

THE PREY

Written by

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Based on the Story

"The Prey"

By

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FADE IN

Soaring through the air...

Over the high rises and river of downtown GRAND RAPIDS...

Past the suburbs...

Soaring high above the rural treetops...

A faint orange and yellow light flickers on the horizon...

Faster... racing toward the light...

A clearing in the trees...

The source of the light revealed...

EXT. BONFIRE - NIGHT

A quaint little get together of TEENAGERS and COLLEGE KIDS.
Some music from a car stereo. Beer flows freely.

AWAY FROM THE BONFIRE

ZACH, 19 -- preppy, but still a little rough around the edges, and BECKY, 18 -- a sweet looking girl with a rebellious streak, make out against a parked car.

Zach's hand rubs Becky's thigh. She pushes it away.

BECKY

Not here, Zach. People can see us.

ZACH

Come on, Becky...

They exchange some deep tongue.

A snap of twigs behind them. Becky pulls away. Turns to look.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Relax. It's the woods. Noises are normal. Probably just a chipmunk.

He goes to work with some soft kisses on her neck.

Becky closes her eyes. Relaxes. Enjoys the light kisses. Zach rubs her thigh again. Once more, she pushes his hand away.

BECKY

Not here.

ZACH

I don't want to pressure you into anything but... you're leaving next weekend. We might not get another chance.

BECKY

I didn't say *no*, I said not... *here*.

She takes a step back... bites her lip. A sultry stare. Zach catches on. Becky runs off into the woods.

BECKY (CONT'D)

But you've gotta catch me first!

Zach grabs a cup of beer off the car's hood. Finishes what's left. Wipes his lips. Gives chase.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Foliage split between dense pockets and sparse patches. Becky weaves through the undergrowth. Pushes past low branches and brush. Zach nowhere to be seen.

BECKY

Bet you can't find me!

WITH ZACH

Zach struggles. Falls way behind. Slips. Balance off. Maybe that last drink wasn't such a good idea.

ZACH

I'll find you! I just might have to puke first.

WITH BECKY

She takes off her shirt, tosses it aside.

WITH ZACH

He stumbles. Trips over a rock. Looks up. Becky's shirt dangles from some shrubs. Inspired, he resumes pursuit.

WITH BECKY

She's down to just her short-shorts and bra. Laughing. Living it up. Time of her life.

BECKY

You're missing out!

She looks back. Doesn't see Zach. Slows her run. Still doesn't see him. Stops. Listens. Nothing.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Zach?

A noise from behind her. Becky snaps around. A crunch of leaves to her right. She spins to look --

Just bushes and trees.

She's scared. Tries to calm herself down.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Noises are normal. Noises are normal...

A snap of twigs behind her. Becky turns.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Zach? Come on, you're kinda freaking me out.

She waits. Listens.

SLAM!

Becky is sent hard to the ground. Dazed. Scraped up. Cut. It takes a moment for the pain to set in.

She looks up. Her pending tears turn to terror.

WITH ZACH

Zach, bent over. Tries to catch his breath.

A scream from Becky up ahead.

Zach leaps to his feet. Takes off to find her.

ZACH

Becky!

Zach fights his way through the trees and bushes. Stops abruptly. Grabs a nearby branch for balance because --

In front of him, a fifty foot drop. Rocky stream down below. Had he not stopped he'd be dead... but where's --

ZACH (CONT'D)

Becky?

He looks around.

ZACH (CONT'D)

Becky!!

She's gone.

TITLE CARD, AGAINST BLACK: THE PREY

EXT. BUTTERWORTH HOSPITAL - DAY

The hot mid-summer sun hangs in the sky. PARAMEDICS unload a PATIENT from an ambulance.

INT. PEDIATRICS WARD - DAY

Finger paintings on the wall. Scattered balloons. SMALL BODIES sleep in cute little bunks.

KATE PRESTON, 20s -- nurses uniform, cute without trying, sits on a bed and reads aloud from a story book. With a little effort Kate could be a real knockout. But that's not her vibe. She's a background person. Not a spotlight person.

Under the covers next to Kate is CASEY, 7 -- balding and pale. Eyes heavy. Nearly asleep.

KATE

So the prince took her to be his
wife, for now he was sure that he
had found a real princess...

A soft smile says this isn't an act, Kate loves this part of her job. She looks down. The girl now fast asleep.

KATE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

And the pea was put into the
Museum, where it may still be seen,
if no one has stolen it.

Kate slips out of the bed. Sets the book on a table. Tucks the white sheets under Casey's hands. Pauses. Takes a closer look at Casey's hand.

Contrasted against the stark white sheet, the otherwise pale hand has a yellow tinge. It's subtle, but noticeable.

Kate grabs Casey's medical charts. Pours through the lines of information.

INT. NURSE STATION - DAY

Kate sifts through a stack of papers. The kind of insane quadruplicate stuff that only hospitals require.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)

Kate, your shift ended at four.
Shouldn't you be --

KATE

Casey's skin is jaundiced.

Kate looks up to see --

YVONNE, 40s -- arrive at the station. She's a husky and commanding presence, but with a warm smile that softens anyone up.

YVONNE

I'm sure it's fine.

KATE

No, her bilirubin count is high.
Something's wrong. Look.

Yvonne leans in to look at the chart.

YVONNE

That is high.

Kate points to a list of medications.

KATE

Doctor Bram has her on six hundred milligrams of hypopraxin. It's putting too much stress on her liver. That's what's causing it.

YVONNE

You sniffed out another one.

KATE

That's the third thing this month Yvonne.

YVONNE

I'll talk to him about it in the morning.

KATE

Sooner or later he's going to --

YVONNE

No, he's not, because we'll catch it. That's what nurses do. We keep doctors from killing people.

Yvonne puts her hand over Kate's.

YVONNE (CONT'D)

Look, I'll take care of it. You need to go. Before you're late.

Kate gives Yvonne a quick hug. Heads off.

INT. POLICE STATION - OFFICE - DAY

Title etched on the open door: POLICE CHIEF. Nameplate below: GEORGE PRESTON.

Decoration nonexistent. Walls bare. Desk nearly clear. A few boxes on the floor. The place is being packed up.

A framed picture of four men prepared for a hunting trip. Rifles, shotguns, armed to the teeth. The face at the end blurred. A casualty of an old coffee spill.

The picture removed from a bookshelf by --

GEORGE PRESTON, late 50s -- one of the men from the 'hunting picture.' Bushy mustache, square jawed, and gruff, he looks like he could go ten rounds with someone half his age.

A voice from the door.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

I'm not sure what I'll miss more, you or the mustache.

George looks up to see --

DONNIE CONNERS, 20s -- young but not naive, he's the kind of guy that knows working the night shift is just a part of paying his dues. This guy won't stop till he's chief.

DONNIE

Hasn't been a chevron like that in Michigan since Tom Selleck left.

George puts the 'hunting picture' and a few more trinkets into a box.

GEORGE

Time to start working on your own.

Donnie rubs his hairless upper lip.

DONNIE
It's a genetic thing.

GEORGE
Sure.

DONNIE
It's not too late to change your
mind.

GEORGE
When your time comes, it comes. You
don't gotta like it, but you gotta
accept it.

DONNIE
Couldn't have learned from a better
cop.

GEORGE
Do your job bringing them up, and
you won't have to worry about the
place when you leave.

HELEN, 70s -- meek but adorable, you'd swear she's your
grandmother, comes up behind Donnie. Taps his shoulder.

HELEN
We got a report of a missing person
in the woods near highway forty.
Can you go take a look?

DONNIE
(to George)
What do you say? One last ride out
with the J.V. team?

GEORGE
You'll have to ride this one solo.

George turns off a lamp. Picks up the box. Heads to the door.

He stops in front of Donnie. Hands something over.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
But we both know you got called up
to varsity a long time ago.

Donnie looks in his hand. It's George's badge. Donnie is
speechless.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Keep an eye on the place while I'm gone.

George removes his nameplate from the door. Takes one last glance into the office. Turns off the light.

EXT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - DAY

A white brick, Gothic style two story. Warm. Welcoming. A large oak tree in the front yard. An old tire swing sways in the breeze.

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - DEN - DAY

A fireplace mantle lined end to end with picture frames. The 'hunting picture' sits front and center.

George unpacks a picture. Gives it a long gaze.

IN THE PICTURE: A 'couple's portrait.' George in his formal police uniform. A tall, slender, beautiful WOMAN next to him. American flag dangles behind them.

Kate walks in. Clasps a watch around her wrist.

KATE

(off George)
Something wrong?

GEORGE

We were supposed to go to Europe.

Kate smiles and gives him a hug. She rests her head on his shoulder.

KATE

Mom would be so proud of you.

GEORGE

Part of this just don't feel right.

Kate looks up at him.

KATE

It's not supposed to be easy.

George pats Kate's back. That's all the emotion she's going to get out of him.

KATE (CONT'D)

Sorry I didn't have time to put together a party. Work's been so --

GEORGE

Didn't want a party. Not in the celebrating mood.

George looks for a free spot on the mantle. Eyes settle on a 'family portrait' of himself, a teenage Kate with braces, and a slightly OLDER BOY, ERIC. We'll learn about him in a moment.

KATE

We could do dinner? Just the two of us? A non-celebration celebration.

GEORGE

I think I can manage that.

KATE

Can we swing by the bar first? Eric got you a present.

GEORGE

I told your brother I didn't want that fishing rod. He never listens to a God damn thing I say.

Kate strikes a tone that says they've talked about this before.

KATE

Dad...

GEORGE

Yeah... I know...

George places the 'couple's portrait' on the mantle so it covers up Eric in the 'family portrait,' but leaves George and Kate still visible.

EXT. WOODS - DUSK

Donnie and Zach walk through the same area Zach chased Becky. Zach looks nervous. On Edge. Unsure of where he should stand, or how to act.

ZACH

...She's starts summer term at Western on Monday.

(MORE)

ZACH (CONT'D)

Didn't want to wait until the fall to start college I guess. This was kinda a going away party for her.

DONNIE

Some going away party.

ZACH

Um, sir -- I mean, officer. Since I called it in, does that, like, make me a suspect?

DONNIE

Depends. Am I going to find a dead body stuffed under your house?

Zach looks horrified.

ZACH

No, I didn't --

DONNIE

Summers get hot around here. Dead body in this kinda heat? Stinks up the whole neighborhood.

ZACH

I didn't kill her. We were just out here to have se --

Zach catches himself. Donnie smirks.

They duck under a tree branch and arrive at the ravine.

EXT. RAVINE - DUSK

Donnie sets his foot down on some soft sediment. Zach wearily watches from above.

DONNIE

Anyone look down here?

Zach takes a step back, grabs a tree branch.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Hey, lover boy!

Zach's attention snaps back to Donnie.

ZACH

Uh, yeah. I mean, no. We didn't -- no one looked.

Donnie scans the ravine. Rocks. Mud. Not much to hide in.

He hops across a shallow stream. Heads toward the treeline on the other side.

A rustle from the bushes.

DONNIE

Becky?

Donnie takes another step forward, but from behind a bush steps out a hulking GREY WOLF. It snarls back at him, lips drip with bright red blood.

Donnie takes out his gun. Trains it on the wolf.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Get! Get outta here! Go!

The wolf doesn't budge. It snarls louder. Curls its lips. Sharp fangs stare back at Donnie.

Donnie fires a warning shot overhead. The bang spooks the wolf. It flees into the woods.

ZACH (O.S.)

What was that?

DONNIE

Wolf. Keep an eye out.

Donnie moves toward where the wolf was... he spots a body in the bushes.

He holsters his gun. Squats next to the body. Gets a good look.

It's a mess. Naked, other than a pair of short-shorts. Pale. Throat torn apart. Severe bite marks on the neck and chest. Hard to tell what's old and what's fresh.

He spots something in one of the neck wounds. Donnie takes some tweezers from his pocket. Pulls out a tooth wedged deep into the muscle.

He holds the tooth up for a closer look. Some sort of fang. Slides it into a shirt pocket.

He checks her short pockets. Bingo. A small change purse. Takes out a Michigan Driver's license. Studies the name: BECKY LINSKEY. His face sours.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

This just got a whole lot worse.

EXT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - DUSK

Faded grey plywood and stucco on an otherwise unremarkable dive. Sign with the bar's name hangs over the front door. Place looks dead.

Kate's car comes to a stop out front.

INT. KATE'S CAR - DUSK

Kate kills the engine. George still looks angry.

KATE

You gonna have that face all night?

GEORGE

He's got enough trouble making payroll. He doesn't need to be getting me shit I don't want.

