

S.I.N. EPISODE 2: FACES OF EVIL

FADE IN:

EXT. BROWNING RANCH -- MORNING -- ESTABLISHING

The early morning sun bathes the Browning Ranch with a red and golden glow.

EXT. BROWNING RANCH DRIVEWAY -- MORNING

A once white van turns onto the driveway from the rural road.

Brown from dirt and grime the van drives on a bent axle, its front driver's side wheel twisting in and out as it turns.

Bullet holes riddle the sides, hood and rear doors.

The windshield is cracked in numerous spider webs with a handful of bullet holes to match.

The left fender is dented in from blunt impact and one of the rear doors hangs off its hinges.

Strapped to the roof of the car is a large green tarp spotted with dried black liquid.

The van SQUEAKS, RATTLES and WHINES down the dirt driveway away from the roads and toward the distant farmhouse and barn.

INT. FARMHOUSE KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

A middle-aged farmer stands at the sink, doing dishes. He looks up and out the window at the approaching van.

The farmer dries his hands on a dish towel and walks over to his rotary phone.

The farmer picks up the receiver and dials.

EXT. BROWNING RANCH -- CONTINUOUS

The van passes the farmhouse and comes to a stop in front of the large barn doors.

INT. BARN -- MOMENTS LATER

A man slowly pushes each door open and then climbs back into the driver's seat of the van.

The van rolls slowly into the cool barn, stopping at its center.

The engine CUTS OFF.

INT. VAN -- CONTINUOUS

JONAH, late 20s, sits behind the van's steering wheel, a grimace of exhaustion, anger and arrogance etched onto his face.

His handsome face and well groomed hair are coated and matted with dry blood.

His clothes are soaked brown and black with a mixture of thick mud and dried blood.

Jonah sits unmoving for a moment and then climbs into the back of the van.

Like Jonah, the floor and walls of the van are coated with mud, dirt and blood. Brass bullet casings roll across the metal floor with his footsteps.

Three large grime soaked duffel bags lay in a pile.

Jonah kneels next to the bags, UNZIPPING one and looking inside.

Not finding what he is looking for, Jonah shoves it to the side and UNZIPS the next bag.

Jonah reaches into the bag and moves things around, searching.

Seeing what he wants he removes his hands.

Thick dark blood coats his hands and drips from his fingertips.

Jonah ZIPS the bag closed and grabs its handles.

INT. BARN -- CONTINUOUS

The back doors of the van are kicked open, one SNAPPING its last hinge and CRASHING to the dusty floor.

Jonah jumps down to the ground, duffel bag in hand.

He starts toward the horse stalls.

INT. FILTER ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Blood drips out of the duffel bag in a steady stream, leaving a crimson trail, as Jonah enters the filter room.

The huge bulkhead door closes behind him.

Jonah walks to the podium in the room's center and stops.

He raises his free hand and places it on the silver orb.

After a short while, a blue light blinks on above the large door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Frustration splashes across Jonah's face, he looks down at the orb.

INSERT

Jonah lifts his hand, a bloody hand print remains on the polished silver orb. He turns his hand over to look at his blood covered palm.

BACK TO SCENE

Jonah drops the duffel bag at his side and immediately searches the front of his shirt and jacket for a clean patch.

Finding a suitable spot, Jonah wipes the dark blood from his hand.

He then uses his sleeve in a sorry attempt to wipe the blood from the orb.

Jonah returns his hand to the blood smeared orb and after a few moments, the orange light blinks on.

The lights go out followed by intense strobing.

After a few moments the florescent lights return and the large door in front of the orb begins to rise into the ceiling.

As the door rises, Jonah finds himself face to face with HAMMER and six fully armed and body armored soldiers, their machine guns trained on Jonah.

HAMMER

(to Jonah)

And what in the holy fuck is wrong
with you?

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM -- LATER

DIRECTOR STIEN

Do you realize you have just broken
every single last protocol we have?!

The DIRECTOR stands leaning on the table, his anger obvious.

Jonah sits opposite him, his jaw clenched and his anger also showing.

DIRECTOR

With your recklessness you have
jeopardized this location, this
department and this entire
organization.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIRECTOR (Cont'd)

Not to mention it will cost us millions to cover your tracks. Satellites will have to be blacked out, false trails will have to be created and most likely some poor bastard will see the electric chair in order to make all this go away. You have put us in one hell of a situation and I'm at a loss as to explain why. So now I ask you, what in fuck's sake do you have to say for yourself?

JONAH

I could give a shit about what situation I've put the organization into or the money it will cost to fix it. Sixteen hours ago I was in a pool of my teammates blood fighting for my life against something that, according to this organization, no longer exists. I'm not the one to blame for this bullshit mess. We were following the plan. This department put us in the lair of the supposedly extinct giant.

DIRECTOR

No one has seen or heard from a giant for almost a hundred years. I find it very hard to believe there is one living just outside Chicago. The mission detail was simple: eliminate the target, Brett Geoffries, and return to base. Now you tell me how you ended up in some hick town in Western Iowa when you were dropped you off on the outskirts of Chicago? Tell me how you traveled nearly 300 miles out of the mission outline? How you and your team failed to follow any of the operating procedures and put yourselves in jeopardy. Now you tell me how this department, this organization, put you in that position?

JONAH

Fuck you! You sent us to Chicago without knowing the full situation! We got to Geoffries...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jonah reaches into the blood soaked duffel bag sitting on the floor next to him.

He pulls out the blood stained severed head of a man and tosses it across the table at the Director.

The Director stops the grotesque object with his hand and glares at Jonah.

JONAH (CONT'D)

...only to find that he had one hell of a partner. The giant wasn't too keen on us coming to kill his best friend and we found ourselves running for our lives through his massive underground tunnel systems. By the time it was over, I was breaching the surface in Iowa. This organization, you, sent us in misinformed! You sent us into that death trap! So right now I would think you'd be the one apologizing and not accusing the lone survivor of a clusterfuck you created with your incompetence!

