan's other side, the trio moving more quickly.

Marcus falls in behind them, Chris still on the offensive as he SLAMS a magically-charged punch into one wolf, DETONATING him into body parts.

MARCUS

Chris! We are leaving!

45 CONTINUED: (3)

45

Chris turns, nods, then raises his hands and drops one last attack - another SURGE of energy that bowls all the incoming wolves over.

He turns and runs for the escaping team - but STUMBLES as his body starts to catch up with his exertions!

Marcus rushes to his side, half-dragging him away as the downed wolves start to recover and chase them.

46 EXT. QUARRY - NEXT

46

The team burst from the offices, the wolf camp already on high alert.

Vivian breaks ranks, racing off frame as the others huddle together.

Chris raises a hand, mutters something, and a SHIELD forms around them, a bubble of energy stopping the rest of the camp from getting to them.

The wolves HAMMER at the barrier, Chris wincing and twitching with every hit as his exhausted body feels the pinch:

Before the van BLASTS into the camp, piling through tents and wolves alike as it barrels for the team!

At the wheel, Vivian SKIDS the van in a wide swerve to mow down a few more wolves, Chris dropping the shield.

Marcus yanks the side door open and near hurls Chris inside, going back to help Reagan and Rosheen.

Once they're all in, Vivian GUNS the engine and races off, a tide of wolves chasing them.

Many drop to all fours, bodies twisting, shifting and changing into pure wolves to keep up...

... but the van hits open ground and just accelerates away, leaving the camp in its dust. And it's from this dust cloud that we CUT TO:

47 INT. VAN - NEXT

47

Rosheen's eyes are filled with tears as she holds Reagan's broken body in her arms.

ROSHEEN

I told him it'd be alright... I said you'd come find us, you'd -

MARCUS

I did. I did. It's alright.

(CONTINUED)

He pulls Rosheen close. She buries her face in his shoulder and SOBS.

Vivian has medical supplies all around her, but even as she's patching up Reagan, she knows where this is going.

Reagan lifts a hand, finding Rosheen and turning her face towards him.

ROSHEEN

Reagan? Reagan! Hold on, please,
just a little longer. We're going
home, we're going to get you -

He shakes his head. Breaths coming more laboured as he pulls her closer.

REAGAN

(croaks)
Don't... give up... on your
dream...

And with a last SIGH, he falls limp in her arms.

ROSHEEN

(screams)
No! No! Reagan! Reagan!

She SHAKES him, even as Marcus and Vivian try to stop her.

VIVIAN

Rosheen... Rosheen, he's gone. I'm
sorry.

ROSHEEN

(sobbing)
No... no! He can't! He can't...
ever since I was a baby, he's been
there... my whole life, I... he
never...

Marcus pulls her close again, and she weeps freely against him. He looks towards Vivian, who exhales sadly. And it's from this that we DISSOLVE TO:

Back at the meeting, with Torin knowing he's in trouble as he sits opposite Keegan, Dermot and Siobhan.

KEEGAN

We can't wait any longer, old man.
We have to assume they're not
coming back and start the
discussions.

TORIN

Just a little longer.

DERMOT

We don't have 'a little longer'!
We've wasted enough time already,
without you -

ROSHEEN (O.S.)

We're here.

Torin turns, relief washing over him as Rosheen and Marcus stride into the chamber, Chris and the others behind.

Torin's face falls as he registers his daughter's stern expression, the BLOOD on her clothes - and the ENVELOPE in her hand.

TORIN

Rosheen, what -

ROSHEEN

(raises envelope)
And this changes everything.

She tosses it onto the table. Keegan shoots her a look, then reaches for it.

ROSHEEN (cont'd)

Why Conall wants us gone. Why he's
making his own race instead of
conquering us.

Keegan's eyes widen in shock as he takes the first photograph out of the envelope. Dermot SNATCHES it away.

DERMOT

Where did you get this?

ROSHEEN

(beat; to Keegan)
From your son.

The room falls into stunned silence as Keegan looks up, his world falling apart around him.

ON THE PHOTO at last - it's Keegan, younger, with a beautiful woman his age by his side.

And stood before them, again younger but still recognisable, is CONALL.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR