

S.I.N. EPISODE 1: ORIGINAL SIN

BLACK SCREEN

SUPER

File #: W-293-22-JM
Status: Open
Name: James William Meadows
Age: 34
Objective: Elimination
Comments: Extremely Hostile

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS DENVER, COLORADO -- 1:54 AM

An ambulance's lights flash in the cold night air.

The siren WAILS as the ambulance races down the dark city streets.

EXT. EAST BECKER HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

The ambulance pulls up to the ER entrance and quickly stops.

Paramedics climb out running to the back and opening the rear ambulance doors.

CRANE UP to reveal East Becker Hospital.

INT. E. BECKER HOSPITAL, 6TH FLOOR, ICU -- NIGHT

The light blinks "6" with a DING above the opening elevator doors.

Out of the elevator steps a night janitor pushing his cart.

A nurse's station sits in the center of the floor, only two nurses man it at this late hour.

The floor is quiet.

The BLONDE NURSE types at a computer while the BRUNETTE NURSE files away a stack of charts.

Beside the door marked 609 sits a Denver police officer.

He sits outstretched in a chair, his head against the wall and his legs out in front of him.

He sleeps soundly.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

Three large men approach the hospital.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The three men wear long heavy black coats and thick black boots. Their bodies are larger than most, bulked with layers of clothing. They wear black leather gloves and humorless expressions. They are rough and confident men, those you wouldn't want to tussle with.

WILLIAMS, 50s, dark hair and seasoned.

SILVER, late 20s, dark haired, and a cigarette between his lips.

PROPHET, late 20s, dark haired and wearing a long scar that stretches from his left ear to mid-forehead.

As the three men reach the hospital lobby doors, Silver throws his cigarette down in front of him, stepping on it as they walk.

The automatic lobby doors open and they enter.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

The three men walk through the nearly empty lobby and directly to the elevator doors.

Prophet presses the call button.

The three men stand waiting. They look around casually.

SILVER
(to Prophet)
I hate hospitals. They give me the
creeps.

PROPHET
Of all the things to give you the
creeps.

All three chuckle.

The doors open with a DING and the three men enter the empty elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

The doors close as the elevator goes into motion.

Immediately all three men whip out a variety of guns.

Williams and Silver each produce four large handguns while Prophet pulls back his coat to reveal two MP-5 submachine guns hanging from shoulder straps.

Silver and Williams produce silencers and quickly screw them into place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prophet pulls the clips out of his MP-5s, checking the ammo.

INSERT CLIPS: Within each clip can be seen shiny silver bullets.

BACK TO SCENE

Satisfied, the men return their guns to their appropriate holsters.

They stand and wait as the elevator comes to a stop and the doors open with another DING.

INT. E. BECKER HOSPITAL, 6TH FLOOR, ICU -- CONTINUOUS

The three gunman walk out of the elevator and down the hallway towards the nurse's station.

As they walk down the hall a male patient in a wheelchair and two orderlies approach them.

One orderly pushes the wheelchair while the other walks with them toward the elevators.

The patient in the wheelchair is a young man in his mid-twenties. The two orderlies are polar opposites. One is a short thin man and the one pushing the chair is tall and overweight. The larger man keeps his face down, looking at the patient in front of him.

The men acknowledge each other as Silver, Williams and Prophet part to allow the wheelchair's passage.

Silver glances back over his shoulder for another glimpse of the patient and his escorts.

His suspicions pass and he looks forward again.

As they reach the end of the hallway, Williams and Silver slow their pace allowing Prophet to get out ahead of the group.

Prophet continues to walk forward, not coming into clear view of the nurses behind the counter.

Silver then turns the corner and heads toward room 609, he walks confidently and steadily.

Immediately the brunette nurse sees him.

BRUNETTE NURSE

Sir. Sir, visiting hours are over.

Silver continues on, ignoring the nurse.

The blonde nurse stands and joins the first.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLONDE NURSE

Sir, you can't be up here at this time. Can we help you with...

Before she can finish, Williams is in front of them.

The two nurses turn to face him, fear spreads across their faces.

Williams holds two large pistols on the nurses.

WILLIAMS

Shhhhh.

The blonde nurse takes a step back when suddenly Prophet is behind her.

He throws his hand over her nose and mouth holding a white handkerchief over both.

The drug takes affect immediately and the blonde nurse collapses into Prophet's arms.

He lowers her body to the floor.

The brunette nurse turns to see what is happening and Williams slams one of his guns across the back of her head.

She collapses unconscious with a CRASH.

The police officer starts to wake with all the commotion.

As he begins to lean forward and open his eyes Silver is there.

Silver slams the side of a pistol into the officer's face with a crushing blow, splashing blood across the guard's face and knocking him out of his chair and back into unconsciousness.

Silver kicks upon the door to 609 and moves quickly inside.

Prophet and Williams wait.

MOMENTS LATER

Silver steps out of the room, disappointment on his face.

SILVER

Nothing in here but these.

Silver holds up a stack of used clothing.

Silver looks down at the cop laid out on the floor.

The cop's wrist is exposed revealing a tattoo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSERT WRIST: The cop's wrist bears a small black tattooed symbol.

BACK TO SCENE

Silver recognizes the symbol.

He pulls out one of his pistols and immediately fires a silenced round into the cop's head.

Williams and Prophet look at him for an answer.

SILVER (CONT'D)
Sympathizer.

Silver points at his own wrist.

Williams and Prophet accept the reason.

A DING rings out as the elevator doors begin closing, the man in the wheelchair and his two orderlies inside.

All three gunmen look in the direction of the elevator bank, the realization hitting them.

Silver is already in a full sprint for the elevators as Williams and Prophet follow suit.

Silver stops at the elevators looking up at lights above each door.

Williams and Prophet run up beside him.

PROPHET
Did you see which one they got in?

SILVER
No. Looks like we got two heading up and one heading down.

WILLIAMS
Prophet and I will go up to the top floors and work our way down.
(to Silver)
You get down to the lobby.

Williams and Silver hit the call buttons and wait.

Within moments an elevator appears and the doors open. Silver runs inside. Williams and Prophet wait as the doors close and Silver descends.

A second elevator appears and the other two men quickly get inside.

The elevator doors close.

INT. DOWN ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Silver stands in the elevator, MUZAK playing overhead. He pulls out a tiny device which he places in his right ear.

INT. UP ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Williams and Prophet place identical devices in their ears.

SILVER (O.S.)
You guys hear me?

WILLIAMS
Copy Williams.

PROPHET
Copy Prophet.

INT. DOWN ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

SILVER
Why can't it ever go smoothly?

PROPHET (O.S.)
Because you always fuck it up.

INT. UP ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

SILVER (O.S.)
Ha,ha,ha.

Williams and Prophet smile.

SILVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
So...

INT. DOWN ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

SILVER
Do you think these guys know we're coming?

As Silver speaks, the elevator comes to a stop on the ground level. The moment the doors begin to crack open Silver finds himself looking at the wheelchair patient and the thin orderly standing twenty feet away in the lobby, both pointing pistols at him.

SILVER (CONT'D)
Shit!

Silver immediately drops to the ground into a sitting position, pulling two of his pistols out as he does so.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the doors continue to open, both Silver and the two waiting for him open fire.

Bullets SLAM into the elevator doors and the back of the elevator just above Silver's head.

INT. UP ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Over their earpieces, Williams and Prophet hear the ROARS of gunfire.

Immediately Williams pulls the emergency stop button. BELLS RING as the elevator comes to a stop.

He pushes it back in immediately pressing the ground floor button and the elevator begins heading down.

PROPHET
(to Silver)
What's your situation?

Prophet pulls back his coat and readies his MP-5s as Williams pulls out two of his pistols.

INT. DOWN ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Silver fires out of the elevator and into the lobby as bullets SLAM into the wall around him.

His bullets find their mark, pounding into both men.

The two fall dead and Silver is already getting to his feet.

SILVER
Two down, heading into lobby!

INT. UP ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

Prophet and Williams wait, guns ready, as the elevator continues down.

Suddenly the elevator slows and stops on the Third floor. The doors open to reveal a young man and woman waiting.

Shock and fear fill the couples' faces as they see the guns in the men's hands.

Williams shakes his head slowly and discouragingly as Prophet hits the 'close doors' button.

The couple stands frozen as the doors close again and the elevator continues down.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Silver rounds the corner of the elevator bank bringing the lobby doors within view. As he does so, he finds the overweight orderly running through the doors.

The orderly looks over his shoulder at Silver. There is an animal rage in his eyes.

Silver now recognizes him as the target.

Silver raises his guns and opens fire.

Glass shatters and falls to the floor in brilliant sheets as the orderly runs out into the parking lot and towards a waiting car with its back doors open.

As the car comes into view, Silver can see two men standing next to the open car doors.

They open fire on the running Silver.

Silver dives for cover behind the welcome desk as bullets tear the lobby apart.

INT. UP ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

The elevator doors open and Williams and Prophet step out.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

As they step out, both men turn to see three armed security guards rounding a corner into the lobby.

Prophet and Williams find the guards between them and the escaping target.

Without hesitation, both men raise their guns.

The security guards see them just in time to watch them open fire.

Immediately two of the guards catch bullets to the legs: one guard to the thigh and the other to the shin.

Both men collapse with the wounds and are out of commission.

The third guard fires one round off at Prophet and Williams before he too is hit in the thigh and collapses.

Silver reloads his pistols and rises up just above the welcome desk to fire at the men and car.

His bullets punch holes in the car's door and rear fender.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The men continue firing at Silver who drops back behind cover.

The target gets into the car and the two gunmen continue firing as they climb in beside him.

The car SQUEALS tires as it begins to pull away.

Silver leaps up and charges the car, firing nonstop as he does so.

Bullets riddle the side of the car.

The car pulls away as silver runs through the shattered remains of the lobby doors.

EXT. E. BECKER HOSPITAL PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

He continues firing until both guns run empty.

Without hesitation, Silver drops the two pistols and draws two more.

He continues the onslaught immediately shattering the cars rear window and hitting one of the gunmen in the back of the head.

The car gains speed as it drives directly away from silver.

Silver's guns unyielding, he quickly hits the other gunman in the back of the head and then the target.

All three men slump over with their massive head wounds.

The car continues to speed away, making a left turn around a divider.

Prophet runs up beside Silver, guns raised, and opens fire on the fleeing car.

Prophets submachine guns tear up the other side of the car.

The car's driver points an Uzi out the window and begins firing indiscriminately in the direction of the two men.

Silver begins reloading his guns as Prophet takes off after the car in a hard jog.

The car attempts to maneuver through the parking lot, the driver continuing to fire at the chasing Prophet.

Prophet opens fire with his submachine guns.

A handful of the getaway driver's bullets SLAP into Prophet's chest but Prophet doesn't slow his pace.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both of Prophet's guns hit empty and he lets one fall to his side. He quickly grabs another clip and SLAMS it into the gun he still has in hand.

Again he opens fire on the car.

This time his bullets hit home, the car's driver is hit numerous times and slumps forward, dead.

The cars speed slows as it bumps its way over a curb and comes to rest partially in a grass divider.

Prophet stops his jog and turns back to look at Silver. Prophet smiles broadly.

Silver walks casually toward Prophet, guns still in hand.

PROPHET

Now that is what I'm talking about!

In the back seat of the car, the head of the target rises slightly.

Silver nods his head in the direction of the car and Prophet returns his gaze to the stopped vehicle.

The targets head bobs slightly as it moves toward the far side of the vehicle.

The rear passenger door opens and the dead body of one of the gunman is pushed out and falls to the ground.

With the driver's side of the car facing Silver and Prophet, they can only see the motion but have no clear line of sight of what is happening.

Prophet drops the clips from both of his guns and begins reloading them as he starts a slow walk toward the car.

The target falls out of the passenger side door to the ground.

Prophet continues his slow walk.

PROPHET (CONT'D)

I thought you hit him in the head?

SILVER

I wouldn't get so close if I were you.

As Prophet approaches the car, a bestial GROWL can be heard along with the sounds of TEARING fabric.

Prophet stops a few yards from the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silver raises his guns, Prophet between him and the car.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Careful.

Prophet gives Silver a disagreeing glance over his shoulder.

Suddenly a large form leaps up from behind the car, clears the roof and lands directly in front of Prophet.

Prophet turns back to find a seven foot werewolf less than a foot away.

White steam billows from the beasts nose and mouth.

A low guttural GROWL accompanies its RAGGED breathing.

The beast is lean and covered head to toe in thick dark fur. Light glints off of its large brown eyes. Blood mats the creatures fur on the top and back of its head.

The werewolf gives out a threatening GROWL as Prophet goes to raise his guns.

Before he can get them up, the werewolf backhands Prophet, launching him into the air and onto the ground a few yards back.

Prophet lands in a seated position and before he realizes it, the beast is directly in front of him again. This time the creature is on all fours, its snout inches from Prophets face.

SILVER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Take a nap!

Immediately Prophet lies down on his back giving the waiting Silver a clear shot.

Silver fires, the first bullets THUDDING into the beasts shoulders and chest.

The werewolf rises up in agony to its full height, towering over the nearby Prophet.

Silver continues firing round after round into the large beast. Each bullet buries itself deep in the werewolf's body.

The creature stumbles back from the fatal wounds.

Seizing the moment, Prophet raises his MP-5s and empties his guns into the beasts body.

Riddled with holes and pouring blood, the creature collapses, motionless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Prophet lies back in relief.

Silver stops above him, holstering his pistols.

SILVER (CONT'D)
Told you not to get so close.

Suddenly a white panel van speeds up to the scene, SQUEALING to a stop.

Williams jumps out of the driver's seat and moves quickly to his companions.

Silver helps Prophet up with a hand.

Williams makes his way to the back of the van, opening the double doors.

Silver and Prophet immediately grab hold of the dead werewolf and lift it into the air.

Within seconds they have loaded the carcass in the back of the van.

Williams approaches the mutilated car with a large canister hanging by a strap over his shoulder.

He pulls out a hose and begins spraying the area with a green liquid which immediately begins to bubble up into thick black foam.

Williams coats the car and a thirty foot radius around it which includes the spot where the beast was gunned down.

After coating the entire area with black foam, Williams hangs the hose up and heads back to the van. Silver passes him with a Molotov cocktail in hand.

Silver stops at the edge of the foam and lights the explosive.

With a simple toss, the bottle shatters on the foam covered car. Instantly the area bursts into a raging fire, every inch of black foam burning with an incredibly fury.

The three men climb into the van and begin to drive away.

Behind them the car erupts in a large explosion and fireball.

The van drives off into the night as the sounds of distant SIRENS can be heard.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD, KANSAS -- 4:33 AM

The white van drives down the empty country roads.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Williams sits behind the wheel, he sips from a large cup of coffee.

Silver sits in the back of the van on the floor, his feet propped up on the creature's dead body. He smokes a cigarette and plays with one of his pistols.

Prophet sits in the passenger seat, his chair leaned back and his eyes closed.

SILVER

How long 'til we need to fill up again?

Williams glances down at the gas gauge.

WILLIAMS

Probably another half an hour.
We're just above a quarter tank.
(takes a swig of coffee)
But I'm almost out of coffee.

SILVER

So well be stopping at the next station.

WILLIAMS

First one I see.

Both smile.

EXT. HIGHWAY GAS STATION -- A FEW MINUTES LATER

The bright lights of the station shine on an empty parking lot.

The white van pulls off of the roadway and into the gas station lot.

The van comes to a stop at one of the gas pumps.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

Prophet continues to lay with his eyes closed.

PROPHET

Bathroom break?

Williams begins climbing out of the van.

WILLIAMS

Gas and Coffee. If you need to go
Id suggest you take this opportunity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROPHET
Naw, I'm good.

EXT. HIGHWAY GAS STATION -- CONTINUOUS

Silver climbs out of the van sliding the side door shut with a THUD. He looks around casually.

Silver joins Williams at the pump.

SILVER
Where are we?

WILLIAMS
North Western Kansas, 'bout eight hours away.

Silver nods in acknowledgment.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
They'd better have some decent coffee.

INT. GAS STATION -- MOMENTS LATER

The MUSIC plays softly as the two large men walk through the store.

The young CLERK stands behind the counter, eyeballing the new guests.

Williams heads to the coffee machines as Silver browses the snack isle.

The clerks uneasiness is obvious, his eyes never leaving the two men.

INSERT: The clerks nervous hand reaches under the counter and hovers over the handgun stored there.

BACK TO SCENE

Williams snaps the lid on his coffee cup and he heads for the front.

Silver joins him as they stop at the counter in front of the clerk.

Williams places the coffee on the counter.

Silver notices the look in the clerks eyes and sees his hand under the counter. A smile spreads across Silver's face.

SILVER
Son...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The clerk's eyes jump to Silver.

Silver casually holds open his coat exposing his four holstered pistols, obvious body armor, knives and extra clips.

SILVER (CONT'D)
I wouldn't.

The clerk's eyes grow wide.

Williams shakes his head annoyed.

WILLIAMS
I'm sorry, sir. How much for the
coffee and gas?

CLERK
Uh...

The clerk forces his eyes to the register. He hits a few keys.

Williams looks at Silver in disbelief.

Both men smile and Silver giggles silently.

CLERK (CONT'D)
Sixty nine...forty three.

The clerk looks back up at the two men, panic in his eyes.

Williams pulls a wallet out and removes five twenty dollar bills.

WILLIAMS
Here's a hundred. Keep the
difference and forget about my brash
friend.

The clerk takes the money and continues to stare at the men.

SILVER
Thanks.

The two men exit as the clerk looks down at the money in his hand.

EXT. GAS STATION -- CONTINUOUS

Williams and Silver walk toward the van.

SILVER
You want me to drive?

WILLIAMS
Sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Williams tosses the keys to Silver and then takes a drink of his coffee.

He holds the cup out in front of him, his eyes focused on it.

SILVER
Taste like shit?

WILLIAMS
On the contrary. This might be the
best cup of coffee I've ever had.

They walk off...

EXT. FARMLANDS OF SOUTH CENTRAL, MISSOURI -- DAY -- ESTABLISHING
The large farms float on gentle rolling hills.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD SOUTH CENTRAL, MISSOURI -- DAY
The white van drives down winding country roads between farms,
the afternoon sun shining brightly.

EXT. FARM DRIVEWAY -- DAY
The van turns off the road and onto a dirt driveway that's framed
by a weathered gate.

As the van drives through the gate, the sign above reads BROWNING
RANCH.

EXT. BROWNING RANCH FARM -- DAY
The van drives down a hill and past a large farmhouse.
There is a huge barn located a hundred yards from the house, the
van slows as it approaches it.

The van pulls up to the barn's twenty foot doors and comes to a
stop.

Immediately Silver and Prophet jump out of the van and run up to
the doors.

The two men unlock the wooden doors and slide them open.

Williams drives forward through the doors and into the barn.

Prophet and Silver stroll in behind the van, closing the barn
doors behind them.

INT. BARN -- CONTINUOUS

Other than its sheer size, the barn is a standard one. Stocked with farming equipment and bails of hay, it is quite organized.

The van drives slowly across the barn finally stopping in the center. The van sits there IDLING for a moment as Silver and Prophet catch up.

The engine CUTS OFF and Williams climbs out of the drivers seat.

All three men walk across the dusty room and into a horse stall.

HORSE STALL

Prophet closes the stall door behind them as Williams leans down to the floor.

Williams lifts up a dirt and hay covered hatch on the floor and reveals a steel panel with a green button.

He presses the button and a large section of the hay covered floor slides open in two pieces revealing a brightly lit stairway leading down into the ground.

Silver starts down the stairs followed by Prophet and then Williams.

The floor slides shut behind them.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL -- CONTINUOUS

The three men walk down the large well lit hallway.

The walls, floors and ceiling of the tunnel are polished steel, creating a somewhat disorienting mirror effect.

At the end of the hall they come to a bulkhead with a rounded, ceiling to floor, polished steel door.

The three men come to a stop in front of the door.

PROPHET

Anybody else hungry?

SILVER

Naw, I'm still good from those tacos.

PROPHET

Really? I'm fucking starving.

WILLIAMS

Well I'm sure they'll have dinner all ready and waiting for us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all laugh.

The door HISSES and CLANKS as it begins to slide to the side.

The three continue on through the bulkhead.

INT. FILTER ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The three walk into the Filter Room as the bulkhead door slides closed behind them.

The room is a 20 X 40 rectangle with the bulkhead at the rear and a large 15 by 15 door at the front. Directly above the door is a huge display of unlit lights. Three quarters of the way across the room is a steel podium protruding from the floor.

The three men walk up to and stop at the podium.

Williams stands directly behind the podium flanked by Silver and Prophet.

INSERT

On the top of the podium is a large silver orb.

BACK TO SCENE

Williams places his left hand on the orb.

Moments later a group of lights above the door light up a bright orange.

Williams removes his hand and the lights go off.

Silver and Prophet follow suit, each time the orange lights coming on with the placement of their hand and going off with the removal.

After completing the ritual the three remain standing in their place.

Suddenly the lights go out, plunging the room into darkness.

Moments later the room explodes in intense strobe lighting.

The Three men stand unmoving in the pulsing light.

After a short while the strobe stops, the room dark again.

The normal lights turn back on filling the room with bright neon lighting.

The three men squint and shield their eyes at the sudden change.

Their eyes adapt and they return the arms to their sides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A few seconds later a series of the lights above the door blink on purple.

With that, the sounds of SLIDING METAL ON METAL fill the room. Loud CLINKS, CLANKS and THUDS emanate from the far side of the large door in front of them.

Slowly the 15 X 15 foot door begins to rise up into the ceiling revealing another hallway.

Like something from the beaches of Normandy, located in intervals every few yards down the hall are numerous concrete turrets. Protruding from all of the turrets, situated at different levels and positions, are heavy machine gun barrels. All the barrels trained on the three men.

Williams and company leave the podium and walk toward the hallway.

INT. GUNNER HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

The three men are unfazed by the gun barrels aimed at them, some of which follow them as they walk.

Other guns stay focused forward as the large door begins to lower back into place.

PROPHET

You know, we got one hell of a
welcome mat.

WILLIAMS

I'd hate to end up on our doorstep
without an invitation.

PROPHET

(to Williams)

Did you ever do gunner duty?

WILLIAMS

Long time ago.

SILVER

Back when everything was in black
and white.

PROPHET

And we ate rocks.

All three laugh.

SILVER

Rocks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROPHET

Yeah, didn't you pay attention in history class.

They continue to laugh.

The three exit through the bulkhead at the end of Gunner Hall and begin down a series of halls, bulkheads and stairwells.

WILLIAMS

How 'bout you Prophet? You ever work GD?

SILVER

I hear Prophet's got all lots of VDs. Oh, wait, you said "G" D. My bad.

PROPHET

Well, you'd know, I got 'em from you.

SILVER

Mr. comedian over here.

PROPHET

One day. That was it. They yanked me after only one day cuz of that short in Sinners last year. Threw me into active duty to help cover the assignments.

SILVER

That's how you got promoted? That makes a lot of sense, now. Explains a lot.

PROPHET

Oh, what the hell is that supposed to mean? And what about you, Mr. cool? Huh? Did the magnificent Silver ever do the duty?

SILVER

Naw.

PROPHET

Bullshit.

SILVER

I didn't. I graduated straight into active duty. Scored too high for Gunner duty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PROPHET
 Seriously?

WILLIAMS
 That's right. Hot shit Silver with his moral duality and extraordinary hand eye coordination.

PROPHET
 Fucking figures.

SILVER
 That what my file says?

WILLIAMS
 Something like that.

PROPHET
 So if you scored so damn high, why ain't you in a command position? Team lead? Mission host? Why you slummin' it out in the field?

The men come to the end of a hall and stop in front of the doors of an elevator.

Williams looks to Silver.

SILVER
 I like killing. That management bullshit ain't my thing.

The doors open revealing a glass elevator.

The three walk into the elevator.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

The three men enter the elevator as the doors close behind them.

The elevator begins to descend.

PROPHET
 Sounds like there's something you ain's saying.

SILVER
 Fuck you.

PROPHET
 I see. The mighty Silver ain't so mighty after all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILVER

Mighty enough to leave you crying
in a puddle of your own blood and
excrement.

PROPHET

Okay, damn.

WILLIAMS

Now, now little boys. We're not in
school anymore.

PROPHET

No, we're home.

EXT. BASE CITY -- DAY -- ESTABLISHING

The reveal of Base City:

Stretching out in front of Silver, Williams and Prophet, 900 feet
below, is Base City.

Located three quarters of a mile below the rolling hills of Central
Missouri, Base City is the home of the entire North American Branch
of the Unnatural Lifeform Extermination Agency or U.L.E.A.

Home to over five thousand U.L.E.A. soldiers, scientists, doctors,
technicians, engineers, and civilians, Base City stretches out
over a three mile radius.

Buildings ranging from suburban ranch homes to office buildings
rising six stories into the air fill the City. Home to parks,
neighborhoods, businesses, streets and street lights, Base City
is a fully functioning town.

Above the city shines a brilliant blue sky adorned with fluffy
white clouds and a brilliant yellow sun. Though nearly a mile
below ground, the city is a mirror image of the world above: Winds
rustle the lush green trees, birds glide through the air and white
clouds gently float by above.

Williams, Silver and Prophet stand in the elevator, taking in the
site of their home as they descend upon it.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR -- CONTINUOUS

SILVER

Good old worldwide taxpayer's dollars
at work.

PROPHET

If only they knew.

EXT. BASE CITY -- MOMENTS LATER

The elevator comes to a stop on the ground floor and the doors open.

The three step out and begin walking down the concrete sidewalk, manicured green grass lawns on both sides.

The sidewalk ends at the edge of a small parking lot filled with electric cars, electric scooters and mountain bikes.

Two large men dressed similarly approach them.

SILVER

Trigger. Hudini. You guys shipping out?

HUDINI

Naw, just headin' topside to pick up some supplies from the Crown Estate.

TRIGGER

How'd it go?

TRIGGER and HUDINI continue on past Williams, Prophet and Silver. Trigger turns around, walking backwards, to continue the conversation.

WILLIAMS

Shot the shit out of a hospital.

TRIGGER

Cool.

Hudini and Trigger turn around and continue on toward the elevator.

HUDINI

(shouting back)
Welcome home!

The three stop in the middle of the parking lot.

WILLIAMS

So Debrief is in forty minutes.
Don't be late.

Silver and Prophet nod their heads in acknowledgement and Williams walks over to a green electric car.

PROPHET

You wanna ride to your place?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILVER

Naw, I'm gonna head straight over to HQ. I'll clean up later.

PROPHET

Suit yourself. See you in forty.

Prophet climbs into a white car.

Silver starts walking toward the tallest building in Base City as Williams and Prophet drive off ahead of him.

EXT. PROPHETS HOUSE -- MINUTES LATER -- ESTABLISHING

The small white car pulls into the driveway of a ranch style suburban home.

INT. PROPHETS HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Prophet walks through the front door and into the living room. As he walks through the house he passes numerous pictures on the walls and shelves.

INSERT

Pictures of Prophet with a smiling woman, EVE.

Pictures of Prophet and Eve with groups of other hardened men and women.

Bridal magazines sit on the coffee table.

A handwritten note lies on the dining room table.

Prophets hand picks up the note.

BACK TO SCENE

Prophet reads the letter.

INSERT LETTER: "At the Wolfsbane. Glad you're home. Love you."

BACK TO SCENE

Prophet puts the note down and begins taking off his clothes.

He takes off his jacket and torn shirt revealing a bullet proof vest with numerous bullets imbedded within it.

He winces as he unstraps his bullet vest.

His chest and stomach is spotted with six large green and purple bruises.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He drops the vest on the kitchen table and heads into the bathroom.

EXT. W.H. TROY BUILDING, ULEA HEADQUARTERS -- DAY -- ESTABLISHING

The tallest building in Base City, the Troy building houses the main offices of the North American Branch of the U.L.E.A. Reaching twelve stories and built of solid steel and black granite, it stands an obvious landmark in the small underground city.

INT. TROY BUILDING, 8TH FLOOR -- DAY

Williams walks down the halls of the busy building, under his arm he carries a stack of files, folders and paperwork.

He nods and drops friendly acknowledgements as he passes friends and colleagues.

Williams turns a corner and opens an office door.

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Williams steps into the room only to find Silver leaning back in one of the black leather chairs, his feet propped up on the large Oak conference table. A lit cigarette sits between his lips.

WILLIAMS

Jesus Christ, Silver. This is not your fucking back porch. You can't smoke in this building.

Silver pays him no mind.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

And get your feet off the table. Come on man, have some god damned respect.

Silver takes his feet off the table and sits up.

The interior of the room is nothing different than you'd find in a normal board room. A large projection screen is located at the end of the table on one of the walls. Pitchers of water and drinking glasses sit on the table accessible by each seat.

The walls are decorated with large black and white photographs of rugged men and women, dead legendary beasts and the construction of Base City.

Williams makes his way to a chair on the opposite side of the table from Silver.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

And what the hell are you doing here so early? Put the fucking cigarette out.

Silver begins putting his cigarette out on his body armored chest.

SILVER

Had no reason to go home.

WILLIAMS

Well, good job last night.

SILVER

Thanks.

The door opens and Prophet walks in. He is dressed down, wearing jeans, T-shirt and a baseball cap.

WILLIAMS

I was just congratulating you guys on a job well done.

PROPHET

Thanks.

Prophet plops down into one of the chairs.

WILLIAMS

How's Eve?

PROPHET

Didn't see her, she's over at Wolfsbane.

SILVER

Wish we were over at Wolfsbane.

WILLIAMS

This will be over soon enough, stop your whining.

The door opens again and this time DIRECTOR BRUCE STIEN enters.

The Director walks to the head of the table, the projection screen behind him.

Williams, Prophet and Silver are unfazed.

DIRECTOR STIEN

(sarcastically)

Don't stand on my account.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILVER
Afternoon, Director.

WILLIAMS & PROPHET
Afternoon.

The Director sits.

DIRECTOR STIEN
First off, welcome back. I'm glad
to see your not too worse for wear.

SILVER
Prophet got pimp slapped.

Prophet shoots a look to Silver.

DIRECTOR STIEN
Well, you all need to have yourselves
checked out at medical after this.
But you boys already know that.
Anything major I need to know before
we start.

No one responds.

DIRECTOR STIEN (CONT'D)
Alright then. So you say you bagged
yourselves a dingo. Why don't you
go ahead and tell me all about it.

INT. TROY BUILDING, 8TH FLOOR -- LATER

Prophet and Silver walk out of the debriefing room and down the
hall.

SILVER
So, you're heading down to the
Wolfsbane?

PROPHET
Yeah, you coming?

SILVER
I could use a drink.

PROPHET
And who knows, maybe you'll find
yourself a nice young tight bodied
recruit.

SILVER
Am I that transparent?

INT. VEHICLE HANGER -- LATER

Williams walks into a large storage hanger, over a hundred yards wide.

Inside countless, cars, trucks, motorcycles and vans sit parked.

The hanger is busy, men and women move about painting vehicles, doing vehicle maintenance and driving vehicles in and out.

The white van that Williams left in the barn backs into a painted parking spot. Three men wearing butcher like gloves and aprons stand waiting for it to stop. Next to the three men stands a long 15 foot steel rolling table.

A fourth man approaches with a rolling computer terminal. He too waits, typing information into his computer.

Williams heads over to the van.

As soon as the van is parked the three men pull open the back doors and two men jump inside.

The driver climbs out and heads to the back.

The two men inside lift the hulking frame of the werewolf and begin feeding it out to the two men waiting outside.

Williams reaches the scene and stops next to the man at the computer.

They watch the unloading of the carcass.

COMPUTER TECH
This your kill?

WILLIAMS
My team's.

COMPUTER TECH
Go smoothly? Any complications?

The four men lay the body on the steel table and immediately roll it over to the computer terminal.

WILLIAMS
For the most part.

One of the men pulls out a large set of pliers and another pulls open the beast's mouth.

With one powerful yank they remove one of the beast's rear teeth, blood splashes out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Another man holds out a plastic bag in which the tooth is placed.

COMPUTER TECH

Glad to hear it. Well, welcome
back. Now if you'd excuse me for a
moment.

The tech pushes the cart in front of him as he slowly walks around the table examining the dead animal. As he does, he records everything, typing quickly.

As Williams watches the computer tech another group of men and women dressed head to toe in environmental suits carrying huge hoses, back packs and buckets enter the van.

Immediately they begin to sterilize and clean the van.

The tech stops his typing and pulls out a digital camera. He begins taking picture after picture of the carcass.

COMPUTER TECH (CONT'D)

So you guys got a positive ID on
him?

WILLIAMS

One of my crew saw him clearly before
the transformation. He says its
him.

COMPUTER TECH

Anything else you'd like to add to
the report?

WILLIAMS

Damn thing seemed to take a bullet
to the back of the head and not bat
an eye.

COMPUER TECH

Really? That's hardcore. Let me
see.

The computer tech walks around to the beast's head.

He grabs hold of the large head.

Fighting the stiffness he twists and bends the rigid neck studying the back of it's head.

COMPUER TECH (CONT'D)

Well, looks like there is a head
wound. However, it also seems that
the bullet only grazed this guy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The computer tech motions for Williams to join him and Williams does.

COMPUER TECH (CONT'D)

As you can see, the bullet caught the left hand side of his head, here. Then it clearly cut this groove here and tore this piece from the ear.

The computer tech pulls away some of the blood matted fur to expose white skull.

COMPUER TECH (CONT'D)

Yep, the bullet never pierced the skull, rather slid along it.

WILLIAMS

Well, that's a relief. I was afraid they were becoming impervious to gunfire.

INT. WOLFSBANE BAR & GRILL -- LATER

The bar is crowded with men and women laughing, drinking and eating. MUSIC plays loudly over the jukebox as a group of people dance on the dance floor.

Prophet enters the bar smiling at his friends and colleagues.

He makes his way through the bar, scanning for his girlfriend.

Soon he spots her.

EVE is sitting at a large table along with six other men and women.

RAVEN, female, mid-20s, attractive, long black hair.

CCG, male, late 20s, very large, muscular, bald.

ACE, male, mid-20s, handsome, short brown hair.

RHINO, male, mid-20's, large, muscular, blonde hair

BREEZE, male, early 30's, tall, lean, short black hair.

They laugh and talk continuously.

CCG

Three dingoes, five sympathizers and a mutha fuckin' bat all dead at my feet. Go ahead, top that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EVE

I can top it... Prophet was out
in...

CCG

Whoa, whoa, whoa. We aren't talkin'
'bout the exploits of Prophet.
We're talkin' 'bout those of the
people sitting right here at this
table.

Prophet stops behind Eve and leans down, placing his face beside
her's.

PROPHET

I would be sitting down but your
big ass is taking up all the room.

Immediately Eve's face brightens, like a child seeing Santa Claus.

She turns her face giving Prophet a large passionate kiss.

EVE

Baby, you're home.

PROPHET

I missed you.

EVE

I missed you.

RAVEN

Oh, this is too much.

ACE

Hey, Raven, Just because your idea
of a romantic relationship is dinner
and a condom, doesn't mean other
people don't actually enjoy each
other's company.

RAVEN

It works for me.

ACE

Hey, dinner's on me.

The table explodes with laughter as Prophet pulls up a chair.

EXT. EAST BECKER HOSPITAL PARKING LOT -- DAY

The parking lot of the hospital is full of emergency and news
crews.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The car and surrounding area still burns strongly. Fire fighters douse the area around the flames but not the fire itself.

Cops and forensics personnel collect evidence and mark the area. They enter and exit through the destroyed glass doors at the front of the hospital.

News personalities touch up their make-up and check their cameras and equipment.

Police tape cordons off the area.

A hundred or so onlookers still remain, waiting for an explanation to the previous nights conflict.

At the edge of the crowd stand two very large men. One is tall and muscular, 6'6" and 270 lbs. The other is tall as well, 6'3", but is much more overweight at around 320 lbs.

Both men wear baggy winter clothes and short beards.

They watch the scene with bitter eyes.

INT. E. BECKER HOSPITAL, ROOM 609 -- CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE BRETT, 30s, and DETECTIVE TOMBSTONE, early 20s, stand alone in room 609.

DET. TOMBSTONE

So who was this guy?

Det. Tombstone walks slowly around the room taking mental notes on everything he sees.

Det. Brett holds a file in his hands.

DET. BRETT

(flipping through the
file)

Records show his name was James Meadows and he was brought in last week with major trauma. Broken bones, puncture wounds and major head trauma.

DET. TOMBSTONE

What, did he get hit by a bus?

DET. BRETT

Cause of the wounds was yet to be determined. Reports also show that he was healing at a highly accelerated rate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tombstone has returned to Brett's side.

DET. TOMBSTONE
Accelerated rate? What's that mean?
Like Wolverine or something?

INT. E. BECKER HOSPITAL, 6TH FLOOR, ICU -- CONTINUOUS

The two detectives walk out of the room and duck under the police tape roping off the room and the dried blood where the cop died beside it.

DET. BRETT
Or something.

The floor is still open, nurses man the station again, the two who were assaulted now in their own rooms somewhere in the hospital.

A handful of cops stand around the crimescene, making sure no one wanders where they shouldn't.

DET. BRETT (CONT'D)
Did they ever figure out what was
going on with him?

The two detectives walk toward the elevators, Brett continues to flip through the file.

DET. BRETT (CONT'D)
Just that his wounds were repairing
themselves at something like ten
times the normal rate.

DET. TOMBSTONE
Okay, so this guy was some kinda
freak. But who was the fake cop?
And why did someone send an army to
kill him?

DET. BRETT
Tis the question.

The detectives stop at the elevator bank, the elevator Silver took down, sealed off with police tape.

Tombstone hits the call button and a set of doors open instantly.

The two men enter.

DET. TOMBSTONE
Should we review the tape?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. BRETT
I believe that's a novel idea my
dear Watson.

The elevator doors close.

INT. E. BECKER HOSPITAL, LOWER LEVEL -- MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors open and Brett and Tombstone exit.

DET. BRETT
...to know they were coming for
him. He was on his way out, had a
car waiting.

DET. TOMBSTONE
Sure seems to be the case. But
with the clusterfuck it turned into,
almost makes you wonder if he did
know it was coming.

The detectives come to a door marked security and Brett RAPS on
the door with his knuckles.

DET. TOMBSTONE (CONT'D)
And what the hell is that burning
stuff outside?

The door opens revealing a Denver Police OFFICER.

OFFICER
Detectives.

DET. TOMBSTONE
Officer.

The detectives enter the room.

INT. SECURITY ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Two hospital security guards sit in the room, one at a bank of
security camera monitors while the other sits in a chair doing a
crossword.

The detectives walk toward the monitor bank as the police officer
follows.

OFFICER
What can I do for you?

DET. TOMBSTONE
We'd like to have a look at the
tapes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER

I don't have 'em. Someone already picked 'em up.

DET. TOMBSTONE

Who picked them up?

OFFICER

Government guy. Said it was a Federal matter and took every one of the tapes from last night.

DET. TOMBSTONE

What the hell.

DET. BRETT

What branch? FBI?

OFFICER

Naw, something else. Something like Homeland Security?

DET. TOMBSTONE

Something like Homeland Security? What the hell is that? You saw his credentials?

OFFICER

Yeah, I saw 'em. Then I called it into the station and they verified it. So I let him take 'em.

DET. BRETT

But you don't remember what branch it was?

OFFICER

I never heard of it before. Must be something new. Anyway, the station verified it, the ID's were official and so I did what was asked.

DET. TOMBSTONE

Did you get a name?

OFFICER

Didn't offer one and his ID didn't have one on it. Just a number and photo.

DET. BRETT

And they took everything from last night?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER

Everything.

DET. TOMBSTONE

No, not this time. Fuck that.
They aren't taking our case like
that.

DET. BRETT

We don't have a choice. We got
nothing.

DET. TOMBSTONE

Oh, we'll find something. We'll
find something.

EXT. E. BECKER HOSPITAL PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

CAPTAIN FRED GUS stands in front of the hospital, the microphones
and cameras from every news crew, local and national, facing him.

The crowd watches intently.

CAPTAIN GUS

And that is all we know thus far.
We won't know more until the fire
is extinguished.

REPORTER

And why aren't the firefighters
attempting to put the fire out?

CAPTAIN GUS

The fire seems to have been started
with some form of highly volatile
chemical. This chemical is so far
unidentified and all of our attempts
to extinguish the fire have resulted
in a negative reaction. The Denver
Fire Department believes the fire
will burn itself out within the
next few hours. Until then they
will continue to keep the fire from
spreading.

The two large bearded men watch from the crowd.

Suddenly the taller man turns his head and looks into the crowd,
his attention grabbed.

The overweight man's attention is snagged seconds later.

Both men scan the crowd, their nostrils flaring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Quickly the men's eyes lock onto a tall THIN MAN standing near the rear of the crowd.

As if immediately sensing their gaze, the thin man turns his head and stares back at the duo.

The taller bearded man curls his lip in animal aggression while the overweight man lets out a low guttural GROWL.

The thin man immediately leaves the crowd and begins heading down the street away from the two large men.

The two bearded men leave the crowd in casual pursuit.

EXT. DENVER STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

The thin man walks down the calm city street, obviously aware of his pursuers.

The bearded men follow at the thin man's pace.

The thin man approaches an alley and ducks down it.

With the thin man out of sight, the two large men leap into a sprint.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

The bearded men run into the alley.

The alley is long but eventually dead ends into the side of a seven story building.

The thin man stands facing the men, his back to the wall at the end of the alley.

THIN MAN

I have no quarrel with you! Let me be!

TALL MAN

We have quarrel's with all bidens
and all those outside the global
clans.

The TALL MAN holds his arms out to his sides as a two foot steel blade shoots out of each of his jacket sleeves. The blades lock into place, seemingly attached to his wrists.

FAT MAN

Your people's blood will soak this
land.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The FAT MAN begins to change, his height growing, his body thinning and dark brown fur sprouting across every inch of his skin.

The thin man clenches his teeth, for the first time exposing his two white fangs.

THIN MAN

You are nothing but mangey dogs and
now you will die like dogs!

Immediately the thin man throws open his jacket revealing body armor and draws two pistols.

The thin man raises his pistols and opens fire as the two men charge.

Bullets SLAP into the charging men, one hitting the tall man in the thigh, two more hitting the once fat man in the shoulder and stomach.

The wolfman leaps across the alley, taking cover behind a nearby dumpster as the tall man continues on, ROARING a bestial battle cry.

The thin man continues firing, his bullets SLAMMING into the dumpster and surrounding walls.

Bullets WHIZ by the charging tall man, another one catching him in the chest.

The tall man has closed the distance on the thin man and he leaps at the man and his guns.

Three more bullets hit the tall man in the chest as he lands in front of the thin man, plunging one of his blades deep into the thin man's lung.

The thin man shoves one of his pistols into the throat of the tall man and fires two rounds which tear through the other side.

The tall man coughs up crimson blood as he falls back pulling the blade from the thin man's chest.

The thin man takes aim at the wounded attacker now kneeling on the ground.

The wolfman stands behind the dumpster, his palms against the cold steel.

With one herculean push, he shoves the dumpster down the alley at incredible speed.

The thin man looks up just in time to see the dumpster slam into him, crushing him against the brick wall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The thin man is pinned, only his head and left shoulder exposed.

The thin man spits up dark maroon blood as the pistol in his one free hand slips from his grip.

The fat man approaches, his original form returning, only traces of the brown hair remain, falling off in a shower of hair. Blood soaks through his thick clothing.

The thin man looks up, blood dripping from his white fangs.

The fat man stops in front of him.

FAT MAN

Dogs?

Behind the fat man the tall man stands. He holds his hand over the wound on his neck, blood drips through his fingers.

FAT MAN (CONT'D)

We will show you what dogs can do.

INT. WOLFSBANE BAR & GRILL -- LATER

Prophet, Eve, Raven, Breeze and CCG are now joined by Silver.

They sit at the same table, the bar still full of energy.

Raven sits on Silver's lap, while Prophet has his arm around Eve.

BREEZE

Took damn near six weeks to get the smell out.

The group lets out a groan of repulsion.

CCG

I don't know why you chose to tell us that story but I think I speak for all of us when I say this, never touch me again.

Everyone laughs.

Williams enters the bar and scans the room.

He spots the group at their table and begins walking over to them.

RAVEN

After that story I think I need another drink.

SILVER

Let me guess, I'm buying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAVEN

Damn right.

Raven climbs off of Silver's lap as he stands next to her.

Williams stops at the table.

SILVER

Well, holy shit. The amazing Williams
down at the Wolfsbane.

WILLIAMS

(in acknowledgement)
Sinners.

BREEZE

Gonna have a drink with your boys
and girls.

WILLIAMS

I wish that were the case. Actually
I bring orders.

The group groans in disapproval.

CCG

Why you gotta spoil all our fun?

RAVEN

(sarcastically)
So who are the lucky few?

WILLIAMS

Well, out of the group of you I
only need Eve.

EVE

(unenthusiastically)
Whoo hoo.

PROPHET

What? I just got back.

EVE

(to Prophet)
It was good seeing you babe.

WILLIAMS

Hey, you know how it is. I'm not
even Mission Host on this. I'm just
the messenger.

(to Eve)

Your breif is at twenty two hundred.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Williams looks at his watch.

WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

That's a little more than two hours from now. Have a good night boys and girls.

BREEZE

What, you won't stay and have a drink?

WILLIAMS

I'll have to take a raincheck. I have to get back to the Troy.

(to Eve)

Eve, good luck.

Williams turns and heads out of the bar.

PROPHET

Talk about a buzz kill.

SILVER

Sucks to be you.

RAVEN

I'm telling you, relationships are for chumps.

SILVER

She's got a point.

Eve and Prophet glare at Silver and Raven.

SILVER (CONT'D)

And I'm off to get drinks.

Silver turns and heads to the bar.

Eve and Prophet stand.

CCG

So you guys are taking off?

PROPHET

Yeah. We only got two hours.

EVE

(smiling)

And we sure as hell ain't spending it with you freaks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BREEZE

Alright, see you guys. Eve,
Subvertio.

CCG AND RAVEN

Subvertio.

EVE

I'll see you guys in a few days.

PROPHET

See you guys.

Prophet and Eve walk toward the door.

Silver stops at the table, a beer in each hand.

He sits down next to Raven.

SILVER

You think they'll ever learn?

Raven takes a beer from Silver. As they all watch the couple
leaving.

CCG

Not until one of them doesn't come
home.

RAVEN

And that's only a matter of time.

The group looks down at their drinks and they sip quietly.

THE END