

ELITE HUNTS

Written by

Tim McClelland

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A full moon illuminates the silent sea of trees.

A dozen lights move through the trees, spaced out in a long horizontal line as they jostle about in the same direction.

Boot-clad feet stomp through the trees, kicking up dirt and leaves as they push the lights forward into a clearing.

A dozen men are revealed with brightly shining flashlights attached to their assault rifles, each covered in tactical military gear from head to toe.

They hold their position and scan the clearing with their rifles at the ready.

Behind them, BALTHAZAR (45) steps out of the trees wearing his own distinct military gear.

He tips his old, worn cowboy hat to the sky as he takes a drag on his cigar, the embers illuminating the large scar that cuts through the stubble on his face.

Balthazar, who has a net launcher in hand and an AK-107 slung over his back, steps through the other men with his eyes locked to the ground.

Balthazar pulls the cigar from his mouth, letting out a plume of smoke as he crouches down.

He eyes a line of massive bipedal canine prints in the dirt next to a trail of blood.

His eyes follow the red trail of blood into the clearing.

BALTHAZAR

It's wounded.

Balthazar stands back up, tucking the cigar into his mouth to free up his hand, which he then quickly uses to signal his men, leaving his eyes locked on the clearing.

The group splits.

Half follow along the trees to the left of the clearing.

The other half does the same on the right side of the clearing.

CENTER

Balthazar walks forward alone, following the tracks.

Each step takes him further into the heart of the clearing as he looks to each side to see his people holding their positions along the trees.

LEFT FLANK

The six men along the left crouch down and take up firing positions.

RIGHT FLANK

The six men along the right side of the clearing do the same.

CENTER

Balthazar sees the tracks curve to the left, turning his focus to the left flank.

LEFT FLANK

Suddenly, one of the men along the left side is yanked into the trees by something unseen.

The remaining men turn their weapons to the trees as they hear the screams of their cohort.

They open fire, erratically peppering the trees with bullets.

A loud roar penetrates the night air, immediately stopping the gunfire.

A partially mutilated corpse is thrown out of the trees. It sails through the air and lands a few feet from Balthazar.

CENTER

Balthazar eyes the mess of flesh that looks like the man's head and upper right torso were simply torn off his body in one rapid motion.

The man's eyes and mouth are still twitching as Balthazar sees a piece of moving spinal chord hanging below his crudely torn neck.

The troops on the left flank start firing into the trees again.

Balthazar shows no real emotion as his eyes follow along to see the right arm and fingers twitching, prompting him to flick his cigar away with a renewed determination.

Balthazar signals over his shoulder with his hand for the troops on the right flank.

RIGHT FLANK

All the men along the right flank start walking toward the center of the clearing with their guns firmly placed against their shoulders.

One man falls behind the rest and suddenly goes stiff as his eyes widen in horror. He lets out a scream as his chest erupts.

A massive, clawed, furry hand pushes his still-beating heart out of his chest.

The man's body twitches, his screams quickly turning to frantic gurgling, as his eyes look down on his still beating heart in the beast's hand.

With life fleeting, he watches the hand crush his heart, causing it to spew through its fingers.

CENTER

Balthazar and all his men turn to the right flank and open fire.

RIGHT FLANK

The heartless man's body is thrown through the air, striking two gunmen from the right flank, and knocking them to the ground.

Everybody turns toward where the body came from, laying eyes on the beast.

Blood drips from its clawed hand as its bulky, hairy chest heaves, clouding the cold night air with its breath. It's sharp teeth peaking through its snarling maw.

The beast rears its head and lets out a bloodcurdling howl.

CENTER

Balthazar stares down the hulking werewolf. An eight foot tall, black furred beast with piercing yellow eyes, razor sharp claws, and massive fangs.

RIGHT FLANK

Fear comes over the troops closest to the beast as they fire their weapons erratically.

CENTER

Balthazar signals the men along the left flank.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)
Right flank!

LEFT FLANK

The troops along the left flank start moving toward the center of the clearing.

RIGHT FLANK

A bullet strikes the werewolf in the shoulder, causing it to roar in pain before it snarls and focuses its eyes on the nearby shooter.

The werewolf takes off running on two legs, dropping to run on all fours as it nears the shooter.

Bullets riddle the ground around the charging beast as it leaps through the air and impales the shooter by jamming its claws through his neck.

The werewolf holds the man's body up as a shield, taking numerous bullets as the werewolf charges forward with it for protection.

The werewolf plows through the four remaining men on the right flank, knocking them aside.

It slashes through them with its free hand, spilling blood and viscera to the ground.

With the men down, the werewolf rips the head from its meat shield and tosses the body aside.

The werewolf locks eyes with Balthazar, seeing the net launcher aimed its way.

The werewolf snarls before quickly charging toward Balthazar.

CENTER

The men from the left flank approach Balthazar from the rear.

Balthazar steadies his aim as his eyes lock on the charging beast, watching it churn up dirt as it closes in.

Balthazar fires the net as the werewolf leaps into the air.

The werewolf swings its claw toward Balthazar as the net wraps the beast up.

Balthazar rolls out of the way and loses his net launcher as the wrapped-up creature lands right where he was standing.

The werewolf writhes in the silver netting, howling in pain.

The silver netting burns the werewolf, producing a light smoke on contact with its flesh.

Balthazar quickly picks himself up as a loud roar comes from behind his men, commanding their attention.

LEFT FLANK

A second werewolf charges through the trees into the clearing.

This werewolf is ten feet tall with gray fur, yellow eyes, menacing fangs, and a bleeding gunshot wound to the left thigh.

CENTER

Balthazar smiles.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)
There's two!

LEFT FLANK

The gray werewolf drops to all fours and charges as the five remaining men start firing.

CENTER

Balthazar touches his military grade throat microphone.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)
(over the radio)
Bring in the chopper!

The gray werewolf weaves its way through the onslaught of bullets as Balthazar pulls the assault rifle from his back and adds to the barrage.

The gray werewolf leaps into the air with its arms stretched out for an attack.

Balthazar fires a shot that wizzes past his troops.

Just as the werewolf is coming down to strike a man, Balthazar's bullet hits it in the stomach, crippling the beast in a howl of pain.

The sound of a helicopter approaching catches Balthazar's attention.

The gray werewolf takes another shot in the arm from one of the men as it scrambles to its feet.

The werewolf lunges to pick up the nearest man, roaring into his face. The man screams as the werewolf bites his neck, quickly silencing his terror.

Its jaw rips the man's throat out, leaving a sliver of his neck in place. The man's head flops backward, dangling from the leftover flesh.

The werewolf eyes the next man in line and spits the meaty bite at him. The chunk of flesh hits him in the face and knocks him over.

A helicopter flies in over the clearing and hovers at the center above Balthazar.

Balthazar signals to the helicopter, prompting a metal cable to drop down from the craft.

The gray werewolf throws the corpse at another of the troops, who takes the flopping head to the face.

One of the remaining men pulls out a grenade as the gray werewolf charges him.

Balthazar grabs the metal cable from the helicopter, attaching it to the net around the black werewolf still struggling in pain.

The pin slides from the grenade before the man throws it.

The gray werewolf quickly swats the grenade away, sending it back toward the man who threw it and the man next to him.

Boom! The grenade explodes between the two men before ever hitting the ground. Their bodies are quickly torn apart by the blast, misting the ground with blood and body parts.

Balthazar swirls his right hand in the air to signal the helicopter, which then begins to ascend.

Balthazar rises into the air with his right hand clinging to the metal cable with the black werewolf securely under his feet.

The gray werewolf eyes Balthazar, spurring the beast to quickly grab the leg of the man he spit at.

The man screams as the werewolf throws him into the air toward the chopper.

Balthazar watches the screaming man hurling ever closer.

The man's body hits the propeller blades and quickly mists the helicopter and Balthazar in blood.

The gray werewolf watches with a snarling anger as the helicopter flies off with the black werewolf dangling below, letting out terrified, pain-ridden howls.

The gray werewolf lets out a howl that rips through the forest.

INT./EXT. CAR - DAY

An expensive sedan drives down a winding dirt road hidden amongst a dense forest.

CALLIE SLONE (38), a woman in a business suit and sunglasses, drives the car as her body jostles about from the uneven dirt road.

The road straightens out, and Callie spots a large metal gate through the tunnel of trees. She cracks a smile.

The car slows down as it nears the gate.

Callie dips her sunglasses with her finger as she leans forward to take in the full height of the thirty-foot-tall gate.

Callie sees a guardhouse at the gate entrance, where she stops the car. Her eyes look left, past the guardhouse, to the massive, thirty-foot-tall fence.

Callie sees a sign on the fence that reads: "DANGER! HIGH VOLTAGE".

Her eyes continue to follow the fence until it disappears in the distance.

Callie turns her head the other way, seeing the fence run just as far in the other direction, like something out of Jurassic Park.

A hand knocks on the window, getting her attention.

The GATE GUARD stands next to the driver's side window giving Callie a little wave.

Callie rolls the window down.

GATE GUARD

Hello, Miss Slone. Welcome to the hunting preserve.

CALLIE

The blueprints didn't do it justice.

GATE GUARD

Over twelve thousand acres--

CALLIE

Yeah, I know the specs. I paid for it. Fuck, I wrote the sales pitch.

The guard looks disappointed in himself as Callie points to the guardhouse.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Feel free to open the gate now.

Callie motions with her hands for the guard to get a move on.

GATE GUARD

Yes, mam. Sorry, mam.

The guard hurries back to the guardhouse.

Callie rolls up the window as the massive gate in front of her begins to slide open.

She slowly presses on the gas as the car eases through the gate.

EXT. LODGE - DAY

A beautiful, massive hunting lodge sits nestled atop a ridge that looks out over the whole of the hunting preserve.

The silence is broken as the lodge's massive porch door is kicked open.

Balthazar walks out onto the porch wearing his cowboy hat and hunting attire, with a lit cigar tucked into his mouth and a lighter in his hand.

He tucks away his lighter while puffing on his cigar and taking in the sight of the preserve.

His eyes follow along the landscape, noting a heavily wooded area, a large lake at the center, and a gated facility with guard towers on the lake's edge.

The sound of an approaching car catches his attention as he turns to see Callie's sedan driving down the dirt road toward him.

Balthazar walks to the edge of the porch and down the stairs. He waits in front of a massive, closed garage capable of holding several large vehicles.

The car stops a few feet from Balthazar, and Callie steps out.

CALLIE

Balthazar.

BALTHAZAR

Miss Slone.

Callie takes off her sunglasses as she walks to Balthazar.

CALLIE

We're business partners, Balthazar, you've earned the right to call me Callie.

BALTHAZAR

Sorry. Those manners my old man beat into me are hard to shake sometimes, but after the amount of money you put into upgrading my facilities, I'll call you whatever the fuck you want.

CALLIE

That's the spirit.

Balthazar lets out a plume of smoke as he points over his shoulder at the lodge.

BALTHAZAR

Everything's ready to go. Weapon's room is prepped, command center is fully operational, the bar is stocked, and the beast is caged up out back. I picked this one up two days ago in Georgia. The report I got says it killed a family of three on a camping trip. Gutted the mother like a fish. Ripped the father in half like a sheet of paper. The son was only four. All they found of him was his leg. Torn from his body and lodged twenty feet up a tree. A killer through and through.

CALLIE

Excellent. Our hunters should be here within the hour.

BALTHAZAR

Do they have any idea what they'll be hunting?

CALLIE

Their wire transfers cleared and they all signed the liability waivers, so like a charity without celebrity backing, who cares?

Balthazar cracks a devilish smile.

ONE HOUR LATER

Three large, identical, black SUVs, with professional chauffeurs behind the wheel, drive down the dirt road toward the hunting lodge.

Callie and Balthazar are standing on the porch, watching as the vehicles come to a stop in front of the lodge.

Men and women begin to pile out of each SUV.

MERRICK (38), wearing a cowboy hat and American flags on far too much of his clothing, gets out of the back of the first SUV only to quickly check his appearance in the side mirror.

FREEZE FRAME on Merrick.

SUPER:

NAME: Merrick

AGE: 38

OCCUPATION: Superficially employed through his father's billion dollar real estate empire.

HUNTING PROWESS: He paid top dollar to kill an endangered elephant that was tied down.

PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY: "America! Fuck yeah!"

From the other side of the first SUV steps MELODY (32), who clearly stays in good shape, dressed in camo pants and a tank top with a camo shirt tied around her waist.

She is disgusted by Merrick looking himself over in the mirror.

MELODY

Try all you want, there's no polishing that turd.

Merrick turns to her in disgust.

MERRICK

Fu--

FREEZE FRAME on Melody.

SUPER:

NAME: Melody

AGE: 32

OCCUPATION: Active Duty Green Beret on dwell time between deployments.

HUNTING PROWESS: She's killed more humans than animals, but she's never been known to fail.

PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY: "I'm not a humanitarian, I'm a hell-raiser."

MERRICK (CONT'D)

--ck you!

Melody punches Merrick in the testicles, causing him to drop to the ground, holding his crotch.

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Bitch!

MELODY

How creative. You'll be insulting people at a fifth-grade level in no time. I'm sure Dad will give you a shiny gold star.

From the back of the second SUV steps SARAH LEBOWITZ (40). She's stout with a powerful, almost frightening presence.

Sarah is wearing an expensive, practical hunting outfit with her hair in a ponytail pulled through the back of a baseball cap.

FREEZE FRAME on Sarah as she eyes the lodge.

SUPER:

NAME: SARAH LEBOWITZ

AGE: 40

OCCUPATION: Defense Attorney for the rich and guilty.

HUNTING PROWESS: She hunts regularly. The thrill of taking an innocent life fuels her.

PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY: "Humans are trash. My retainer starts at \$50,000."

Sarah walks to the other side of the second SUV as HAMISH LEBOWITZ (42) gets out of the back.

Hamish is a squirrely little guy with glasses, khakis, and a sensible cardigan sweater.

Hamish begins to pat his pockets in search of something before he looks to Sarah.

HAMISH

Sarah, do you have my inhaler?

Sarah gives Hamish a disgusted stare that puts him in his place.

FREEZE FRAME on Hamish.

SUPER:

NAME: Hamish Lebowitz

AGE: 42

OCCUPATION: House Husband

HUNTING PROWESS: He's likely never held a gun.

PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY: "Cuckolds are people too."

From the rear passenger side door of the third SUV steps DUNCAN MILLER (28). He's a handsome, clean-cut young man dressed in a tactical British SAS outfit.

FREEZE FRAME on Duncan.

SUPER:

NAME: Duncan Miller

AGE: 28

OCCUPATION: Active Duty British Special Air Service, but if like 57 people died, he'd be sitting on the throne of England.

HUNTING PROWESS: Deadly when he has to be.

PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY: "Great acts are made up of small deeds."

The front passenger seat of the third SUV opens to show CHABLIS MILTON (26).

Chablis is petite and poised, dressed in a slick black outfit that seems more suited for a discreet assassination than a hunt.

Duncan offers his hand to help Chablis out of the SUV. She swats it away and hops out of the vehicle.

FREEZE FRAME on Chablis.

SUPER:

NAME: Chablis Milton

AGE: 26

OCCUPATION: Expanding her skillsets by spending daddy's money.

HUNTING PROWESS: Never killed a damn thing, but if the need should arise, she would make quick work of it.

PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY: "Never apologize for being a powerful woman."

Duncan looks disappointed as Chablis walks past him.

The other back door of the third SUV opens to reveal CARLYLE (47) in cargo pants, boots, and a plain t-shirt.

Carlyle is a mountain of a man standing 6'5" with bulging muscles everywhere, stubble on his face, a military crew cut, and a Navy Seal Trident tattoo on his right arm.

As Carlyle gets out of the SUV, the vehicle noticeably rises from the relief of his weight.

FREEZE FRAME on Carlyle.

SUPER:

NAME: Carlyle

AGE: 47

OCCUPATION: Clearly a Navy Seal at some point.

HUNTING PROWESS: Unknown, but look at that son of a bitch...

PERSONAL PHILOSOPHY: Unknown, but it probably has something to do with lifting weights.

All seven hunters make their way toward the lodge, stopping just shy of the porch steps.

Callie and Balthazar look down on the hunters from the porch.

CALLIE

Welcome, one and all, to Elite Hunts.

Most of the hunters give a celebratory clap or shout. Hamish, Chablis, Duncan, and Carlyle remain stoic.

MERRICK

Fuck yeah!

Merrick throws his hand up, looking for a high-five. No one responds, and after a moment, he lifts Hamish's arm into the air and high-fives his limp hand.

Hamish pulls out a small bottle of hand sanitizer and puts it to work while Merrick seems quite proud of himself.

CALLIE

We know you're all curious about the hunt.

Callie motions to the lodge.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Come inside, have a drink, and we'll pull back the curtain.

Callie walks to the door of the lodge as the rowdy group of hunters follow behind shouting and cheering.

Carlyle stands in place as the hunters ascend the stairs and disappear into the lodge.

Chablis stops on the porch and looks back at Carlyle.

Carlyle closes his eyes, turns his head to the sky and begins to sniff the air, leaving Chablis puzzled.

Carlyle seemingly catches a scent. He stops, opens his eyes, and affirmatively shakes his head to himself.

Chablis grabs the door as Carlyle begins to ascend the stairs.

INT. LODGE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The hunters enter a large, rustic living room with plenty of seating facing a massive fireplace and a well-stocked bar off to the side.

Stuffed and mounted hunting trophies are all over the walls, with an eight-foot-tall, sheet-covered object in the corner of the room.

Each hunter wanders the room, taking in their surroundings.

Duncan hits the bar, grabs a cocktail shaker, and starts mixing himself a Martini.

Merrick steps to the bar and opens the beer cooler, grabbing two beers.

Chablis makes her way to the bar as Duncan finishes shaking his Martini.

Duncan sets a Martini glass on the bar and pours the contents of the shaker into the glass. He slides it to Chablis as he throws in two olives on a toothpick.

DUNCAN

Can I interest you in a bevvvy?

Chablis looks at the Martini and then at Duncan. She rolls her eyes before reaching over the bar and grabbing a bottle of whiskey.

CHABLIS

I would break you.

Chablis takes the whiskey and walks away from the bar as Merrick pats Duncan on the back.

MERRICK

Chivalry is dead, man. I abandoned it years ago. Now, I just walk up to any beautiful woman I want and just say, "nine inches." Fucking ninety percent success rate.

Duncan seems put off by the comment.

DUNCAN

That is upsetting on multiple levels, reaching as high as the decline of mankind and as low as the lashed birds who buy that guff about your knob.

Merrick laughs as he gives Duncan a powerful slap on the back.

MERRICK

You limey bastard. This is America. We like to vote conservatively, but even the conservatives fuck liberally.

DUNCAN

Just imagine if you did both liberally.

Merrick continues to laugh.

MERRICK

You wacky foreigners and your ideals.

On the other side of the room, Carlyle is standing firm with his arms held behind his back.

Sarah walks up to Carlyle with Hamish following along like a puppy.

SARAH

I've never met a man who could tame me. Any interest in giving it a try?

Carlyle remains silent. His eyes never even looking to Sarah or Hamish.

HAMISH

Now, Sarah, I would never dream of telling you what to do, but I would be remiss if I did not express my disdain for this behavior.

Sarah turns to Hamish.

SARAH

Don't you have a tampon to change or something?

HAMISH

This is unhealthy. My therapist said--

SARAH

I fucked your therapist!

Hamish nods before putting his head down and walking away.

Chablis walks around, looking over the hunting trophies as she sips at her bottle of whiskey.

Merrick carries the two beers over to Melody, handing her one. They both begin drinking, as they lean back against the wall and watch Chablis.

MELODY

Dibs.

Merrick gets off the wall.

MERRICK

Come on!

MELODY

You were always too slow. It's the whole reason Mom and Dad had to donate a new library to Yale.

MERRICK

I can't wait until you deploy again.

MELODY

Why? So you can see what it looks like when our parents are proud?

Merrick grits his teeth and walks away as Melody walks toward Chablis.

Merrick sees Carlyle standing silently and makes his way toward him, noting the tattoo on Carlyle's arm.

MERRICK

Nice ink, man. I was thinking about getting one myself, like a Bald Eagle draped in the American flag or something.

Carlyle remains stone faced.

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Yep...You don't talk much.

Carlyle turns his head toward Merrick and opens his mouth, revealing that his tongue has been cut out.

Merrick snaps back in shock.

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Fucking hell, man!

Merrick turns to the rest of the room.

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Y'all see this shit!?! This big bastard doesn't have a tongue.

The other hunters turn to Carlyle trying to get a look as Merrick turns his attention back to him.

MERRICK (CONT'D)

How the fuck did that happen?

Carlyle lifts his hands and begins utilizing sign language.

CARLYLE

(signing; subtitled)

Your mother's pussy has teeth.

Merrick just shakes his head.

MERRICK

I have no idea what the hell you just said, but any soldier who endured something like that is okay in my book.

Merrick gives Carlyle a smack on the back.

MERRICK (CONT'D)

Thank you for your service.

Callie and Balthazar enter the room and take up a stance in front of the fireplace.

CALLIE

If everyone could gather around.

The hunters gather, with some taking seats and others standing.

Balthazar pulls out a cigar and lights it.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I first met Balthazar through a separate business venture where he proposed a unique opportunity for hunters like yourselves. I immediately saw the viability, but secrecy would be key. Hence, the vast nondisclosure agreements, but I think you'll all be pleased. We promised you a hunt unlike any other. A prey you've never seen. An experience you'll never forget...and we aim to deliver.

Callie begins to pace back and forth in front of the fireplace.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Our hunting preserve is twenty square miles of lush forest. This lodge will act as your base of operations during your stay. I'll remain here to monitor your experience in our command center, and we'll be in radio contact. Balthazar will accompany you into the heart of the preserve, where, outside of the restricted area around the lake, you have free rein. We have an immense selection of weaponry for you to choose from and custom made vehicles to aid you in the hunt, but I'm sure you're all wondering what exactly you'll be hunting.

MERRICK

Hell yeah!

Balthazar walks to the large, sheet covered object in the corner of the room.

CALLIE

Balthazar, why don't you show these fine people what they've paid so handsomely to hunt.

Callie gestures to Balthazar with her hand.

Balthazar grabs the sheet around the object and pulls it off, revealing a massive, stuffed and mounted werewolf.

The mounted beast stands eight feet tall, and it's posed with its claws stretched out, its mouth snarling to accentuate its fangs, and its yellow eyes staring into your soul.

The eyes of the hunters go wide. There is a mix of excitement, hesitation, and confusion in the air.

MERRICK

What in God's holy America is that?

MELODY

No fucking way!

SARAH

Give a girl some warning before you whip out the panty dropper.

Balthazar lets out a plume of smoke as he pulls the cigar from his mouth.

BALTHAZAR

That, folks, is a werewolf. Killed this one myself last year.

Duncan steps in for a closer look.

DUNCAN

Since when are bloody werewolves real?

MELODY

There's no fucking way!

Merrick slaps Melody on the arm.

MERRICK

You owe me twenty grand!

Melody looks pissed.

MELODY

The fuck I do! You said we were hunting a human being.

Merrick points to the mounted werewolf.

MERRICK

Werewolves start out as regular people. That makes 'em human. Pay up!

Melody shakes her head.

MELODY

Naw. That ain't a human.

Merrick looks to Sarah.

MERRICK

Sarah, you're a lawyer, right? Help me out here.

Sarah doesn't even turn to look at Merrick.

SARAH

Hiring me would cost more than your bet is even worth.

MERRICK

It ain't about the money. I'll sue my sister just to prove she's a piece of shit.

Melody throws her hands up, offended.

MELODY

Fuck off, Merrick.

Chablis steps forward.

CHABLIS

I don't buy it. This shit ain't real.

BALTHAZAR

Doubt it all you want. You'll be a believer when the sun sets.

CALLIE

At first, I was skeptical too, but Balthazar has more than proven that these creatures are real.

SARAH

So where's the one we're hunting?

MERRICK

Fuckin' eh! I want to see it.

Balthazar puts out his hands to calm them all down.

BALTHAZAR

Soon. First, we need you all armed
and ready.

INT. LODGE - WEAPONS ROOM - DAY

A dark room sits quiet as lights begin flickering to life, illuminating a massive room with dozens upon dozens of weapons lining walls and various tables.

The room has handguns, assault rifles, shotguns, bows, knives, swords, grenades, grenade launchers, LMGs, and mass stores of ammunition for every weapon on hand.

There doesn't appear to be a door, but the wall suddenly slides open as Balthazar and Callie lead all seven hunters into the room.

They look like kids in a candy store as their eyes widen, and they begin to peruse the room.

BALTHAZAR

Take any and every weapon you want.
All the ammunition and blades are
silver and dipped in wolfsbane.
It's the only way to bring these
beasts down, so as long as you know
how to use it, you stand a chance.

All the hunters start grabbing weapons and prepping.

Duncan eyes a Kukri sword mounted on the wall amongst numerous other types of blades. As he looks it over, Chablis steps up to him.

CHABLIS

The Kukri. You've got an eye for
quality.

DUNCAN

I ain't all piss and wind. It's an
efficient weapon...if you know how
to use it.

Chablis takes the Kukri sword off the wall. She quickly spins it about, showing an amazing aptitude in handling it.

Chablis hands the sword to Duncan who looks pleasantly surprised.

The hunters each start gearing up.

FREEZE FRAME on Merrick holding a Stoner 63 LMG with a high-capacity ammo drum, a Desert Eagle holstered on his right hip, and a huge Bowie knife strapped to his left thigh.

FREEZE FRAME on Melody holding a Steyr AUG HBAR, a Colt M1911 handgun on her hip, and a large, silver Falcata sword sheathed on her back.

FREEZE FRAME on Sarah wielding a T86 assault rifle with a grenade launcher attachment, a Kel-Tec PMR-30 handgun on her right hip, a bandolier of grenades around her torso, and a silver Bolo knife sheathed on her left thigh.

FREEZE FRAME on Hamish, not really knowing how to hold his UMP45 submachine gun while trying to holster a Remington Model 51 on his hip.

FREEZE FRAME on Duncan armed with a Galil assault rifle, a Walther P99 handgun on his hip, and two silver Kukri swords sheathed on his back.

FREEZE FRAME on Chablis armed with an FN SCAR, multiple silver throwing knives strapped around each thigh, and two fully automatic Glock-17s with extended clips, one holstered on each hip, with a belt full of extra ammo clips.

FREEZE FRAME on Carlyle armed with an Atchisson AA-12 shotgun with a high-capacity ammo drum, a Taurus Raging Judge Magnum revolver on his hip, and a Milkor MGL slung over his back with a bandolier of grenade shells around his torso.

Sarah looks at Hamish's weapons.

SARAH

You're an embarrassment.

Merrick sees Hamish's weapons and starts to laugh.

HAMISH

They were lighter than the rest.

SARAH

Should make your corpse lighter too then.

Hamish looks disappointed in himself as Balthazar looks over his armed hunters.

BALTHAZAR

Who's ready to meet the beast?

INT. BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

It's a busy night with customers scattered about the small town, rustic bar. Music is coming from someone singing karaoke off in the corner.

IZZY (25) is a short, timid looking young woman sitting alone at the bar, attempting to hide her discomfort.

She's sipping at her fruity umbrella adorned drink when her eyes catch BEA (28) entering the bar.

Bea has a goth fashion sense, complete with a few piercings and dark, multicolored hair.

Izzy attempts to hide her longing looks, watching Bea's confident strut to the bar.

Bea waves down the bartender.

BEA

Give me a beer and a double shot of whiskey.

Bea catches Izzy looking her way, prompting her to turn back to her umbrella drink as if nothing happened.

Izzy looks across the bar to catch another glimpse, but Bea is gone.

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

Is this seat taken?

Izzy's head snaps around to see Bea standing next to her holding the drinks she ordered.

Bea gestures toward the empty barstool next to Izzy.

IZZY

Uh...nope. No. No one's sitting there.

Bea sets her drinks on the bar and sits down. She turns to Izzy and holds out her hand.

BEA

Hi, I'm Beatrice, but everyone calls me Bea. You know, like a bumble bee. Buzz, buzz.

Izzy can't hide her smile as she timidly shakes Bea's hand.

IZZY

Hi...I'm Isadora. Izzy.

Bea holds the handshake and puts her other hand on top of Izzy's, caressing her hand gently.

BEA
Such smooth skin.

Izzy smiles awkwardly as she pulls her hand away.

IZZY
Thanks.

BEA
So why is a beautiful young woman
like yourself sitting all alone
tonight?

IZZY
Just felt like grabbing a drink.

BEA
I know the feeling.

Bea holds up her shot of whiskey and motions toward Izzy.

Izzy takes a moment to pick up on the cue before holding up her own drink.

BEA (CONT'D)
To not drinking alone.

Their drinks clink together.

A SHORT TIME LATER

Izzy and Bea are facing each other on their barstools, legs touching. Bea's hand on Izzy's thigh.

They are laughing next to a few empty glasses on the bar.

BEA (CONT'D)
I was single before I could even
find my clothes.

They share a laugh, locking eyes as it tapers off.

IZZY
I don't think I could ever do
anything like that.

BEA
Not a risk taker?

IZZY
Not even a little bit.

Bea reaches her hand up and caresses the side of Izzy's face before she leaves it there.

BEA
You can't live in fear. When your heart starts racing, you just need to embrace it. Let me show you.

Bea jumps to her feet, pulling Izzy up to hers with playful coercion.

IZZY
What are you doing?

BEA
What did I just say? Embrace it.

Bea takes Izzy's hand and leads her through the bar to the karaoke corner.

IZZY
There's no way.

BEA
Yes, way.

IZZY
I can't sing.

BEA
Nobody can sing. This is karaoke. It's about the experience. Now let's experience the shit out...of...

Bea's finger swirls over the karaoke machine, quickly pressing down on a song that makes her smile ear to ear.

BEA (CONT'D)
This.

Bea grabs the two microphones on the table next to them, pushing one into Izzy's hands.

IZZY
I can't.

BEA
Trust me. We'll get through it together.

Bea leans in and kisses Izzy, who is initially shocked, but she eases into it.

The song starts playing, and Bea immediately starts singing, holding nothing back as the lyrics fly.

Izzy watches, feeling the music, as she timidly brings the microphone to her mouth and begins to sing in a low voice.

Bea grabs her hand, almost transferring her fearlessness. Izzy slowly begins to match Bea's energy as the bar fades away, and it's just the two of them and the music.

EXT. LODGE - BACKYARD - DAY - BACK TO PRESENT

Izzy snaps awake on a burlap sack covering the base of a metal cage that is rattling from Balthazar's kicks.

She's barefoot and covered with a crude robe, with a metal collar around her neck.

BALTHAZAR

No rest for the wicked!

Izzy scrambles about trying to get her bearings.

She grabs the silver bars, but quickly pulls her hands back as though she's been burned.

Duncan, Chablis, and Carlyle are on the porch looking down at the cage, each carrying their weapons with them. They're now wearing military grade throat microphones.

Merrick, Melody, Sarah, and Hamish are gathered around the cage, all with their weapons and throat mics ready to go.

Balthazar stands back to let them take it in.

MELODY

It don't look like much.

MERRICK

Right? I thought it'd be bigger.

Sarah crouches down close to the cage.

SARAH

Oh, I'm going to have fun with you.

Izzy scurries back from Sarah.

On the porch, Duncan looks disgusted.

DUNCAN

This is fucked. I didn't come here to hunt a human being.

CHABLIS

If they're telling it straight,
she's technically not all human.

DUNCAN

I don't hunt for sport.

CHABLIS

Then why are you here?

DUNCAN

My father thought I'd enjoy a nice
holiday in the states.

CHABLIS

An expensive holiday.

DUNCAN

He can afford it. He's the Duke of
Gloucester and all.

CHABLIS

Name dropper.

DUNCAN

At least my last name isn't
plastered across half the worlds
mid-tier hotels.

CHABLIS

Mid-tier's a compliment.

DUNCAN

Not a fan of daddy's work?

CHABLIS

I have zero emotional connection to
that man. I'll gladly waste his
money, but he can get fucked if he
thinks we'll ever share two words
again.

Duncan lets it sit a moment before he shrugs his shoulders.

DUNCAN

That settles it, then. Milton
Resorts is about to get a strongly
worded Yelp review. I mean it. It
could get heated. I'm talking like
one star.

Chablis fights it but cracks a smile.

CHABLIS
How chivalrous.

DUNCAN
I do what I can.

Chablis takes a long look at Izzy in the cage.

CHABLIS
Are you going to pull the trigger?

DUNCAN
Can't say I'm longing for it. But
it doesn't seem like you're itching
for it either.

CHABLIS
Not even a little bit. I'm a member
of PETA.

Carlyle watches Izzy struggling in the cage. It seems to
upset him, but he keeps his stoic pose.

Balthazar walks back to the cage and pulls out keys.

BALTHAZAR
Time to set it free.

HAMISH
Should we be here for that?

BALTHAZAR
The sun won't set for an hour.
Won't be much of a threat until
then.

Balthazar rattles the cage as he stares down Izzy.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)
You hear that? You get a head
start.

Balthazar unlocks the cage and the hunters back up.

Sarah sees the fear in Hamish.

SARAH
Try not to wet your Huggies,
Hamish. You're literally holding a
firearm.

Balthazar pulls a small remote from his pocket before he
opens the cage door and motions for Izzy to come out.

Izzy hesitantly creeps out of the cage as her eyes scan through the hunters.

BALTHAZAR

Go on! Get!

Balthazar shoos her away with his hand.

Izzy feels the sun on her face as she looks to Balthazar, her hand holding the collar on her neck.

Balthazar holds up the small remote in his hand.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

No need to mess with that. It'll break off when you change, but for now, it's a precaution. I push this button and the electrical shock will put you on your ass.

Izzy starts to laugh leaving the hunters baffled. Her laughing grows in intensity.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

And what in the hell is so damn funny?

Izzy reaches up to the collar revealing that her hand is already growing long, clawed fingers, with her arm growing black fur.

IZZY

Your mythology's out of date.

Balthazar sees Izzy's haunting yellow eyes as he frantically tries to press the button on the remote.

Izzy crushes the collar in her hand, ripping it from her neck.

The hunters take up their weapons as Izzy charges for the tree line in a half transformed state.

As she runs, her legs bulk up and grow fur. Her frame grows to eight feet tall as it bucks the robe from her body.

The hunters open fire as Izzy drops to all fours and charges toward the trees while her face elongates into a canine muzzle.

Izzy disappears into the trees and the gunfire stops.

DUNCAN

What the bloody hell just happened!?

MELODY

I thought they could only change with a full moon!?

MERRICK

At least you weren't bullshitting us.

Hamish is clenched up tight, squeezing his hands in fists and gritting his teeth as he twitches.

Merrick pats him on the back and Hamish erupts into a scream before running off toward the lodge.

HAMISH

Why are werewolves a thing!?

Balthazar hangs back in a state of shock.

BALTHAZAR

I've never seen one change at will.

His shock turns into a devilish smile.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

She evolved.

Merrick steps up to Balthazar.

MERRICK

The hunt is still on, though, right? Like, we can still shoot her?

BALTHAZAR

You can be damn sure we're hunting her down.

INT. LODGE - COMMAND CENTER - DAY

The command center is filled with computers and monitoring equipment facing a large screen that's displaying a map of the preserve.

Callie has her eyes locked on the screen as she sees a red dot marked "TARGET" moving away from the lodge.

Balthazar enters.

CALLIE
She's running like hell.

BALTHAZAR
It's a whole new ballgame. A whole
new goddamn ballgame!

CALLIE
How so?

BALTHAZAR
She changed already. At will. In
broad fucking daylight.

Callie can't hide her intrigue.

CALLIE
Since when can they do that?

BALTHAZAR
I've never seen it before. Think
about it, though. We know vampires
were able to begin withstanding
sunlight. Now, we've got an
evolution with werewolves. The
ability to change at will.

CALLIE
Can you get her back? It sounds
like this one falls under my
purview, and I've already got some
ideas.

BALTHAZAR
I remember the deal.

CALLIE
Then get her back. And alive would
be preferable.

BALTHAZAR
Not sure the clients would agree.

CALLIE
Throw in a bonus. Five million
dollars to the person who captures
it alive.

Balthazar shrugs it off.

BALTHAZAR
These people don't need money.

CALLIE

Fine, then offer them a free hunt!
Or both! Just get me that fucking
werewolf back!

Balthazar shoots her a stern look.

BALTHAZAR

Calm down, "partner."

Balthazar points to himself.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

This part falls under my purview.

EXT. LODGE - DAY

All seven hunters are locked and loaded in front of the massive garage.

The sun is setting with a full moon on the rise.

Balthazar makes his way to the garage.

He's wearing his throat mic while holding an AK-107 with an extended clip, an AMT Hardballer handgun on his hip, a Machete sheathed on his other hip, and a net launcher slung over his back.

Balthazar pulls out a remote and hits a button.

The garage doors open, revealing three silver plated Humvees with the Elite Hunts logo emblazoned on the side.

Each Humvee has a mounted .50 caliber machine gun in the roof, a reinforced silver ram bar on the front, and silver bars over the windows.

Some of the hunters are visibly excited. Chablis, Duncan, Carlyle, and Hamish stay calm.

MERRICK

That's the most American goddamn
thing I ever seen. Dibs on a fifty
cal!

SARAH

That's sexy.

BALTHAZAR

Load up!

INT. LODGE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Balthazar gets into the driver's seat of the first Humvee.

Sarah eagerly hops into the passenger seat next to Balthazar as Hamish follows, getting into the seat behind her.

Merrick takes off running for the second Humvee, with Melody following along calmly behind him.

Merrick opens the back to climb into the turret, but Melody grabs his shoulder, quickly halting him. He turns to shoot her a stare, and she holds up a fist.

Without a word, they quickly play rock, paper, scissors.

They tap their fists into their palms and throw on three. Melody throws paper, and Merrick happily cuts at Melody's hand with his winning scissors.

Melody is humble in defeat, taking the driver's seat with Merrick climbing into the turret.

Duncan takes the driver's seat of the third Humvee.

Carlyle gets into the passenger seat next to Duncan, as Chablis hops into the backseat.

INT. HUMVEE 3 - CONTINUOUS

Duncan taps a screen on the dash, causing the GPS to spring to life with a map of the hunting preserve.

Chablis is looking over Duncan's shoulder to get a view of the GPS.

She realizes how close she's gotten to Duncan and tries to ease back without drawing his attention.

He notices.

INT. HUMVEE 1 - CONTINUOUS

Balthazar taps the GPS on the dash. He eyes the red target dot moving across the map.

BALTHAZAR
(on the radio)
Let the hunt begin.

EXT. LODGE - CONTINUOUS

The first Humvee speeds out of the garage, with a determined Balthazar leading the pack.

Humvee two speeds out quickly behind the first. Merrick's excitement in the turret is on full display as he slaps the roof.

MERRICK

Let's get some!

Humvee three pulls out and follows the second with little fanfare.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The three Humvees are speeding down the dirt road that cuts through the heart of the trees.

Their headlights illuminate the path, but with the full moon, it's uncommonly bright.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - FOREST - NIGHT

Izzy's hulking frame charges through the trees. She scuffs bark and leaves claw marks on trees as she pushes through the brush, snarling with every breath she takes.

She comes to a stop suddenly, finding herself on the edge of a cliff, her eyes looking down the hundred-foot drop. Her heart is racing, and the sound of it beating in her chest grows louder and louder.

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Bea and Izzy hold hands, navigating through people at the brightly lit carnival.

They are all smiles as Bea holds up some ride tickets.

BEA

What's next? I'm thinking the Ferris wheel.

Bea points to the Ferris wheel.

BEA (CONT'D)

We can totally make out while we're stuck at the top. Come on, what do you say?

Bea rushes toward the Ferris wheel, still holding Izzy's hand, which quickly slips from her grip.

Bea stops and turns to Izzy, seeing her curling her arms up into her chest as if afraid.

BEA (CONT'D)
What's wron-Oh shit, I'm sorry.

Bea hugs Izzy.

BEA (CONT'D)
I wasn't thinking.

Izzy hugs Bea tighter.

BEA (CONT'D)
It's okay to be afraid of heights.
That's one of those healthy fears.
Plus, it's not like you're going to
have to jump off a cliff anytime
soon.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - FOREST - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Izzy's heartbeat begins to slow as her eyes turn from the cliff in front of her to the descending terrain to her right.

She opts for the long route, following the terrain and leaving the cliff behind.

INT. HUMVEE 1 - NIGHT

Balthazar speeds down the road as the vehicle jostles about.

Sarah points to the GPS screen.

SARAH
It looks like we're closing in, but
she's deep in the trees. Might have
to move in on foot.

Hamish leans forward to take a look as Balthazar slows the vehicle down.

BALTHAZAR
(on the radio)
We're pulling off.

INT. HUMVEE 3 - CONTINUOUS

Duncan watches the first two Humvees pull over, following suit.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Balthazar and his seven hunters exit their vehicles with their weapons. They gather on the side of the road.

BALTHAZAR

We've got a new offer for all of you. Five million dollars and a free hunt of any creature in our inventory for the person that catches it alive.

SARAH

I didn't pay to capture it. I want to mount it's fucking head on my wall.

BALTHAZAR

The only thing that keeps them from turning back to their human form when they die is wolfsbane direct to the heart.

SARAH

Noted.

MERRICK

I mean, I wouldn't be mad at the five million, though.

DUNCAN

Why alive? What's the difference?

BALTHAZAR

I've never seen one change at will. I want to know what makes this one so special. If your life's in danger, I can't stop you from putting it down, but the offer is real.

MELODY

What's on that creature inventory?

BALTHAZAR

That will only be disclosed to the winner, but let's just say...they get bigger.

Balthazar gives his weapons one last check.

HAMISH

Shouldn't someone stay with the vehicles?

BALTHAZAR

Why? What've you heard? Is this a bad neighborhood?

Most of the hunters snicker at the comment as Balthazar walks toward the trees. He's quickly followed by Melody, Merrick, and Sarah.

Carlyle looks to Duncan and gives him a nod before heading toward the trees.

Hamish timidly follows Carlyle.

Duncan checks his rifle while standing with Chablis.

CHABLIS

Change your mind?

DUNCAN

Not in the slightest, but if we can catch her alive, we can stop them from killing her.

Duncan marches toward the trees, and Chablis is quick to follow with a smirk.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - FOREST - NIGHT

Balthazar leads Merrick, Sarah, and Melody through the trees.

Carlyle and Hamish are just behind them with Duncan and Chablis bringing up the rear.

Balthazar pulls out a phone with a GPS display tracking their target.

Balthazar throws up his hand to stop the hunters. He drops to one knee and signals them to do the same.

Everyone seems to comply with ease except Hamish, who is the last to figure it out.

The hunters gather around Balthazar.

BALTHAZAR

(whispering)

The GPS puts it about two thousand feet ahead. I say we split into three teams.

MERRICK

(whispering)

Flank it. Push it to the center. I can dig it.

BALTHAZAR

(whispering)

Then I'll hit it with a net.

MELODY

(whispering)

I want the right flank.

Melody points toward the area, locking in her eyes.

MELODY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

The ridgeline will help act as a natural barrier.

MERRICK

(whispering)

Well, when it gets past you, I'll be taking up the left, fixing your mistakes.

MELODY

(whispering)

The only mistake is thinking you'll get the chance.

Melody flips Merrick her middle finger as he mouths "fuck you".

DUNCAN

(whispering)

I'll go left with Merrick.

CHABLIS

(whispering)

Me too.

Melody nods toward Carlyle.

MELODY

(whispering)

Give me the big man then.

Carlyle gives Melody an affirmative nod.

BALTHAZAR

(whispering)

Then Sarah and Hamish are with me
up the middle.

SARAH

(whispering)

Oh, please bring that bitch my way.

The sound of cracking brush in the distance catches their attention.

BALTHAZAR

(whispering)

Lets move.

Merrick makes his best attempt to lead Duncan and Chablis left. He brazenly pushes forward as Duncan and Chablis shake their heads, smirking as they follow.

Melody and Carlyle give each other some quick nods and gestures before the two head off toward the right.

Balthazar and Sarah push forward, with Hamish sticking close out of fear.

RIGHT FLANK

Melody creeps through the trees with a stealthy awareness.

Carlyle attempts to shrink his frame as he follows behind.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)

(whispering on the radio)

Target is eight hundred feet out
and closing. Keep your eyes peeled.

Melody hears a tree branch snap in the distance, prompting her to come to a stop with her rifle firmly against her shoulder.

The rustling in the brush grows louder as Carlyle takes a knee, leaving distance between him and Melody.

MELODY

(whispering on the radio)

We've got movement. No visual.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)

(whispering on the radio)

Give yourselves some room. Don't
let it get on top of you.

Melody gestures to Carlyle as she pushes forward. He keeps his distance and follows behind.

A nearby wolf's howl snaps Melody's attention toward it.

LEFT FLANK

Merrick, Duncan, and Chablis hear the howl, turning their attention toward it.

CENTER TEAM

The wolf's howl tapers off, with Balthazar and Sarah excited by the sound.

Hamish is crouched against a tree, trembling in fear as he clutches his submachine gun to his chest.

RIGHT FLANK

The sound of something speeding through the brush has Melody focused in on it. She suddenly sees a tree branch hurtling toward her face.

Her eyes widen in fear, but she's quick to react. Melody attempts to leap out of the way, but the branch clips her abdomen, cutting her deep.

Melody hits the ground, grabbing her bleeding wound as she quickly fires her rifle in the direction of the attack.

CENTER TEAM

Balthazar and Sarah take up firing positions as they hear the gunfire from the right flank.

BALTHAZAR
(on the radio)
Sitrep!?

RIGHT FLANK

Melody catches a quick glimpse of Izzy's hulking form rushing through the trees as she fires the last few shots from her clip.

MELODY
(on the radio)
Contact! Contact!

Melody drops the clip from her rifle, reaching for another as Izzy looks to be closing in on her.

Carlyle drops to one knee next to Melody and aims at the beast.

Izzy sees Carlyle aiming at her, and she quickly stops her charge, disappearing into the trees.

MELODY (CONT'D)
(on the radio)
Heading your way!

Carlyle turns his attention to helping Melody with her wound.

LEFT FLANK

Merrick seems to be relishing in Melody's failure as he turns to Duncan and Chablis.

MERRICK
Fucking knew it. Come on you two,
our time to shine.

CENTER TEAM

Balthazar and Sarah are ready for a fight, with Hamish still crippled by fear.

BALTHAZAR
(on the radio)
Left flank, push toward the center.
It's coming.

DUNCAN (V.O.)
Copy that. We're on the move.

Balthazar's eyes scan the trees ahead. He catches movement in the distance.

BALTHAZAR
(on the radio)
I've got visual.

Sarah eyes the same movement.

SARAH
Weapons hot!

Sarah begins firing toward the movement in the trees.

She holds her fire after a moment and moves her hand to the grenade launcher mounted on her rifle.

Sarah fires a grenade toward the movement that quickly explodes in the trees ahead.

Balthazar looks upset.

BALTHAZAR
(to himself)
Should've stopped at the facility
for tranq guns.

RIGHT FLANK

Carlyle is helping Melody to her feet as they eye the smoke rising from the grenade blast.

CENTER TEAM

Sarah opens fire with her assault rifle again as Balthazar gets to his feet.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)
(on the radio)
Get ready on the left. You're about
to have incoming.

Balthazar eyes Sarah with a bit of disdain as she ceases fire.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)
(on the radio)
Seems as though a grenade ran it
off.

SARAH
I'm not here to pull punches.

BALTHAZAR
Let's move.

LEFT FLANK

Merrick is creeping forward with his rifle at the ready.

Duncan and Chablis are doing the same a bit farther down.

MERRICK
(on the radio)
Copy. Lets close this net.

The sound of cracking brush catches their attention.

Duncan eyes the trees ahead and catches a glimpse of movement charging forward. His eyes linger on it, watching its body push aside trees and brush.

DUNCAN
We've got incoming!

Duncan aims at the charging beast but can't bring himself to fire as it gets closer.

Chablis has eyes on Izzy as she nears their position.

Duncan fires a few warning shots over the werewolf's head. It does nothing to deter the beast as it gets even closer.

Chablis pulls a throwing knife from her thigh sheath. She quickly throws it, striking the werewolf in the shoulder.

Izzy roars in pain as she quickly turns her charge toward Merrick.

Merrick's eyes widen in terror as he begins to fire bullets indiscriminately toward Izzy.

Izzy growls as she leaps into the air over his incoming bullets.

Merrick tries to compensate, continuing to fire while lifting his rifle upward. He looks up in disbelief to see Izzy sailing over his head.

As Izzy is coming down, she grabs Merrick by the back of his neck, quickly using her free hand to restrain his right arm and gun as she hits the ground.

Izzy is holding a screaming, flailing Merrick like a human shield as Duncan and Chablis run up with guns drawn.

Duncan raises his hands and rifle into the air. Chablis follows suit.

MERRICK

What the fuck!? More guns! Not less!

DUNCAN

Let us bring you in! They want you alive!

Izzy seems to take a moment to contemplate the offer.

MERRICK

Kill this bitch!

Izzy snarls at Merrick, his eyes locked on her fangs as he rethinks his comments.

MERRICK (CONT'D)

With kindness! You didn't let me finish! Kill this bitch with kindness!

Gunshots ring out from the distance as Izzy turns to see Sarah running through the trees, firing her rifle.

Izzy roars, putting her foot into Merrick's back and kicking him forward while still holding onto his arm.

Merrick flies forward, screaming as his right arm is torn from his body just below the shoulder.

Izzy throws Merrick's arm at Sarah, knocking Sarah violently to her back before dropping to all fours and running off through the trees.

As Izzy disappears into the trees, Balthazar walks up to see Merrick and Sarah on the ground.

Merrick is frantically grabbing at the bleeding nub where his right arm used to be.

MERRICK (CONT'D)

My arm! My fucking arm!

Sarah sits up, tossing Merrick's arm aside with a furious look on her face.

SARAH

You useless fucks!

Sarah gets to her feet and aims her rifle at Duncan and Chablis.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Do you need a lesson in how to use a gun!? Let me show you!

Balthazar is quick to grab Sarah's arm, pushing the rifle toward the dirt.

Carlyle and Melody, still holding her stomach wound, walk into the tense shouting. Melody sees Merrick screaming on the ground.

MELODY

Merrick!

Melody runs over to Merrick.

BALTHAZAR

Calm yourself.

SARAH

You saw it! They had their hands up!

CHABLIS

Sorry I don't have your bloodlust.

Melody kneels next to Merrick.

MERRICK

They let that bitch take my arm!

Melody stands with an angry determination as she pulls her sword from its sheath.

Duncan sees her closing in and backs off as she swipes at him with the sword.

The hunters turn their attention to Melody, who is holding her stomach wound with one hand while attacking Duncan with the other.

Chablis runs in, pulling out the sword sheathed on Duncan's back and simultaneously kicking Melody in one swift motion.

CHABLIS

Cut the shit!

Melody stumbles back but quickly recovers, charging right back at Chablis.

She swings her sword as Chablis blocks it with hers.

Melody and Chablis find themselves in a swordfight, showing proficient skill as they swing their blades while blocking and dodging each other.

Duncan takes a few steps back to give them room.

DUNCAN

Melody!

Duncan watches Melody charge Chablis.

Gunshots break the tension as everyone freezes to see Balthazar holding the smoking barrel of his rifle toward the air.

BALTHAZAR

Everybody calm the fuck down!

MELODY

These cowards fucked this whole situation! Merrick is bleeding to death right now!

MERRICK (O.S.)

I am!?

DUNCAN

We were trying to capture her! Not
kill her.

SARAH

It's a hunting trip! Shoot
something!

Balthazar fires a few more shots into the air.

BALTHAZAR

You all knew the risks! Now, cut
the shit! We need to regroup.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - LAKE - NIGHT

Izzy, still in werewolf form, charges out of the trees to see
the shimmering moonlight on the lake.

She walks toward the water, looking at the throwing knife
that is still in her arm, appearing to burn her flesh.

Izzy rips the throwing knife from her shoulder, howling in
pain.

INT. CAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Bea is sitting in the driver's seat with Izzy beside her.
They are holding hands, with their eyes locked on one
another.

BEA

Sometimes, the hardest things for
us to do are the most necessary.
And I will always have your
back...I love you.

Bea kisses Izzy's hand.

IZZY

My dad will freak out. He's very
set in his ways.

BEA

No matter what happens, I'm not
going anywhere. You've got me for
the long haul because all we need
is each other.

Bea strokes Izzy's hair.

BEA (CONT'D)
Nothing can stop us when we have
each other.

IZZY
Promise?

BEA
I'd burn the world to the ground if
it meant getting back to you.

Izzy leans across the seat and kisses Bea.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - LAKE - NIGHT - BACK TO PRESENT

Izzy kneels down near the edge of the lake.

She dips her massive hand into the water, cupping some in her palm before splashing it on her shoulder wound as she winces in pain.

Izzy leans down to the water and starts lapping it up with her tongue.

The sound of the water moving out in the lake catches her attention.

She raises her head to see ripples moving along the water that look like they're being propelled by a force under the surface.

She watches the ripples move forward and change direction before they dissipate.

Izzy gets to her feet and backs away from the water, looking across the lake to the large facility on the opposite shore.

She sees two manned guard towers, one at the front, the other at the back.

She sees the fifteen foot tall cement wall with razor wire across the top that surrounds the facility.

Her gaze follows the shore of the lake, seeing it's fed by a river she'll have to cross.

Izzy snarls at the facility before dropping to all fours and running along the edge of the lake toward it.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Balthazar and the hunters are gathered by the three Humvees parked along the road.

Carlyle is holding Merrick's severed arm, looking around, wondering what to do with it. He shrugs his shoulders and then opens the back door of Humvee 3, throwing onto the back seat.

There's a unique-looking first aid kit open on the hood of Humvee 1, with supplies removed.

The passenger side door of Humvee 1 is open, with Merrick seated inside.

Balthazar stabs Merrick in the arm with a Morphine shot, causing him to wince in pain.

MERRICK

It's okay to be gentle.

BALTHAZAR

This is battlefield triage, fucking grow a pair.

Balthazar slides a gel-like mesh over Merrick's nub.

MERRICK

What the fuck is that?

BALTHAZAR

This is going to keep you from dying.

MERRICK

Are they going to be able to reattach my arm?

BALTHAZAR

Best consider that gone.

Merrick begins to tear up.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

The mesh bandage on your arm will have you healed up and feeling better in no time.

MERRICK

It's not that, man.

Merrick mimes masturbation with his left arm.

MERRICK (CONT'D)
That was my 'bating arm.

BALTHAZAR
Jesus Christ.

Melody is leaning against the hood of Humvee 1, with Sarah applying a similar gel-mesh across her stomach wound.

MELODY
What the hell is that?

SARAH
Balthazar said it was some sort of
super Band-Aid.

MELODY
Wonderfully cryptic.

Balthazar walks over to Melody and Sarah.

BALTHAZAR
Proprietary secret. But you sure as
hell won't find that in your
mother's medicine cabinet.

Duncan and Chablis are leaning against the second Humvee with Hamish seated inside just behind them.

DUNCAN
This holiday is even more shite
than I thought.

CHABLIS
Let them be pissed. I saw how she
reacted when you offered to bring
her in alive. She calmed, she
listened. We can still make sure
they don't kill her.

Carlyle leans on the Humvee next to Duncan, causing the entire vehicle to jostle from his weight.

Balthazar walks a few feet from the first Humvee.

BALTHAZAR
(on the radio)
Callie?

INT. LODGE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Callie springs up in her chair as she focuses in on the monitors.

CALLIE
(on the radio)
Balthazar. What the hell happened
out there?

INTERCUT BALTHAZAR/CALLIE RADIO CONVERSATION

BALTHAZAR
It's oil and vinegar. I've got
overzealous and altruistic butting
heads. Everyone's still breathing,
but tensions are high, and Merrick
has one less arm than he set out
with.

Callie rolls her eyes before quickly becoming excited.

CALLIE
Were you able to test the vamp bio-
mesh?

BALTHAZAR
Applied and monitoring.

CALLIE
Keep me posted on that. Especially
with the severed arm.

BALTHAZAR
Will do. Still, it seems as though
our little beastly has some fight in
her.

CALLIE
This changes nothing.

BALTHAZAR
That's not the problem. Do you see
where she's headed?

Callie looks to the large monitor that shows the red target
dot moving around the lake toward the facility.

CALLIE
We can't let her get into the
facility!

BALTHAZAR
I'm well aware.

CALLIE
I'll have the guards prep for a
possible breach.

BALTHAZAR

Have them mask up and authorize the silver nitrate gas grenades. We'll choke the bitch out.

CALLIE

Copy that.

BALTHAZAR

I'm heading that way myself. With or without the hunters.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Melody and Sarah are leaned against the front of the first Humvee.

SARAH

I wanted a trophy before, but now I want to cut this bitch down just to show those cowards that their effort is futile.

MELODY

I'm going to cut her fucking arm off. And then I'm going to ram it down her throat until she chokes to death on it.

SARAH

We'll have to exchange numbers before we leave. I need more ruthless female friends.

MELODY

We can do brunch.

SARAH

I live for brunch.

Balthazar makes his way to the Humvees.

BALTHAZAR

Gather up!

All the hunters gather near the front of the first Humvee.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

If anyone wants to throw in the towel, that's fine, but the hunt continues.

MELODY

I'm not done until she's dead.

Sarah pats Melody on the back.

SARAH

Damn straight!

HAMISH

Hasn't this already gone too far?

Melody shoots Hamish a look of rage.

MELODY

Why don't you just fuck off back to the lodge then!?

DUNCAN

Let's all calm down!

MELODY

Yeah, let's all listen to Duncan! The pussy who let her get away.

Balthazar steps into the middle of the arguing.

BALTHAZAR

Enough! We don't have time for this shit! It's headed toward the facility in the restricted area. I'm taking a Humvee and going after it! If you want to join me, load up!

DUNCAN

Let me take one of the Humvees. If you're going straight to the facility, let me follow it around the lake. We'll have her pinned on both sides. We can take her alive.

Balthazar gives him a nod.

BALTHAZAR

Alright.

Chablis steps up.

CHABLIS

I'll go with Duncan.

MELODY

Fuck that. I'm with Balthazar.

BALTHAZAR

Fine. Sarah, Merrick, you're with Duncan.

MERRICK

But--

SARAH

Don't worry, I'll keep them in line.

MELODY

Show them how it's done, Merrick. No fear.

Merrick shrugs it off, looking at his little nub as he moves it about.

MERRICK

These drugs are pretty good. It doesn't even hurt.

BALTHAZAR

We're all going to the same place. Suck it up. Carlyle, you're with me.

Balthazar looks to Hamish.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

Hamish?

HAMISH

Nope. I'm done. This is insanity.

BALTHAZAR

Fine by me. You can take the last Humvee back to the lodge.

Balthazar starts walking toward the first Humvee.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

Move out!

Balthazar climbs into the driver's seat of the first Humvee, with Melody and Carlyle following.

Duncan gets into the driver's seat of the second Humvee, and Chablis gets into the passenger seat while Merrick and Sarah climb in the back.

The first two Humvees pull away, leaving Hamish alone with the third.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE 3 - CONTINUOUS

Hamish gets into the driver's seat of the remaining Humvee.

He looks behind the driver's seat to see Merrick's severed arm sitting in the back.

HAMISH

Nope. Not happy I did that.

Hamish turns the Humvee around and starts driving in the opposite direction of the other vehicles.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The two Humvees with the hunters speed down the dirt road.

The first Humvee with Balthazar nears a fork in the road, taking the path on the left.

Duncan's Humvee takes the right fork.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE 2 - CONTINUOUS

Chablis has her eyes on the GPS in the dash, watching the red target dot moving around the edge of the lake.

She sees that the lake and the facility are in a red zone marked "RESTRICTED AREA".

Duncan is driving down a tree-encased dirt road that's illuminated by their headlights as the trees on the left come to a stop, opening up to a beautiful lake shimmering in the moonlight.

The road turns in, bringing the Humvee within a few feet of the water.

Sarah and Merrick are sitting silently in the back.

Merrick has his eyes out the window, staring lifelessly, when he suddenly catches a glimpse of what looks like a long neck and head quickly submerging itself into the water.

He perks up and his gaze tightens on the wake left behind.

MERRICK

Did you guys see that?

CHABLIS

See what?

MERRICK

In the lake! There's something in
the water!

Duncan slows the vehicle down to a stop as they all turn to
look.

Merrick climbs up into the gunner's turret and aims it toward
the lake with his remaining hand.

DUNCAN

Hold up, Merrick.

CHABLIS

Whatever it was, it's not the
target.

Merrick grits his teeth as he eyes the lake.

MERRICK

I don't take orders from you! And I
know I saw something!

Chablis looks to Duncan.

CHABLIS

Just get us out of here.

Duncan turns back to the steering wheel just as Merrick
catches sight of something bobbing at the surface of the
water.

Merrick opens fire with the mounted gun, peppering the water
with bullets.

Duncan turns around and gives Merrick a few pats on the leg.

DUNCAN

Hold your fire!

Merrick fires off a few more shots before he stops and drops
down into the Humvee.

MERRICK

I told y'all there was something
out there!

Merrick grabs his rifle and exits the vehicle.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)

(on the radio)

Duncan. Report in. I'm hearing
gunshots.

DUNCAN
 (on the radio)
 Merrick thought he saw something in
 the lake. He's lost the plot,
 started firing into the water. He's
 gone mental.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE 1 - CONTINUOUS

Balthazar slams on the brakes and brings the Humvee to a quick stop, causing everyone to lean forward and slam back in their seats.

BALTHAZAR
 (on the radio)
 Stay away from the water! I repeat!
 Stay away from the water! Keep
 after the target, the lake is none
 of your concern!

DUNCAN (V.O.)
 (on the radio)
 I agree. It's Merrick who needs
 reining in.

BALTHAZAR
 (on the radio)
 Merrick!

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Izzy runs along the river, looking for a narrow place to cross as the sound of rushing water grows louder and louder.

She quickly finds herself at the top of a waterfall, stopping her dead in her tracks.

Her heart races as she looks over the precipice.

BEA (V.O.)
 It's okay to be afraid of heights.
 That's one of those healthy fears.

Izzy snaps her head back and looks to the sky, throwing her arms up in frustration.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Merrick is on the shore of the lake. His feet only inches from the water.

He's holding his rifle with a determination in his eyes.

MERRICK
(on the radio)
What do you got in this lake,
Balthazar?

Merrick fires a few rounds into the water as Duncan exits the Humvee with his own rifle.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)
(on the radio)
Leave it be, Merrick!

Merrick fires a few more rounds into the water as Duncan takes a few steps toward him.

DUNCAN
Come one, mate! You're acting like
a proper muppet.

Merrick turns toward Duncan putting his back to the water.

MERRICK
Fuck you, "mate!" I paid good money
to shoot something, and damn it,
I'm going to shoot something!

Duncan's head tilts up as he watches a long, twelve foot neck breach the water, raising a monstrous head into the moonlight behind an oblivious Merrick.

Duncan's eyes are in shock, looking at what seems like a Plesiosaurus.

DUNCAN
Bloody fucking hell.

Merrick turns around as his eyes follow up the beast's neck. He catches sight of its enormous mouth opening in the moonlight as he raises his rifle high into the sky.

MERRICK
Forever armed!

The creature lunges down at Merrick and snaps its jaws shut over his body.

Merrick's one remaining arm and legs are sticking out from the monster's mouth as it raises its head into the sky and bites down, severing the three limbs.

Duncan watches as Merrick's limbs drop to the ground.

Sarah pops up in the gunner's turret of the Humvee and grabs hold of the weapon.

SARAH

Just like my father said before
disowning my sister, "You're going
to regret coming out to me!"

Sarah opens fire on the creature.

Bullets pelt the neck of the beast, causing it to kick its head back in pain.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - RIVER - CONTINUOUS

Izzy hears the gunshots tearing through the air, causing her to backtrack from the waterfall and quickly take off running.

She runs back to a slower section of the river, charging through the water to the other side.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah continues firing, cutting through the creature's neck with fifty caliber rounds, causing its roars to turn into death gurgles as its neck splits from its body.

The creature's neck and head fall to the beach, slamming into the ground only a few feet from Duncan.

Chablis gets out of the vehicle and comes around to look at the creature.

Sarah leans back off the gun in a state of euphoria.

SARAH

Oh, God. That's what I'm talking
about.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)

(on the radio)

What the fuck just happened!?

Duncan and Chablis look to each other.

CHABLIS

(on the radio)

Uh...Merrick got eaten by...the
ah...Loch Ness Monster.

INT. HUMVEE 1 - CONTINUOUS

The revelation hits everyone in the Humvee.

MELODY

Merrick!

BALTHAZAR

(on the radio)

Is Champ okay!?

MELODY

Fuck that, did they just say my
brother was dead?

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Duncan is looking at the dead creature on the shore.

DUNCAN

(on the radio)

Champ?

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)

(on the radio)

Yes, Champ! The monster from Lake
Champlain! Is he okay!?

Chablis and Duncan look at each other with a confused shrug.

CHABLIS

(on the radio)

Well...Sarah kind of...uh, cut it's
head off with the fifty cal.

INT. HUMVEE 1 - CONTINUOUS

Balthazar closes his eyes in disappointment as he lays his
head against the steering wheel.

BALTHAZAR

(on the radio)

Callie?

CALLIE (V.O.)

(on the radio)

I heard.

Balthazar turns his attention to the others in the vehicle.

BALTHAZAR

Do you know what it took to get that thing here? Catching it took months! And the logistics of transporting something like that in secrecy! I had to bribe state troopers at weigh stations. We blackmailed the governor to get roads closed.

Carlyle nods along, quietly shocked by the revelations.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

Got him on tape with a prostitute...That we hired! Wasted effort! All of it!

MELODY

Well I'm so sorry about your fucking loss! But did you forget the part where my brother is fucking dead!?

BALTHAZAR

And I told him to leave the lake be! But your brother decided to fuck around! Well, he found out! So be pissed if you want, but he was warned.

MELODY

Your hunting preserve is bullshit.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Chablis and Duncan are staring down at the lake monster's head lying on the shore.

Sarah walks over and gives Duncan a pat on the arm.

SARAH

Help me load this thing in the back of the Humvee.

Duncan looks to Sarah.

DUNCAN

Are you taking the piss?

Merrick's corpse slides from the base of the creature's severed neck, plopping to the dirt unceremoniously.

SARAH

See. It's even lighter now.

INT. LODGE - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Callie has her eyes on the monitors.

She looks to a monitor with a camera view of the living room to see Hamish fixing himself a drink at the bar.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - LAKE - NIGHT

The back of the Humvee is open as Sarah continually fails at pulling the lake monster's head toward the vehicle.

Duncan looks on at the futile struggle.

DUNCAN

I told you, it's not going to fit.

SARAH

We can maybe tie it to the top.

Sarah tries to kick the creature's head to nudge it closer. It barely moves.

Duncan walks away, shaking his head in shame.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Quitter!

EXT. PRESERVE FACILITY - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Izzy's yellow eyes peer out from the tree line at the back of the facility.

She makes note of the guard in a gas mask walking along the elevated tower that stands taller than the cement wall around the facility.

The facility is a two story industrial building that is well illuminated with lights around the perimeter and on the building itself, with a helicopter on the roof.

Izzy waits for the guard on the tower to look the other way.

BEA (V.O.)

I'd burn the world to the ground if
it meant getting back to you.

Izzy charges from the trees in a full sprint for the guard tower.

As Izzy nears the tower, she leaps into the air and grabs the tower supports.

She quickly climbs to the walkway on the tower and plants her paws on the ground a few feet behind the guard.

The guard turns, his head raising to take in the sight of a werewolf before him.

A second guard pops out from the tower with a net launcher in hand. His radio sparks to life.

CALLIE (V.O.)
(on the radio)
Now! Now!

Izzy turns to the second guard as a net is launched her way.

The first guard fires a gas grenade as she catches the net around one arm, wrapping up her limb and burning her flesh.

The grenade hits her in the chest and drops to the ground as it begins to spew gas.

Before the guard has a chance to react to the lack of impact, Izzy kicks him in the chest.

His body flies backward, hitting the railing as it starts flipping end over end into the trees.

The second guard is scrambling as Izzy pulls her arm from the net, dropping it from the tower.

The fumes from the gas grenade start to hit her, causing her to snarl and focus on the guard.

Izzy takes a running leap off the tower, snatching up the guard along the way.

Her body sails through the air, clearing the cement wall around the facility, while dropping the guard into the razor wire where he gets tangled up, screaming.

Izzy lands in a well lit area within the walls.

The guards are closing in with their assault rifles, already alerted to her presence.

Izzy watches two armed guards charge from her left. She notes another three to her right and two more along a walkway on the building itself.

She lets out a ferocious growl that causes the guards to stop in place and open fire.

Izzy charges toward the two guards on her left as silver nitrate gas grenades begin to pelt the ground.

She dodges shots, but is struck in the chest by a tranquillizer dart as she reaches the guards.

She grabs the guard on the right by the throat, quickly ripping it out.

Izzy grabs the other guard as gas from the grenades closes in.

The guard screams as Izzy throws him toward the building, his body striking another guard on the walkway, slamming them both into the wall.

Izzy takes more tranquillizer darts in the leg and chest as she ducks into cover against the building.

She pulls the darts from her chest and thigh before throwing them to the ground, shaking her head as though the darts are having an effect.

The sound of metal clinking on the ground causes Izzy to turn and look.

Two gas grenades roll in close to her position, spewing smoke into the air.

Izzy quickly finds herself coughing as the gas reaches her snout.

She moves along the building, away from the smoke as every breath turns to wheezing.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE 2 - CONTINUOUS

Duncan pushes the pedal to the metal as the Humvee speeds toward the back entrance to the facility.

DUNCAN

Hang on!

Chablis and Sarah brace for impact.

The Humvee slams into the metal gate at the facility's back entrance. The gate rips open as the Humvee quickly screeches to a halt, throwing the gate forward.

Duncan looks to his left to see guards pushing forward along the side of the building.

He slams on the gas as he steers the Humvee around the right side of the building.

As they near the end of the building, he cuts the wheel hard and the Humvee's tires squeal as the vehicle slides around the corner to a stop.

EXT. PRESERVE FACILITY - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Duncan, Sarah, and Chablis exit the vehicle with their guns drawn.

They join two guards running to the side of the building.

Suddenly, the body of a guard flies out from the side of the building, slamming into a metal crate.

The two guards hesitate as they slow their pace.

Duncan looks to the guard's body against the crate and sees a net launcher clutched in his hands.

Duncan runs toward the body, slinging his rifle over his back as he drops to one knee and slides to the guard, grabbing the net launcher.

The two guards take the corner as Sarah and Chablis move in close to the corner.

A weak roar emerges from the side of the building, quickly followed by the two guards running back past Chablis in fear.

Izzy lurches out from the side of the building, moving slow as Sarah takes aim with her rifle.

Just as she's about to fire, Duncan fires off a shot from the net launcher.

The net flies past Sarah before wrapping Izzy up in its silver netting.

Izzy howls as she drops to the ground.

Two guards run out from behind the building and fire a couple of tranquilizer darts into Izzy's back.

Izzy's painful struggle winds down as the darts begin to take hold.

The main gate of the facility opens as Humvee one enters and stops close to Duncan.

Balthazar exits the Humvee just in time to see Izzy pass out in the net.

Balthazar pats Duncan on the back.

BALTHAZAR
Congratulations.

Balthazar smiles as he walks toward Izzy, leaving Duncan sulking alone in silence.

Chablis sees the metal netting burning Izzy, averting her eyes only to see Duncan's conflicted gaze.

Melody stands by the Humvee, fuming with anger as she stares down Duncan and Izzy on the ground.

SARAH
That's disappointing.

MELODY
I'm going to get mine.

Carlyle sees Izzy on the ground, the netting burning her.

Carlyle walks to Izzy's body where he drops down to his knees. He starts pulling the tranquilizer darts from Izzy as Balthazar crouches down next to him.

BALTHAZAR
(on the radio)
Callie! Meet me at the facility. We captured it...alive.

INT. LODGE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Callie smiles as she leans forward in her chair and grabs the radio.

CALLIE
(on the radio)
Copy that. I'm on the way.

INT. LODGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hamish is seated at the bar enjoying a cocktail when Callie walks in behind him.

CALLIE
Let's rejoin the others.

HAMISH
No thanks. I'm done with this
absurd boondoggle.

CALLIE
The hunt's over. They caught it.

Hamish finally turns to give her his attention.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE 3 - NIGHT

Callie walks around the Humvee and gets into the driver's
seat as Hamish gets in beside her.

Callie looks into the back and sees Merrick's severed arm.

CALLIE
Shit! What the fuck!?

Callie looks pissed at Hamish.

HAMISH
What the hell was I supposed to do
with it?

CALLIE
Throw it in the trash or something.
Shit.

HAMISH
I'm not touching it.

CALLIE
Just wrap it in a sheet or
something.

Hamish shrugs his shoulders.

HAMISH
You got a sheet?

Callie just stares at him.

A SHORT TIME LATER

Hamish opens the back door of the Humvee, wielding a few
measly cocktail napkins from the bar in his hands.

He reluctantly grabs Merrick's severed arm, touching it only
long enough to drop it on the ground.

He begins to gag, stifling vomit as his hands frantically pat around his body.

He finds what he's looking for, pulling out his small bottle of hand sanitizer and covering his hands with far more than needed before furiously slathering it around.

CALLIE

Would you hurry the fuck up?

Hamish slams the door shut.

INT. PRESERVE FACILITY - LAB - DAY

Izzy is now in human form, wearing a hospital gown as she slowly comes to on a table in a dimly lit room.

She tries to raise her head, but quickly recoils in pain as a small amount of blood trickles down her neck.

She tips her eyes down to see a silver collar with sharp rods covered in razors pointed inward toward her.

Izzy tilts her head to get a look at her hands only to see them under similar bindings.

She moves her feet ever so slightly just to feel them in the same restraints.

Izzy's eyes dart around the room in a panic, spotting monitors and lab equipment.

CALLIE (O.S.)

Don't struggle too much.

Callie steps out of the shadows, walking her way around the table.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Those bindings are lined with silver and wolfsbane. Designed to tighten. If you struggle, they'll slit you open. If you transform, they'll pull themselves taut and cut through you before you've even sprouted fangs. So you best get comfortable.

IZZY

Fuck you, bitch!

Callie smirks, running her fingers along the edge of the table.

CALLIE

I can't wait to see what we can get out of you.

IZZY

You fucks just spent all night trying to kill me! What else could you want!?

CALLIE

The hunts were Balthazar's idea. A profitable use for the subjects I didn't need for my research. He gets to have his hunts, and I get to keep the prize beasts for myself. We just misjudged you, is all.

The door to the room slides open, allowing extra light to shine in.

Balthazar steps into the room and the door slides shut behind him.

IZZY

Fuck you! You're the monster!

Balthazar chuckles as he and Callie share a look.

BALTHAZAR

I love this argument. "No. You're the monsters." Please. Save your bullshit for someone who buys it.

Callie and Balthazar stand next to the table, looking down on Izzy.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

Every one of you...well, at least the ones that can talk, have felt the need to call us monsters. But what makes a monster? Ten years ago, werewolves were just a myth to me. I had to learn the hard way that some myths are true.

INT. TENT - FLASHBACK

Balthazar, with a well groomed face that's missing his scar, is asleep in his sleeping bag next to his wife.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)
I was three days into a canoe trip
with my wife and daughter.

A growl comes from outside the tent before a small hand nudges Balthazar's shoulder.

Balthazar wakes up and looks in the direction of the hand to see his scared daughter ALEXA (9).

He rubs the sleep out of his eyes.

BALTHAZAR
What is it, honey?

ALEXA
(whispering)
There's something outside.

BALTHAZAR
I'm sure it's nothing.

Another growl from outside the tent catches Balthazar's attention.

He sits up straight to see a large shadow lurking by the entrance to the tent.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)
My life was destroyed in a matter
of seconds.

Fear grips Balthazar, but he doesn't even have time to react as a large werewolf claw rips into the tent and grabs Alexa by the ankle.

Alexa screams as Balthazar's wife wakes up.

Balthazar reaches for Alexa but she is rapidly pulled from the tent.

BALTHAZAR
Alexa!

Balthazar scrambles out of his sleeping bag to the sounds of Alexa's screams, only for blood to douse the tent.

Balthazar's wife screams as he charges out of the tent.

EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS

Balthazar gets to his feet outside the tent, his jaw quickly dropping to the sight of a werewolf.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)
I'll never forget the first time I
laid eyes on one of your kind.

It's a massive, dark furred beast that stands nine feet tall.

Balthazar sees a bloody piece of his daughter's pajamas
clutched between its teeth.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)
It was pure, unbridled hatred at
first sight.

Balthazar's wife sticks her head out of the tent and screams
at the sight.

Balthazar lunges for a hatchet near the firewood, getting his
hands on it as the werewolf grabs his leg.

Balthazar is yanked away, the hatchet clenched in his hand.

A SHORT TIME LATER

Balthazar's wife is missing her head, with her body never
fully making it out of the shredded, blood soaked tent.

The sound of Balthazar struggling and screaming fills the
air.

Balthazar's limp body slams into the tent with the now
bloodied hatchet still in hand.

He lands next to his wife's corpse, with claw marks torn into
his face and torso that leaves him bleeding from the mouth
and struggling to move.

BALTHAZAR (V.O.)
The doctors said it was a miracle I
survived. Some fucking miracle,
huh?

The werewolf steps to the tent and looks down on Balthazar
before turning its muzzle to the sky and letting out a howl.

INT. PRESERVE FACILITY - LAB - BACK TO PRESENT

Balthazar has his shirt lifted up with his scarred flesh on
display for Izzy and Callie.

BALTHAZAR
So who are the monsters?

Balthazar lowers his shirt.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)
On the bright side--

Balthazar thumbs the scar on his face.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)
I'm only reminded of it every time
I look in the fucking mirror.

Balthazar stares at Izzy with pure hatred in his eyes.

IZZY
People kill each other every day
over shit as simple as skin color
and personal beliefs...You don't
need to sprout fangs to be a
monster.

Callie steps over to Izzy with an empty IV bag connected to a
tube with a needle on the end.

CALLIE
She thinks she's the righteous one.

BALTHAZAR
Don't they all?

Callie lays the IV bag next to Izzy. Her right hand takes up
the needle as her left arm finds a vein on Izzy's arm.

Callie pushes the needle in, with Izzy wincing as blood
starts to flow down the tube to the IV bag.

CALLIE
Don't worry, we're not going to
kill you...yet. No, we'll take
blood, hair, skin, whatever may
give us some insight. Changing into
a werewolf under a full moon isn't
all that enticing, but changing at
will, well, that could be
lucrative. Just imagine if we could
synthesize a drug that would allow
the user to change their appearance
at will? Normally, I'd call an idea
like that science fiction, but
within the last six months, we've
created a drug from vampire DNA
that cuts healing time in half
while promoting better cell
regeneration. Some of our hunters
have been generous enough to test
it on themselves today.

(MORE)

CALLIE (CONT'D)

But can you imagine the implications it'll have on medicine? It won't be some rare therapy, it'll be the new standard, and that's worth billions. So, if the next multi-billion dollar idea is stuck in you, you can be sure I'll find it.

Izzy simply stares up to the ceiling while shaking her head in disbelief.

IZZY

Money...It's always about money.

CALLIE

What else would be worth this kind of effort?

Izzy turns her head, allowing the restraints to cut her neck ever so slightly as she stares at Callie.

IZZY

It's sad that you have to ask.

INT. HUMVEE 2 - DAY

Duncan wakes up in the back seat of the Humvee, rubbing the sleep from his eyes as he gets his bearings.

He looks out the front window to see Chablis practicing Muay Thai a few feet in front of the vehicle.

EXT. PRESERVE FACILITY - BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Duncan steps out of the Humvee, which is parked in a line along the facility's cement wall with the other two Humvees.

He sees a few workers repairing the gate he drove through as he takes a few steps toward Chablis.

DUNCAN

Is that Muay Thai?

Chablis keeps going about her practice.

CHABLIS

You know your martial arts.

DUNCAN

I can recognize what I need to defend against.

CHABLIS

Let me guess, the S-A-S taught you
Krav Maga?

DUNCAN

It's effective.

Chablis stops and looks to Duncan.

CHABLIS

Show me.

Duncan is taken aback.

DUNCAN

That sounds like a shite idea.

CHABLIS

Stop being a pussy. Come on, lets
spar.

Duncan takes a few steps and sets himself a few feet from
Chablis.

DUNCAN

I don't want to hurt you.

Chablis shoots him a pouty look.

CHABLIS

Awe, that's sweet. You think I'm
the one who's going to get hurt.

Chablis charges Duncan with a flurry of elbows and knees.

Duncan, though unprepared, is able to deflect the blows as he
takes a few steps back.

He grabs her arm and pulls her into a close hold.

DUNCAN

You cheeky--

Chablis makes a quick pivoting move and rolls to the ground,
using her bodyweight to bring Duncan with her.

Duncan rolls free and springs back to his feet in a smooth
action.

He turns back to Chablis just to see her charging.

Chablis throws an elbow that Duncan blocks just in time to
take a knee he didn't see to the ribs, stumbling him.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Who taught you the definition of
sparring?

Chablis shoots him a smile that prompts him to throw a kick.

She blocks the kick and steps back as Duncan throws his own
flurry of strikes, each one blocked by Chablis.

Just as Duncan is about to land a devastating kick to her
ribs, he stops the kick short and pulls it back.

Chablis shakes her head in disappointment.

CHABLIS
I knew I was right.

She charges Duncan and leaps forward with a flying knee.

Duncan takes the knee to the chest and flies backward to the
ground.

Chablis lands on top of him, straddling his torso as she
leans in close to his face.

Duncan attempts to hide his pain.

DUNCAN
Uh...right about what?

Chablis grabs his shirt and pulls him closer.

CHABLIS
That I would break you.

SARAH (O.S.)
Brit! Brat! Break it up!

Sarah walks toward Chablis and Duncan.

Chablis eases up on Duncan, but stays seated on him as he
sits up a bit.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Get off your ass, Duncan. Balthazar
needs the prize winner's input.

DUNCAN
On what?

SARAH
On whatever ungodly abomination you
feel like pumping full of bullets.
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
So, winner, winner, pick your
sinner.

DUNCAN
And here I thought I could wash my
hands of this dodgy business.

SARAH
Don't you dare fuck us over! Come
pick out something for us to kill!

Chablis looks down on Duncan.

CHABLIS
Yeah, Brit, mark something for
death.

DUNCAN
How about you, Brat? Are you going
to stay?

CHABLIS
My father's money has been well
wasted. As far as I'm concerned, my
work here is done.

Duncan turns his attention to an annoyed Sarah.

DUNCAN
Pick whatever you want. Tell
Balthazar it was my choice or that
I gave you my prize. I'm going to
sit this one out.

Sarah starts to walk away.

SARAH
Pussies.

DUNCAN
A real saint, that one.

Chablis leans in toward Duncan, bringing his attention back
to her.

CHABLIS
How about that "bevvy"?

INT. PRESERVE FACILITY - HOLDING CELLS - DAY

A guard is seated at a desk in front of two sliding metal
cell doors that block a hallway of cells. Above the doors
there is a sign that reads "HOLDING CELLS".

Balthazar walks to the desk where the guard gives him a nod.

BALTHAZAR

Let me see our current occupants.

The guard slides a clipboard across the desk to Balthazar.

Balthazar grabs a clipboard off the desk and begins to read it over. His finger slides down the paper on the clipboard and comes to a stop.

Balthazar's finger taps on the sheet of paper next to the word "VAMPIRE".

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

That's the one.

Balthazar tosses the clipboard back onto the desk, putting his finger on it.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

Prep that vamp. And make sure they're feeling spry.

INT. PRESERVE FACILITY - LAB - DAY

The dimly lit room lies quiet as Izzy lays on the table, still strapped down with an IV drawing blood from her arm.

The door to the lab slides open to reveal a guard standing in the light of the doorway.

Izzy tries to turn her head to get a look but can't.

The guard at the door drops to the ground with a Falcata sword in his back.

A hand reaches down and pulls the sword from his back, raising it up to reveal Melody's face looking over the blood on the blade.

Melody steps into the room, allowing the door to close behind her.

She sees Izzy strapped to the table, quickly walking toward her.

Melody steps into Izzy's sightline as she holds the blade of her sword out over Izzy.

MELODY

You fucking cunt! You ripped my brothers arm off.

Izzy's eyes look over the blood on Melody's sword before her gaze turns to Melody's face.

IZZY
It wasn't even hard.

Melody boils over with rage.

MELODY
He's dead!

Melody places the flat side of the sword against Izzy's cheek.

She holds it there as the silver burns Izzy's skin, causing her to grit her teeth, wincing as she refuses to scream.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Not so tough now, are you, bitch?

Melody pulls the sword from Izzy's face, the blade taking burnt flesh with it.

Melody looks over the nasty burn she left on Izzy's face.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Don't worry; we're just getting started. Before we're done, you'll be begging me to kill you.

Izzy tries to shake the pain off.

IZZY
I don't think we have that kind of time.

Melody moves her sword down Izzy's body to the exposed flesh of her legs.

MELODY
Quip all you want, everyone has a breaking point.

Melody presses the flat end of the sword against Izzy's inner thigh.

MELODY (CONT'D)
And you best believe I'm taking an arm.

Izzy grits her teeth as her flesh burns.

The door to the lab slides open causing Melody to quickly draw her handgun and aim for the door.

Carlyle steps into the lab with his shotgun at the ready and his revolver holstered on his hip.

He notices the dead guard on the floor.

Melody holds the blade of her sword to Izzy's neck while aiming her handgun at Carlyle.

Carlyle sees Izzy strapped to the table, his eyes noting the burns on her flesh.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Drop the guns, big man.

Carlyle hesitates.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Normally, I'd say we could talk
this out, but last I checked, you
lack the equipment.

Melody motions with her gun.

MELODY (CONT'D)
So come on. Put the hardware down.

Carlyle is clearly angry but he sets his guns on the ground.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Good boy.

Melody eyes a chair just to her left, which she slides to Carlyle with her leg.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Take a load off.

Carlyle sits down as Melody eyes some large zip ties on a table near Carlyle. She motions toward them.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Cuff yourself.

Carlyle stares daggers into Melody as he grabs a zip tie.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Ankles first.

Carlyle looks to his massive legs and the single zip tie. He quickly grabs two more zip ties and goes about binding his ankles.

He raises his hands when he's done and Melody sees the three zip ties working together on his ankles.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Now your wrists.

Carlyle grabs another zip tie and wraps his wrists before pulling it tight with his teeth.

He holds his bound wrists up to show Melody that it's done.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Good. Now sit there quietly. I
assume that shouldn't be a problem.

Melody finally turns her attention back to Izzy.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Where were we?...Oh, that's right.

Melody places the flat side of the sword against Izzy's arm.

Izzy grits her teeth in pain as Carlyle watches on in anger.

MELODY (CONT'D)
Maybe I'll take this arm.

Melody pulls the sword from Izzy's arm, leaving behind a nasty burn.

Melody begins to walk around Izzy on the table, stopping with her back to Carlyle as she leans down into Izzy's ear.

MELODY (CONT'D)
You're a fucking abomination.

Carlyle quietly gets to his feet in the shadows behind Melody as she runs her sword along Izzy's body, causing a smoking cut as it goes.

Carlyle's body begins to pulsate as his already massive frame begins to grow behind Melody.

The sound of the zip ties snapping from Carlyle's wrists and ankles draws Melody's attention.

She turns to see Carlyle's clothes being torn from his body as gray fur grows from his skin.

Her eyes look upward, watching Carlyle grow to ten-feet-tall as his head grows a long snout outward from his yellow eyes.

Melody aims her gun as Carlyle charges her, getting off a shot that quickly clips his arm.

Fully transformed into his werewolf state, Carlyle grabs both of Melody's arms with his massive, clawed hands.

He lifts Melody into the air, holding her aloft with her arms completely horizontal.

Carlyle roars into Melody's face with a ferocity that blows her hair back while finally putting a look of fear in her eyes.

Carlyle pulls on Melody's arms, ripping them both from their sockets. Blood flies to the walls, spraying Izzy as Melody's body drops.

Carlyle looks down on Melody, bleeding out and gasping for air. He tosses her arms to the ground, giving Melody one last look at them before death finally takes her.

IZZY

Uh, a little help.

Carlyle stomps over to the table and looks down at Izzy.

He rips the braces from her neck, wrists, and ankles as they burn his own hands.

Izzy sits up on the table as she caresses the burns on her skin that already look to be healing.

Izzy looks to Carlyle.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Thanks, Dad.

Carlyle gives her a nod.

Izzy hops off the table and picks up Carlyle's shotgun from the ground.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Shall we?

Carlyle growls.

EXT. PRESERVE FACILITY - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

A windowless van comes to a stop near the facility's gate.

Balthazar gets out of the passenger seat and turns to the guard driving.

BALTHAZAR

Take it to the clearing at the north end of the preserve. I've already programmed it to unlock at sunset.

The driver gives Balthazar a nod before he closes the door and takes a step back to watch the van pull away.

INT. PRESERVE FACILITY - HOLDING CELLS - DAY

A guard is seated at a desk in front of the cell doors as Callie walks up.

CALLIE
Have our guests had their dinner?

The guard perks up and gives Callie a thumbs up, but his eyes quickly widen in horror.

Callie looks confused, prompting her to turn around to see Izzy aiming the shotgun with Carlyle's massive frame grazing the ceiling behind her.

IZZY
Open the cells.

There's a fear in Callie but she tries to stay composed, watching Carlyle's chest heave with every breath.

CALLIE
How noble. Liberating your fellow freaks.

Carlyle snarls at her, showing his severed tongue.

Callie smiles as she notices his tongue.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Is that you, Carlyle?... How fascinating. It would seem as though pre-lycanthropy injuries remain, but new ones can heal...I would love to study you.

IZZY
Zip it, you impudent cow! And open the fucking cells!

Callie throws her hands up sarcastically.

CALLIE
Even if I did, you'd never make it out of here.

IZZY
We should've never made it this far either.

Callie motions to the guard. He quickly hits a button that opens the cell door behind him.

Izzy motions with the shotgun toward the holding cells.

IZZY (CONT'D)

After you.

The guard and Callie lead the way as they all walk through the open metal doors, with Carlyle getting down on all fours to fit under the doorway.

INT. PRESERVE FACILITY - HOLDING CELL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Callie and the guard walk into the hallway with Izzy and Carlyle following close behind.

Izzy sees six holding cells, three on each side. Each door has bars over a small, open window and a dry erase board with writing on them.

Izzy looks at the dry erase board on the first cell where "Chupacabra" is handwritten.

Izzy looks back to Callie and the guard.

IZZY

Keep moving.

They walk to the next cell where Izzy looks to the dry erase board where "Vampire" is written.

Izzy motions to the vampire cell.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Open it.

Callie pulls a keycard from her pocket and slides it over the electronic lock on the door.

The door beeps as it unlocks.

Izzy pushes the door open to see LANDON (32), a man in a weak state. He's dressed in a plain white shirt and pants that resemble prison attire.

Landon sees Izzy holding the gun. He tries to lift his arms but is too weak.

Izzy turns back to Callie in a rage.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Where is she!

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Izzy and Bea are standing together, holding hands in a living room that looks to have been decorated by a man.

They both have their eyes on Carlyle who is standing across the room.

CARLYLE

(signing; subtitled)

No! Absolutely not! No daughter of mine is dating a vampire!

IZZY

You don't get to decide who I love!

CARLYLE

(signing; subtitled)

You're a werewolf! Act like it!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Izzy is standing outside of a bar. She spots Bea a good distance down the street, making her way closer.

They wave at each other as a windowless van suddenly pulls up behind Bea.

The side door of the van opens and Balthazar, in dark tactical clothing, quickly reaches out and puts a hood over Bea's head.

IZZY

Bea!

Bea struggles as a second man shoves a hypodermic needle into her neck and shoots her full of something.

Izzy begins to run toward the van, her fingernails growing into claws as her eyes turn yellow.

Izzy sees a group of people who are also witnessing the abduction, causing her to stop her transformation.

The van speeds off as Balthazar slams the side door shut.

Izzy catches the license plate number as her eyes return to normal and the van disappears around a corner.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Izzy is standing in the living room, crying in a state of anguish.

Carlyle is pacing the room.

IZZY

Please, Dad! I know you still have security clearance! Please, help me find her!

Carlyle stops and looks at Izzy's distraught face.

IZZY (CONT'D)

You wouldn't hesitate if it were mom!

Carlyle nods before he pulls Izzy into a hug.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Izzy is sitting at the table in the kitchen with Carlyle seated adjacent to her.

CARLYLE

(signing; subtitled)
If we do this, there are no guarantees. You could die.

IZZY

I know, but Bea would do it for me.

CARLYLE

(signing; subtitled)
You need to be prepared to take a life.

IZZY

Sometimes, the hardest things for us to do are the most necessary.

Carlyle looks at his daughter's determined face.

CARLYLE

(signing; subtitled)
Repeat the plan back to me so I know you understand.

IZZY

Dad, I got it.

CARLYLE

(signing; subtitled)

When this starts, there is no turning back. We won't be in communication with each other. I need to know you understand every detail.

Izzy gives him a nod.

IZZY

Your contact is going to feed Elite Hunts a false report about a werewolf attack in the area.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Balthazar is in his tactical gear and cowboy hat as he trudges through the trees with his assault rifle in hand and his net launcher slung over his back.

He has twelve men, all dressed in similar tactical gear and armed with assault rifles following along with him.

IZZY (V.O.)

When they send in their team to investigate, we make sure they find what they're looking for.

Yellow eyes peer through the trees watching Balthazar and his men walk through the forest.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Carlyle and Izzy are seated at the table in the kitchen.

IZZY

Then I let them capture me.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Balthazar is holding a metal cable dangling from a helicopter with Izzy, in her werewolf form, in a net under his feet.

IZZY (V.O.)

And you're going to let it happen.

Carlyle, in his werewolf form, howls from the ground as he watches the helicopter fly off with Izzy.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A large, military looking man steps out of an expensive truck, and he grabs a duffel bag from the bed of it.

IZZY (V.O.)

Then your contact is going to help you assume the identity of one of the hunters.

Carlyle steps up behind the man, covering his mouth with a white cloth and wrestling him to the ground.

The man struggles but Carlyle holds firm until he passes out.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Izzy and Carlyle are seated at the kitchen table.

IZZY

Once I'm on the preserve, I'll most likely need to head north to the facility where Bea is hopefully being held. And then I try like hell not to die before I get her out.

CARLYLE

(signing; subtitled)
And I'll keep an eye on the hunters, helping you when and where I can.

Carlyle takes Izzy's hand.

INT. PRESERVE FACILITY - HOLDING CELLS - BACK TO PRESENT

Izzy pushes her shotgun into Callie's stomach as the guard takes a step back.

IZZY

Where the fuck is she!

CALLIE

The other vamp? Balthazar took her. You found your way out from the firing squad, but they still got a fierce need to flex those itchy trigger fingers.

Izzy grabs Callie by the arm and pulls her toward the vampire's cell.

Izzy pushes the shotgun into her back.

IZZY

In.

Callie holds firm.

CALLIE

Fuck you. If you want to kill me,
do it yourself.

Izzy looks to Carlyle and motions toward Callie.

Carlyle stomps closer to Callie, putting his clawed hand
against her back.

Carlyle gives Callie a violent push into the vampire's cell,
causing her to fall to the ground.

Izzy steps into the doorway and looks to Landon.

IZZY

What's your name?

LANDON

Lan...Landon.

Izzy motions toward Callie.

IZZY

Drink up, Landon.

Izzy crouches down and looks to Callie.

IZZY (CONT'D)

It'll cut your healing time in
half.

Callie stares Izzy down in anger.

CALLIE

You fucking bit--

Landon plunges his fangs into Callie's neck as she screams.
Blood trickles out of Landon's mouth and down her neck.

Landon violently sucks blood as Callie's body twitches and
Izzy watches the life drain from her face.

Landon finally lets loose and raises his bloodied mouth with
a renewed vigor.

IZZY

Make sure you drain her. I don't
want her turning.

Landon plunges his fangs back into Callie's neck to finish
his meal.

Izzy turns to the guard.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Open the rest of the cells.

The guard hesitantly goes for his keycard as Izzy motions for
him to get moving.

The guard goes to the next cell and slides his keycard over
the electronic lock. The door beeps and unlocks.

The guard tries to step back as he nudges the door open.

A large ape like hand reaches out of the cell and grabs the
guard. He screams as he's pulled into the cell.

Izzy hears bones cracking as the screams gargle before
stopping.

The guard's body is thrown out of the cell, slamming into the
wall across from the door.

The guard's body slides to the floor, looking like every bone
in his body has been broken.

A large head emerges from the cell in a crouched position to
clear the doorway.

Izzy takes a step back as the beast stands erect at over
eight feet tall.

Izzy and Carlyle find themselves looking at STEVE, the
Sasquatch.

IZZY (CONT'D)

No shit...Bigfoot's real.

Steve turns to see Izzy wielding her shotgun and Carlyle's
hulking werewolf form behind her.

Steve raises his hands into the air and points a finger at
the crumpled guard he killed.

STEVE

No hard feelings. That guy was just
a dick.

Izzy can't hide her shock.

IZZY
How the hell can you talk?

STEVE
My parents taught me at a young
age.

Izzy smiles as she lowers the shotgun.

IZZY
You got a name?

STEVE
Steve.

Izzy motions for Steve to lower his hands.

IZZY
You want to get out of here, Steve?

STEVE
Yes, please.

IZZY
Welcome to the team.

Landon steps out of his cell with blood dripping from his mouth onto his white clothes. He looks completely rejuvenated.

LANDON
Room for one more?

IZZY
How's your resistance to sunlight?

LANDON
I can go a few hours before my skin
starts to get that original recipe
crunch.

IZZY
Should be all you need.

Izzy steps over to the guard's crumpled body and takes his keycard.

Izzy walks past Carlyle to the cell marked "Chupacabra".

She slides the keycard over the electronic lock. The door beeps and unlocks.

Izzy pushes the door open to see a medium sized dog with brown fur and bone like spikes along it's spine.

The Chupacabra growls in a defensive stance.

Izzy steps away from the doorway and holds out her arm to show it the way.

The Chupacabra hesitantly walks to the door, stopping to look at Izzy and the other creatures.

The Chupacabra takes off running through the open gates and disappears.

Izzy takes up her shotgun as her team of monsters line up behind her.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Let's fuck shit up.

EXT. PRESERVE FACILITY - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

Balthazar is battle-ready with his assault rifle, handgun, machete, and throat mic.

He meets Sarah at the front of Humvee 1.

Sarah has her assault rifle, handgun, Bolo knife, and throat mic.

BALTHAZAR
You seen Carlyle or Melody?

SARAH
Their loss. That's my trophy,
anyway.

Balthazar nods it off.

BALTHAZAR
Well, I'm done waiting around. Did
you swap to the garlic-laced
ammunition?

SARAH
Yeah, and it's definitely the most
pungent ammo I've ever used.

BALTHAZAR
Then you're set. Vamps aren't that
hard to kill.

(MORE)

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

Pump a few shots into it, let the garlic turn it into a whimpering bitch, and then just cut the sucker's head off.

SARAH

So I don't have to stake it in the heart? What about crosses or holy water?

BALTHAZAR

Crosses and holy water don't do shit. Trust me, this thing has no communion with God. A stake works, but you miss the heart; they've got you at close range for an easy snack, so beheading is your best bet. And sunlight varies depending on the vamp, but we're hunting at night, so don't worry about it.

SARAH

Can I keep the head? I want to mount it.

Balthazar nods toward the Humvee.

BALTHAZAR

Fangs and all.

Sarah gets into the passenger seat.

Balthazar is about to get into the Humvee when Duncan walks up to him.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)

Change your mind?

DUNCAN

Can't say we have. Just hoping to borrow one of the Humvees to get us back to the lodge.

BALTHAZAR

Why not.

DUNCAN

Thanks, mate.

Duncan starts walking away as Balthazar gets into the Humvee.

BALTHAZAR

Don't forget to leave us a good review.

Humvee 1 drives to the gate and stops next to a group of guards.

Balthazar points to one of the guards.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)
You. Hop in and man the fifty cal.
You're running support. Don't fire
unless told to.

The guard runs to the Humvee and hops into the back, quickly popping up on the gun turret.

The Humvee speeds out into the preserve.

EXT. PRESERVE FACILITY - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Chablis is standing next to Humvees 2 and 3, which are parked along the wall.

She looks to be gearing up as she holsters her Glock-17s on her hips.

Duncan seems a bit confused as he walks up.

DUNCAN
What's this then? Change of heart?

CHABLIS
No, but Balthazar is about to let a vampire loose in the same preserve we're about to drive through, so I'd rather be prepared.

DUNCAN
Can't argue that.

A loud alarm rings out from the facility as lights around the perimeter begin to flash.

CHABLIS
Look at that. We didn't even have to leave the facility.

Chablis grabs her assault rifle from the Humvee and hustles toward the facility.

DUNCAN
One fucking drink! Is that so hard?

Duncan reaches into the Humvee and grabs his assault rifle, handgun, and Kukri swords.

Chablis stops in her tracks as Duncan catches up.

They both watch as the Chupacabra goes running by, with a few guards taking shots at it.

CHABLIS
What the fuck was that?

Duncan turns to her with a confused look.

DUNCAN
What during our time together makes
you think I'm capable of answering
that?

Chablis shrugs her shoulders.

CHABLIS
Just trying to see whether or not
you'd jump at the chance to man-
splain shit you know nothing about.

DUNCAN
Seriously?

Chablis looks frustrated as she points toward where the Chupacabra went.

CHABLIS
No! I just really wanted to know
what the fuck that was!

EXT. PRESERVE FACILITY - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Guards are scrambling about with assault rifles while others take up firing positions.

Chablis and Duncan run in and turn their attention to the front entrance of the building.

INT. PRESERVE FACILITY - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Lights are flashing as the alarm continues to sound.

A guard is heard screaming before a werewolf roars and blood splashes against the wall.

Carlyle, in his werewolf form, steps forward, holding a guard's severed torso, leaving a dripping path of blood.

Carlyle drops the torso as Izzy walks past him, holding the shotgun in human form.

Izzy leans toward a window near the front doors to get a look outside.

She sees several guards lining up with assault rifles aimed at the building.

IZZY
We're surrounded.

Landon joins her to take a look out the window as Steve and Carlyle hang back.

LANDON
They're not going to let us go.

Izzy looks to Carlyle before turning her eyes to the dead guard on the ground.

IZZY
I have an idea.

EXT. PRESERVE FACILITY - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Chablis sees guards ready to fire behind crates and vehicles.

Duncan eyes two guards on the guard tower with rifles pointed at the front doors.

Duncan taps Chablis on the shoulder and points to some crates that are adjacent to the entrance doors.

The two move behind the crates and take aim at the entrance.

CHABLIS
You still debating the finer points
of pulling that trigger?

DUNCAN
Every time.

The front doors to the facility open, causing every guard to tense up.

Carlyle, now back in human form with his hands in the air, steps out of the facility wearing nothing but the bloodied, ill-fitting pants of the guard he just killed.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Hold your fire! He's one of us!

Carlyle turns to see Duncan and Chablis. Duncan gives him a wave, motioning Carlyle to join them.

Carlyle hustles away from the doors to join Duncan and Chablis.

As Carlyle reaches Duncan, the window near the front door smashes as a fire extinguisher sails through it.

Izzy steps into the window and fires the shotgun at the fire extinguisher, causing it to explode into a white mist.

Duncan, Chablis, and the guards refocus on the front door as the mist from the fire extinguisher creates cover.

With everyone distracted, Carlyle runs off toward the back of the facility unnoticed.

The guards open fire on the front doors of the facility with a dozen assault rifles pumping bullets into the building.

Duncan and Chablis hold their fire.

INT. HUMVEE 2 - CONTINUOUS

Carlyle hops into the driver's seat of the Humvee and starts it as he hears a rustling in the back.

He turns to see Hamish cowering on the floor in the back.

Carlyle grabs Hamish's shirt and pulls him up into the front, shoving him into the passenger seat.

HAMISH

Please, don't kill me!

Carlyle holds Hamish against the seat as he slams on the gas.

EXT. PRESERVE FACILITY - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Duncan hears the screeching of tires as he turns to see Carlyle driving the Humvee directly at them, with Hamish screaming in the passenger seat.

Duncan grabs Chablis and dives out of the way just before the Humvee slams into the crates they were hiding behind.

The Humvee screeches to a halt, grabbing the guard's attention as they hold their fire.

Carlyle pops up in the gunner's turret of the Humvee and grabs the fifty-caliber machine gun.

His gaze tightens as he opens fire, the massive gun tearing through guards as the force of the weapon jostles Carlyle's body.

Bullets kick back bodies as Carlyle mows down guard after guard before turning the gun to the guard tower.

Carlyle's shots hit the two guards on the tower, their bodies flying back as the bullets disintegrate the housing behind them.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE 1 - CONTINUOUS

Balthazar slams on the brakes, causing the Humvee to skid to a stop on the dirt road.

He and Sarah share an acknowledging look as they hear the sound of gunshots.

BALTHAZAR
(on the radio)
Callie?...Callie! Come in! Why am I
hearing gunfire?

The sound of gunfire continues.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)
Fuck!... Can anybody hear me?

A crackled scream and gunfire come over the radio, causing Balthazar to twitch in anger as he slams on the gas and turns the Humvee around.

EXT. PRESERVE FACILITY - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Duncan and Chablis get to their feet as they watch Carlyle fire on the last few guards with the Humvee's mounted gun.

The guards take cover behind a van that Carlyle peppers with bullets.

The van explodes in a fireball that annihilates the guards.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE 1 - CONTINUOUS

Balthazar sees a fireball in the distance, rising into the air near the facility as Sarah leans forward to get a better look.

EXT. PRESERVE FACILITY - FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Carlyle lays off the trigger as the gun comes to a rest with smoke trickling out of the red hot barrel.

Carlyle hears a hand taking up a gun behind him.

He turns the turret, aiming it at Duncan and Chablis. They have their assault rifles pointed right back at Carlyle.

CHABLIS

Easy now, there's no fight here.

IZZY (O.S.)

Then drop your weapons.

Izzy walks around the Humvee with her shotgun pointed at Duncan and Chablis.

Landon and Steve are following behind her, giving Duncan and Chablis their first look at Steve.

CHABLIS

Is that fucking bigfoot?

Steve rolls his eyes.

STEVE

You know, that bigfoot shit is actually really derogatory. Sure, our feet are big compared to yours, but they're average for us. But *NO*, that's all you focus on. Do you know that people collect plaster casts of our footprints? That's fucked up. Fetishistic if you ask me.

Steve shakes his head in disgust.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Fucking humans.

Steve turns to Landon, slapping him on the arm.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Am I right?

Landon tries to nod in agreement as he turns away, rubbing his arm in clear pain.

Duncan and Chablis are transfixed by Steve.

IZZY
Drop your weapons!

Duncan and Chablis snap back to Izzy. They give each other a quick look before tossing their weapons to the ground.

IZZY (CONT'D)
On your knees!

Duncan and Chablis hesitantly get to their knees.

DUNCAN
We had no intention of killing you.
We didn't even know what this hunt
was all about.

CHABLIS
You don't have to kill us. We can
help you get out of here.

DUNCAN
Balthazar is out with the last
hunter. They're tracking a vampire,
it's the perfect chance for you to
slip away.

Carlyle lifts himself out of the Humvee's turret and jumps to the ground next to Izzy.

CHABLIS
You should also be on the lookout
for Melody. We lost track of her.

IZZY
Melody's dead.

Carlyle puts his hand on Izzy's shoulder to get her attention.

CARLYLE
(signing; subtitled)
They'll help.

IZZY
You sure about that?

Carlyle gives her an affirmative nod as Hamish gets out of the Humvee clutching his chest.

Izzy turns back to Duncan and Chablis.

IZZY (CONT'D)
Well, it looks like you two owe my
dad a thanks. He just spared your
lives.

A quiet shock builds in Duncan.

DUNCAN
Carlyle's your dad?

Carlyle gets Izzy's attention.

CARLYLE
(signing; subtitled)
Tell them my real name.

IZZY
Who cares if they know your real
name? Honestly, Carlyle is way more
badass than Bruce anyway.

Carlyle throws up his hands in disgust.

IZZY (CONT'D)
You'll get over it.

Landon eyes the setting sun.

LANDON
It's going to be dark soon.

Izzy focuses on Duncan and Chablis.

IZZY
Where's Balthazar and the vampire?

Duncan points to the Humvee.

DUNCAN
There's a GPS in the dash of the
Humvee. It's how we tracked you. I
assume Balthazar put a tracker on
the vampire, too. Carlyle's seen
it.

Carlyle gives Izzy a nod.

IZZY
There's a tracker on me?

CHABLIS
It's more likely in you.

Carlyle pushes Hamish aside as he opens the front door of the Humvee and eyes the GPS in the dash. He sees a red target dot on the screen.

Carlyle turns back to Izzy.

CARLYLE
(signing; subtitled)
North.

The sound of an approaching vehicle on the dirt road catches their attention.

IZZY
We need to move.

Duncan eyes the helicopter on the roof of the facility.

DUNCAN
The helicopter. I can fly it.

Izzy's gaze quickly shifts to the helicopter, and she tips her head with an exasperated sigh.

IZZY
Seriously?

Her eyes follow the tall ladder from the roof down to the ground, knowing she'll have to scale it.

Carlyle grabs Izzy's shoulder to get her attention.

CARLYLE
(signing; subtitled)
Did you really come this far to let that shit stop you? Think about what you've done to be standing right here, right now.

Carlyle points to the ladder leading to the facility roof.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
(signing; subtitled)
You're a werewolf! Act like it!

Izzy gives Carlyle a hug, which ends with a knowing look of acceptance.

She gets het whit's about her, once again taking charge and turning to the others.

IZZY
Okay. Let's go.

CARLYLE
(signing; subtitled)
I'll stay. Buy you time.

IZZY
We'll come back for you.

CARLYLE
(signing; subtitled)
You better.

Steve steps up.

STEVE
I'll stay behind, too.

IZZY
Thank you.

Izzy looks to Duncan and Chablis as Landon steps up beside her.

LANDON
Let's get high.

IZZY
That's one way to put it.

Duncan and Landon run to a ladder on the side of the building and start climbing to the roof.

Chablis grabs Hamish and pushes him toward the facility.

CHABLIS
Come on, Hamish. You're in it now.

HAMISH
I would prefer not to be.

CHABLIS
You can wait for your wife if you want.

Hamish hastens toward the ladder.

Izzy and Carlyle share one last look as she takes off to the ladder, reaching the base of it, only to pause. She looks up it, takes a breath, and starts to climb.

Carlyle watches her climb with a proud look on his face when the sound of an incoming Humvee catches his attention.

Carlyle looks to Steve and points toward the back of the facility before they take off running.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE 1 - CONTINUOUS

Balthazar drives the Humvee to the facility's front entrance. As the gate opens, he takes in the destruction and carnage with Sarah.

The guard manning the Humvee turret looks terrified.

Balthazar looks through the front windshield across the length of the facility's lot to see Carlyle near the back entrance.

The sound of the helicopter catches their attention as they look up to see it taking off from the roof.

BALTHAZAR
My fucking helicopter!

Carlyle begins to transform into his werewolf form as Balthazar and Sarah catch sight of him.

SARAH
I knew he was a beast.

Balthazar looks pissed as his gaze tightens on Carlyle's transformation. He slams on the gas and charges the Humvee through the facility's lot.

Balthazar watches as Carlyle's transformation completes with him letting out a howl and dropping to all fours.

Carlyle runs off in the opposite direction of the helicopter.

BALTHAZAR
(on the radio)
I need every guard within earshot
of this call to arm up and descend
on the lake!

Balthazar drives through the back entrance of the facility and cuts the wheel hard in pursuit of Carlyle.

BALTHAZAR (CONT'D)
(on the radio)
RIGHT FUCKING NOW!

INT. GUARDHOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Gate Guard is sitting at the desk as he puts his magazine down.

BALTHAZAR (O.S.)
(on the radio)
Bring everything!

The Gate Guard turns to see three other guards standing up from the table behind him.

GATE GUARD
It's our time to shine, boys.

EXT. GUARDHOUSE - NIGHT

The Gate Guard, now armed to the teeth, gets into the driver's seat of a standard Humvee as he's joined by another armed guard in the passenger seat.

He eyes the other two heavily armed guards getting into a second Humvee.

The two vehicles drive down a dirt road into the heart of the preserve.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The helicopter flies in low over the trees. Duncan is in the pilot's seat with Chablis next to him. Izzy, Landon, and Hamish are seated in the back.

Duncan sees a clearing in the distance with a large metal crate sitting at its center.

DUNCAN
I think I have eyes on her.

Izzy pops her head up between the front seats to see for herself.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

The crate sits silent as a light changes from red to green with a beep, prompting the side to open.

A weary Bea, in plain white, prison-style attire, slowly crawls out of the crate.

She uses the crate to steady herself as she stands up, trying to assess her surroundings as the sound of the helicopter catches her attention.

She turns to see the military-style helicopter closing in from a distance, and fear quickly grows in her eyes.

Bea's face darts around in a panic, looking for where to go before she takes off running for the tree line.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Izzy looks nervous as she sees Bea take off running.

She quickly starts looking for solutions, with her eyes landing on the cell phone in Chablis' pocket.

IZZY
Does this thing have a speaker
system on it?

Duncan points to the speaker button in the helicopter's dash.

DUNCAN
Yeah, we can talk to her.

Izzy quickly snatches the phone from Chablis' pocket, with her face silently acknowledging the theft.

Izzy nods toward the lock screen.

CHABLIS
You gonna call her?

Chablis slowly puts her thumb on the phone, unlocking it.

IZZY
I'm going to let her know she
doesn't have to be afraid anymore.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Bea runs toward the tree line, breathing heavily as her heart races. The sound of the helicopter gets closer as she disappears into the trees.

The speaker on the helicopter sparks to life, blaring music out across the forest, filling the night air with Izzy and Bea's karaoke song.

The helicopter reaches the clearing and begins to circle, letting the music ring out like a beacon of hope.

Bea cautiously steps out of the trees, letting the music pull her toward the helicopter.

She watches it come in for a landing as it turns, facing its side door toward her.

The door slides open, revealing Izzy.

Bea's eyes begin to well up with tears, almost in disbelief.

Even before the helicopter's struts are fully on the ground, Izzy hops out, drops ten feet, and takes off running.

Bea runs to Izzy, and they embrace as tears flow.

BEA

I never thought I'd see you again.

IZZY

Sorry it took so long. Turns out,
burning down the world takes time.

Bea and Izzy share a kiss.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE 1 - NIGHT

The Humvee drives along the road next to the lake.

Balthazar keeps his eyes peeled, and Sarah has her assault rifle at the ready.

The headlights of the Humvee catch Steve crossing the road like classic bigfoot footage.

Balthazar slams on the brakes and cuts the wheel, bringing the Humvee to an abrupt stop as Steve runs into the trees.

Sarah tries to catch her breath, and the guard in the turret looks to be regretting their life choices.

SARAH

Was that bigfoot?

Balthazar is seething.

BALTHAZAR

Yes.

SARAH

Fuck me, this place is just full of surprises. I swear to god, if you have proof of aliens somewhere, you need to tell me.

BALTHAZAR

Aliens aren't real.

SARAH

Tell that to fucking Bigfoot!

Balthazar gives the turret guard's leg a few pats.

BALTHAZAR

It's open season on everything that
isn't us.

Balthazar starts driving as Carlyle, in werewolf form, leaps from the trees and lands just behind the guard in the turret on the back of the Humvee.

Carlyle grabs the guard and pulls him in toward his snarling maw.

The guard dips his head in disappointment as Carlyle rips him from the turret, hurling his body into a tree that violently snaps his frame around it.

Carlyle shoves an arm down into the turret's opening, slashing his claws around the vehicle.

Balthazar starts driving erratically, trying to throw Carlyle from the Humvee.

Carlyle's hand slashes Balthazar's arm, causing him to grunt and jerk the wheel hard.

Sarah pulls her Bolo knife.

SARAH

I got this!

Sarah jams the knife through Carlyle's arm.

Carlyle lets out a roar as his arm recoils.

Carlyle slides further back on the Humvee, but holds tight to the vehicle, his eyes deadlocked on the knife in his arm, burning his flesh.

Sarah climbs into the turret as the vehicle continues barreling down the road.

Carlyle looks up to see the mounted gun turning toward him.

Just as Sarah's about to pull the trigger, Steve runs out of the trees and slams into the side of the Humvee, smashing a massive dent into the driver's side.

The Humvee goes up on two wheels before slamming back to the ground, causing Sarah to fall back down into the vehicle.

Carlyle slides off the vehicle, his hind legs hitting the ground, allowing him to quickly jump back up onto the Humvee.

Steve keeps running along with the vehicle, slamming his fist into the Humvee and leaving dents with every forceful swing.

Steve slowly begins to fall behind as the Humvee pulls away.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Duncan flies the helicopter in near the lake, letting all the passengers catch sight of Steve and Carlyle with the Humvee.

DUNCAN
Looks like Carlyle could use a
hand!

Izzy turns to Duncan.

IZZY
Bring us in over the vehicle!

Izzy takes Bea's hand.

IZZY (CONT'D)
I love you.

Bea gestures to their surroundings with a smile on her face.

BEA
I know.

Izzy gives Bea a kiss before she starts amping herself up and turns to the door. Her heart is racing.

BEA (CONT'D)
Embrace it.

Izzy steps out onto the helicopter's skid, and her racing heart begins to slow as her body transforms and grows.

INT./EXT. HUMVEE 1 - CONTINUOUS

Balthazar struggles to drive as Sarah tries to get her bearings.

SARAH
Now I'm pissed.

Sarah pulls herself to the turret as Balthazar looks out to see the helicopter coming in low over the lake.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - LAKE - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter is silhouetted against the full moon.

Izzy, now fully transformed, hangs with one hand gripped on each skid of the helicopter as it flies down over the Humvee.

She eyes the Humvee below her before letting go of the skids.

Izzy drops sixty feet just as Sarah pops up in the turret.

Izzy slams into the hood of the Humvee, crushing the front end into the ground and flipping it forward into the air.

Carlyle and Sarah are thrown from the Humvee as Izzy rolls to her back, watching the Humvee flip over her from the ground.

The Humvee slams down on its roof and slides to a stop as Duncan brings the helicopter in over the wreckage to land nearby.

Izzy gets to her feet and sees Carlyle lying on the shore of the lake.

She runs to Carlyle and eyes the Bolo knife in his arm.

Izzy grabs the hilt and pulls it from his arm in one smooth motion as he roars in pain, and she tosses it aside.

Steve runs in and joins her as they help Carlyle to his feet.

Bea hops out of the helicopter holding the AA-12 shotgun, with Landon following close behind as she walks toward the overturned Humvee.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Duncan eyes dirt flying up from a nearby road. He turns to Chablis in the back.

DUNCAN

We're going to provide aerial support.

Chablis grabs her assault rifle and climbs to the edge of the door as Duncan gets the helicopter off the ground.

Just as the helicopter gets above the trees, Duncan eyes the two incoming Humvees on the road. He points them out to Chablis as she cracks a smile.

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - LAKE - CONTINUOUS

The door of the overturned Humvee gets kicked open, revealing a bloodied, furious Balthazar working his way out.

Bea aims her shotgun toward Balthazar as the helicopter flies over her head.

Balthazar scrambles to aim his assault rifle toward Bea.

Bea fires, missing Balthazar, who opens fire in return, causing her to jump out of the way.

Landon focuses in on Balthazar as he hisses, showing his fangs.

Landon leaps into the air toward Balthazar, but he abruptly stops in midair as a hand punches through his chest, knocking his heart out of his back.

Landon looks down on the arm through his chest as he takes his last, feeble breath and dies.

The bloodied hand is pulled back through his chest to show Callie, now with vampire fangs, looking at Landon's corpse.

CALLIE

Let that be a lesson: always finish
your dinner.

Callie begins to lick Landon's blood from her hand.

Balthazar scrambles to his feet and runs to Callie as he pulls out his machete.

BALTHAZAR

Callie!

CALLIE

Let's end this! And we can discuss
my upgrades later.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Chablis sees the two guard Humvees nearing the overturned one as she opens fire from the side door, pelting the vehicles with bullets.

Duncan circles the helicopter over the battlefield below.

INT. GUARD HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

The Gate Guard ignores the bullets as he keeps driving. He quickly sees Izzy and Carlyle in their werewolf forms with Steve.

GATE GUARD

Holy shit, boys! We just rolled up
on the monster squad!

EXT. HUNTING PRESERVE - LAKE - CONTINUOUS

Balthazar stands with Callie as they turn to see Bea about to fire.

Gunshots ring out, and bullets whiz by Bea, with one striking her in the shoulder.

Bea drops to the ground, revealing Sarah running forward, firing her handgun.

Izzy charges in and hits Sarah, sending her body flying back to the ground.

Balthazar takes aim at Izzy with his assault rifle but holds his fire as Callie charges toward Izzy.

Izzy swings with her claws, causing Callie to drop to her knees in a slide, slashing Izzy's legs as she passes.

Callie quickly gets to her feet and hops on Izzy's back.

The guard's Humvee slams into Izzy, sending her and Callie flying to the ground as Chablis pelts the vehicle with bullets from the helicopter.

Balthazar sees Carlyle and Steve walking toward him, quickly taking aim with his assault rifle.

Steve jumps out of the way, but Carlyle charges at Balthazar.

Balthazar unloads five shots into Carlyle's chest just as Carlyle slashes through Balthazar's arm, ripping it from his body.

Carlyle stumbles to the overturned Humvee, clutching his chest as he slides to the ground next to it.

Steve gets to his feet and sees the second guard Humvee barreling down on him.

He charges it, playing chicken. Steve locks eyes with the driver as he gets within a few feet.

The Humvee turns and skids to a halt as Steve rams into the side of it, leaving a massive dent.

Steve rips open the fuel tank on the Humvee, causing gas to leak out. He then pulls electrical wiring out, causing sparks to fly.

Steve runs from the Humvee as the gas pools near the sparks, igniting an explosion seconds later.

Sarah sees the explosion as she gets back to her feet, taking aim toward Izzy.

Izzy stands up to see Sarah's weapon pointed at her.

SARAH
I'm resilient, bitch.

Izzy growls just as the Bolo knife plunges through Sarah's chest.

Sarah coughs up blood as she stumbles about and drops her gun, turning around to see Hamish.

HAMISH
Consider this a divorce.

Sarah drops to her knees.

SARAH
Fucking...Hamish...

With one quick slash, Izzy beheads Sarah, and her limp body drops to the ground.

The remaining guard Humvee pulls up alongside Balthazar, who is trying to wrap his belt around his severed arm.

One guard exits the passenger side and starts firing shots at Chablis in the helicopter, causing her to slip back inside to avoid the bullets.

The Gate Guard exits the driver's seat and grabs Balthazar.

GATE GUARD
Come on, sir! Let's get you out of here!

Izzy helps the wounded Bea to her feet as Callie stares them down, hissing with her fangs out.

Callie charges toward Izzy, with the two locking into a grapple, narrowly avoiding Bea.

The second guard continues firing at the helicopter as Steve's giant fist comes smashing down on his head, causing it to explode into a bloody pulp.

Balthazar is being helped into the back of the Humvee by the Gate Guard when Steve grabs the guard and pulls him away.

The Gate Guard stares at Steve.

GATE GUARD (CONT'D)

But it was my time.

Steve slams the Gate Guard's head against the Humvee, crushing his skull into a bloody mess.

Steve turns his attention to Balthazar, grabbing him by the neck.

Izzy dodges a swipe from Callie.

CALLIE

Come on, bitch! I thought you were supposed to be tough!

Izzy slashes at Callie, roaring in her direction.

Callie takes a step toward Izzy as a gunshot blows her knee out.

Callie drops to the ground, grabbing at her mutilated leg as she sees Bea holding a shotgun with smoke rising from the barrel.

Bea inches closer with Izzy's imposing frame behind her.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Just do it already! It wouldn't be the first time I died tod-

Bea fires off three quick shots, blasting Callie in the chest before a final shot causes Callie's head to explode into a mist of chunky flesh.

Steve slams Balthazar into the ground just as Izzy and Bea arrive to see Carlyle, who has now transformed back into his human state.

Carlyle is lying against the Humvee with five bullet wounds running diagonally across his torso.

Izzy turns to Balthazar with an angry growl.

Balthazar looks up to her from the ground, bloodied and tired.

BALTHAZAR

So who's the real monster?

Izzy jams the claws of her right hand into Balthazar's stomach. His body jerks in response as Izzy lifts him into the air, her claws protruding out his back with a grip on his spine.

She pulls him in close and roars in his face before slamming him to the ground and putting a foot on his crotch.

Izzy pulls with all her might as she rips Balthazar open.

His spine cuts through his chest and neck, with Izzy left holding nothing but the base of Balthazar's spine while his head dangles from it.

Izzy drops Balthazar's remains, letting out a final howl.

Izzy takes a moment to catch her breath before she begins to transform back into her human state.

Hamish sees her transforming back and starts to take off his cardigan.

As she completes her transformation, Hamish is waiting in his white undershirt, and he hands her his cardigan.

HAMISH

I thought you might need this.

Izzy takes the cardigan and puts it on.

IZZY

Thanks.

Izzy takes Bea's hand and they join Steve near Carlyle as the helicopter comes in for a landing over their heads.

Izzy drops down to her knees next to Carlyle, taking his hand as she starts to cry.

IZZY (CONT'D)

Dad! I'm so sorry, Dad! Please,
don't leave me!

Carlyle musters the strength to motion for Bea to come closer.

Bea kneels down next to Izzy.

Carlyle takes Bea's hand and places it in Izzy's. He holds their hands together before removing his to speak.

CARLYLE
(signing; subtitled)
Family.

Izzy musters a smile as tears roll down her face.

IZZY
I love you.

Carlyle musters one final smile for Izzy before life leaves his body.

Izzy begins to sob uncontrollably as Bea pulls her into a comforting hug.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Bea and Izzy are seated in the back of the helicopter, leaning into each other and holding hands as Hamish takes the seat across from them.

Carlyle's body is lying across the floor, wrapped in a tarp.

The Chupacabra leisurely walks out of the trees, with everyone's attention fixed on it.

Without a care, it hops into the helicopter, climbs onto the seat, and lays across Hamish's lap.

Hamish looks terrified, but he reluctantly starts petting it. The Chupacabra closes its eyes and relaxes, allowing Hamish to do the same.

Duncan climbs into the pilot's seat as Chablis gets into the seat beside him.

Steve crouches way down to squeeze into the back next to Hamish and the Chupacabra.

DUNCAN
Anybody know of a decent pub in the area?

Chablis looks to Duncan with a smile.

BEA
Where the hell are we?

Duncan starts up the helicopter as the blades begin to spin.

HAMISH
Kentucky.

The helicopter rises into the air.

STEVE

Kentucky! I have a cousin who lives
in Kentucky.

The massive moon shines down over the preserve as the
helicopter rises high above the trees.

Bea, Izzy, and Steve all look down over the whole of the
hunting preserve, taking in everything from the air.

The helicopter flies over the fence and out of the hunting
preserve.

Izzy pulls Bea's hand up to her mouth and kisses it as they
pull each other close.

FADE OUT