KATE

Can you suck it up and be civil just this once? Say you like it, and afterwards I'll get him to return it.

Kate smiles big and precious. This is not a new ploy for her.

George's face eases up.

KATE (CONT'D)

It'll be over quick. I promise.

Kate gets out of the car. George sits alone for moment.

GEORGE

I hate fishing.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKLE - DUSK

It's dark. Lights all off. A voice from the foyer.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Jesus, I can't see anything. Eric skipping on the power bill too?

George rounds the corner. Kate one step behind.

A sudden flood of bright light...

George winces...

A gathered crowd erupts...

CROWD
SURPRISE!

Banners. Balloons. A gift table. The works.

The first face George sees is ERIC PRESTON, 20s -- rough looking and gangly, tatoos up and down his arms. As stark a contrast as you're going to get to Kate.

Eric pushes a hard smile that almost hides the awkwardness of their relationship.

ERIC
Congrats... dad.

George flashes a scowl.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What? You expecting a fishing pole?

The crowd laughs.

GEORGE
(to Kate)
I told you I didn't want --

KATE
This was all Eric.

SOMEONE pushes past Eric. It's WALT MORRISON, 50s -- stocky, a bit frumpy, he's not looking to impress anyone with his style or appearance.

He gives George a thick, warm hug. These guys have miles together.

WALT
The new chief wasn't about to let
the old chief go without a bang.

GEORGE
Walt, I got your bang right here.

George holds up a fist in a mock threat. Everyone laughs. Walt slams on another friendly hug. George tries to fight back a smile, but can't.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DUSK

Donnie reaches into his squad car. Grabs the CB radio mic. Zach stands nearby, nervous, on edge.

DONNIE
 Dispatch, I need two support units
 on highway forty, one mile north of
 King road? Over.

Donne waits for a response.

ZACH
 Um... sir? Excuse me?

DONNIE
 Thought you were just going to keep
 her last name a secret?

ZACH
 I didn't -- The woman on the phone
 never asked for it.

Donne flashes Zach a look that says "that's bullshit and you
 know it." Turns his attention back to the CB.

DONNIE
 God damn it Helen, if you don't
 respond back I swear I'm going to --

Helen's soft but shaky voice cuts him off on the radio.

HELEN
 Sorry Donnie. There aren't any
 units available.

DONNIE
 Why not?

Silence. Donnie presses harder, voice tense.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
 Why... NOT?

HELEN
 Um... I can't -- I'm not supposed
 to saying anything.

DONNIE
 Tell me what? Everyone's at a
 secret surprise party for George?

HELEN
 (surprised)
 How did you know?

Donnie perks up. Not the response he expected.

DONNIE

Know what?

HELEN

About the party at -- oh, shoot.
I've got to go.

DONNIE

Helen? Helen! Damn it!

Donnie throws the mic back into the squad car.

ZACH

So there aren't any other cops that
can help?

DONNIE

No, there's other cops. And I know
just where to find them.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKLE - NIGHT

The party is in full swing. The CROWD thick. Not much room to
move. It's obvious George was well liked.

BOOTH

Kate sits with JULIE, 20s -- blonde, tan, designer jeans and
a tight t-shirt. Her ring finger sports a MASSIVE diamond
ring.

Next to her is CHRIS, 20s -- square jaw, tight cropped hair,
silk tie hangs loose from the collar of a Brooks Brother's
oxford.

An empty pitcher and basket of fries on the table.

KATE

It's just one sixty hour week after
another. I don't know how the other
nurses do it.

JULIE

You sound like my father.

Julie looks over at Walt. Attempts a gruff voice.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Jules, sometimes you do what you
have to do to get the job done. You
don't have to like it. You just
have to do it.

KATE

When do I get me time, you know?
Take these charts here. Put this
I.V. in there. It's all work, all
the time. We're not robots.

CHRIS

I hear you chirping Big Bird. I've
been stuck on this corporate trust
case since November. Ten, eleven
hour days back to back.

JULIE

You do what you gotta do to bring
home the bacon, babe.

KATE

I can't remember the last time I
was out on a date.

JULIE

Or the last time you got laid.
Living at home ain't exactly
helping you in the romance
department.

Kate gives Julie the stink eye.

KATE

I like working with the kids, it's
just... I feel like when you get
home from work you should feel like
you did something that mattered.
And right now I don't. Maybe I
should have just listened to my dad
and been a cop.

JULIE

Don't give me that. You've wanted
to be a nurse since you we were
like, five.

KATE

When we're kids we want to be a
bunch of things.

JULIE

Fine. Want a new job?

Julie pushes the empty pitcher over to Kate.

JULIE (CONT'D)

How about waitress? My breath is
starting to smell like sober.

KATE
Yeah, yeah.

Kate grabs the pitcher and hops up from the table. Julie turns to Chris.

JULIE
I hear you chirping Big Bird? Who says that?

CHRIS
What?

BAR

Eric serves up drinks. Fills pitchers. Keeps the booze flowing and in the hands of the guests.

Kate slams her empty pitcher down. Taps the bottom against the bar for added effect.

KATE
Service here sucks!

ERIC
Keep it up and you'll get a pitcher of warm piss instead.

Eric grabs her pitcher. Puts it under the tap.

Kate scans the room. The high turn out hits her for the first time. She leans toward Eric.

KATE
You sure you can afford --

A quick, terse glance from Eric. They're not going to have this conversation.

Kate looks over at George and some FRIENDS. George is in his element. Full of smiles. Having a blast.

KATE (CONT'D)
I haven't seen dad this happy since before mom died.

ERIC
Four gin and tonics will do that to you.

Eric sets a fresh pitcher on the counter. Kate grabs it.

KATE
I'm not tipping.

ERIC
You never do.

Kate turns, almost collides into Donnie as he moves through the thick crowd.

KATE
Hey, watch where you're --

She realizes who it is. Face puckers. Eyes wince.

KATE (CONT'D)
Just turn around and leave.

DONNIE
You throw your pops a retirement party and don't invite me? That's just fantastic.

KATE
I assumed you and your flavor of the month already had plans... Or did you already cheat on her too?

BOOTH NEARBY

Julie spots the heat up between Donnie and Kate. Grabs Chris. Pulls him from the booth.

WITH DONNIE AND KATE

Donnie smirks and shakes his head.

DONNIE
Still stuck in high school.

Julie puts her arm around Kate. Steers her away.

JULIE
Alright, everybody breathe. No need to get into this now.
(to Chris)
Get him out of here.

Julie and Kate disappear into the crowd. Chris blocks Donnie's path.

DONNIE
You gonna do the whole tough guy routine?

CHRIS
Get into it with a cop? Here? Right now? You're out of your mind.

DONNIE
Where's Walt?

Chris points over his shoulder and into the crowd.

CHRIS
Just do what you need to do and
leave, alright?

Donnie heads in.

FAR SIDE OF THE BAR

Walt talks to a small GROUP OF PEOPLE. Makes eye contact with Donnie as he approaches. Donnie's face is enough for Walt to know this is important.

WALT
(to group)
Excuse me.

He and Donnie move to the wall for what little privacy they can find. Donnie whispers something into Walt's ear.

Walt's face turns serious, somber. Like he was hit by a Mac truck. He looks at two OFFICERS IN UNIFORM, BURT and MURDOCK, and waves for them to come over.

The duo arrive, drinks still in hand.

WALT (CONT'D)
Party's over. Go with Donnie.

BURT
Sir, what's this --

WALT
That's an order!

The officers snap quiet.

WALT (CONT'D)
(to Donnie)
Keep this quiet. No radio until the
scene's secure. You need something,
you call my cell. Got it?

Donnie nods and heads out. Burt and Murdock one step behind.

George stumbles over as Donnie and the cops leave.

GEORGE
 Isn't that -- Hey, Donnie!
 (off Walt's look)
 Something wrong?

WALT
 Just enjoying the party.
 Everything's fine.

Walt flashes a smile. But his eyes give away the truth.

EXT. THE WOODEN NICKLE - NIGHT

Donnie and the two officers head toward a squad car.

BURT
 So what gives?

DONNIE
 Dead body in the woods.

MURDOCK
 We got I.D.?

DONNIE
 Becky Linskey.

Murdock's face drops, just like Walt.

MURDOCK
 Ain't that Art's --

DONNIE
 Yeah.

MURDOCK
 Damn.

Burt looks like the only guy outside of an inside joke.

MURDOCK (CONT'D)
 (off Burt)
 Art Linskey. Retired last year
 before you transferred in. Old
 friends with George and Walt.

DONNIE
 And now he's got to bury his
 daughter.

Donnie gets into the squad car.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKLE - NIGHT - LATER

Eric and some BAR STAFF clean up. The crowd has thinned out. The music's off. Closing time.

George, Kate, and a few BUDDIES in a booth.

KATE

Time to get you home and into bed.

GEORGE

Alright... night fellas.

The buddies give their farewells. Kate and George get up and head toward the front door. But George stops. Looks Kate in the eyes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What you did for me tonight was --

KATE

You should be thanking Eric. It was his idea.

Kate starts in that direction. George steers her back toward the door.

GEORGE

I'll thank him tomorrow.

KATE

Dad...

WITH ERIC

Eric puts a glass in a bus bin. Watches Kate and George head to the door. A hint of resentment.

WITH GEORGE AND KATE

George squints. Tries to clear his woozy head. Get his words right.

GEORGE

What I'm trying to say is... I'm proud of you. I know I don't tell you that enough.

KATE

A drunk man's words are a sober man's thoughts.

GEORGE

Doesn't make them any less true.

He kisses her on the forehead.

EXT. THE WOODEN NICKLE - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The duo make their way from the door. George loses his balance. Nearly takes them down.

KATE
Whoa. Balance. Come on dad.

GEORGE
I'm fine, I'm fine. Stupid cracks
in the sidewalk.

ALLEYWAY

A narrow passage leads to a parking lot in the rear. Kate helps George around the corner.

KATE
Just lean against the wall. I'll
bring the car around.

GEORGE
I can make it.

George tries to walk again.

KATE
No, you can't. Just stay here.

GEORGE
Fine.

KATE
Thirty seconds, promise.

George waves her off. Kate heads off down the alley and into the --

PARKING LOT

She spots her car. But it's blocked in by a large SUV. It'll take some significant maneuvering to get it out.

WITH GEORGE

George leans back, rubs his eyes, nearly loses balance again. He steadies himself. Face sours. He's going to throw up.

He stumbles over to a dumpster. Puts his arm against the wall to hold himself up. Vomits.

WITH KATE

Kate's car scoots back and forward. Each time it inches a little closer to freedom.

WITH GEORGE

A few final coughs. Still a bit short of breath. George wipes his mouth.

A noise... a low growl... echoes down the alley... could be coming from anywhere.

George freezes. Eyes scan the ground around him for something, anything, he could use as a weapon.

Another low growl reverberates along the alley walls.

George spots a wood pallet. Tears off one of the boards. Holds it like a sword. Ready to defend himself. Turns face the threat --

He's YANKED up off the ground by some unseen force. His board crashes to the ground below.

WITH KATE

Kate's car pulls up in front of the pub. She gets out and walks down the alley.

KATE (CONT'D)

Dad?

No sign of George.

She moves further down. Past the board George dropped. She doesn't notice the drops of blood on it. She's nearly into the parking lot.

KATE (CONT'D)

Dad?

Two legs stick out from behind some boxes.

KATE (CONT'D)

Dad, I told you I'd bring the car around. Why didn't you --

Her eyes burst wide. Terror rushes over her face. Her only reaction a scream.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKLE - NIGHT

Eric hears Kate's scream, drops what he's doing and tears toward the door. A few PATRONS and BAR EMPLOYEES follow.

EXT. THE WOODEN NICKLE - NIGHT

Eric bursts through the front door. He looks around. Cries from the alley. He heads that way. Everyone follows.

ALLEY

Kate on her knees. Hands in front of her mouth. Face full of tears.

ERIC
Kate! What's --

But as he arrives he sees it himself...

George's body. Against the wall. Slumped over. Chunks of his neck and chest just gone. Torn from his body. His trachea partially hanging loose. He's a bloody mess.

Eric pulls Kate into his arms, shields her eyes. The CROWD behind him all in shock.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Someone call 911!

Eric looks back down at his father's body. His eyes dart around, unable to comprehend the reality facing him.

EXT. THE WOODEN NICKLE - NIGHT

The place is a madhouse. Dozens of FORREST HILL POLICE move about. ONLOOKERS watch from across the street. Two PARAMEDICS wheel a gurney with a body bag on top. Slide it inside an ambulance.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKLE - NIGHT

Kate, blanket wrapped around her, huddled in a booth with Julie. Walt in a chair in front of them.

WALT
Sometimes wolves attack humans when they're desperate for food. It's rare, but it can happen.

But Kate doesn't buy it. Her eyes well and voice trembles.

KATE
It wasn't a wolf.

WALT
Donnie found the body of Becky
Linskey in the woods tonight. She
had the same bite marks as your
father. Likely from the same wolf.

Kate looks down, wipes some tears from her eyes.

KATE
She was just a kid... does Uncle
Art know?

WALT
He's in Dallas with Kendra visiting
relatives. Hardest call I've ever
had to make.
(to Julie)
Why don't you take her home.

Julie nods. Walt rests his hand on Kate's shoulder.

WALT (CONT'D)
Try to get some rest. If you need
something --

But Kate gets up. Doesn't let him finish.

KATE
Someone did this Walt. And if
you're not going to look, I'll find
them myself.

She walks away.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The funeral CROWD is around two hundred thick. Eric and Kate
sit up front. Julie and Chris nearby. Donnie a few rows back.

George's casket, covered with flowers and a wreath, is the
center of the ceremony. His portrait stands idle nearby.

At a small podium, Walt gives the Eulogy.

WALT
How do you say goodbye? To a
friend? A parent? A co-worker? Ten
years ago we asked the same
question.

He looks over at a nearby grave stone with the name CLAUDIA PRESTON.

WALT (CONT'D)

We've grown older. Changed jobs.
Started families. Yet the question
persists. How do you say goodbye?

Walt pauses for effect. Looks over the gathered crowd of MOURNERS. Eric unsure what do to as Kate tears up.

WALT (CONT'D)

We do our best to protect and
provide for our loved ones while
they're with us. And we hope they
welcome us with open arms when we
see them in heaven. We're not here
to say goodbye to George. We're
here to celebrate that he's been
reunited with Claudia in the
Kingdom of Heaven...

Walt continues on.

Kate's gaze shifts to a SCHOLARLY MAN who stands under a tree near the road.

This isn't just some passerby. He's well dressed. Circular rimmed glasses. Respectful. Solemn. Someone who desperately wants to be part of the gathered crowd, but holds back.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Kate gives a hug and kiss to a MOURNER. Eric does the same. With that wrapped up they walk to the parking lot.

Kate spots Walt as he argues with the Scholarly Man.

Their voices hushed. But their body language says this isn't a pleasant conversation.

KATE

You know who that is?

But Eric just walks away.

ERIC

I'll meet you back at the house.

Walt's voice suddenly rises. He throws his hands in the air. Walks away. As if to say "the hell with you." The Scholarly Man hurries over to an SUV and leaves.

Kate heads toward the parking lot. Donnie waits in her path. Her eyes wince.

DONNIE

It's about your pops. I'll make it quick.

Kate stops. Arms crossed.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

We got this thing on the force. It'll seem stupid, but it's a big deal for us. When a cop retires, they leave their badge with the person they want to take their place.

Donnie hands over George's badge.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

I don't deserve it.

Kate's looks down. Her fingers trace over the name 'Preston.'

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Deep down, I don't think he wanted to leave it with me. I think he wanted to leave it with you.

(smiles, remembering)

He always said you were a natural detective. Never took things at face value... Take care Kate.

Donnie walks off and leaves Kate alone with the badge.

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - DEN - DAY

Dirty plates. Half empty glasses. The remnants of George's wake scattered about.

Kate cleans up. Stacks some refuse on a paper plate.

Eric comes down the stairs. Carries a large metal footlocker. Stops in the doorway.

ERIC

I put most of dad's hunting stuff in his old footlocker. Unless you wanted it?

KATE

That's fine.

Kate tries to balance too many things the paper plate. It tips over. Garbage and juice spill all over the hardwood.

KATE (CONT'D)

Damn it...

She bends down to clean it up. But she never gets to the cleaning part. Just collapses to her knees and starts to cry.

Eric watches. Unsure. An uncomfortable amount of hesitation.

He sets the footlocker down. Grabs a nearby stack of paper napkins. Hands one to her so she can wipe away her tears.

ERIC

I'll give you a hand before I head out.

Kate sniffs and nods.

She stands up. The 'hunting picture' right in front of her on the mantle. Something catches her eye.

She leans in. Takes a closer look.

In the picture is the Scholarly Man, the one Walt argued with. He's younger, but still has the same style glasses.

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Solid and sturdy. A blurred figure visible on the porch through the frosted glass.

A gentle knock.

After a moment, another knock.

Whoever it is tries the doorknob. It's unlocked. The door slowly opens. It's Julie.

JULIE

Kate?

She gently shuts the door. Peers into the living room. Place is a mess.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Kate? You home?

KATE (O.S.)

Up here.

Julie looks up the stairs.

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - GEORGE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Walls empty. Little decor. Dresser near the door. Several picture albums spread out on the bed.

CLOSET

Kate rifles through the clutter on the shelves. Julie pokes her head in.

JULIE

You doing okay?

Kate looks like she hasn't showered or slept since the funeral. Other than a quick glance, she doesn't acknowledge Julie's presence.

JULIE (CONT'D)

In case you forgot how the whole friend thing works... Someone calls you. You call them back. People talk. Share some laughs. Some tears. It's great.

Kate pushes some sweaters aside. Finds what she's looking for, a picture album.

KATE

Bingo.

She hauls the album down from the top shelf. Pulls down a twin barrel shotgun with it. The gun crashes to the floor.

Julie leaps back.

KATE (CONT'D)

Relax. It's not loaded. The shells are on a different shelf.

Kate puts the shotgun back on the shelf. Takes the album over to the bed. Flips through the pages.

This isn't simple reminiscing. She's searching for something. Scans each face as she scours the pictures.

Julie looks around the bed. Takes in the albums, all open. Several pictures removed and set aside.

JULIE

You haven't left the house since the wake, have you?

KATE

I've been busy.

JULIE

Evidently.

Kate finds a target. An old picture of George and the Scholarly Man at the precinct. She takes out the picture.

KATE

You know the guy with my dad?

Kate hands the picture Julie.

JULIE

You got me.

KATE

I saw him at the funeral, just watching. But he never came over. And then he got into an argument with your dad and drove off.

JULIE

So?

Julie hands the picture back.

KATE

He's in a bunch of pictures with my dad. But I've never met him. Don't think that's weird?

JULIE

I mean, I don't know. Maybe, I guess.

KATE

I need to find out who he is.

JULIE

You still don't think that --

KATE

Sorry if I don't buy the wolf thing your dad's pushing. If this guy knows something, I want to know what it is.

Julie takes picture back from Kate. Sets it down on the bed.

JULIE

What you need is to get the hell out of here. Get up.

KATE

Jules, tomorrow is my first day
back at the hospital and I --

JULIE

Forget about tomorrow. Tonight is
girl's night. Get up. Clean up. Put
on something fantastic. We're going
downtown. I'll take care of
everything.

KATE

I can't, really --

JULIE

I know you don't want to. But you
need to.

Kate sulks. Slumps her shoulders. Pouts.

JULIE (CONT'D)

I'm not telling you that you can't
still be sad. Or depressed. Or that
you can't do your little research
project here. Or whatever. I'm
telling you it's okay to be Kate
again. Come on sexy... you with me
here?

KATE

It would be nice to have a drink.

Kate manages a half smile.

JULIE

That's my girl!

Julie grabs Kate's hands and pulls her up and off the bed.

EXT. QUAIN STREET - NIGHT

Rows of nearly identical houses. Perfect lawns. The
occasional luxury sedan parked in the driveway.

EXT. LINSKEY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The glass front door opens, and out bursts ART LINSKEY, 50s --
tall, fit, lean. He carries a wave of frustration. Anything
but relaxed.

Close behind is KENDRA, 50s -- well put together, petite,
able to keep her emotions in check.

KENDRA

Art, don't you think that you should --

ART

God damn it Kendra!

Art stops. Pauses. They both know that wasn't called for. He walks up to her. Lowers his head.

ART (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... I just -- I need to let off some steam. Clear my head. Okay? Thirty minutes.

KENDRA

You'll come right back?

ART

I'll come right back.

KENDRA

Promise?

ART

Promise.

Kendra eases up. She takes a step back. Closes the glass front door. Watches as Art trots off.

EXT. QUAIN STREET - NIGHT

Art's not in any hurry. Pace is leisurely. He enjoys the cool summer night's air as best he can.

Off in the distance some dogs bark.

Art takes a turn and heads toward a neighborhood park.

More dogs bark. Before long, the entire neighborhood is a symphony of canine frustration.

Art passes a house with a cute white picket fence.

A GERMAN SHEPHERD tears through the dog door. It races toward Art. Teeth snarled. Barks vicious.

Startled, Art hurries up... but the dog races past Art. Barks at something... behind him?

A quick glance over his shoulder. His eyes widen. The whites clearly visible. His pace quickens. Breaths rapid. The next moment he's at a full sprint.

Tears through yards...

Races past parked cars...

Arms pump...

Legs spin...

Shoes rip into the grass and concrete...

Art sprints between two houses --

Bad move. A tall privacy fence stares back at him. He leaps, tries to pull himself up, but it's too high. Can't make it.

He drops down. Checks back behind him. Dives out of the way.

SMASH!

Whatever is chasing him slams into the fence. Wood splinters spray out everywhere.

Art scrambles to his feet and takes off across the street. Past a large house. Into some woods at the back of the property.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD WOODS - NIGHT

Art streaks through the undergrowth. Checks over his shoulder. Slides past some rocks. Grabs a large stick, several inches thick, the only weapon around.

He finds a crevice. Slips in to hide. His body and face covered in dirt and scrapes.

Heavy footsteps approach. Nearly right on top of him.

Art holds still. Eyes wide. Holds his breath.

A low, familiar growl. Whatever is chasing Art has stopped just above him.

Art eyes peer up. Tries to see what's overhead --

But there's not enough light. It just looks like a big, dark, HULKING MASS.

Another low growl, and then whatever it is moves on.

Art waits for a moment then --

Makes a break for it.

His feet tear into the ground. The lights of the neighborhood once again visible past the treeline up ahead.

Art checks over his shoulder. All clear.

Runs with all his might. Treeline getting closer. He's gonna make it. Checks back again. Still nothing. Turns forward --

A low hanging branch clotheslines him.

The wind knocked out of him. He gasps. Struggles for air. Tries to get to his feet. Looks back --

Too late.

WHAM!

Art is thrown hard to the ground. Dazed, he struggles to steady himself.

ART

No, no, no -- we killed you.

Somehow the stick he had with him is still in his hands. He gets to his feet.

ART (CONT'D)

We killed all of you!

A mighty swing. But he only catches air.

A pale hand shoots out from the hulking mass. Grabs Art by the throat. Slams him back against a tree. Squeezes his throat. The life literally being choked out of Art.

Art fights back. Fist fly. Kicks. Chokes. Gurgles. Face beat red. Eyes wide, intense.

But the hand doesn't release it's grip. The pale, dirty fingers dig deeper into Art's neck --

And his arms go limp. It's over.

EXT. QUAIN STREET - NIGHT

The sound of flesh being torn from bone.

A chorus of dogs continue to bark through the neighborhood.

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - FOYER - NIGHT

The front door swings open and bangs into the doorstep. Kate stumbles across the threshold. Struggles to remove the keys from the lock. They tumble and crash into the floor.

KATE
You're an idiot.

She bends over to get her keys. Loses her balance. Nearly goes down. Pauses. Steadies herself. Takes a deep breath.

LIVING ROOM

Kate sets down a glass of juice and bottle of multivitamins on the coffee table. Flops down on the couch.

KATE (CONT'D)
Work is going to be hell tomorrow.

See reaches for the remote. Clicks on the TV. She's greeted by a reporter on scene in front of a news van. The chyron on the screen reads: ANOTHER BRUTAL WOLF ATTACK.

Kate tosses back a few vitamins and sips her juice as the volume kicks on.

REPORTER
...The body of the victim, Arthur Linskey, was found near some trails not far from here.

Kate sets the glass down.

KATE
Uncle Art?

REPORTER
It is a tragic turn of events for a family already dealing with loss.

The image on the TVs cut to side by side headshots of Art and Becky.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Just six days ago their daughter, Becky, was also mauled and killed by a wolf attack.

KATE
There's just no way.

Kate watches in shock as the reporter converses with an ANCHOR back in the studio.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKLE - NIGHT

Empty. Quiet. Clean. Place is all closed up. Eric stacks the last bar stool. Bar phone rings. Nonplussed, Eric answers.

ERIC
(into phone)
Yeah?

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kate wrapped in a blanket, phone to her ear. Face full of tears. Crumpled up tissues in her lap. She's a mess.

KATE
(into phone)
It's Kate. Can you come over?

INTERCUT between Eric and Kate.

ERIC
Now?

KATE
I really need to --

ERIC
You okay?

KATE
I don't know... I just... I need to talk to you.

Eric checks his watch, it's a quarter to three.

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM

Kate still wrapped in her blanket. The 'hunting picture' in her lap. Eric on the couch next to her.

KATE
Art's in the picture too. Right next to dad. And now he's dead.

ERIC
That doesn't mean --

KATE
Three wolf attacks. All connected to people in this picture. That's not coincidence, that's a pattern.

Eric fights back a smile. He takes the picture and sets it down on the table.

ERIC

Seriously, are you listening to yourself? Wolves aren't hunting the people in that picture.

KATE

That's exactly my point. It's not wolves. It's something else. Someone else. They killed Art's daughter, who's to say we're not next?

This sticks, and for a moment Eric looks like he might buy into it. But the rational mind prevails.

ERIC

Look, it's late, you're stressed, you're drunk --

KATE

I'm not drunk.

ERIC

You're talking to a guy who owns a bar. I know drunk.

Kate flashes a sheepish smile.

KATE

I went out with Julie tonight.

ERIC

See, there's your problem right there. Look, if you're still upset I can stay over or --

KATE

No, I'll be okay, I just... there's more going on here, I can feel it.

ERIC

Maybe there is, I don't know. This is what the cops are for, not nurses.

Kate smirks.

ERIC (CONT'D)

But if you want to go over this
wolf conspiracy tomorrow when
you're sober, give me a call.
Alright?

Kate nods.

INT. BUTTERWORTH HOSPITAL - NURSES STATION - DAY

Kate is a walking disaster. Heavy bags under her eyes.
Disheveled hair. Hungover. She rubs her forehead and tries to
fill out some paper work.

Yvonne walks up. Gives Kate a quick once over.

YVONNE

I'm not even going to tell you what
you look like.

KATE

Thanks.

Kate walks behind the counter and spots a list for recent
check ins to the morgue. The second name down: ARTHUR
LINSKEY.

Kate grabs some random papers from the station.

KATE (CONT'D)

I've got to take these down to
Doctor Rosen in the morgue.

YVONNE

Unless you know something I don't,
all our patients are alive.

KATE

It's a... thing... I'll be right
back.

Kate shuffles past.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Quiet. Cold. Sterile. Covered bodies on examination tables.
Small tags attached to their feet.

Kate, charts in hand, walks past the tables. Her steps soft.
Slow. Deliberate. Like she's trying not to disturb the dead.

She spots "LINSKEY" on the tag of one of the bodies. Pauses. Swallows. Grabs the corner of the sheet. Gently pulls it back to take a peek --

VOICE (O.C.)
I wouldn't do that --

Kate jumps, startled. Drops her papers.

DR. ROSEN, 50s -- bushy hair, squinty eyes, helps her pick them up.

DR. ROSEN
Unless you wanted to help with the autopsy?

KATE
No! I mean, it's not that I couldn't -- it's just -- I didn't -- here, these are for you.

She shoves the charts into Dr. Rosen's arms.

KATE (CONT'D)
For your... files?

DR. ROSEN
Is that a question?

A nervous smile from Kate.

KATE
Sorry. He was a family friend.

DR. ROSEN
Oh, I didn't -- I'm sorry for your loss.

Dr. Rosen flips through the papers. Takes out a candy bar. Tears off a chunk. Chomps away.

KATE
Do you, um, do you know what... you know?

DR. ROSEN
What attacked him?

Kate nods.

DR. ROSEN (CONT'D)
Best guess some kind of animal. The cops think it was a wolf. But...
(MORE)

DR. ROSEN (CONT'D)
that just seems... off. If you know
what I mean.

KATE
Yeah, it does.

DR. ROSEN
Wolves are predators. They attack
to feed. After a kill they'll tear
at the stomach, limbs, anywhere
meaty on the body. But this one...
this one not so much.

He takes another big chunk of the candy bar. Sets it down.

DR. ROSEN (CONT'D)
The bites to the neck and chest
were razor like. Targeted. Designed
to take down the prey. But that's
it. Nothing else. Wounds designed
for maximum blood loss and death.
It's like whatever did this was
hunting for sport. I've never seen
anything like it.

Dr. Rosen heads over to a filing cabinet. Opens a drawer.
Sorts through a few file folders.

DR. ROSEN (CONT'D)
And that Linksey there is one
popular corpse. An hour ago this
Tiller fella came by wanting to
look at the body. Said he was some
sort of professor of anthropology
up at Western Michigan. Not sure
what that was all about.

Dr. Rosen realizes these files don't match any of his
folders.

DR. ROSEN (CONT'D)
Hey, I don't think these --

He turns --

But Kate is already gone.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Kate tucks her stethoscope into her pocket. She's distracted
just enough that she doesn't see Donnie round the corner.

They collide.

Donnie spills some hot coffee on Kate's uniform.

KATE

Watch where you're --

She realizes who she just hit.

KATE (CONT'D)

Great. When you're not spilling pitchers of beer on me, it's hot coffee.

DONNIE

You ran into me. If you weren't tearing through here like a bat out of hell --

KATE

Oh, I'm sorry. Not everyone is lucky enough to have a job that's one giant coffee break. Some of us actually have to work for a living.

Donnie looks down the hallway to the exit. Over the doors a big sign that says: EMPLOYEE LOT C.

DONNIE

Are you seeing patients in the parking lot now?

KATE

Screw you.

She marches off.

DONNIE

You doing that in the parking lot too? Doesn't that break some kind of nurse patient privilege?

Kate pushes through the double doors.

EXT. COMMON GREEN - DAY

Some STUDENTS toss a football around. Each sport a Western Michigan University t-shirt.

INT. CLASSROOM HALLWAY - DAY

Kate checks each room number. Campus directory in her hands.

Not that one. Not that one. Not that one. Bingo. She heads inside of a --

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Filled with twenty rows of STUDENTS in stadium seating configuration. Kate ducks into an open chair in the back row.

The MAN in front of the lecture hall isn't a new face for Kate. It's the Scholarly Man from George's funeral.

This is PROFESSOR TILLER, 50s -- tall, thin, spectacles, corduroy jacket, in mid lecture. He's the Jones part without the Indiana.

TILLER

...to perform research many anthropologists conduct fieldwork, often living with the very people they're studying. But I'll save that discussion for next class.

On queue, the students pack up and file out of the hall.

INT. TILLER'S OFFICE - DAY

Tribal artifacts adorn the walls and shelves. Papers stacked high. Books piled in corners. If there is any organization to the chaos, it's not readily apparent.

Tiller at his desk. A metal box sits open in front of him. Some notebooks and newspaper clippings, including one about George's death, spread across the rest of the desk.

A gentle knock on the door.

Tiller quickly puts most everything on the desk into the metal box. Closes it. Tucks it into a drawer.

He grabs a student essay from a stack nearby, acts like he's reading it.

TILLER

Come in.

The doors opens. It's Kate.

KATE

Doctor Tiller?

Tiller sets the essay down.

TILLER

Yes?

KATE

My name's Kate Preston. I think you
knew my father.

Tiller's eyes dart to a notebook on the corner of his desk.
One he missed putting into the box. Kate catches his glance.

TILLER

I'm sorry. You're mistaken. If
you'll excuse me, I need to get
back to --

Kate walks up to his desk.

KATE

I saw you at his funeral. You were
arguing with Walt Morrison.

TILLER

I assure you, it wasn't me.

KATE

You asked to see Art Linskey's body
at the hospital today. Why?

Tiller pauses. Takes off his glasses. Stares back at her.

KATE (CONT'D)

You know something about these
attacks.

Still nothing from Tiller.

KATE (CONT'D)

What is it?

Tiller picks up his desk phone. Dials.

TILLER

(into phone)

This is doctor Tiller in room
thirteen seventeen in Warren Hall.
Can you send someone over from
campus security?

KATE

Security?

TILLER
 (into phone)
 I have a trespasser who is irate
 and threatening me.

KATE
 Threatening you? I didn't threaten
 anyone.

Kate is grabbed from behind in a bear hug. It's Donnie.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Let go of me!

DONNIE
 I'm sorry professor. I'll take care
 of this for you.

KATE
 What are you doing!

DONNIE
 Stopping you from getting arrested.

During the struggle, Kate manages to snag the notebook from
 the corner of the desk. Tiller hangs up the phone and watches
 as the duo exit.

EXT. CLASSROOM BUILDING - DAY

Donnie drags Kate through the doors. Sets her down. She turns
 and belts him in the shoulder.

KATE
 Jerk.

She walks away in a huff. Donnie quick to catch up.

DONNIE
 You mind telling me what that was
 all about?

KATE
 I don't have to tell you anything.

DONNIE
 And I don't have to take you to
 campus police for trespassing. But
 I will.

KATE
 This is a public university. I'm
 allowed to walk here.

DONNIE

Walk, yes. Barge into a professor's office like a crazy woman? Not so much.

Kate stops.

KATE

I thought he might know something about what happened to my dad.

DONNIE

What happened to your...
(realizes)
You think he was murdered.

KATE

Shut up. Of course you don't believe me.

Kate marches off.

DONNIE

Hey!

Kate doesn't turn around.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Damn it Kate, wait!

She stops, turns.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

This thing between you and me? Time to let it go. Because right now I'm probably the only person that believes you.

INT. DINER - DAY

Teal pleather booths. Typical Waffle House type CLIENTELE. Donnie sips coffee. Kate across from him, flips through the notebook she snagged from Tiller's desk.

KATE

So you stalking me now or what?

DONNIE

Please. I wanted to see Art's body. Get a look at the wounds myself. Doctor Rosen mentioned Tiller had come by asking to do the same.

(MORE)

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Seemed odd, so I figured I'd swing
up here and have a chat with him.
You just beat me to the punch.

She flips through the pages. Donnie looks on.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Anything interesting?

KATE
Some kind of autopsy log. But
everything's dated ten years ago.

DONNIE
Tiller used to run the county
morgue. Might be from when he was
still in charge.

KATE
Most of this stuff is pretty
mundane. Car accidents. Gunshots.
But the last few entries are weird.

She flips to the last few pages.

KATE (CONT'D)
Something's different. The writing
is jumpy. Excited. Like he's
writing about something for the
first time.
(reads from text)
Enlarged liver, kidneys, and
pancreas. Two elongated canines. A
digestive system evolved around raw
protein and oral hemoglobin intake.

DONNIE
Hemoglobin?

KATE
Blood. And then there's this...

On the top of one page is the term "HOMO DESMODUS." She taps
the phrase with her finger.

KATE (CONT'D)
What's desmodus?

While Kate ponders, Donnie's eyes become distant. His mind
somewhere else. A thought sorted through.

DONNIE
I need to show you something.

He takes out a fang like tooth and sets it on the table.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

I found that in Becky Linskey's
body out in the woods.

Takes out another identical tooth. Sets it next to the first.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Doctor Rosen found that tooth while
examining Art's body. Both are
fangs. But not from a wolf.

He picks the teeth up.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Now you tell me, what else can you
think of with fangs like this?

He lets that sit for a moment. Then puts the teeth up in
front of his own... without a doubt, these are two elongated
human canines.

It takes a moment, but clicks for Kate.

KATE

That... no, this is not --

DONNIE

I know it sounds ridiculous. It
does. It's completely insane. Until
now all I had was two weird ass
teeth. But after you read out of
that notebook, the pieces fit.

KATE

No one else is gonna believe this.

DONNIE

If by no one, you mean Walt? Bingo.
At least not without something else
to go on.

KATE

Then what are we waiting for? We've
got work to do.

INT. TILLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Tiller picks up some books from his desk. Places them on a
nearby shelf. Looks for something else --

Checks the shelves. The floor. Realizes --

TILLER

She took the notebook. Damn it.

A rustle outside the window. Tiller tenses.

He cuts off the overhead light. Moves to the window. Eyes scour the scene outside. Something rushes past.

Tiller jumps back. Whatever it was has him seriously spooked.

He heads to his desk. Opens the pencil drawer. A short nose .38 special in the tray stares back at him.

He grabs the gun. Moves to the bookshelf. Pushes some things out of the way. Reveals a cigar box. Flips open the top... a box of ammo inside.

In the ammo box, white tipped bullets. He grabs a few and loads the cylinders.

EXT. CLASSROOM BUILDING - NIGHT

Tiller hurries down a dark exterior walkway. Hands tucked into his jacket pocket. Eyes wide and on alert.

He rounds a corner. Nearly runs into two STUDENTS as they make out.

TILLER

Get out of here. Now!

The students scurry off and Tiller Continues on.

The parking lot just up ahead. Scattered cars. Plenty of lighting. High visibility. Not the kind of place you can sneak up on someone.

Tiller pushes on. Heads through a tree lined sidewalk.

A crackle from the bushes.

Tiller turns. Whips out the .38 but isn't sure where to point it. His hand shakes. Eyes strain. Searches the shadows.

He backs up, gaze still trained on where the noise came from.

A lasso of razor chain shoots out from the darkness. Wraps around his legs. Pulls tight. Trips Tiller to the ground.

Tiller drops his gun as he braces for the fall. He strains. Reaches for the gun. Pulls himself forward. Fingers almost there.

The razor chain tightens around his ankles. The blades cut in deep. Blood from the cuts seep through his chinos. He's pulled into the shadows.

A familiar pale hand grabs Tiller, pulls him upright. Grabs him by the throat. He struggles. Can't fight free.

TILLER (CONT'D)

No! No! No!

Tiller's head is yanked to its side. Reveals a supple and vulnerable neck line.

From the darkness behind him a FACE emerges -- eyes a deep, full red, skin white like ivory, but still very much a human.

This is THE HUNTER.

The Hunter's mouth opens, reveals two fangs, just like the teeth Donnie held up, and tears into Tiller's neck.

EXT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - DAY

A bright and sunny day. One house down, some CITY WORKERS toss a few large tree branches into an industrial woodchipper. A brief buzz and grind and woodchips shoot into the back of a disposal truck.

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kate pours over Tiller's notebook. Photo copied pages spread out over the table. Pictures from the photo albums. Legal pads full of handwritten notes. Pot of empty coffee nearby.

Eric takes a soda from the fridge.

ERIC

You can't just leave work and then not show up the next day. Yvonne was about ready to come over here and check on you herself before she called me.

KATE

Obviously, I'm fine.

ERIC

You're lucky you're not fired.

KATE

I'm not gonna get fired. I just wasn't feeling like work today. You want some coffee?

Kate grabs the coffee pot and walks over to the sink.

ERIC

No...

Eric follows. Takes a closer look at her. Eyes bloodshot. Deep bags underneath.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You don't look fine.

Kate fills up the pot. Eric glances over what's on the table. Spots a handwritten chart linking George, Art, Becky, and Tiller. The first three have "Murdered" written underneath.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

KATE

It's nothing. Just some project.

Eric picks up the "Murdered" chart from the table.

ERIC

Bullshit. This is why you didn't go to work? You still think someone killed dad.

Kate slides the pot underneath the coffee maker. Flicks it on.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Dad's gone, this stuff isn't gonna bring him back.

The coffee pot starts to burp as the water heats up.

KATE

Coffee will be done in a few minutes.

ERIC

Forget the coffee! What do you need to hear for this to go away?

KATE

It's not going away. Dad was murdered.

ERIC
Jesus Christ.

KATE
Donnie thinks so too.

ERIC
Right -- yeah -- Donnie. Dad dies
and all the sudden Donnie shows up.
Tells you whatever you want to
hear. Ever think maybe he's just
trying to get back in your pants?

KATE
You can be such an asshole
sometimes.

She turns her back. Tends to the coffee.

Eric hears the buzz and grind from outside as some more tree
branches are turned to dust. He gets an idea.

ERIC
Whatever. Go ahead. Ignore the
obvious. But this, here? It's over.

He grabs as much stuff as he can from the table, which
include Tiller's notebook.

KATE
What are you doing!

ERIC
You want to work on some insane
conspiracy theory? Fine. But do it
after you go back to work.

KATE
Stop!

She tries to pull him away. But he pushes her back.

Eric crams everything he can into the notebook. Folds it shut
and heads to the door.

EXT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Kate pleads with Eric as he heads out the door.

KATE
Eric, come on.

ERIC
I'm doing you a favor.

KATE
Come on!

Eric walks down the steps and right over to the woodchipper.

ERIC
Get your life back to normal and
you'll be surprised how fast you
forget about this stuff.

He tosses the notebook into the spinning blades. The notebook is obliterated into a million tiny pieces and shot out into the disposal truck.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Donnie and Kate in the back corner, as close to privacy from the other POLICE that meander around they'll get.

DONNIE
What do you mean he threw the
notebook in a woodchipper?

KATE
What word did you not understand?
We need to get back into Tiller's
office. See if he's got any more.

DONNIE
That's not gonna happen. Our friend
(air quotes)
"the wolf" picked his next victim.

KATE
Get out of here.

DONNIE
Last night. Right on campus.
Tiller's office is a crime scene.
Campus police only. No one can get
in there. Not even me.

KATE
You're useless. I'll do it myself.

Kate walks away. Donnie grabs her arm and pulls her back.

DONNIE
You get caught, I'm not going to be
there to bail you out.
(MORE)

DONNIE (CONT'D)
 There's other ways to get what we
 need. This can wait.

Kate pulls away.

KATE
 Until when? I'm the next one on the
 hit list?

She marches off.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Kate exits in a huff. Julie pulls up in a Land Rover. She
 parks in a handicap space. Spots Kate.

JULIE
 Kate!

Julie gives Kate a quick once over, cringes.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 Yuck. What happened to you?

KATE
 Bad day.

JULIE
 Bet it beats paying six hundred
 dollars in parking tickets.

Julie waves a bunch of tickets in her hand.

KATE
 Can't your dad do something?

JULIE
 He could... but then he goes into
 his --

Julie slips into her gruff Walt impression.

JULIE (CONT'D)
 It's about responsibility Jules.
 Actions have consequences. Blah
 blah blah.
 (normal voice)
 I only cash in the dad favor when
 it's something big. Arson.
 Kidnapping. Murder. The usual.

A spark in Kate's eye.

KATE

Instead of getting a parking ticket
while you're inside paying your
parking tickets...

Kate points up to the handicap sign. Julie shrugs, as if it's
no big deal.

KATE (CONT'D)

You up for a road trip to Western?

EXT. CLASSROOM BUILDING - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Julie pulls into a parking space. She and Kate hop out.

JULIE

...I think we're going to some frat
party. Instead, you tell me a crazy
story about a zombie vampire serial
killer.

KATE

I never said anything about
zombies.

JULIE

I don't care about what you and
Donnie are into. I'm just glad I'm
not involved.

Kate grabs Julie's wrist and drags her toward the classroom
building.

KATE

You don't believe me.

JULIE

It's not that I don't believe you.
It's that I think you're fucking
crazy.

INT. CLASSROOM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sparse windows offer some scant moonlight. Kate and Julie
hide under a stairwell as a SECURITY GUARD passes, flashlight
in hand. Kate and Julie banter with whispers.

KATE

Don't tell me this isn't a little
exciting.

JULIE
If we get caught I'm totally
ratting you out.

KATE
We get caught, you're calling your
dad to get us out of jail.

Julie's mouth drops open in an exaggerated fashion, as if to say she's shocked.

JULIE
I feel so used.

The Security Guard rounds the corner and the duo dart out from their hiding spot.

They make it down to Tiller's Office.

Kate kneels down in front of the door, grabs something from her purse.

KATE
Tell me if you see someone coming.

Kate cuts the police "crime scene" seal on the door crack. She puts two small picks into the lock on the door handle. Jiggles them back and forth.

KATE (CONT'D)
Donnie showed me this back when we
were dating.

JULIE
And you said he was good for
nothing.

KATE
Shut up.

Julie checks down the hallway. The light from a flashlight zips around.

JULIE
Hey, Nancy Drew, hurry up.

Kate fights the lock some more.

KATE
Just a second longer.

The Security Guard rounds the corner but his flashlight cuts out. He bangs on the bottom. Taps it against his leg.

Julie ducks down.

JULIE
Seriously, like, he's totally right
there! This is it. We're toast.

The Security Guard bangs the flashlight one more time against his palm.

The light flicks on and unexpectedly floods his face. He winces then turns the flashlight down the hallway.

The light hits Tiller's door just as it closes shut.

INT. TILLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Things are not how Kate last saw them. The police have been through here. Yellow evidence markers are everywhere. Print dust. The place has been worked over.

Kate rummages through the shelves. Julie looks around. Takes in all the relics and artifacts.

JULIE
This guy didn't get out much.

KATE
I'm sure he got all this off E-bay.

Julie tosses Kate a snarky glance.

Kate spots an evidence marker next to the cigar box with the white tipped bullets. She picks one up to examine it.

An inscription on the side of one of the bullet: "Allium Sativum."

Julie comes over.

JULIE
What kind of a professor keeps
bullets on his bookshelf?

KATE
The kind that think someone's
coming after them.

Kate puts the bullet into her pocket. Heads to the desk. Tears through the drawers.

JULIE
What are we looking for again?

KATE
Notebooks. Files. Something.

JULIE
Something. Got it. Really narrows
it down. How do we know the cops
didn't take it?

KATE
We don't.

JULIE
Wow, our odds just keep getting
better.

Kate finds a metal box at the bottom of a drawer. The same
one Tiller was looking at when Kate came to his office. She
sets the box on top of the desk. Opens it.

Inside -- more notebooks.

JULIE (CONT'D)
You got something?

Kate flips through one of them. Notes and newspaper
clippings. Then she spots it -- the words HOMO DESMODUS
scribbled on one of the pages.

KATE
I got your secrets now buddy.

She finds an entry with some sort of map. Above it is the
title "THE HUNT." Pauses... takes the white tipped bullet
from her pocket.

KATE (CONT'D)
I need you to take me to the bar.

JULIE
(faux excitement)
We can celebrate our first breaking
and entering!

KATE
Just take me. I need to --

As Kate gathers the notebooks something falls out from
between them. It's a copy of the 'Hunting Picture.'

Kate picks it up. Her fingers trace the first two faces.
George. Art. Then moves to the third, Tiller.

Kate looks harder, makes out something else.

KATE (CONT'D)

Oh no...

JULIE

You gonna start making any sense?

KATE

Jules... I think you just got involved.

She hands the picture over to Julie.

Unlike the picture back on Kate's mantle, the fourth face isn't smudged.

Julie instantly recognizes who it is...

JULIE

Dad?

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Chris, top down, drives through a dark rural road. His stereo turned up. Loose tie flaps in the wind.

Chris downshifts as he enters a curve. He crosses the apex. Upshifts. And --

SMASH!

Something slams down onto the hood of his car from above. Then leaps off.

CHRIS

SHIT!

Chris fights the wheel. But he's going too fast. The BMW spins out of control and smashes into a tree.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - NIGHT

The car is a total loss. Hoses and fluids spray all over the place. The hazard lights flash.

Chris opens his eyes, comes to. Burns on his arms and chest from the airbag. He's scraped up. Dazed. Bleeds from his forehead. But otherwise all in one piece.

A hand grabs the door handle. Pulls it open.

Chris looks up to see who it is.

CHRIS

I... I think... call an ambulance.

Whoever opened the door grabs Chris. Rips him from the car. Tosses him to the ground.

Chris groans as he lands. He rolls over. Looks to see --

The Hunter... he pulls his hood back. Reveals his white albino skin and red eyes.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What... the hell?

The Hunter walks up, wraps both hands around Chris's neck. Pulls him up off the ground.

Holds him at eye level. Chokes him. Squeezes. The Hunter's teeth chatter together. Lips curl back in a snarl.

Chris is a big guy. But The Hunter has at least 15 to 20 pounds on him. He's just massive.

Chris punches The Hunter in the face. It's a clean, solid hit. Knuckles to skull. The Hunter isn't fazed.

Chris punches again. Nothing.

The Hunter tosses Chris down to the ground.

Chris crawls away.

The Hunter tilts his head, watches. Like a cat would watch a wounded mouse squirm away.

Chris tries run, but a heavy limp prevents a full on sprint.

The Hunter pulls out a crossbow. Vectors his target. Fires.

The arrow sinks deep into Chris's thigh. He falls to the ground. Grabs his leg. Howls out in pain.

The Hunter steps on Chris's back. Presses him down into the ground. Chris strains.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What the fuck are you!

The Hunter grabs the arrow in Chris's thigh. Pulls it out.

Chris screams in a way no human should be capable. The pain in his voice uncomfortable for anyone's ears to hear.

The Hunter grabs Chris.

Chris can't fight back again. He's too weak. Still too out of it.

The Hunter pulls Chris's head to the side. Opens his mouth. His fangs exposed. Goes in for the kill --

But stops --

BRIGHT LIGHTS

Come around the bend. A car approaches.

BACK WITH CHRIS

The Hunter closes his mouth. Growls.

He lets go of Chris. Disappears into the darkness as the car comes to a stop near the wreck.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - NIGHT

Kate follows Eric around the bar as he cleans up. Various REGULARS littered about drinking.

Julie in the background on her cell.

ERIC

You go all the way back there, and to do what?

KATE

Five minutes. Just take a look.

ERIC

To break into a dead guy's office and steal more notebooks. You should have been at work.

KATE

(pleads)

Come on.

Eric puts some glasses into a bus bin.

ERIC

Why is convincing me so important to you?

Kate isn't sure how to answer.

KATE

I don't... it's not --

ERIC
If it wasn't, you wouldn't be here.

KATE
I... you're my brother.

ERIC
Step brother.

Kate tries again.

KATE
I want you to know the truth about
dad.

Eric stops. Shakes his head. Picks up the bin and heads back toward the bar. Kate one step behind.

ERIC
I spent twenty years trying to earn
his approval. Put myself through
college. Bought my own business.
Did it all on my own. I just wanted
one "that a'boy" or "good job."

They arrive behind the bar. Eric turns on the sink. Washes the glasses and plates from the bin.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Something that told me he cared.
That I wasn't just some other guy's
kid he had to look after. But
what'd I get?
(pauses)
Not even a thanks.
(back to washing)
And I'll never know why. That's my
truth.

Kate watches. Speechless. The pain in Eric's shows. She reaches to touch his arm, he pulls back.

Kate searches for words. Something, anything that will get across to him.

KATE
I don't want us to turn out like
you and dad. That's my truth.

Eric stops, looks over to a BARTENDER.

ERIC
Vinny, take over for a bit.

Vinny nods.

Eric turns to Kate.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Five minutes.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - LOFT - NIGHT

Above the bar, somewhat of a living space. Couch. Bed. Small kitchen. TV. A window allows anyone inside to peer down into the bar below.

Kate hands a notebook to Eric. It's open to the entry titled "The Hunt."

KATE
Read that.

ERIC
Wanna tell me what I'm looking at?

KATE
Just read it.

Eric's eyes scan the page. His annoyed gaze turns serious.

KATE (CONT'D)
Whatever hunt he's talking about,
dad was there.

ERIC
The entry just says "we." That
could be anyone.

Kate hands him the "hunting picture" from Tiller's office.

KATE
This was with the notebooks. It's
the same picture dad had in the
den. Dad, Uncle Art, and Tiller.
Walt's all that's left.

Eric looks it over, zeros in on Walt.

KATE (CONT'D)
This too.

She hands him the white tipped bullet. He looks it over.

KATE (CONT'D)
Do you still have dad's old
footlocker from the attic?

ERIC
Yeah, in the cabinet.

Eric heads to the cabinet. Kate follows.

KATE
Remember after mom died dad started to buy all sorts of stuff from catalogs? Weird bullets. Special shotgun shells. Crossbows. Razor chain. Things like that. Said they were for a hunting trip.

ERIC
Sure, I guess.

Eric unlocks the cabinet. Pulls out the footlocker.

Kate grabs it. Sets it down. Inside -- boxes of ammo, a few flash bang grenades, tear gas cannisters, darts, and various other small armaments.

She digs through the contents. Finds her target.

She takes out a box of ammo. Opens the top. Inside are more white tipped bullets. Just like Tiller's.

KATE
Dad had the same set of white tipped bullets.

She removes a round from the box. It's much larger than the bullet she handed Eric.

ERIC
Except dad's are for a forty four.

She turns the bullet sideways. Reveals an engraving.

KATE
They're both engraved.

Eric looks at the smaller bullet in his hand. Sure enough, the .44 Bullet also has the "Allium Sativum" engraving.

KATE (CONT'D)
It's Latin for garlic.

ERIC
Garlic tipped bullets?

KATE
Think. What doesn't like garlic?

It takes a second.

ERIC
Wait, you don't mean --

KATE
They weren't out hunting for deer.

Julie comes into the room, face red and full of tears.

JULIE
There... there was an accident...
Chris... he's in the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Kate stands in the corner and sip a cup of coffee. Through a nearby doorway, she peers into Chris's hospital room --

Chris is hooked up to a plethora of machines. Heart monitor beeps nearby. Julie sits at his side.

Donnie comes up next to Kate.

DONNIE
How's he doing?

KATE
Banged up pretty bad. But the
wounds aren't life threatening.
Julie on the other hand...

A closer look at Julie. As stark a contrast to her typical model appearance as possible.

DONNIE
Did you get a look at his charts?

KATE
Yeah.

DONNIE
Believe all his wounds are just
from the accident?

KATE
Not the puncture wound on his
thigh.

DONNIE
The units that responded to the
call didn't report any blood on the
hood or windshield.

(MORE)

DONNIE (CONT'D)

He didn't hit an animal and lose control. I think our friend came after him. How he survived, I have no idea.

They watch on as Julie starts to cry. She puts her head on Chris's chest. It's a tough sight for Kate to watch. Donnie notices.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

You want to go for a walk outside?
Get some fresh air?

Kate smiles and nods.

EXT. BUTTERWORTH HOSPITAL - DAY

Kate and Donnie walk along a small courtyard.

KATE

We went back to Tiller's office tonight.

DONNIE

We?

KATE

Julie too. We found things.

DONNIE

And compromised a crime scene.

KATE

More notebooks.

DONNIE

If we're wrong and this turns out to be just some lunatic, anything you took can't be used in court.

KATE

It won't have to. I think there's a whole other crime scene we need to look at.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

Flat, barren fields a combination of dust and decay. Scattered barns falling apart. No signs of crops anywhere.

Donnie's squad car plods along.

INT. DONNIE'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

Kate watches as the setting sun begins to paint the sky with oranges and reds.

KATE

When I was a kid, my dad used to tell me stories about the farm out here. Acres of grazing cows. Pigs. Goats. New crops in the spring. Everything harvested in the fall.

Out the window, the landscape in stark contrast to her story.

KATE (CONT'D)

It'd take dozens of people to run a farm that big. But they never saw anyone, ever. Like it was run by a bunch of ghosts.

DONNIE

Or people who didn't want to be seen.

EXT. DECAYING MINING COMPOUND - DAY

Dilapidated buildings scattered about. Some in shambles. Others one strong breeze away from collapse.

The patrol car comes to a stop. Donnie and Kate get out.

DONNIE

Place has been closed since like the twenties. You sure about this?

KATE

Tiller's notebook said this is the site. Whatever they were hunting, they found it and killed it here.

CUT TO:

DARKNESS

Some muffled voices. Metal creaks and strains. Then...

Light pierces in as a metal door is swung open. Daylight floods the --

INT. MINE ENTRANCE - DAY

Kate and Donnie peer down into the darkness. The duo click on their flashlights to see --

Some rail tracks. A tipped over mine cart. Cobwebs. Dust everywhere. Place looks just like you'd expect for a hundred year old mine.

Donnie looks over at Kate, her eyes wide and alert.

DONNIE

I can come back tomorrow with some guys from the station.

KATE

I'm okay.

Donnie reaches over to hold her hand. She doesn't pull away.

They head in...

LATER

Kate's steps are soft, hesitant. She's scared, plain and simple. Donnie keeps a close eye on her. Searches for something to distract her.

DONNIE

I never cheated on you.

Kate's face puckers up, her voice tense.

KATE

I'm sure Megan Marshall just made it all up.

DONNIE

We were at a party. I had too much to drink... passed out on a couch. I wake up, she's laying on top of me half naked.

KATE

Oh, yeah, right.

DONNIE

Dead serious.

KATE

Why didn't you say anything?

Donnie strains as he tips over a mine cart.

The clang echoes down the tunnel.

DONNIE

Because I knew when you found out,
you'd break up with me.

KATE

Figures...
(realizes)
Wait, you wanted to break up?

DONNIE

You were headed to college. I'd
just started at the police academy.
I didn't want you to be stuck with
some 'cop boyfriend' back at home.
I wanted you to be, I don't know,
free, happy.

KATE

You've got a real stupid idea of
happy. I was a disaster for months.

DONNIE

By the time I realized how big a
mistake I'd made... you already
hated me. Fifteen years of
friendship, just gone...
(remembering)
I can still see your dad's face.
His look of disappointment that
just tears through my soul. But
what was I gonna say? I only lied
to your daughter so she'd break up
with me?

KATE

You wouldn't of had to say anything
if you weren't such an idiot.

DONNIE

Everyone's an idiot when they're
nineteen.

Kate shakes her head and grins.

KATE

When you think about it, what you
did, its sweet... in a weird sort
of chivalrous kinda way. I mean, I
still hate you.

Donnie moves a few pieces of wood out of the way.

DONNIE

I could never figure out why your dad still gave me the job.

KATE

Dad and Eric never clicked. They were too different. But you... I think he saw everything he ever wanted in a son, or hoped for in a son-in-law.

A slip of honesty. The words hang, neither sure of what to make it them.

KATE (CONT'D)

People make mistakes. My dad knew that better than anyone.

Kate shines her light around.

KATE (CONT'D)

Donnie...

DONNIE

What?

Without realizing it they've walked right into a large, dome shaped --

INT. JUNCTION CAVE - NIGHT

Mine carts scattered about. Tunnels and tracks lead out in every direction.

Kate's flashlight stops on dozens of dirt mounds in the middle of the cave. Some large. Some small.

DONNIE

What the hell?

They walk over. Trinkets on top of each mound. Bible. Flask. Jewelry box.

Kate kneels next to a small mound. Picks up a dusty hand made doll.

KATE

These aren't just mounds of dirt...

DONNIE

They're graves.

Donnie picks up some of the dirt from one of the mounds. It's moist, clumpy.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
And they're fresh.

KATE
Fresh? Tiller's notebooks said the hunt happened ten years ago.

A low growl echoes through the cave. The heavy reverb makes it hard to locate the source.

KATE (CONT'D)
What was that?

DONNIE
Don't move.

Donnie's flashlight, like a saber in the darkness, searches around the cave. Kate's voice trembles.

KATE
Donnie...

DONNIE
Shhh!

Another low growl. Louder this time. Closer. But still impossible to make out what direction it's coming from.

A loud CLANK to their left. Kate screams. Their flashlights dart to the area. An overturned mine cart. The disturbed dust still floats in the air.

Donnie removes his sidearm. Holds it tactical style, right next to the flash light. Each trained on his line of sight. He inches closer to Kate, whispers --

DONNIE (CONT'D)
When I say, we run.

KATE
Yeah.

Another growl as Donnie moves closer.

DONNIE
Ready...

Closer.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Set...

Donnie's almost next to her.

Kate shines her light on Donnie. Behind him is The Hunter. Kate screams.

Donnie turns but --

The Hunter tackles him to the ground. They struggle.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Run!

The Hunter bashes Donnie with his fist. Donnie tries to fight back. But it's not much use. The Hunter is just too strong.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Damn it Kate, run!

More punches by The Hunter. Donnie can only block a few. He's not going to last long.

The Hunter grabs Donnie by the throat. Mouth open. Fangs ready to tear into his neck. Goes in for the kill.

KATE

Get off him you son of a bitch!

Kate smashes a board across The Hunter's back. It barely fazes him. He drops Donnie. Stands up. Turns to go after Kate.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three rounds slam into the back of The Hunter. He drops to one knee as the gunshots echo through the cavern.

Donnie's eyes widen. Can't believe what he's seeing. Those hits were all center mass. It would kill a normal man.

Donnie squeezes off another round.

It tears into The Hunter's back. He staggers. Starts to growl. His red eyes glow in the darkness.

The Hunter turns to face Donnie --

SLAM!

Donnie rams a mine cart into The Hunter. They crash into the wall. The Hunter is pinned.

Donnie grabs Kate by the arm and they flee.

A roar bellows from the depths of the tunnels behind them.

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Kate tends to the cuts and bruises on Donnie's face. She's in full-on nurse mode. Donnie winces as she dabs a cut with some peroxide.

KATE
They killed them, didn't they? A whole family.

DONNIE
Evidently, they missed one.

Some more dabs.

KATE
And now it's back for revenge.

DONNIE
Sins of the father shall be born out on his sons and daughters.

KATE
But why now? It's been ten years, why strike now?

DONNIE
Did you want to go back and ask him?

KATE
Shut up

Kate puts a small band aid over a cut on Donnie's eyebrow

KATE (CONT'D)
What if this one is new?

DONNIE
Spit it out, Kate.

KATE
Alright, Tiller had an entry about where he thought these things came from. That they were likely nomadic. Never stayed somewhere for more than a generation.

DONNIE
So this could be just some long lost relative back in town?

KATE

Or relatives. Maybe it came back to rejoin the tribe, but instead it found their rotted bodies.

DONNIE

That explains the fresh graves. Until now, no one's been around to bury them.

Kate takes a look at Donnie's lip. It's split and swollen.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Alright, enough with the Florence Nightingale routine.

KATE

Your lip's still a mess.

DONNIE

I'll be fine.

KATE

Let me take a look.

He pulls back.

DONNIE

No, it's fine.

KATE

Stop. Let me take a look.

Kate leans forward. He pulls back again. She's off balance. Ends up in Donnie's arms.

An awkward moment... nearly a kiss.

Donnie pulls away and gets up. Kate looks... disappointed.

DONNIE

I should get going.

KATE

Wait... I can't -- I mean, I don't want to be alone tonight. Not with that thing out there.

DONNIE

He took four rounds to the body and I pinned his ass against the wall. I don't care how tough you are, you're not walking away from that. Ever.

(MORE)

DONNIE (CONT'D)
I'll head back tomorrow with some
guys from the precinct to get the
body.

She looks up at him, not convinced. He caves.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Okay, fine. I'll be in the squad
car out front. But that's as good
as it's going to get.

KATE
Still a jerk.

DONNIE
At least I'm consistent.

EXT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Donnie's squad car parked at the curb. He sits in the front
seat, tense, frustrated.

INT. SQAUD CAR - NIGHT

Donnie shifts in his seat, antsy. Looks at himself in the
rearview mirror.

DONNIE
You should have kissed her. You
should have just let the moment
happen... You're an idiot, you know
that?

He looks at the clock: 1:13 A.M. Looks up at Kate's window.
The light is still on.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
She's still up. Just go up to the
door and tell her. Just knock on
the door and tell her.

He sighs and rubs his eyes.

REFLECTED IN THE REARVIEW: The Hunter lowers down from a tree
over head.

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - KATE'S ROOM - NIGHT

A small lamp sheds light on a room that's half child, half
adult. A few trinkets on the shelves. Two ten pound pink
"girl weights" next to sneakers on the floor.

Kate on the bed. She looks through more of Tiller's notebooks. An entry for the desmodus rotundus, the common vampire bat, with a sample picture.

KATE
Homo Desmodus...

EXT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Donnie watches Kate's window from the squad car. He's had enough. Opens the door. Gets out. Heads to the front door. Practices what he's going to say.

DONNIE
The only reason I didn't kiss you
was... I came back because... I
still have...

Donnie arrives at the front door. Takes a deep breath. Prepares himself.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
Just relax.

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - KATE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Kate flips through a few more pages. Pictures. Sketches of the mine site. Topography of the now dead farmland they drove through earlier.

The next page stops her dead in her tracks... a newspaper article taped to the page. A familiar story.

The headline reads: "WOMAN KILLED IN BOTCHED ROBBERY."

KATE
Mom...

Over a portion of the article 'LIES' is written in red marker.

A creak in the hallway. Kate tenses. Eyes widen.

Another creak.

She holds still. Listening. A moment that seems to take forever.

The decision made... she slowly gets up. Footsteps soft, subtle. Tries not to make a sound. Moves to the door. Fingers slide over the lock. Click. She relaxes.

SMASH!

The Hunter explodes through the window and tackles Kate to the ground.

EXT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Donnie jumps back from the porch. Looks up at Kate's window. A flash of The Hunter as he struggles with Kate.

DONNIE

Kate!

Donnie runs up and tries to kick open the door.

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - KATE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Hunter is on top of Kate. Claws at her face and neck. He smashes her with a fist. It lands with a solid thud.

She struggles to defend herself. But it's not enough. Another fist slams into her face. She's dazed... limp. Passes out.

The Hunter grabs her throat tightly. He leans in... nose inches from her chest. He sniffs. Takes in her scent.

His face now right over hers. He peels back his lips. Reveals his fangs. His teeth chatter. Click rapidly.

He opens his mouth. Fangs exposed. Ready for the kill.

Kate's hand inches along the floor. She's playing possum. Her fingers find one of her "girl weights."

WHACK!

The weight slams into the side of The Hunter's head. He's stunned. A window for escape.

She slips out from under him. Runs out of the room.

GEORGE'S ROOM

Kate slams the door shut. Pushes over a dresser to barricade the door.

A ROAR from down the hallway. The Hunter sounds pissed.

She hurries right to the closet. She reaches up on the top shelf. Takes down the twin barrel shotgun. A box of shells fall and scatter to the ground.

Another roar as The Hunter bangs on the door.

She loads a red shell into each barrel. Snaps the shot gun shut. Holds the gun at her side, pointed at the doorway.

The Hunter's fist smashes through the door.

Kate fires!

EXT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Donnie freezes. He knows that sound. He snaps back to action with vicious kicks. The door gives and swings open. He takes out his gun and rushes in.

INT. GEORGE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The top of door is blasted wide open. But the shots didn't hit their mark.

The Hunter stares back at her through the gap. His red eyes glow in the darkness.

KATE
Leave me alone!

Kate scrambles to reload. She picks up more shells. This time black ones.

The Hunter pushes through the barricade.

Kate snaps the shotgun shut and fires!

A blast of white fire erupts from the barrel. Kate is thrown back to the floor.

The fire crackles and burns into The Hunter's clothes. He roars and crashes through the window to escape.

Kate scurries back against the wall. Frantic. Shocked. Frightened.

Donnie pokes his head through the tattered door.

DONNIE
Kate!

Kate instinctively points the gun at the door, she lowers it as Donnie climbs over the debris. He runs over. Drops to his knees. Kate collapses into his arms.

The duo sit in silence. Full embrace. Donnie strokes Kate's hair as she begins to weep.

EXT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Squad cars out front. Police tape. A few neighborhood ONLOOKERS watch from across the street.

The sun flirts with the horizon. Dawn is near.

INT. PRESTON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Kate, cuts and scrapes on her face, throws the newspaper article about her mother at Walt.

KATE

He lied to me!

WALT

For Christ sake Kate, your mother had her throat ripped apart! What did you want your father to tell you, the truth?

DONNIE

Instead you covered it up.

WALT

Damn right we did. We didn't know what we were dealing with. Art planted the robbery story to buy us time. We tracked the thing into the woods and killed it, which was no easy task. You don't get them in the heart or head they just get pissed off.

Donnie looks over at Kate.

DONNIE

That answers that question.

WALT

We brought the body back to the morgue and Tiller went to work. He was convinced it was some subspecies of human.

DONNIE

Something like that doesn't just show up. There had to have been other attacks.

KATE

Not if they had another food source. Something that ran out.

Then it clicks.

KATE (CONT'D)

The ghost farm.

WALT

We we weren't going to wait to find out if there were more. We armored up. Went where Tiller said they probably lived. And took care of the problem.

KATE

They had children! You killed kids!

WALT

We did them a favor! The drought that year destroyed their farm and livestock. They were sick, emaciated, and starving to death. Five of them were already dead by the time we got there.

DONNIE

Now the hunters have become the prey. Fucking fantastic job Walt.

WALT

We kept our families and this town safe. That's all that matters.

Donnie, angry, frustrated, bolts from the couch. Paces the room.

DONNIE

We need to hide Kate and the others until we can take this thing down. Let's get them to the precinct.

WALT

I can't put Kate, Julie, and Eric under protection without people asking questions.

DONNIE

Little late to try and keep this quiet.

WALT

Not quiet. Controlled. Unless you want every tough guy with a shotgun shooting at shadows, it's gotta be somewhere else.

KATE

I can convince Eric to let us use the bar. They'll be thirty or forty people there.

WALT

It'll do for now. Grab Julie and head over. Donnie and I will take care of the rest.

INT. JUNCTION CAVE - DAY

A few PATROLMEN move about. Their flashlights sift through the dusty air searchlights.

Donnie and Eric near the mounds. Their faces smudged in dirt. Sweaty. They've been down here a while.

DONNIE

It ain't here. We'd have found it by now.

A loud rumble of thunder echoes through the caverns. A few of the Patrolmen look up. Walt checks his watch.

WALT

Head back to the bar. Keep an eye on the girls. We can move everyone to the station later tonight. I don't have any other choice.

Donnie nods walks away. Stops. Looks back.

DONNIE

You, Art, and George made the right call down here. If it was me, I'd have done the same thing.

WALT

I know you would. That's why George gave you his badge.

A solemn nod by Donnie and he heads out.

EXT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - NIGHT

Rain beats down on the side walk. Donnie heads inside.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - NIGHT

Eric greets him in the foyer.

Donnie looks around the bar. PATRONS are sparse. Ten. Maybe fifteen people, and that includes STAFF. Not exactly the crowd they hoped for.

ERIC
(off Donnie)
Rain always hurts business.

Donnie takes off his rain coat. Careful to hide the shotgun at his side. He sits on the stairs. Sets the shotgun and coat on the step below his legs.

DONNIE
Three hours and nothing. Looks like it's a slumber party at the station until we try again tomorrow.

ERIC
It probably doesn't even know where we are.

DONNIE
It knows. Question is, does it make a move?

He swirls some black shotgun shells in his hand. The same kind Kate used on The Hunter.

Whatever confidence Eric had in the situation, Donnie's tone just evaporated it.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cabinet doors open wide. Eric pulls out George's footlocker. Opens it and sifts through it's contents. Kate hovers over his shoulder.

KATE
What do you mean they didn't find anything?

ERIC
That's what he said.

KATE
Are they still looking?

ERIC
I guess. I don't know. Talk to
Donnie.

Eric takes a .44 Magnum from the footlocker. Gives it a good long stare. Grabs some white ceramic tipped bullets.

Julie paces around the room chain smoking.

JULIE
This is bullshit. I should be at
the hospital with Chris.

Eric loads the .44. Looks over at Julie.

ERIC
(to Kate)
How's she doing?

KATE
Working on lung cancer.

Julie stomps out a cigarette. Searches for another.

ERIC
There's a nine millimeter handgun
in there too.

KATE
So?

ERIC
I got a bad feeling you're gonna
need it.

Eric snaps the cylinder of the .44 shut.

EXT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - ALLEY - NIGHT

A squad car parked in the same alley George was attacked.
Inside, Burt and Murdock.

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT

Burt, gruff and aggravated, stares out the window, arms
crossed. Murdock sips some coffee from a foam cup.

BURT
God damn baby sitting job, that's
what this shit is.

MURDOCK
You'd rather be doing paper work at
the precinct?

BURT
Beats being crammed up in here.

Burt rolls down the window.

BURT (CONT'D)
Mind if I have a smoke in here?

MURDOCK
Yes, I mind. You're getting the
computer wet. Go outside.

Murdock rolls the window up from his set of controls.

BURT
It's raining.

MURDOCK
(wiping computer)
No shit.

Burt waves Murdock off and ducks out of the car.

EXT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - NIGHT

Burt ducks under an awning and lights up. Another squad car
pulls up out front. Walt gets out. Burt nods to greet him.

BURT
Chief.

Walt pulls his collar up. Avoids the rain as best he can.

BURT (CONT'D)
How long we gotta stay out here?

WALT
Till I say so.

Walt heads inside.

BURT
Dick.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - NIGHT

Walt walks in as Julie tries to push past Donnie and Eric. Kate a few steps up pleading her case.

KATE
Come on Julie, please?

JULIE
I need to be with Chris. This is bullshit!

Donnie looks to Walt.

DONNIE
Can you please do something about this?

WALT
Jules, you need to stay here. Have a cigarette and calm down.

JULIE
I'm out of cigarettes!

WALT
I'll get you some. Just go back upstairs.

JULIE
Fine.

Julie pounds her feet as she rattles back up the stairwell.

EXT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - NIGHT

Walt exits the bar. Hurries over to Burt.

WALT
You got any spare smokes?

BURT
Nope, last one.

Burt holds up the box to show Walt it's empty. Walt looks across the street to a convenience store. Rushes over.

Burt smirks and moves a finger he's got inside the box. Several cigarettes fall down.

BURT (CONT'D)
Heh... dick.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Walt stomps his feet in the entrance. Heads right to the counter.

WALT

Two packs of Marlboro Lights.

The CLERK, gangly and a little twitchy, grabs a pack from overhead. Slides them across the counter.

Walt drops a ten. Grabs the packs. Heads out.

EXT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - NIGHT

Walt crosses the street. Burt still under the awning. Cigarette hand hangs idle at his side.

WALT

Catch.

Walt tosses Burt the cigarettes. The pack hits Burt's chest and falls to the ground.

Walt gets closer and spots it. A steel arrow through Burt's chest. It pins him to the wall.

WALT (CONT'D)

Damn it!

Walt drops the cigarettes. Runs to Murdock's squad car. Blood splatter covers the windows. Murdock is already dead. An arrow through the wind shield cut straight through his neck.

Walt grabs his gun and radio.

WALT (CONT'D)

Officers down. I repeat, two officers down on the corner of --

But he can't get the words out. A lasso of razor chain snaps around his neck. He's pulled up toward the roof.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - LOFT - NIGHT

Kate on the couch. Gun in hand. Her eyes wander along the cold steel. Worry covers her face.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

She jumps to her feet at the sound of gunshots outside.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - BAR - NIGHT

Everyone else heard the shots too. Donnie grabs his shotgun.

DONNIE
 (to Eric)
 Stay here! Watch the girls!

He rushes outside.

EXT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - NIGHT

Donnie moves from the front door, shotgun at the ready. If The Hunter shows its face, Donnie is ready to turn it into ground beef. He makes his way down the alley.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - LOFT - NIGHT

Julie cowers in the corner. Kate in front of her, gun pointed forward, but aimed at no particular target. She tries to reassure her friend.

KATE
 Just be quiet. We're safe up here.

Something SMASHES through the window.

The girls scream.

It hits the ground with a thud. A body. Walt! He's still alive. Gurgles. Tries to get the chain from around his neck.

Julie screams like a woman gone mad. Completely unable to handle the situation. Kate runs over to help Walt.

KATE (CONT'D)
 I got you. You're gonna be okay.
 I'll get this off.

She tries to loosen the wire. It cuts at her fingers. Walt pushes her away.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Stop! I can get this off.

Walt pushes her away again.

Julie spots something outside the window and screams.

Kate looks up... The Hunter just outside, crossbow raised, sights set. Red eyes stare back. Walt tried to warn her --

BATHOOOOOOOOM!

A shotgun blast of white flames from behind her. Donnie pumps and fires again. The Hunter disappears from view.

Donnie rushes over to Walt. Eric right behind him. They try to help Kate with the razor chain.

Julie still screams like a crazy woman.

DONNIE
(to Eric)
Get her out of here.

ERIC
To where?

DONNIE
I don't care!

Julie kicks and fights as Eric grabs her and drags down the stairs.

KATE
It hasn't cut the carotid artery.
If we can get it off I can stop the
bleeding.

DONNIE
Keep fighting, Walt. Come on.

KATE
I can't get my fingers under it.

The other end of the us chain pulled tight from outside.

Donnie grabs Kate. Pulls her back. The chain tightens around Walt's neck. A moment later and her fingers would have been sliced clean off.

KATE (CONT'D)
No!

The chain cut's deep into Walt's neck. Blood sprays from the now severed artery. The chain pulled tighter still.

One final yank from outside. Walt's neck sliced clean through. The chains stop only when it hits the neck bone. Walt goes limp.

KATE (CONT'D)
No!

DONNIE

Go now! Now!

Donnie grabs the shotgun and pulls Kate's toward the door.

INT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - BAR - NIGHT

Donnie and Kate barrel down the stairs. Eric holds a delirious Julie in a bear hug. The only two left in the bar.

DONNIE

We're getting in my squad car and getting the hell out of here.

Donnie leads the way, shotgun at the ready. Kate, gun in hand. Julie right behind her. Eric, his .44 looking like a hand cannon, brings up the rear.

EXT. THE WOODEN NICKEL - NIGHT

The rain pours down and slams the quartet like a million tiny hammers. Donnie's head on a swivel. He checks all his corners.

DONNIE

Stay close. Stay tight.

The group moves down the alley and toward the parking lot. Donnie's squad car comes into view.

Donnie holds the group up. He scans the area ahead. Lots of places for The Hunter to hide. But Julie has run out of patience.

JULIE

What are we waiting for? Lets go!

Julie decides to book it.

KATE

Jules, wait! It's not --

She clears the corner and an arrow screams down from the rooftops and right into her neck. She drops to the ground like a bag of sand.

Donnie vectors on The Hunter over head. He pumps and fires.

DONNIE

The car! Get to the car!

The Hunter still on the roof top. Donnie pumps and fires. Pumps and fires. He provides as much cover as possible.

As they pass Kate tries to grab Julie. Eric pulls her away and behind the squad car.

KATE

Julie! No, please, God no! Jules!

Kate watches in horror as Julie's body twitches a few times and finally goes limp.

Donnie meets up with Kate and Eric, reloads. Kate just stares at Julie's body, completely detached.

DONNIE

Kate come on.

He leans down in front of her. Pulls her face so she's looking straight at him, eye to eye.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Stay with me here. Okay? I need you to listen to me.

Kate manages a nod. Donnie looks across the parking lot to an empty row of business storefronts.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

We're too vulnerable out here. I'll keep that thing pinned. I need you and Eric to get inside one those buildings.

As Donnie goes over the plan, Eric decides to pick up the slack and try to keep The Hunter pinned.

He stands and fires off a round from his .44. But a combination of the kick and the slick rain makes the gun leap from his hands. He drops to his knees. Hands search through the mud and puddles for the gun.

ERIC

Damn it!

DONNIE

Forget about the gun! I don't care if you have to break the windows, both of you get the hell inside those offices and hide.

Sirens off in the distance.

Kate looks over to the buildings.

KATE
It's too far.

Eric grabs her hand.

ERIC
We can make it.

DONNIE
I'll be right behind you.

Kate's hesitant. Unsure.

DONNIE (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna leave you again.

It's settled. Kate bursts from behind the car, leads Eric away. Donnie stands and sends blasts up at the roof.

WITH KATE AND ERIC

The duo make their way across the parking lot. Eric trips, nearly goes down. But Kate holds him up, keeps him steady.

KATE
Almost there.

Donnie continues to fire off behind them.

EXT. ROW OF OFFICES - NIGHT

They reach the storefronts. Kate tries one door. Locked. Then another. Also locked.

Eric pushes Kate aside and kicks the door. Then smashes into it with his shoulder. The door gives. And he falls into --

INT. COMMUNITY CHURCH - NIGHT

One of those storefront churches that spring up in strip malls from time to time. Old wooden folded up chairs. Stained glass skylight with a cross overhead. Alter up front.

Plenty of places to hide.

ERIC
There.

They run over and crouch behind the alter.

Silence. Both sit, wide eyed and on edge. Breaths rapid.

SMASH!

Something up front. Kate winces. Eric holds her close.

DONNIE (O.S.)

Kate?

They relax. Kate pokes her head out.

KATE

Back here.

Donnie, sans shotgun, pushes some furniture in front of the door. A makeshift barricade. He heads over to the altar.

KATE (CONT'D)

Is it still out there?

DONNIE

Somewhere. You okay?

KATE

Yeah.

DONNIE

The squad cars are almost here.

Donnie pulls out the .44. Hands it to Eric.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

You left this behind.

Eric takes the gun.

Noises on the roof.

KATE

Shit! Shit! Shit!

Kate points her gun and sends the few rounds left in the clip randomly into the ceiling.

DONNIE

Damn it, stop.

KATE

Sorry.

Donnie takes out his side arm, cocks it.

DONNIE

I've got a gun. Eric, you're set.
Kate, anything left?

She tosses the gun to the ground.

KATE

But I got one of these.

Kate takes a flash-bang cannister from her pocket. Hands it to Donnie.

DONNIE

Where the hell did you get a flash-bang?

KATE

A box of my dad's stuff over in Eric's loft. He told me what they did once. Vampires have heightened sense of sight and hearing, right? Thought I might be able to use it as a weapon or something...

DONNIE

Alright, this is gonna be our ace in the hole.

Donnie looks around, tries to formulate a plan.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Eric, get over by that table. I'll keep Kate covered in the corner. When I give the signal, duck down, close your eyes, and cover your ears.

ERIC

What the hell are you going to do?

DONNIE

Give that son of a bitch a massive headache. After the bang, you just need to shoot. Aim for the head.

More steps on the roof.

Donnie and Kate head to the corner. Eric ducks behind a desk.

More noises overhead. The trio's eyes wide. Their gazes follow the footsteps.

Then... silence. After a long pause...

ERIC

Maybe we scared it off?

CRASH!

The Hunter smashes through the stained glass skylight, smack dab through the middle of the cross.

DONNIE

Now!

Donnie goes to pull the pin on the flash-bang, but The Hunter is too fast. The razor wire tears out and wraps around Donnie's arm. He yanks it forward, pulls Donnie toward him.

The Hunter grabs Donnie, throws him against the wall.

Their plan a disaster, Eric pops up from behind the desk. He fires but misses far wide. The Hunter grabs Kate and keeps her positioned as a shield.

ERIC

Kate!

KATE

Shoot! Shoot!

Eric takes aim but can't get a clear shot.

The Hunter takes the crossbow off his belt and shoots Eric. The arrow tears into Eric's shoulder.

But Eric gets a shot off, and returns the favor to The Hunter's shoulder. The white tipped bullet causes the wound to hiss and burn.

Kate runs over to Eric. But she's tripped up by The Hunter's razor chain.

The Hunter pulls her toward him. The razor chain cuts deep into her ankle. Kate screams out in pain.

Donnie fires three rounds into The Hunter's back. The Hunter turns, with inhuman speed, he's on Donnie and tackles him to the ground.

The distraction allows Kate to escape. She crawls over to Eric.

KATE (CONT'D)

Can you move?

ERIC

Get out of here.

KATE

Can you move!

ERIC

Run. Just... run...

Eric passes out.

Kate turns as The Hunter continues to overpower Donnie. Fists slams into Donnie's face. Donnie's down...

Satisfied, The Hunter gets up, walks toward Kate. She scurries back along the ground.

KATE

Get away from me!

He grabs her. She screams. Fights back. Her hands search along the ground for anything she can use to defend herself.

Her fingers find the flash-bang. She tries to pull the pin, but The Hunter slams her arm to the ground. The flash-bang falls from her grip.

The Hunter pulls Kate's neck to the side. She kicks and screams. Claws. Punches. Kicks. But it has no effect.

The Hunter opens his mouth. Goes in for the kill.

WHAM!

Donnie smashes a wooden chair against the back of The Hunter. Pieces of the chair go everywhere.

Exhausted, Donnie collapses to the ground.

Barely fazed, The Hunter drops Kate and turns to face his new assailant. He picks up his crossbow. Points it point blank at Donnie, ready to remove this additional threat permanently.

BANG!

The Hunter stumbles. A bullet hole sears and steams from his chest. He turns to look at Kate. She stands there with the .44 pointed right at him.

KATE (CONT'D)

Where's your God damn heart!

She fires again. The gun nearly leaps from her hands, but the bullet again hits its mark. Another burning hole in The Hunter's chest.

The Hunter drops to one knee, down but not out. He falls forward, gasps for breath. She pulls the trigger again.

Click. Out of ammo.

She drops the gun. Grabs the splintered leg of the chair... a proverbial wooden stake.

KATE (CONT'D)
 (screams)
 GOD DAMN IT, DIE!

She runs forward and drives it into his chest. They topple over. The Hunter gasps and twists... his final breath a death rattle.

Kate rolls off him. Exhausted. Bloody. Bruised. But alive. She lays there for a moment and just breaths.

DONNIE
 (weary)
 Kate?

KATE
 I'm okay.

She gets to her feet. Moves over to Donnie. Helps him up. They look over at the lifeless carcass of The Hunter.

DONNIE
 He's --

KATE
 Yeah.

Eric coughs from the corner.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Eric!

Kate hurries over. Donnie lumbers behind her. She drops to her knees in front of Eric. Does her best to asses the severity of his sounds.

KATE (CONT'D)
 Can you hear me? Are you okay?

Eric manages to open his eyes. Weary and out of sorts, he looks at the arrow sticking out of his shoulder, then at Kate kneeled in front of him.

ERIC
 Can I ask a favor?

KATE
 Yeah, sure.

ERIC

I'm need you to open the bar for me tomorrow... I don't think I can go in.

Kate smiles, wipes away some tears. She nods.

KATE

Sure thing.

Squad cars screech to a halt outside. POLICE push through the makeshift barrier at the door.

EXT. COMMUNITY CHURCH - DAYBREAK

Kate wrapped in a blanket in the back of an ambulance. PARAMEDICS tend to the wounds on her ankles.

She watches Eric wheeled past on a stretcher. Oxygen mask firmly in place. But his eyes closed.

DONNIE (O.S.)

He's going to be fine.

Donnie limps around the corner door. He and Kate embrace.

DONNIE (CONT'D)

Everything's going to be okay. It's all over.

On a rooftop nearby a DARK FIGURE sits, watches. As the sun crests the treeline it scurries off.

Everything is not going to be okay.

FADE OUT