DIRECTOR

You're right, I don't know what I was thinking. I apologize and you are suspended until further notice as a complete investigation is undertaken and upon it's findings a decision made of what if any charges will brought against you.

JONAH

This is bullshit! Fuck you! Fuck this and fuck you!

DIRECTOR

If I were you I would get out of this room before I lose my temper and you find your freedom revoked.

Jonah stands, enraged, and storms out of the office, SLAMMING the door.

The director looks down at the bloody head on the table and then back at the door, his face red with anger.

INT. JONAH'S HOUSE -- LATER

Large knuckled KNOCKING booms through the front door of Jonah's house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Seconds later the large 6'6" CCG enters.

CCG
Jonah? You in here? It's me CCG,
don't shoot.

CCG wears a large smile as he enters the house and empty living room.

The sounds of a hot steaming SHOWER are now audible.

CCG recognizes the sound and casually makes his way to the kitchen.

He opens the fridge and takes out a cold beer.

CCG plops down on one of Jonah's couches and kicks his feet up onto the coffee table.

He POPS the cap off the beer with his hand and begins to drink.

MINUTES LATER

The sound of the SHOWER TURNS OFF followed shortly after by the bathroom door OPENING.

Jonah exits with a towel around his waist.

He walks into the living room immediately seeing CCG.

CCG
Welcome home.

JONAH
I don't feel too welcomed.

CCG
Yeah, I heard about your hand slapping.

JONAH
If you can call suspension and possible brig time hand slapping.

CCG
Brig time?

JONAH
Yeah, Stien is threatening charges.

CCG
I'm sure he's just trying to scare you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONAH

We'll see. How are things around here?

CCG

Things are uneventful. You had me scared there for a minute. Five days overdue without contact is enough to make a man think you were dead.

JONAH

Almost was. Turns out Giants aren't extinct after all.

CCG

Wait, you came across a giant?

JONAH

At least thirty feet tall.

CCG

No Shit? Fuck, I wish I could have been there.

JONAH

No. No you don't.

CCG

Did they go quick?

Jonah shakes his head.

JONAH

No, it was bad.

CCG looks down in mourning.

JONAH (CONT'D)

But I hurt it.

CCG

Bad?

INT. HANGER GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The destroyed van sits parked. Men and women move about it.

Five men lower the large green blood splattered tarp and its contents to the hanger floor.

JONAH (V.O.)

Let's just say, he won't be clapping ever again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The men open the tarp to reveal a giant severed hand, nearly six foot in diameter.

INT. JONAH'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

CCG

Hand?

Jonah smiles.

JONAH

I think I might have topped Boothe.
We should head over to his place so
I can gloat.

CCG

Too bad he's up top.

JONAH

Damn.

CCG

He should be back soon. Some quick
in and out thing. Shapeshifter I
think.

JONAH

A face? Man, faces are never quick
in and out things.

EXT. SLUM APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

A large apartment building in a rough and run down neighborhood.

Rusty metal, broken glass, graffiti and dark stains adorn the building.

INT. SLUM APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS -- ESTABLISHING

BOOTHE and SIREN walk into the dimly lit building from the bright afternoon sunshine.

Following close behind them are WOLF and GRIFFIN.

BOOTHE - Male early 30s, handsome with a thin face, large, rough, short dark hair and a 5 O'clock shadow.

SIREN - Female, late 20s, brunette, attractive, tall with a solid build. She is feminine but powerful.

WOLF - Male, late 20s, large, rough, dark hair peppered with grey and a goatee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRIFFIN - Male, early 30s, long dirty blond hair, beard, large, rough and tan.

The four teammates wear the traditional sinner uniform, numerous layers of blacks and grays, large black boots and large black overcoats.

The lobby to the apartment building is empty save for trash and a homeless man curled up in the corner sleeping.

There is no elevator simply a stairwell at the back of the lobby.

The group fans out.

WOLF

Nice digs.

SIREN

Homely.

BOOTHE

Alright. Wolf, Griffin. You guys will hold the lobby.

All four pull out the small communicating devices and pop them into their ears.

BOOTHE (CONT'D)

No one leaves. No one.

GRIFFIN

What's the police response time again?

SIREN

Pretty much non-existent. 20 minutes, tops.

GRIFFIN

Well hell, fuck this sneakin' around shit.

(shouting upwards)

Michael Breven! Michael Breven, we'd like to talk to you!

BOOTHE

Shut the fuck up! We do this clean and by the numbers. You got a problem with that Griffin?

GRIFFIN

My bad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOTHE

Now I don't want anybody slacking.
Don't forget a face allows for no
error. Trust no one. Everyone is
suspect. Come on Siren, lets go.

Boothe and Siren head to the stairwell at the back of the lobby.

WOLF

Boothe!

Boothe stops and turns to face the two men.

WOLF (CONT'D)

So, if you try to leave I'm supposed
to shoot you, right?

Wolf smiles.

BOOTHE

Everyone is suspect, even me.

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALL, APARTMENT BUILDING -- MINUTES LATER

Siren and Boothe walk out of the stairwell and into the 7th floor
hall.

SIREN

So how sure are we that this Michael
is going to look like the OPs pics?

BOOTHE

According to the brief, it's stayed
consistent for the last eleven days.
Most likely it should still be in
the form of Michael Breven.

SIREN

Most likely. I hate these things.
They give me the fucking creeps.

BOOTHE

You and me both.

The two stop in front of door 724, flanking it on both sides.

From under their large coats both produce silenced pistols.

With her free hand Siren touches the door handle which turns easily
and the door opens slightly.

SIREN

How nice. He must be expecting us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 BOOTHE
I hope not.

 SIREN
Who gets the honors?

 BOOTHE
Ladies first.

 SIREN
And they say chivalry is dead.

Siren pushes the door open gently and peaks inside the apartment.

INT. BREVEN'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

The apartment is quiet.

Last night's take-out dinner sits on the coffee table half eaten.

Un-kept and cluttered, the run down apartment is less than pleasing to the eye.

Siren enters smoothly and is quietly followed closely by Boothe.

The two sweep the living room and kitchen within seconds.

They regroup in the living room.

A short hallway and a closed door directly off of the living room remain unchecked.

Siren motions toward the hall and Boothe acknowledges.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Wolf and Griffin hold their posts.

The lobby door opens and a mother and her three young children enter.

The sinners eyeball them as the last child, a twelve year old BOY, stops and holds the door open.

A middle aged MAN carrying a bag of groceries enters.

 MAN
Thank you, Justin.

 BOY
You're welcome, Mr. Blake.

The boy rejoins his family as Mr. Blake continues on toward the stairs.

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CONTINUED:

Blake makes eye contact with Griffin as both sinners watch him pass.

INT. BREVEN'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Siren leads as she walks down the short hall.

At the end of the hall is an open door leading to the bedroom.

Siren reaches the doorway and peaks inside.

Boothe sees siren stop and he does the same, his back against the wall.

INT. BREVEN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Like the rest of the apartment, the bedroom is cluttered and unkept. However, unlike the rest of the apartment, there is someone inside.

Laying face down on the bed is a naked young woman.

The blankets and sheets are almost completely covered in dark brown and red stains.

She sleeps soundly, a sheet covering only her right leg.

Siren raises her silenced pistol and takes aim at the sleeping woman.

Siren fires the first shot, the bullet hitting the woman in the center of her upper back.

The woman's body jerks as Siren continues to fire, three more rounds punch into the woman's back and shoulders.

Siren begins walking into the room, her gun still firing.

Six more bullet holes pierce the naked woman.

A few feet away, Siren fires three rounds into the back of the woman's head.

With her last shot, the slide on her pistol remains open, empty.

Immediately Siren pops the slide in place, holsters the gun and pulls out a large nine inch combat knife.

Boothe enters the bedroom, and surveys the situation.

Siren climbs onto the bed and straddles the woman's body, grabbing the woman's blood streaked hair with her left hand.

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CONTINUED:

With her right hand she brings the knife to the woman's throat and begins sawing.

Within seconds she severs the woman's head, it hangs by its hair in her hand.

Siren tosses the head away carelessly.

The head rolls across the floor and THUDS against a closet door.

 BOOTHE
 (surprised)
 Okay.

Siren climbs off the bed and stands over the body.

 BOOTHE (CONT'D)
 (to those downstairs)
 Wolf, Griffin. Engaged possible
 target. Suspect neutralized. Wait
 for further instruction.
 (sarcastically to
 Siren)
 You think she's dead?

 SIREN
 Can't take any chances. Especially
 with these things.

 BOOTHE
 We'd better test her, see if she's
 the target.

Boothe reaches into his coat and produces a small walkman like electronic device.

 BOOTHE (CONT'D)
 Wanna do the honors?

 SIREN
 Sure.

Boothe tosses the device to Siren.

 BOOTHE
 Looks like you've done that a few
 times?

Siren opens the electronic device and presses a few buttons.

The little machine begins to power up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIREN

My Dad was an avid hunter. I was his only child.

BOOTHE

Gotcha.

The device in Siren's hand finishes its start up and Siren removes a little ink pen-like piece.

The pen is tipped with a sharp needle.

Siren leans over the dead woman and plunges the pen into her thigh.

Siren twists the top of the pen and it makes a slight CLICK.

BOOTHE (CONT'D)

Is he still alive? Your dad?

Siren twists the pen top back with another CLICK and pulls it free of the body.

SIREN

He died when I was sixteen.

Siren slides the pen back into the device and it gives off a happy electronic BEEP.

Lights blink on and off as a view screen begins flashing numbers and symbols.

BOOTHE

Mine died when I was thirteen.
Tends to be a pattern with the boys
and girls of the U.L.E.A.

SIREN

It's hard to give up a family.
Much easier to recruit those who
have none. How long does this thing
take?

BOOTHE

Between five and ten minutes. You
think she's it?

SIREN

It would be nice if it was that
easy. Chances are we're done here.

BOOTHE

You didn't answer my question.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIREN

Well, when's the last time you had
something go that easily?

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Wolf and Griffin stand guard.

Through the front door the SCREECH of a stopping bus can be heard.

Wolf looks out the small dirtied windows next to the door.

INSERT

A city bus sits at the curbside of the urban street.

The bus doors open and a score of low income citizens depart,
many of which begin straight for the apartment building.

BACK TO SCENE

WOLF

(to those upstairs)

We have a confirmation on the target
yet, 'cause it looks like things
are about to get a lot more
complicated.

INT. BREVEN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

BOOTHE

(to those downstairs)

Negative. It's gonna be a few more
minutes.

INT. APARTMENT LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

GRIFFIN

(sarcastically)

Awesome.

The door to the lobby opens and the new arrivals file in.

Griffin and Wolf watch as the small crowd enters and Griffin spots
three young men heading out of the stairwell and heading toward
the lobby doors.

Griffin gets Wolf's attention with a head nod and points the three
approaching men out.

WOLF

Things just keep getting better and
better.

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALL, APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

The man with the grocery bag, identified as Mr. Blake, stops at the door to room 724 and grabs the doorknob with his free hand.

INT. BREVEN'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

The man enters the apartment and heads to the kitchen casually.

He places the groceries on the kitchen counter and heads back into the living room.

The man starts down the short hall when he stops suddenly.

INSERT BEDROOM

The woman's severed head lies on the floor in clear view.

BACK TO SCENE

The man stares at the severed head in shock when Boothe steps into view, his back to the man.

Anger fills the man's face as his mind wraps around the scene.

The man reaches into his belt and pulls out a pistol.

BEDROOM

BOOTHE

Last time I saw one of these
things...

GUNFIRE rings out as Boothe is hit in the back of his shoulder.

Boothe spins away from the hall with the impact, taking cover against the wall.

Siren immediately jumps up and pulls her gun, the identification device falling to the floor.

She runs to the hall, slaps a new clip in, and opens fire on the fleeing man.

Her bullets tear into the wall and door as the man exits the apartment.

SIREN

(to those downstairs)
Man down, suspect on the move!

Siren continues the pursuit, stopping at the apartment door and peaking around the corner into the hall.

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALL, APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

The hall is empty save for a young woman crouched against the wall in fear.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Wolf and Griffin stand in front of the lobby doors, the three young men standing directly in front of them.

YOUNG MAN 1

I don't care what kind of cops you guys are, get the fuck out of our way.

WOLF

Buddy, it's just gonna take a few more minutes. Just sit your ass down we'll let you know when you can go.

YOUNG MAN 1

What? You better get the fuck out our way before I knock your ass down.

GRIFFIN

(to those upstairs)
What's it look like? Description.

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALL, APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Siren still stands in the doorway surveying the hall and the frightened woman.

SIREN

(to Griffin)
Didn't get a good look. Male I think.

The scared woman locks eyes with Siren.

SIREN (CONT'D)

(to herself)
Everyone's a suspect.

Siren fires two bullets into the woman's face and she falls to the floor, blood seeping into the vintage carpet.

SIREN (CONT'D)

(calling back to Boothe)
You able Boothe?

INT. BREVEN'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Boothe has his gun out and is making his way to Siren.

BOOTHE
I'm fine.

SIREN
Glad to hear it.

Boothe crosses the doorway and takes position opposite from Siren.
He glances out into the hall and sees the dead woman.

BOOTHE
You do that?

Siren nods.

BOOTHE (CONT'D)
Did you see it? ID it?

SIREN
No. It was too fast. Only saw
it's back for a second. Think it
was male.

BOOTHE
Did you see which way it went?

Siren shakes her head.

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALL, APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Boothe looks both ways down the hall.

BOOTHE
There's a stairwell at both ends of
this hall.

SIREN
I know. What's the plan.

BOOTHE
What's your woman's instinct say?

SIREN
He went right.

Griffin's voice suddenly explodes in their ears. Loud angry VOICES
can be heard in the background.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOLF (V.O.)
 (to the crowd)
 Sit down and shut the fuck up! All
 of you.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
 Bossman, we have a situation down
 here. What's our status.

Frustration and uncertainty fill Griffin's voice.

BOOTHE
 We believe the target is moving
 down, toward you.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Griffin and Wolf stand with their backs to the lobby doors, six
 irate men and women standing in front of them.

Another four onlookers stand in the lobby watching the scene.

The homeless man still sleeps.

GRIFFIN
 (to Boothe)
 That's just perfect.
 (to crowd)
 Listen. We apologize for any
 inconvenience but we are in the
 middle of a very delicate situation.
 Until our suspect is in custody we
 cannot allow anyone to leave the
 building.

ANGRY WOMAN
 Do I look like your goddamn suspect?
 What's this guy look like, huh?

WOLF
 The situation is not one we can
 discuss.

The small crowd's anger rises.

WOLF (CONT'D)
 Listen, I will arrest every last
 one of you for interfering with
 police business if you don't back
 your asses up and wait until we
 give you the okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

YOUNG MAN 1

You know, I'm starting to wonder if you guys are the cops. I ain't never seen no cops that look like you.

ANGRY MAN

Yeah, you guys ain't no damn police.

GRIFFIN

Trust us, we are highly dedicated employees of the government and the people of this...

As he talks, Griffin spots the man identified as Mr. Blake moving quickly down the stairs and into the lobby.

His voice trails off as both Griffin and the man make eye contact.

The man immediately turns and throws open the basement door and enters.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

There!

Wolf joins Griffin's view and watches the door close.

Both men surge forward into the crowd but are immediately met with the fearful blows from the small crowd.

INT. APARTMENT BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

The man races down into the basement, making large leaps down groups of stairs.

As he runs his skin reddens and swells.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Griffin and Wolf fight off the wild punches and kicks of the crowd with skilled counter attacks.

WOLF

(to those upstairs)

Target identified! Moving into basement!

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALL, APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

Attempting pursuit. Meeting civilian resistance!

Boothe and Siren stop their cautious movement down the hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 BOOTHE
 (to Siren)
 This way!

Boothe turns around and runs the opposite direction down the hall, Siren following.

 BOOTHE (CONT'D)
 (to those downstairs)
 We're on our way! Continue pursuit!

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY -- CONTINUOUS

Wolf knocks the last of the would be attackers to the floor.

The two sinners stand over the bruised men while the other civilians look on with fear.

Both men pull their pistols and the crowd SHRIEKS and shrinks back, many ducking into apartments or running in fear.

Griffin and Wolf run to the basement door.

INT. APARTMENT BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

The man runs through the large gothic basement.

Filled with steel, rust, standing water and concrete, the basement looks more like an underground factory than something people live above.

The man runs into a room filled with electrical boxes and wires. A thin rusted chainlink gate separates the high voltage from the common passerby.

The man's face is now grotesquely deformed with elongated fang like teeth, extreme bone structures and a bright red tint.

His body continues to swell and twist, his entire body changing into something much larger and unimaginable.

The man turns his gaze to his hand which now grows long and bony. Long sharp talons grow from his finger tips.

The ma-beast attempts to smile, its face no longer allowing the expression.

With one large swing of it's arm, the man-beast tears the chainlink gate apart.

The man-beast approaches the electrical boxes, it's clothes tearing from its now enormous body.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The man-beast raises it's hand and claws through the electrical boxes, electricity CRACKLES and sparks as the building is plunged into darkness.

INT. REAR STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

Siren runs down the stairs followed by Boothe, both have guns drawn.

Suddenly the lights go out and both stop to keep from falling.

SIREN
What the fuck?

BOOTHE
Wolf, Griffin. Situation!

WOLF (V.O.)
Lights went out.

INT. APARTMENT BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Wolf and Griffin stand at the base of the basement stairs in total darkness.

WOLF
That's the situation.

Griffin turns on a flashlight quickly followed by Wolf.

BOOTHE (V.O.)
You in the basement?

GRIFFIN
Yeah, and he's down here too. Trying to change the playing field.

WOLF
Don't blame him, fucking face can probably see down here like it was a bright sunny day.

INT. REAR STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

Siren and Boothe turn flashlights on and start down the stairs again.

SIREN
(to those downstairs)
You guys be careful.

BOOTHE
(to those downstairs)
I second that.

INT. APARTMENT BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Griffin and Wolf walk through the basement slowly, their flashlights and guns held out in front of them.

 GRIFFIN

 (smiling)

 Awe, we were hoping to be all
 reckless and get killed.

Wolf smiles.

Suddenly two loud CRASHES ring out from opposite sides of the basement.

Back to back, both sinners quickly sweep the basement with their flashlights trying to identify the sources.

Wolf spots a chunk of chainlink fence rocking back and forth against some old steel shelves.

Griffin searches the other side but finds nothing.

Suddenly the sound of large THUDDING footfalls quickly approaching fill the air.

Griffin swings his flashlight across the basement, his light quickly illuminating something.

A huge 7 foot bipedal monster of the most literal sense, rushes directly toward Griffin.

It's huge fangs drip with saliva, its large horned head and face locked on Griffin.

The monster's large taloned hands hang in the air, ready to strike.

Griffin opens fire.

The beast's talon's come down on Griffin, knocking him to the ground.

Wolf turns to face the monster only a few feet away, gun raised, but before he gets a shot off the monster backhands him.

Wolf sails through the air and CRASHES into a section of large steel shelves.

Griffin lies on the floor as he raises his gun and takes aim at the monster towering above him.

He fires three rounds into the beast's back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The monster turns and grabs the wounded Griffin with it's huge hands.

Griffin cringes in pain as the talons dig into his flesh and he lets out a GROAN of suffering.

The beast lifts Griffin into the air, his feet dangling two feet above the floor.

The beast holds Griffin's face inches from it's own.

Griffin looks into the horned face of the beast and a smile spreads across his face.

 GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

 You know, this isn't going to end
 well for you.

A deep GROWL rolls out of the beast's throat.

GUNFIRE rings out.

The monster turns to see Wolf sitting slumped up against the shelves firing blindly, the scene only illuminated by the muzzle flashes from his pistol.

The beast ROARS and throws Griffin across the basement and through a chainlink gate.

Griffin's body lies motionless.

Wolf's gun reaches empty and he stares into the darkness.

He holds the gun in his left hand, his right arm curled against his body, broken.

Wolf's flashlight lays on the floor out of arms reach, it's light shining on nothing.

He quickly sets the gun in his lap and reaches for a new clip.

The THUDS of the beast's footsteps approach as Wolf struggles to pull a clip free.

Finally he yanks the clip out and begins trying to slide it into the empty pistol.

The monster emerges from the darkness as it enters the flashlight's illumination.

It stops only a few feet from Wolf.

Wolf looks up at the huge beast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He raises his gun with lightning speed and GUNFIRE rings out.

INT. REAR STAIRWELL -- MOMENTS LATER

Siren hustles down the stairs with Boothe close behind.

They reach the ground floor and continue down on the two flights of stairs leading into the basement.

At the bottom of the first flight there is a small landing, the second flight obscured from view around a corner.

Siren reaches the landing and stops suddenly.

Boothe stops on the stairs behind her, unable to see what she does.

Siren stands face to face with Wolf.

Wolf stands there bloody, his clothing torn and tattered.

They lock eyes.

Siren and Wolf immediately raise their guns and open fire on each other.

Round after round slam into their bodies as Siren collapses to the floor, still firing.

Boothe leans back against the wall and makes his way to the corner.

Siren and Wolf's guns run empty as they continue to pull the triggers.

Siren lies on the floor in a slumped seated position against the wall, her breathing RAGGED and SHALLOW.

Wolf still stands, blood flowing from his wounds.

Boothe glances around the corner to see the bloody Wolf.

Wolf immediately aims his pistol at Boothe.

Boothe is unfazed, knowing the gun is empty.

Wolf's arm becomes weak and lowers, against his will, immediately followed by the buckling of his legs.

Wolf collapses down the stairs.

Boothe glances down at Siren who looks back at him with an "I'll be alright."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Boothe steps around the corner and walks down the short flight of stairs.

Wolf lies on the floor, feverishly trying to get back up but his body has abandoned him.

He body twists weakly as he tries to sit up, each of his limbs totally useless.

Fear and anger fill his eyes and his face is a bright pink. He sweats heavily.

Boothe kneels on the last step, looking down on the struggling Wolf.

BOOTHE

(casually)

I don't know how she ID'd you but I can tell you this, for you, the game is over. Each of those rounds were mercury filled. Right now, you have enough liquid metal flowing through your veins to drop a rhino. You faces might be able to heal from blunt trauma but poison...

Boothe trails off as he shakes his head.

Wolf has begun to excrete a disgusting thick blood and plasma like liquid from every pore.

His body mass shrinks as his face burns a bright pinkish red, his mouth gasping for air.

Boothe stands and returns to Siren who lies on the floor breathing slowly and deeply.

BOOTHE (CONT'D)

How are you doing?

SIREN

Bruised and broken, I think the vest took most of it.

BOOTHE

Should I be concerned?

SIREN

No. I'm fine. I could use some help getting up.

Boothe leans down to her side and wraps her arm around his neck, she winces in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stands, bringing her up with him and she GRUNTS in pain.

Griffin emerges from the darkness at the bottom of the stairs, guns aimed at Boothe and Siren.

Boothe and Siren look down at the limping and bloody man.

 GRIFFIN

Home.

 BOOTHE

Run.

 SIREN

Plate.

With their confirmations, Griffin lowers the guns.

He continues toward the stairs, stopping next to the dying thing.

It lies in a pool of thick bodily sludge, no longer bearing any resemblance to Wolf save for the clothes.

 GRIFFIN

Mother fucker.

Griffin fires a round into shapeshifter's face and it stops moving.

Griffin starts up the stairs.

 GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

How you doin' Sy?

 SIREN

Fucked up but fine.

 GRIFFIN

Make that two of us.

Siren lets go of Boothe and prods her body with her fingertips.

 BOOTHE

Wolf?

 GRIFFIN

Dead.

 BOOTHE

Siren, bring the truck 'round back.

Siren nods, still checking her wounds.

 BOOTHE (CONT'D)

Griff, sterilize the basement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 GRIFFIN

Right, boss.

 BOOTHE

Alright, let's get this place cleaned
up and gone.

INT. 7TH FLOOR HALL, APARTMENT BUILDING -- MINUTES LATER

Boothe walks out of the stairway and into the hallway.

The hall is abandoned, empty, save for the dead woman lying on
the floor in a pool of her own blood.

Boothe stops and kneels next to her.

He looks at the bullet hole in her face.

 BOOTHE

Wrong time, wrong place.

EXT. BACK ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Griffin drags a black body bag out of propped open fire exit door.

He lays the body bag next to one already laying in the alley.

The van comes to a stop and Griffin opens the back doors.

Siren sits in the driver's seat of the van.

She leans her head back and closes her eyes.

Griffin straps on a large backpack and a flashlight to his head.

Griffin picks up a spray gun with a hose connecting it to the
pack and heads back into the building.

INT. BREVEN'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Boothe enters the bedroom, the headless corpse on the bed.

Boothe spots the handheld identification device on the floor.

He leans over and picks it up.

Boothe looks at the viewscreen.

INSERT VIEWSCREEN:

 VIEWSCREEN

DNA identification complete. Source
DNA: Human.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BACK TO SCENE

Boothe takes in the disappointing information.

INT. APARTMENT BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

A dark liquid coats the floor and walls as Griffin sprays the basement with the gun.

He backs toward the rear stairwell, spraying as he goes.

EXT. BACK ALLEY -- MOMENTS LATER

Boothe walks out into the alley and immediately grabs one of the body bags.

Hoisting it over his shoulder, he takes it to the van.

Boothe dumps the body into the van and walks back to the other.

Siren sits, eyes closed, listening to Boothe loading the bodies.

INT. REAR STAIRWELL -- MOMENTS LATER

Griffin finishes his spraying of the basement and stops at the top of stairs, behind him Boothe closes the van doors.

Griffin turns a few switches on the gun and pulls the trigger.

This time a long stream of fire flows out.

Immediately the dark liquid bursts into roaring flames.

INSERT BASEMENT

The entire basement is engulfed in fire.

BACK TO SCENE

Fire alarms BLARE as Boothe walks up behind Griffin and stops at his side.

Both men watch the roaring inferno.

 GRIFFIN
 Got any marshmallows?

They both smile and continue watching the flames.

 BOOTHE
 Siren killed two civilians upstairs.

 GRIFFIN
 She was being careful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOTHE

Yeah.

(referring to the
fire)

Well, that should be long enough.

GRIFFIN

Yep.

Boothe holds a small metal softball sized sphere in his hand, a seam splits the orb in two halves.

He twists the two halves in opposite directions.

Boothe winds up and pitches the ball hard down the burning stairs.

The orb bounces off the wall and shoots around the corner into the basement.

INSERT BASEMENT

The orb rolls across the burning basement floor, coming to a stop near the center.

BACK TO SCENE

Siren opens her eyes as Boothe climbs into the passenger seat of the van as Griffin climbs into the back.

BOOTHE

Whatdya say, Siren?

SIREN

Let's get the fuck out of here.

EXT. BACK ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

The van drives down the alley away from the smoking apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT BASEMENT -- CONTINUOUS

The orb sits amongst the flames.

Suddenly it explodes.

Like a miniature black hole, the air rushes inward to the point of explosion.

Every flame immediately dies.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- CONTINUOUS

Trash, dirt and wind are sucked into the building from every side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A second later the vacuum stops and the world is still again.

INT. DENVER POLICE STATION, DETECTIVE BRETT'S OFFICE -- DAY

The door to DETECTIVE BRETT's office opens and DETECTIVE TOMBSTONE enters, his face filled with anger.

DET. TOMBSTONE
Have you seen it? Have you logged
on yet?

Det. Brett looks up from his crowded desk at the young detective.

DET. BRETT
I can only assume you're referring
to the recent disappearance of our
files on the Meadows case?

DET. TOMBSTONE
What the fuck is going on here?

DET. BRETT
Looks like someone in Washington
doesn't want us looking into what
happened at East Becker.

DET. TOMBSTONE
Did you know the medical files are
gone too?

DET. BRETT
From your desk?

Tombstone answers the question with a look.

DET. TOMBSTONE
Just another one of those stupid
business cards where it should have
been. I checked downstairs too. All
the evidence, everything is gone.
As of right now, we have absolutely
no evidence, no files and no case.
And we still have no idea who's to
blame.

DET. BRETT
Well we know they're near the top
of the food chain.

DET. TOMBSTONE
So we're just supposed to close the
case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DET. BRETT

It would seem so.

DET. TOMBSTONE

And how come you're so damn calm about all this?

DET. BRETT

As I see it, we don't really have a choice. We have nothing to work with but our memories and I have a feeling if we don't drop the case, all we'll find is more roadblocks.

DET. TOMBSTONE

I see. So we should just let those sons of bitches steal our case. East Becker looks like a goddamn warzone but we should just hand it over to some unidentified federal agency because it's easy.

DET. BRETT

I'm not saying I'm happy about it. But our hands are tied. We just don't have any other options.

DET. TOMBSTONE

Oh we have some other options. We keep the case open and we get some answers regardless of what those pricks try to throw in our way. We find out what happened there and we find out who these G-men are and why they don't want us involved.

DET. BRETT

You're really set on this, huh?

DET. TOMBSTONE

You bet your ass I am. They aren't gonna punk us out like that. Fuck that.

DET. BRETT

Well, then it's decided. We keep the case open.

DET. TOMBSTONE

Okay. Now we just have to figure out a place to start.

DET. BRETT

I think I can help with that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tombstone looks at Brett suspiciously.

Brett reaches into his pocket.

DET. BRETT (CONT'D)
The first time we were at the
hospital I dug one of these out of
the wall.

Brett opens his hand to reveal a mushroomed silver bullet.

Tombstone takes the bullet.

DET. TOMBSTONE
Fuck you.

Brett smiles.

DET. TOMBSTONE (CONT'D)
Holdin' out on your own partner.

DET. BRETT
Had it checked too. Pure silver.

DET. TOMBSTONE
Silver bullets?

INT. WOLFSBANE -- DAY

The popular hangout is nearly empty.

SILVER sits at the bar with TRIGGER.

They each nurse a beer.

Jonah enters the bar and heads over to them.

JONAH
Where's everybody?

Jonah climbs onto a stool next to Silver.

HAMMER
We just got slammed. They came
through an hour ago handin'
assignments out like it was
Christmas.

SILVER
Heard you had a hell of a time.

JONAH
Hear about my trophy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HAMMER

Yeah. Looks like you're the man to beat now.

SILVER

Mighty Jonah the giant mamer.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM 3 -- DAY

WILLIAMS stands at the head of the conference table.

Around the table sits RAZOR, BREEZE, WINTER and STONE.

WINTER - Female, mid 20s, attractive, tall, blonde, fair skin and pale blue eyes.

STONE - Black male, early 30s, British, large, muscular and covered in tattoos.

RAZOR - Female, late 20s, redhead, very attractive and voluptuous.

WINTER

So who are we waiting for?

WILLIAMS

Boothe.

RAZOR

Wait, is he leading this?

STONE

Yep.

RAZOR

Am I missing something? Since when is it okay for the team lead show up late?

WILLIAMS

He had a mission this morning but should be here any minute.

BREEZE

Back to back missions? We must be running thin.

WILLIAMS

Everybody just relax. We'll be underway shortly.

STONE

You wanna go ahead and tell us what this is about? We can go over it again when Boothe gets here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLIAMS

I guess I can go over the basics.

WINTER

With all of us here it has to be big.

WILLIAMS

Intel has located some kind of vampire safe house just outside of Seattle. They haven't been able to gather much, but from what they can figure out, it's been busy. Bats moving in and out 24/7.

RAZOR

A house full of bats? That's nothin'.

STONE

Yeah right. I don't know about you, Razor, but a house full of pissed off vampires ain't my idea of a walk in the park.

RAZOR

Pussy.

WILLIAMS

Intel estimates that, on average, there are approximately fifteen occupants at any given hour.

WINTER

So are we going in guns blazing?

WILLIAMS

I'll leave that up to Boothe but you will need to keep someone alive. Intel has also pieced together that this safe house is connected to some larger vampire operation. You will need to find out as much as you can from these bats.

WINTER

Good old interrogation.

WILLIAMS

This is primarily an information gathering mission, so don't get too carried away.

The door opens and Boothe enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is still dressed in his gear and looks quite tired.

RAZOR
Glad you could join us.

WINTER
You look like shit.

Boothe pulls up a chair.

BOOTHE
A face took out Wolf.

The room takes in the news.

WILLIAMS
He was a good man.

BOOTHE
I'm sorry. So what did I miss?

INT. HANGER GARAGE -- LATER

The white van sits parked in the massive hangar.

Two men unload the large black body bags, laying them on two large steel rolling tables.

MAN 1 UNZIPS one of the bags.

The body of the shapeshifter lies inside.

The shapeshifter's body is small now, roughly the size of a ten or eleven year old child.

It's skin is loose and saggy, hanging in folds from the small skeleton.

It's clothes and skin are coated in the slime of bodily fluids and there is not a single hair on it's body.

MAN 1
These things are so nasty.

MAN 2
You're tellin' me, they used to give me nightmares.

MAN 1
Like some wrinkly hairless scary fucking kid.

EXT. LARRION LOGGING HEADQUARTERS -- EVENING -- ESTABLISHING

Deep in the mountains of Colorado sits a large Logging complex owned by the powerful Benjamin Larrion.

INT. BENJAMIN LARRION'S SOCIAL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Located on the 4th floor, the room is large and multi-tered.

Filled with plush couches, leather chairs and expensive trimmings, the room is connected to Benjamin Larrion's office on one side and floor to ceiling windows on the other.

BENJAMIN LARRION sits on one of the leather couches, his feet propped up on an ottoman.

Larrion is an impressive man, over 6 1/2 feet tall and 250 lbs. He is solid, muscular and intimidating. Thick dark hair crowns his head and his wide jawed face is clean shaven. He wears the slacks and vest of an expensive tailored suit, the jacket hanging over the bar.

Nine other equally large and well groomed men populate the room conversing, drinking and watching TV.

Larrion stares out at the beautifully framed mountain forest landscape in reflection and longing.

The door to the room is thrown open and FAT MAN and TALL MAN enter.

Both men are drenched in their own blood, Tall man holds his throat, blood trickling through his fingers.

LARRION

Aren't you two a magnificent mess.

FAT MAN

We ran into a half-breed.

LARRION

So what brilliant information have you brought me?

FAT MAN

Meadows is dead.

LARRION

I have a feeling there's more.

FAT MAN

The hunters got to him first.

Larrion turns his attention back out of the large windows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAT MAN (CONT'D)
Shot the shit out of the hospital
in the process.

LARRION
(looking out the window)
You have gravely disappointed me.

FAT MAN
Boss?

LARRION
Meadows should have been dead a
week ago.

FAT MAN
We tried. We would have finished
'em off if it hadn't been for that
tractor-trailer.

LARRION
Please, I've already heard your
excuses.

FAT MAN
But he's dead now.

LARRION
Indeed.

Larrion continues to stare out of the large windows, his mood
unchanged.

FAT MAN
I don't understand, isn't that a
good thing?

LARRION
We are an ancient race. One with a
long history filled with fear and
violence. Our numbers small, we
have always been forced to hide in
man's shadow. Forced to keep our
true forms concealed. Because of
this our people have always remained
divided, constantly fighting amongst
ourselves.

The tall man's eyes roll up into their sockets and he collapses
to the floor, his body still.

Larrion continues, unaffected.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRION (CONT'D)

Weak from our own internal conflicts,
man has found us easy prey. And now
he has created these "hunters."
They find us, track us and, like
dogs, they put us down. These hunters
are nothing more than assassins.
True, Meadow's is dead and my will
fulfilled, however, I gain no comfort
in knowing that he was killed by
these...men. One of our kind, no
matter who they may be, deserves a
better death. They deserve to die
honorably at the hands of our own,
not at those of the cowardly humans.

FAT MAN

Yes, boss.

LARRION

I am deeply saddened by this
development.

Larrion stands and turns to face the fat man.

LARRION (CONT'D)

Leave me. I must think.

The fat man turns and leaves through the large wooden doors.

Two of Larrion's goons grab the tall man's dead body and drag it
out of the room.

Larrion walks close to the large windows, again he looks out over
the thick forest.

LARRION (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I feel it may be time for the hunted
to become the hunters.

EXT. SEATTLE, COUNTRY HOUSE -- NIGHT

Sitting amongst the thick forest sits a secluded country ranch-
style house.

EXT. OVERLOOK -- CONTINUOUS

A quarter-mile away, a clearing in the thick forest overlooks the
house.

Boothe, Razor, Stone, Winter and Breeze stand in the clearing
looking down at the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Breeze holds a pair of hi-tech binoculars to his eyes.

INSERT BINOCULARS

He watches a magnified view of the house.

A car parks and two tall thin men climb out.

BREEZE (O.S.)
We have two more arriving.

They walk up to the front door of the house.

Boothe moves his view around, the house.

BREEZE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I don't see any security, no guards.

He stops on one of the house's large windows.

A few men and woman can be seen.

BACK TO SCENE

BREEZE (CONT'D)
Looks like the house is packed.

BOOTHE
How many?

Breeze lowers the binoculars.

BREEZE
I'd say easily a dozen or more.

WINTER
That's a lot of fucking bats.

BOOTHE
Any other points of interest, Breeze?

BREEZE
Looks like a common house. Only points of entry are the front and back doors and the various windows. I mean if we surrounded the place and hit simultaneously, we'd stand a pretty good chance of taking them by surprise.

STONE
(sarcastically)
This is gonna be a blast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAZOR
I got an idea.

BOOTHE
And that is?

Razor smiles.

RAZOR
I say we use our "head."

She looks over to Boothe who looks back.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Breeze pops the locks on a large black three-foot hard case.

INSERT CASE

In large white letters the case reads: "H.E.D.D.: High Explosive Delivery Device."

BACK TO SCENE

Breeze opens the case revealing a large rocket launcher.

Stone walks over to the kneeling Breeze, in his right hand he holds a large square case by the handle.

STONE
You think this will do the trick?

BREEZE
They won't know what hit them.

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER

Breeze holds the rocket launcher on his shoulder while Stone slides the warhead into the barrel.

BOOTHE
Alright, Breeze. It's your show.

Breeze steps to the edge of the hill, he presses the rocket launcher eyepiece to his socket.

INSERT EYEPiece

A telescopic view of the house is framed amongst numerous luminescent lines, symbols and shapes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BREEZE

Knock knock.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Numerous vampires populate the living room, reading, watching TV and engaged in conversation.

Suddenly a window explodes as the HEDD warhead flies into the room and THUDS into the opposite wall.

The surprised vampires look up at the large grey warhead now protruding from the wall.

The warhead detonates.

EXT. OVERLOOK -- CONTINUOUS

The sinners watch as fire and debris explode out of every window of the house and a tremor shakes the ground beneath their feet.

Winter pats Breeze on the back, the smoking rocket launcher still in his hand.

WINTER

I think that did the trick.

Part of the house's roof collapses.

INT. COUNTRY HOUSE RUINS -- MOMENTS LATER

The sinner's walk through the smoking rubble of the house.

Small fires burn as they step through the debris and check the dead.

Stone lifts up a large piece of debris revealing a burned body.

STONE

So maybe that wasn't such a good idea. I think we toasted everything in the house.

RAZOR

Smells like bacon.

BOOTHE

Keep looking. Hopefully someone survived.

They continue to search.

A low MOAN catches Winter's attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She immediately heads over to a nearby pile of three bodies covered in debris.

Winter pulls two of the bodies aside revealing the WOUNDED VAMPIRE.

The wounded vampire moans weakly.

WINTER
(to the rest)
I got one.

Winter smiles and leans down to vampire.

WINTER (CONT'D)
(soothingly)
Shhh. It's okay now. We're here.
Don't worry. Everything's going to
be okay.

FADE OUT: