



S1 Ep6 (6/96)

Missing

Created by

LittleDevil-888 on Deviantart.com

— BEFORE YOU READ —

WHAT IS WOLF OF PENUMBRA?

In a post-apocalyptic world where portals invite the supernatural, a high school girl attempts to live a normal life after becoming a human-wulver hybrid.

In other words, the first werewolf.

If you enjoy: werewolves, other mythological creatures, secret identities (main plot is inspired by the cartoon Danny Phantom), sci-fi aspects inspired by the SCP foundation, teen dramas, and discussions regarding mental health, trauma, and exploring sexual expression, then you might enjoy this series.

GENRES

Supernatural, Drama, High school, Secret Identity, Sci-fi, Action, Comedy, Coming-of-age

AGE RATING

Only readers 14 years old and up, please! Wolf Of Penumbra is meant for a teen+ audience. Not kids. High school is a gateway to many new experiences. Drinking, drugs, sex, smoking, etc. to name a few. If these topics make you uncomfortable, this series isn't for you.

Despite its mature themes, this story isn't excessively gory or sexually explicit.

STORY FORMATTING

I would recommend reading the “KEY” at the bottom of the document even if you are familiar with script format because there are deviations from what is considered standard. As a “*spec script*” WOP is written to mimic a “*monster of the week*” style animated series, with some plot points carrying over and building up over time.

ART

I am an artist as well. I create illustrations of each character, various environments, scenes, etc. Every site I post these episodes on, I'll try to post all the art, given I'm able to. Everything I make for this series will also be on the “*Wolf of Penumbra*” Patreon page.

Thank you!

— CONTENT ADVISORY FOR THIS EPISODE —

Abduction, Death, Physical Violence, Fantasy Violence, Mild Language, Sexual Themes & Situations, References to Substance Abuse

FADE IN

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

Police tape wraps around a crash site: a car crushed against a telephone pole, held up by a tangled web of wires. A house's wood porch shredded apart. Splinters litter the street. Long jagged gashes spread throughout the site. POLICE and UEA cautiously step around the mess, investigating.

A car rolls up and parks outside the police tape. DR. SHULL steps out and approaches the scene. OFFICER MUDWIN lifts the tape for him to duck inside.

OFFICER MUDWIN

Oh boy, seeing you outside the lab ain't ever good.

DR. SHULL

That depends. Tell me what I'm looking at.

Dr. Shull follows Officer Mudwin through the scene toward the driver's side of the vehicle. The car door, ripped off, lies a few feet away. A few remnants of dusty, crumbling bones lie scattered throughout the ash coating the driver's seat and spilling onto the road.

OFFICER MUDWIN

(casual; pointing)

Driver's dead. Left 'em soulless. Three missing, possibly abducted. Two women and a man.

Dr. Shull pulls on medical gloves and crouches down to inspect a long, deep gash over the car's back tire, trailing it with his finger.

DR. SHULL

And unfortunately you'd be right. This isn't good. Third scene like this... A pattern.

OFFICER MUDWIN

Figures. Been reportin' a lot of repeats lately.

DR. SHULL

I'm concerned with—

He strains and pulls a long ivory spine out of the metal. Serrated edges on both sides. Full length of his palm.

DR. SHULL

—how busy this one is. These spines are at every site.

Dr. Shull stands up straight, putting the spine in a plastic bag. He nods an officer over.

DR. SHULL

This goes to forensics. Thank you.

The officer nods, taking the bag away. Dr. Shull sighs and puts a hand on his hip.

OFFICER MUDWIN

You ok there, Doctor? You seem a bit down lately.

DR. SHULL

Permission to vent?

Officer Mudwin rolls his eyes and chuckles.

OFFICER MUDWIN

Granted, always.

DR. SHULL

I'm happy to pull extra hours, but recently I feel we're going in circles.

OFFICER MUDWIN

Site director at yer throat?

He cringes. Officer Mudwin's expression softens.

OFFICER MUDWIN

Everyone's workin' their darnedest. We can't control where a breach'll pop up. We can only prepare for when they do.

DR. SHULL

Unfortunate but true... I feel like if I work harder, get more of them off the streets, I'm—

OFFICER MUDWIN

—Makin' the city safer fer yer girls?

DR. SHULL

Exactly! In a lab, I know what I need to do, but at home? There are too many situations I don't know how to respond in.

OFFICER MUDWIN

(mumbling)

Said every parent ever...

Officer Mudwin leans an arm against the car as he listens.

DR. SHULL

Jody is manageable for the most part. She listens. Jacqueline, however, I have no clue what's on that girl's mind half the time. She's rarely home anymore. I don't know what happened.

Dr. Shull rubs the back of his neck, eyes falling to the ground.

OFFICER MUDWIN

Have ya tried settin' boundaries? A curfew?

DR. SHULL

Yes, but the more I want her to stay home, the more she fights me. With all these creatures popping up... I don't know what I'd do if something happened to her.

OFFICER MUDWIN

Ah, you're jelly boned.

Dr. Shull blinks.

DR. SHULL

Excuse me?

OFFICER MUDWIN

If ya don't put your foot down, kids'll walk all over you. You're not their friend, you're their father. Remind 'em of that.

DR. SHULL

I'd like to be both...

A loud SQUAWKING overhead.

UEA HUNTER

Harpy!

A black vulturelike creature with four wings, six blue eyes, razor-sharp feathers, and a thick armored body swoops at the group. A hunter shoots a bola. Struck and bound, the harpy falls from the sky. It screams and struggles as UEA hunters approach it.

Dr. Shull, hand over heart, breathes in relief. Officer Mudwin laughs.

OFFICER MUDWIN

Wanna get back to the lab, don't ya?

He nods eagerly.

DR. SHULL

I prefer them asleep or behind glass!

INT. SCH: HALLS - SAME

A SKINNY BOY with glasses and an overall nerdy look stands among a group of other Thrive students. He holds up a keychain with a preserved imp tail.

Speaking with a lisp.

SKINNY BOY

Look what my mom got me.

A MUSCULAR GIRL touches the keychain in awe.

MUSCULAR GIRL

That's so cool! I wish my parents were hunters. They're just botanists.

The boy stands with a puffed chest.

SKINNY BOY

Yeah, not everyone's built to be a hunter.

ADLEY rolls her eyes.

ADLEY

You're seriously proud of that dinky little thing?

She pulls out her phone and shows an image of a mounted wolver head above a fireplace.

ADLEY

Last summer, my dad went hunting in the dead zones.

The group fawns over the image. Adley smirks at the boy as she puts her phone away.

She opens her locker.

A paper-mache harpy head juts out. Its mouth opens and squirts lime-green fluid onto Adley as she jumps back screaming. She backpedals and falls to the ground.

Some students stop to laugh, while others step away in disgust, fear, or both.

DUSTIN, JACQUELINE, and HARLEY stand in front of Dustin's open locker, admiring the scene.

HARLEY

(laughing)

See? I knew what I was doing with the jaw mechanism.

Dustin smirks as he puts a folder up and closes his locker.

DUSTIN

Sorry I d-doubted you.

Adley grabs her shirt, sniffing the fluid. She gags as she gets up and rushes through the crowd, hand over her mouth.

Dustin chuckles, turning to Jacqueline.

DUSTIN

Harpy bile was an evil addition.

Jacqueline puts a hand to her hip sarcastically.

JACQUELINE

When your dad's a biologist, might as well capitalize on it.

MS. SHEPARD combs through the crowded hallway.

JACQUELINE

Here comes Lady Buzzkill.

MS. SHEPARD

What on earth is going on?!

Ms. Shepard glares at the harpy puppet sourly. Looking around the hall, she locks eyes with the three teens. The trio backs away. She stomps forward, scolding.

MS. SHEPARD

Of course! Of course, it's you three! As you surely know, yet do not care, it is a violation of school policy to access the contents of another student's—

She slips and falls on her butt. They freeze, cringing at the accident.

Ms. Shepard sniffs her hands, then gags in disgust. Dustin bursts out laughing.

Ms. Shepard snaps a nasty glare at them as she pushes herself up. They scramble down the hall, weaving past other students.

MS. SHEPARD

Don't you dare run!

She trots after them.

The trio comes to the school's second-level lunch-space balcony. Ms. Shepard smiles.

MS. SHEPARD

Ha! You've cornered your—

Without hesitation, Jacqueline jumps, gripping the guard rail. She twists and drops down to the first level. Landing on her feet. Harley follows, instead sliding under the guardrail, using his fingers to grip the edge before dropping. Dustin squeezes his eyes shut and unathletically rolls over the guardrail before dropping. He falls onto a bush.

Harley helps him up. Ms. Shepard leans over the balcony railing in disbelief.

MS. SHEPARD

You children are mad! This is ridiculous!

Jacqueline looks up and calls back.

JACQUELINE

(taunting)

PE's paying off, huh, Vice?

Ms. Shepard snorts and stomps back into the building.

— — The trio step into the hallway of the ground level.

DUSTIN

We are so getting d-detention.

HARLEY

Maybe, but it was worth it.

JACQUELINE

Any chance to knock a Thrive student down a peg is an opportunity worth taking.

DUSTIN

D-definitely!

Jacqueline glares at a Thrive program poster on the bulletin board beside them. Posters and papers clutter in layers across the whole board.

JACQUELINE

Why is everyone in the Thrive program so high and mighty anyway?

Jacqueline rips the Thrive poster off.

JACQUELINE

You know if they saw a real monster, they'd all wiz their pants and pass out like Beck did when—

She freezes, eyes widening at the board.

HARLEY

Come on, they aren't all bad.

DUSTIN

You only say that b-because you've got a hard-on for that tall white-haired girl.

Harley bumps him in the shoulder.

HARLEY

No! And her name is Lilith. I mean, yeah, she's cute, but she's polite and not as "in your face" as the other Thrive students.

DUSTIN

Shy equals nice, got it.

HARLEY

You know what I meant!

Dustin smirks at his annoyance.

JACQUELINE

Uh, Harley?

She gives Harley a grim look as she points with her thumb to one of the posters.

"LILITH TIN, MISSING."

Harley steps up to the board.

HARLEY

Wha—but I saw her last Friday. How could...

Jacqueline shrugs.

JACQUELINE

No one's invincible.

HARLEY

No, I don't...

He pulls the poster off the board, staring at it.

Jacqueline and Dustin move down the hall. Harley turns to Jacqueline, a hopeful look in his eyes.

HARLEY

But you can find her!

Jacqueline stops, looking back at him, confused.

HARLEY

You could track her scent or something, right?!

This earns a couple side-eyes from passing students.

The BELL RINGS. Students begin to disperse.

JACQUELINE

Woah, woah, slow down. I've never "tracked" anything before. And, well... She might not even be...

HARLEY

I know... but if there's even a chance, we need to try, right? You could be a hero!

He gestures and flicks the poster.

JACQUELINE

Harley, I'm... I'm not "hero" material...

She looks around before continuing.

JACQUELINE

(voice low)

...I-I turn into a wulver! No one's going to be happy seeing a wulver pop up to help them.

HARLEY

Yes, but why let that stop you?

Dustin shrugs.

DUSTIN

Could be a good opportunity for you to practice?

She sighs and brushes her fingers through her bangs.

JACQUELINE

Ok, sure. We'll give it a go...

Dustin crosses his arms.

DUSTIN

D-don't be surprised if we find a corpse.

JACQUELINE

(laughing)

Wow, don't sugarcoat it, Dustin.

Excited, Harley rolls the poster up, stuffs it into his pocket, and heads to a door.

HARLEY
Come on, let's go!

JACQUELINE
Um, now?

He takes her by the wrist.

HARLEY
Class can wait. Saving a life is more important.

EXT. BEACON BOULEVARD CEMETERY - LATER

JACQUELINE, DUSTIN, and HARLEY ride down the street. Dry autumn leaves crunch under their tires. Bare trees line the street on each side. Harley slows to a stop in front of an archway.

"BEACON BOULEVARD CEMETERY."

The graveyard is unkempt, overgrown, and marshy. Some tombstones are completely waterlogged. Harley dismounts and steps into the cemetery. He pauses, shoe sinking slightly in the spongy mud.

HARLEY
Really had to be a graveyard?

DUSTIN
Said on the poster, she was last seen around B-Beacon Boulevard Cemetery, so... yeah.

JACQUELINE
Come on, it's peaceful out here.

Harley watches Jacqueline pass with an unconvinced stare.

HARLEY
Says you, Madame Macabre.

Jacqueline rolls her eyes. She trails her fingers playfully over the tops of each tombstone as she walks past.

She stops in front of one. It's old and weathered, but overall in good condition. Remnants of its original engravings are still intact. She sits on her knees in front of it and reaches into her bag.

JACQUELINE
Oh, you're an oldie, huh? Uh...

She glances at the name.

JACQUELINE
"Dillon Wess."

DUSTIN
Talking to corpses? Ok.

Taunting, she sticks her tongue out at him—showing off her piercing—with a toothy sneer.

HARLEY
You're going to do a rubbing now?

JACQUELINE
Don't worry, I'll be quick. I really like this one.

She pulls out a small black wax puck and rips out a page from her sketchbook. She holds the paper to the tombstone and gently rubs the wax puck against it.

HARLEY
Can you at least tell me if you smell anything?

She finishes and puts it in her sketchbook with others.

JACQUELINE
(under breath; standing up)
Thanks, dead guy.

Jacqueline turns to Harley, shrugging.

JACQUELINE
I smell dead people... go figure.

Harley blinks, concern growing.

HARLEY

Are you even trying to take this seriously?

JACQUELINE

Yeah.

DUSTIN

Not reassuring.

Jacqueline flicks a glare at Dustin.

HARLEY

It feels like you're not.

JACQUELINE

We're out here, aren't we?

Harley puts a hand to his hip, becoming agitated.

HARLEY

I can tell you don't want to do this.

JACQUELINE

What? It's a cool tombstone! You expect me to leave it alone?!

HARLEY

I'm not talking about the—Why are you being so weird about this?

JACQUELINE

I'm not!

(to Dustin)

Dustin, am I being weird?

He shrugs.

JACQUELINE

Thanks for clearing that up. Really appreciate it.

DUSTIN

You're welcome.

HARLEY

Am I crazy to think, with powers like that, you would wanna help others?

JACQUELINE

No, no, you're not. I just... I don't know...

Jacqueline crosses her arms and leans against a tall tombstone. Staring at the ground. A blank look in her eyes.

JACQUELINE

Feels like I'm... not the... "right" person to be running around saving people.

HARLEY

Jacks, you're the perfect person! You can become one of them! Do you realize how much we could do with that?!

Jacqueline shakes her head and scoffs.

DUSTIN

Jeez, you got it b-bad for this girl.

Harley turns his attention to Dustin, a little hurt.

HARLEY

I've never even talked to her before. I'm upset because we have a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity here to make a difference!

DUSTIN

You mean Jacqueline does.

Jacqueline squirms uncomfortably.

HARLEY

That's not what I—ok, fine. Whatever, I'll look for her on my own.

Harley turns around and walks toward the entrance arch. Jacqueline follows after him.

JACQUELINE

Harley, stop! You're going to get yourself killed! Let's just—

HARLEY

—Oh! Now you care about someone getting hurt!

JACQUELINE

Uh? Because you're my friend?! Duh!

HARLEY

Why is my soul more important than someone else's? A life is a life!

Jacqueline pauses, processing for a moment. She shakes her head and continues after him.

JACQUELINE

That doesn't even—Will you just—

HARLEY

—Relax, I'm going back to school...

Harley mounts his bike and rides off. Jacqueline calls after him.

JACQUELINE

Come on, man, this isn't fair!

DUSTIN

(walking up)

He's gone.

JACQUELINE

Yeah, yeah... Ugggh!

She growls in frustration, turning and kicking at the metal archway. Surprising herself when the metal dents. She backs away, confused.

DUSTIN

Extra mass...

JACQUELINE

(sighing)

Right...

DUSTIN

What now?

Jacqueline puts her hands on her hips, facing the cemetery.

JACQUELINE

Well, I've never been to this graveyard before.

DUSTIN

You wanna find a place to mark, d-don't you?

JACQUELINE

Kinda, yeah. So it isn't a total waste of time...

Jacqueline rolls her eyes and steps into the graveyard, Dustin close behind.

EXT. STREET

HARLEY rides down the street in a huff.

His expression softens as he's carried in thought. He slows his pedaling.

Struck with an idea, he turns sharply down a side street.

EXT. ABANDONED STREETS - LATER

HARLEY rides out past the point of established city and into the space of the downtrodden. The abandoned buildings aren't as rotten as the dead zones, but signs of the homeless litter every corner.

Harley approaches a large concrete building covered in graffiti and pipes. The entrance is massive—designed for the largest of UEA vehicles. Just in front of the open entrance sits a UEA truck, rusted and grimy but functional. The large UEA lettering on the side of it is crossed out in black spray paint.

Harley walks his bike in farther, calling out. He passes a lit firepit, burning trash.

HARLEY
Ratchet? Ratchet!

The booming of heavy metal music dampens Harley's voice.

— — RATCHET, 26, stands wearing a welding mask and glove. His left arm—a rusted mechanical prosthetic—is holding a blowtorch to a large robotic device resembling a scraped-together cannon. A glowing green crystal ball floats at the center of a rounded cage-like structure.

HARLEY
RATCHET!

Ratchet lifts his welder's mask and turns the blowtorch off.

RATCHET
Oh, hi!

He turns the music down and grabs a towel to wipe sweat from his face. He's Asian descent, tan skin, large tribal tattoo on his arm, brown medium-length hair in a small ponytail, wearing a beige tank, worker's belt, and clunky steel-toe boots with metal lace guards covered in spikes. He is grungy in much the same way those who live farther into the dead zones would be.

RATCHET
I don't have your stuff yet. I said next week.

HARLEY

Actually, I'm not here about that.

Ratchet glances at him as he cleans up. Harley points to the glowing crystal.

HARLEY

First, what's that thing?

RATCHET

Uh, consider it a personal project. I needed a power core for it.

HARLEY

Wait, THAT'S a vexite core?

RATCHET

Oh, I guess you wouldn't recognize it. These are in pulse weapons and stingers and such. You just don't see them... and they're smaller. I haven't finished the power systems on this thing yet.

HARLEY

It's prettier than I imagined.

RATCHET

Anyway, what'd you come here for?

HARLEY

Right... There's this girl—

RATCHET

—A girl this time?

Ratchet gives him a smug look. Harley rolls his eyes.

HARLEY

It's not like that. She's missing.

A young harpy with yellow eyes flies down onto a metal pipe beside Harley. It squawks loudly.

RATCHET

Oh, feed Spoil for me, will you? Keep talking.

HARLEY

Yeah, sure.

Harley wanders over to a mini fridge with a harpy spray-painted on the door.

HARLEY

I was just wondering if you might have ideas on how to find her?

He pulls out a bowl of shredded meat.

RATCHET

Why her? Is there a reward or something?

Harley sits on a worn couch. He tosses meat to Spoil nonchalantly. She snatches every bite eagerly.

HARLEY

What? No, it's just... sad. She goes to our school.

Ratchet sighs and plops down next to him.

RATCHET

Do you know where she was last seen?

Harley hands him the poster.

RATCHET

*Ok, let me think...
Does this girl have a phone?*

HARLEY

Think so?

RATCHET

I can probably geo map it.

HARLEY
You can? That's great!

RATCHET
Gonna need the number though.

HARLEY
Oh, um... Her Thrive card might have it. Bet that's in her locker.

RATCHET
Well?

Harley tosses Spoil the last piece of meat. He sets the bowl on the sheet metal coffee table and gets up, a bounce in his step.

HARLEY
I'll be back as soon as I can!

EXT. BEACON BOULEVARD CEMETERY - SAME

DUSTIN and JACQUELINE stand beside a crypt. Vines and moss coat the surface top to bottom. Untouched for years, one side of the crypt has its overgrowth ripped clean off. Jacqueline continues working in the cleared space with indigo spray paint.

JACQUELINE
You know they started making the fences around graveyards out of iron blight?

Dustin stands casually, leaning his back against the wall of the crypt.

DUSTIN
That's pretty expensive just to guard a bunch of d-dead people, isn't it?

— — Out of sight, hidden in the brush, something watches.

Jacqueline pauses to shake the can before continuing.

JACQUELINE

They're doing it now to stop ghouls from crawling in. Ghouls would hide in the dirt in front of a grave. When people came to pay respects, free meal.

Dustin stands up straight, tensing.

DUSTIN

Why would you tell me this now?

JACQUELINE

(pointing)

Because the dirt looks messed up at that grave right there.

His head whips around to look at the grave, then back to Jacqueline. She's laughing.

— — The watcher, now much closer, moves away in response to Jacqueline's pointing and Dustin's glances.

Amused, Jacqueline watches as Dustin walks to the other side of her, using her as a barrier, but his eyes keep flicking to the grave.

DUSTIN

Why must you d-do these things to me?

JACQUELINE

(laughing)

What? It's true!

Dustin snorts, stuffing his hands in his pockets. She finishes the piece, pops the cap on, and puts the can in her backpack. Taking a step back, she admires the finished horror-themed wisp design. The drippy yellow face over the indigo abdomen adds to its grim atmosphere.

DUSTIN

How do you not have nightmares?

JACQUELINE

You ready to go?

Dustin nods, and they start walking.

INT. RATCHET'S HIDEOUT - LATER

HARLEY returns to RATCHET out of breath. He hands over a card, and Ratchet opens the back of the UEA truck. The interior is like a militarized RV with a folding bed, kitchen area, etc. One side of the vehicle is covered with wires, power boxes, and monitors.

RATCHET

Yeesh, you did get this quick. Run into any trouble?

Ratchet plops down in an office chair and gets to work on the computer.

HARLEY

Uh...

INT. SCH: HALLS

MS. SHEPARD walks down the hall. She stops abruptly.

She marches up to a locker, inspecting it closer. It looks as if it's been... pried open with a crowbar. She taps it, and the door swings open. A sour frown stretches across her face.

INT. RATCHET'S HIDEOUT

HARLEY rubs his neck.

HARLEY

Not until later, I'm sure.

RATCHET

Well, this won't take long at all. Check your phone.

Harley pulls up his messages. He opens a new text with a link. A progress bar appears.

RATCHET

It's gonna need a few minutes to load, but when it's done, it'll ping. The louder it is, the closer you are to the girl's phone.

HARLEY

Dude, you're amazing!

RATCHET

(smiling)

I try.

EXT. BEACON BOULEVARD CEMETERY - SAME

JACQUELINE slows, sniffing the air.

JACQUELINE

Do you smell smoke?

DUSTIN glances at her from the corner of his eye.

DUSTIN

No. But I smell paint.

He is stopped by Jacqueline's stern hand as she looks around apprehensively.

DUSTIN

What? If you're fooling—

JACQUELINE

—No. Something isn't...

A GREY WULVER jumps out of a shadow on the ground. It pounces on Jacqueline, slamming her onto her back. It's a large, over seven-foot-tall bearded male with a long, sleek frame. Its grey coat features an ivory tail and brows. Its eyes shine bright neon green, and its claws are slate blue.

Dustin is shoved over from the wulver's pounce. He scrambles backward, stopped when a LITTLE WULVER leans its drooly face over him. Despite being skinny, it has a thick and puffy tail. Light brown coat with dark brown markings. Amber claws and red eyes. Its coat resembles that of a raccoon.

Dustin punches the wulver in the nose. It yelps and backpedals. Dustin gets to his feet and fumbles, clumsily pulling out an iron blight knife.

The little wulver gets on all fours and teases an attack, wagging its tail energetically, its voice high and raspy.

LITTLE WULVER
(laughing; mocking)
Ooh! Scary! Keh! Keh!

Jacqueline and Dustin look surprised at the little wulver. The grey wulver turns to the little one, a serious expression, voice much lower and breathier than the other's.

GREY WULVER
No time for play.

The little wulver turns to the grey wulver, dropping its smile and ears in annoyance.

Jacqueline struggles harder under the wulver's paw. It leans down, pushing more weight on her chest. She wheezes in pain, looking up into its eyes. Worry turns to a glare.

In a maroon FLASH, she unloads a powerful electric shock. The wulver jolts back, howling in pain, freeing her. She gets to her feet. The wulver stands scowling at its steaming paw.

JACQUELINE
So you speak English? Great! Can we just—

With a snarl, the wulver swings its uninjured arm, throwing Jacqueline back. Landing and scraping across the ground, she rolls limply to her side.

DUSTIN
Jacqueline!

He runs to Jacqueline, but the little wulver tackles him to the ground. It backs away as the grey wulver flips him over and pins him with its paw. Dustin pulls his arm up, ready to stab with the knife. The grey wulver bites the blade, ripping it out of his hand.

LITTLE WULVER
where'd the other one go?

GREY WULVER
what?!

The grey wulver looks to where Jacqueline was. She's gone.

GREY WULVER
Find it!

Panicked, the little wulver searches around. The grey wulver turns its attention back to Dustin.

GREY WULVER
This is easier when you sleep...

The grey wulver pushes heavier on Dustin's chest. It's hard to breathe. He squirms under its grip.

SilverEyes bites the grey wulver's forearm and tears it away from Dustin. The grey wulver cloaks its arm, slipping through her jaws, and stumbles back. It glares at the damp blackish-blue bite wound, then at SilverEyes.

GREY WULVER
Gruhh, annoying...
(snarling; in **Wulven**)
𐌶 𐌸 𐌹 𐌺 𐌻 𐌼 𐌽 𐌾 𐌿 𐌺 𐌻 𐌼 𐌽 𐌾 𐌿 𐌺 𐌻 𐌼 𐌽 𐌾 𐌿 𐌺 𐌻 𐌼 𐌽 𐌾 𐌿
Mind your own business!

Dustin sits up, coughing and gasping. SilverEyes puts herself between him and the wulver. Ears flat, spine fluffing up.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

(to Dustin; voice low)

Can you get up?

Dustin grabs the knife and gets up, dizzy and winded.

DUSTIN

Yes.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

(to the grey wulver)

Can we stop fighting and just chat for a minute, please?

The grey wulver's pupils narrow. SilverEyes's ears shoot up. The little wulver jumps onto SilverEyes's back. She struggles to grab it.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

(struggling)

H-hey! I'm trying to—

It twirls around her neck and looks her in the eye, a sly look on its face.

LITTLE WULVER

Your eyes look funny!

Annoyed, SilverEyes charges her fur with electricity and zaps the wulver. Stunned, she catches it by the neck and throws it off her.

The grey wulver lashes the side of its long, powerful tail at SilverEyes. She wheezes as her back slams against a tree. It lifts its tail for another strike. SilverEyes holds her breath, coating her body in shadow.

SLASH!

This time, using the edge of its tail, the grey wulver saws right through the tree and SilverEyes. The tree falls.

Uninjured, SilverEyes ducks behind the wulver. Stepping into the sunlight releases the cloak.

The grey wulver swipes at her with its hot, glowing blue claws. She raises her forearm. Two of its claws graze her, leaving shallow mulberry-colored scratches.

A blast of orange hellfire nails her in the shoulder. She cries out in pain, doubling over on all fours, shoulder smoking. The little wulver bounds past her, smiling gleefully. SilverEyes turns to Dustin. He's frozen in place, eyes wide with shock.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

What are you doing?! Run!

He blinks, snapping to focus. Both wulvers look at Dustin, then SilverEyes in confusion. After a moment of hesitation, Dustin grips his knife tighter and runs.

GREY WULVER

Get it!

The little wulver nods and follows after him.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

No!

Shaking, she flips around, swinging at the grey wulver. Her claws glow maroon with heat. The wulver dips back, and the strike grazes its cheek.

— — Dustin spins on his heel, slashing the little wulver's snout. It recoils, cut sizzling. Dustin's foot hooks in a vine. He trips and falls to the ground. The little wulver cloaks itself in black, approaching Dustin.

— — The grey wulver bashes its side against SilverEyes, knocking her onto her back. She hisses in pain at the burn on her shoulder.

It raises its tail for a strike when...

The ROAR of an unseen beast booms through the trees.

The grey wulver freezes, ears perked. SilverEyes flinches at the bellowing sound.

— — The little wulver dispels the cloak and looks to the distance.

Birds fly from trees. Deer leap through the overgrowth.

The two wulvers rush over the cemetery fence and out of sight.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Wait!

(sighing)

Gah, I wanted to talk...

(rubbing ear)

Wow...

— — Dustin sits up and looks around. They're gone. He pushes himself up to his feet, then folds the knife and puts it away.

SilverEyes rolls over onto her hands and knees, paw holding her burnt shoulder.

DUSTIN

Why d-didn't you shift sooner?! I could have b-been killed!

She lifts her head, matching eyes.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Come on, I'm not gonna let you lose your soul like that.

(flinches in pain)

And didn't you hear them? They spoke English.

DUSTIN

So?!

SilverEyes raises to her feet, still gripping her shoulder.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

I don't care what people think. They aren't just animals. I'm not gonna shift in front of something that's gonna put me at risk!

Dustin opens his mouth to protest but pauses, sighing instead. She relaxes, dropping her arm to her side.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Just wish I could have talked to one of them. Maybe find out more about the wulver that did this to me?

She gestures to herself.

— — Light shines off the cut tree stump beside SilverEyes. A couple ivory spines shine in the sunlight. Dustin walks up to the stump.

DUSTIN

And why the sudden interest in Stillmore...

He pulls one of the spines out, inspecting it.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

what's that?

DUSTIN

I think... Hold still.

Dustin crouches down beside her.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

why, wh—Ah!

He plucks a black spine from her tail. Hers is much smaller, rounder, and nowhere near as sharp compared to the ivory one.

Her ears droop at the sight of her spine.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Rude!

INT. SCH: HALLS - NEXT DAY

JACQUELINE stands leaning against the lockers. Both spines in her hands, comparing.

DUSTIN stares intently at his phone.

DUSTIN
Here they are.

Dustin shows his phone to Jacqueline. It displays the UEA website profiles of the two wulvers they encountered.

DUSTIN
RazorTail, the grey one. And Bandit, the one that looks like a raccoon.

JACQUELINE
Yeah, that pup did totally look like a raccoon. Kinda cute aside from the huffing fire.

DUSTIN
And wanting to eat my face off.

JACQUELINE
That too.

Dustin rolls his eyes.

DUSTIN
Harley respond yet?

Jacqueline pulls out her phone and shows it to Dustin.

"JACQUELINE: Why aren't you at school today? Please don't go out on your own. I'm sorry."

"HARLEY: I'm safe, it's fine."

She puts her phone away with a sigh.

JACQUELINE

I wanna roll by his house after school. I feel awful.

DUSTIN

Why? You didn't d-do anything wrong. Seeing her d-dead body would be worse, I think.

JACQUELINE

Yeah, especially for him... I-I don't like his "hero" talk... like because I can do what I can, I HAVE to help others? ...Why?

DUSTIN

A lot of people would feel that way. B-but hey, as long as you aren't off slaying civilians in a b-bloodthirsty rampage, I say d-do whatever.

Some students overhear and give odd glances as they pass.

JACQUELINE

With you guys, it's different. I WANT to use these abilities to protect you. Yesterday was a good example.

Dustin gives her a goofy smile.

JACQUELINE

What?

DUSTIN

Nothing, I just never expected to have a wulver b-bodyguard.

Jacqueline pushes herself off the lockers, beginning down the hall. Dustin follows.

JACQUELINE

At least you aren't scared of me anymore.

DUSTIN

I wouldn't go that far.

INT. HAYZER HOUSE: HARLEY'S ROOM - SAME

A claustrophobic bedroom, with walls dotted in cracks and holes. The bed, desk, and dresser seem squeezed into place.

HARLEY sits on the edge of his bed, phone in hand.

"JACQUELINE: Why aren't you at school today? Please don't go out on your own. I'm sorry."

He texts a response—*"I'm safe, it's fine"*—and sends it.

A loud BANG through the wall. Harley's parents shout at each other. The door barely muffles the yells.

Harley sighs.

HARLEY

Already?

He puts a pair of headphones in and cranks up the volume. Harley picks up a cylinder off the desk labeled *"BLACK SALT."*

After pouring black salt into a water bottle, he stuffs it in his backpack's side pouch, along with another bottle of the dark gray fluid.

While filling his backpack, he slips twisted paper bombs into it and zips it up. Reaching behind himself, he grabs a bat and slides it into a side pouch beside a water bottle.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

HARLEY rides down the street on his bike wearing his hood up. He holds his phone out in front of him, swiping at the screen to see through the raindrops. As he approaches the marker, it pings louder.

Rounding a street corner brings the loudest pinging. Slowing to a stop, Harley dismounts and looks around. The phone quiets. Confused, he walks back toward his bike. The pinging picks back up. There's nothing but asphalt on the ground.

HARLEY
There's nothing here?!

Harley kicks pebbles. He watches as they are carried down the storm drain by the rainwater. His eyes widen, he looks at his phone. He spots a section of road taped for construction. The manhole cover is missing.

EXT. HAYZER HOUSE: FRONT PORCH - LATER

JACQUELINE and DUSTIN stand at the door. MRS. HAYZER answers. She's in her 30s, a short Italian woman with an overflowing frame, long wavy brown hair, brown eyes, and olive skin. She's wearing a classic red-and-blue dress with a white apron, red heels, and pearl necklace—aging her up a few years. She looks like a mom in every sense of the word.

JACQUELINE
Hi, Mrs. Hayzer, is Harley home?

MRS. HAYZER
No, 'fraid not. Did you kids have a school project today?

DUSTIN
No, why?

MRS. HAYZER
I saw him working on something in his room before he left.

Jacqueline and Dustin share knowing glances. They back away.

JACQUELINE
Ok, thanks, Mrs. Hayzer, we'll leave you alone now. Bye!

They rush to mount their bikes, leaving Mrs. Hayzer confused. She shakes her head and closes the door.

JACQUELINE
Dang it, Harley! Better not be hurt!

DUSTIN

Do you think you could try following his scent?

JACQUELINE

All I smell is rain! He had to have gone back to the graveyard.

DUSTIN

B-but those two wulvers—

JACQUELINE

—I know!

INT. SEWER PIPES - SAME

HARLEY trudges through the ankle-high water, holding his phone up as a flashlight. Rounding corners, he navigates piles of road debris and plastic webbed between sticks and broken branches. The phone pings get louder and louder, echoing through the dripping tunnels.

HARLEY

What the...?

A mass of clothes, backpacks, hats, shoes, and other accessories blocks off the tunnel. He steps closer, gaping at the mountain. A sound emanates from the mound, heavily muffled. He sticks his phone to his shoulder strap for light.

Harley makes his way through the heap, digging until he finds a pale blue backpack with a UEA pin.

HARLEY

Crap, this is Lilith's...

(sigh)

Where are you?

Unzipping it, he picks up Lilith's phone. Battery is low, and the screen is cracked.

Something heavy PLUNGES into the water behind him. Harley jumps, gripping the metal bat.

Harley creeps back along the tunnel, his light reflecting off two points. A double take, Harley looks back at the glowing lime orbs.

They jut forward in a black wulver-shaped mass from the tunnel wall.

Harley staggers, grabbing and throwing a water bottle from his backpack. RAZORTAIL drops the cloak mid-pounce. Jaws stretched wide, he clamps down on the water bottle.

It bursts open, splashing cloudy grey fluid everywhere.

RazorTail paws at his mouth in pain, hissing and spitting thick clouds of steam. He falls over, splashing in the water.

RAZORTAIL

𐄂 = 𐄂 𐄂 𐄂 𐄂 𐄂 𐄂 𐄂 𐄂 𐄂 𐄂

Stupid ape!

Harley runs through the tunnel. RazorTail blinks tears out of his eyes. Giving chase, he hops into a glide a few feet off the ground, his fangs bared with a nasty guttural snarl.

Harley throws one of the twisted paper bombs. It bursts into a dust cloud on RazorTail's back.

RazorTail flinches, but pushes through the pain. Coiling his muscles, RazorTail drops and uses the ground as a springboard. Claws stretched out in another powerful pounce.

EXT. BEACON BOULEVARD: CEMETERY

JACQUELINE and DUSTIN pull up to the cemetery. She cringes at her phone.

"JACQUELINE: You aren't home. Why?"

"JACQUELINE: Where are you?"

"JACQUELINE: Please answer!"

JACQUELINE

He's not answering at all now.

DUSTIN

This d-doesn't feel good.

JACQUELINE

No, it doesn't.

Jacqueline looks up in surprise. She leads Dustin into the brush.

DUSTIN

Wulver?

JACQUELINE

Yeah, right down there.

Jacqueline crouches, sneaking through the brush. Dustin, close behind, twiddles his fingers nervously.

BANDIT digs at a grave, revealing an old coffin.

DUSTIN

What's it doing?

Bandit scratches the coffin door off, revealing a ripe brown-black corpse. Bandit opens his mouth, pulling white energy from the corpse. It withers and crumbles away.

Bandit pulls away, smacking and licking his lips, unsatisfied.

DUSTIN

(hushed)

Ew! Why?!

JACQUELINE

Talk about bottom of the barrel.

Bandit flicks his ear toward them before turning his head. They duck down in the brush. Bandit sniffs the air only to puff out a sneeze in irritation at the rain. Casually, he jumps the fence.

Jacqueline shifts to SilverEyes.

DUSTIN

What are you—

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

—Get on my back.

DUSTIN

What?!

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Pretend you're a baby monkey, come on.

DUSTIN

No!

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Hurry, he's leaving. This is the only way we'll be able to keep up!

DUSTIN

You want to follow it?! That looks like a pretty young wulver. What if that roar yesterday was the pack? It could be going to a d-den!

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Exactly! Harley's gonna end up wulver chow if we don't do something!

SilverEyes flings Dustin over her back. He grabs on uncomfortably.

DUSTIN

I'm not ok with this!

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Suck it up.

She leaps forward, bounding after Bandit.

DUSTIN

Jesus!

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Ah! No pulling!

INT. SEWER PIPE INTERSECTION - SAME

HARLEY slowly opens his eyes—backpack and vest missing. Blurry vision clearing. He's standing, but...

His arms are stuck above his head. Wrists tied together with a plastic cord. Cord looped through a piece of curved rebar stuck in the concrete tunnel wall.

HARLEY

(dazed)

W-what? How...

He pulls against the tethers, senses returning. Looking around the room, he's taken aback. The tunnel is a three-way intersection. A breach to Umbra is open on one of the walls. Like a tear in reality. A green energy emits from its outer rim. Nine other captives are tethered to the tunnel walls just as he is. They hang like rag dolls.

Across from him, LILITH TIN, 18, tall girl with a thin yet bottom-heavy frame. Her freckled porcelain skin is smudged and dirty. Her dyed white shoulder-length hair with bangs normally kept straight and pristine is now messy and distressed. Her formal school clothes are wet, dirty, and ripped. She hangs limp and unconscious in her restraints.

HARLEY

Lil—Lilith! Hey!

???

Hush!

RAZORTAIL walks in through one of the tunnels.

RAZORTAIL

Can't you see it is unconscious? Asleep. Out cold. It can't respond!

HARLEY
Y-you speak English?

RazorTail rolls his eyes and steps in farther.

RAZORTAIL
No...

Harley pulls against his restraints, leaning forward.

HARLEY
What is this? Are all these people... alive? W-why are you doing this?

RazorTail gives a blank, half-lidded stare. He blinks boredly and moves into one of the conjoining tunnels.

RAZORTAIL
I like humans better unconscious.

He leaves.

HARLEY
(struggling)
Wait! Stop, please! You can't do this!

Harley glares at his restraints. Pulling, twisting, and struggling...

To no avail.

Panting, he bumps the back of his head against the wall and looks up with a grimace.

HARLEY
...Such a freaking idiot!

EXT. LARGE STORM DRAINAGE PIPE - LATER

BANDIT stops at a large concrete storm drainage pipe. Ankle-high rainwater flows out of it. He sniffs around only to rub at his nose in annoyance.

He hops up and steps inside.

SILVEREYES slows to a stop in front of the pipe. DUSTIN limply slides down her back into the water. Amused, she watches him.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)
Looks like we're heading into the sewers.

Dustin gets to his feet. Hands on hips.

DUSTIN
Sure, why not! You're gonna go anyway. I d-don't even care anymore.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)
(chuckling)
I'll believe it when I see it. Just stay close to me.

DUSTIN
(mumbling; rolls eyes)
Goes without saying...

They step into the pipe.

INT. SEWER PIPES

SILVEREYES and DUSTIN trudge through the tunnels. Dustin wrings out part of his hoodie. Steam wafts off SilverEyes's fur.

DUSTIN
What are you doing?

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)
Drying off.

DUSTIN

Jeez, you're your own d-dryer too?

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Would you rather I shake?

DUSTIN

No! I'm freezing already!

She shrugs.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

I don't even get cold anymore...

SilverEyes stops and looks around.

DUSTIN

What's wrong now?

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Doesn't this tunnel look... familiar?

DUSTIN

Jacqueline, it's a sewer tunnel. They ALL look the same.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

No... We're going in circles.

One of her ears twists, and she turns around. BANDIT rounds the corner, face lighting up once he sees them.

BANDIT

Keh! I knew I smelled human!

SilverEyes widens her stance, fur puffing, fangs bared. Bandit growls and rattles his tail spines. Dustin ducks behind her, knife drawn.

INT. SEWER PIPE INTERSECTION - SAME

RAZORTAIL enters the intersection holding a wet cloth. One by one, he puts it under the nose of each captive. HARLEY stares at the wulver nervously.

HARLEY
What are you doing?

RazorTail glances at him from the corner of his eye.

RAZORTAIL
My least favorite step...

Awareness regained, some captives squirm and struggle, others cry, a few do nothing. RazorTail works his way across the intersection, stopping right before Lilith.

Ears up, eyes alert. He drops the rag, hops up and glides away.

INT. SEWER PIPES

BANDIT struggles against SILVEREYES's grip around his throat. She presses him against the wall. DUSTIN retreats behind her.

BANDIT
(laughing; strained)
Fighting for humans? Keh! Keh! That'll get you k-killed!

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)
Yeah, yeah. Our friend is missing. Where are you taking the people you abduct?

BANDIT
Keh! Like I'm gonna talk to a PET!

Dustin looks up at SilverEyes, shyly pointing at Bandit.

DUSTIN
You sure you have a good grip on it?

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)
He's like a fourth my size Dustin, you're fine.

Bandit's ribs begin to glow amber.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)
Don't you dare!

She squeezes harder around his neck, but...

Her arm cloaks in shadow. Bandit falls through her paw and drops to the ground. He scampers away.

SilverEyes hisses in frustration at her paw before leaping after him. Bigger and faster, she catches up easily. In one swift motion, she swings her tail and CRACKS Bandit in the back.

He collapses flat on his belly, unmoving.

SilverEyes creeps closer. Dustin stands far back around the bend of the tunnel.

DUSTIN
 (calling out; light echo)
D-did you kill it?

SilverEyes pokes Bandit... No response.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)
N-no! I think—

She rolls him over onto his back. He's breathing.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)
I knocked him out... Crap.

DUSTIN
What now? These tunnels go on for miles.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)
This little guy had to have come here for a reason. We...

She trails off, staring intently down the tunnel. Dustin squints, looking in the same direction.

DUSTIN
Is that... crying?

The faint sounds of distress echoes. SilverEyes and Dustin follow. She sniffs at the air and picks up speed.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)
Harley!

DUSTIN
How do you—

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)
—pot and motor oil!

INT. SEWER PIPE INTERSECTION

DUSTIN and SILVEREYES rush into the pipe intersection. They freeze, gawking at the scene. Upon SilverEyes's arrival, the people stir. Some cry, others beg and scream.

HARLEY
Guys?!

DUSTIN
Harley!

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)
(looking around)
w-what IS this?

Dustin runs up to HARLEY, still tethered to the wall.

HARLEY
We need to hurry, that wulver's gonna be back any minute!

SilverEyes grabs the cords around Harley's wrists and yanks them apart. Heated claws easily melt through.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

A wulver did this?

She looks at the melted cord in her paw skeptically before tossing it in the water.

DUSTIN

Start cutting them d-down!

Harley jams a broken piece of rebar through Lilith's restraints, pulling them taut. Dustin stands on his toes to reach and cut the cords.

— — SilverEyes shakes her head, trying to concentrate. She approaches one of the captives not screaming or squirming at the sight of her. A man, mid 30s. He is wet and filthy with tattered clothes. His body ropy, shaky, and weak but not emaciated or injured.

He simply looks up at her with dull, defeated eyes. She raises her paw. The man squeezes his eyes shut, stiffening at her touch. She begins to rip his restraints off. A black mass forms on the tunnel ceiling.

RAZORTAIL drops into the water and slams his tail against SilverEyes. With a roll, she's back on all fours.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Guys!

— — The boys lay Lilith's unconscious form down carefully.

DUSTIN

RazorTail!

HARLEY

What?

RazorTail launches forward, throwing Dustin to the ground. He jumps off Dustin immediately, staggering back and holding his steaming paw in pain.

Dustin sits up with a smirk, blade positioned straight up at his side.

DUSTIN

You're not pinning me like that again!

RazorTail's pupils narrow in a snakelike glare. Dustin cringes and backs away.

Harley BANGS the rebar rod against RazorTail's head. SilverEyes SNAPS her jaws around his neck. Her teeth shift through the thick fur. The two wulvers fall over each other in a violent struggle.

Harley offers a hand to Dustin, helping him up.

HARLEY

We gotta cut these people down and get out of here!

Dustin nods, and they begin cutting a woman's restraints.

HARLEY

(to woman)

*I came down here through a manhole. Should be nearby.
Use that to get out and get help.*

— — SilverEyes and RazorTail leave the intersection in their tussle. RazorTail flings her over his shoulder in a brutal SLAM to the ground. Her grip on his throat finally breaks. Stepping back, he rubs his neck. A couple blackish-purple dots mark the bite.

RAZORTAIL

why?! what motive, purpose... reason?!

She rolls over, pushing herself up.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

First, tell me why you're here! What are you doing to these people?

RAZORTAIL

None of this concerns you.

Her ears flatten, tail whipping.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

I just found my friend tied to the wall! It kinda does!

RAZORTAIL

.. ۱ ۲ ۳ ۴ ۵ ۶ ۷ ۸ ۹ ۱۰ ۱۱ ۱۲ ۱۳ ۱۴ ۱۵ ۱۶ ۱۷ ۱۸ ۱۹ ۲۰ ۲۱ ۲۲ ۲۳ ۲۴ ۲۵ ۲۶ ۲۷ ۲۸ ۲۹ ۳۰ ۳۱ ۳۲ ۳۳ ۳۴ ۳۵ ۳۶ ۳۷ ۳۸ ۳۹ ۴۰ ۴۱ ۴۲ ۴۳ ۴۴ ۴۵ ۴۶ ۴۷ ۴۸ ۴۹ ۵۰ ۵۱ ۵۲ ۵۳ ۵۴ ۵۵ ۵۶ ۵۷ ۵۸ ۵۹ ۶۰ ۶۱ ۶۲ ۶۳ ۶۴ ۶۵ ۶۶ ۶۷ ۶۸ ۶۹ ۷۰ ۷۱ ۷۲ ۷۳ ۷۴ ۷۵ ۷۶ ۷۷ ۷۸ ۷۹ ۸۰ ۸۱ ۸۲ ۸۳ ۸۴ ۸۵ ۸۶ ۸۷ ۸۸ ۸۹ ۹۰ ۹۱ ۹۲ ۹۳ ۹۴ ۹۵ ۹۶ ۹۷ ۹۸ ۹۹ ۱۰۰

Friend?!

RazorTail snarls and raises his bristling tail.

RAZORTAIL

You care more for man than your own kind, is that it?!

Ribs and mouth glowing, he fires a slate-blue blast of hellfire.

INT. SEWER PIPE INTERSECTION - SAME

DUSTIN and HARLEY work on cutting another captive free. Harley flinches, covering his nose with his free arm.

HARLEY

Uh, you smell rotten eggs? ...Dustin?

Dustin stops cutting, eyes fixed behind him. Harley blinks and slowly turns around.

A creature with a Doberman pinscher-like body steps fresh out of Umbra. It's muscular with a skeletal head, no eyes, a hole on its forehead, no fur, instead a leathery hide, and "vents" along its ribs expelling heat and low flame. A BARGHEST.

Harley backs away, very slowly.

HARLEY

Dustin, what am I looking at?

DUSTIN

(hushed)

A barghest. It can't see, but it can hear.

Dustin steps back, pulling his knife away from the half-cut restraints.

DELIRIOUS CAPTIVE

Don't stop! Please don't leave me like this!

Dustin slaps his hands over their mouth. The barghest blows green fire from the hole in its head. Harley strikes its cheek with the rebar. It yelps. The flames stop just before Dustin and the cowering captive. The barghest snaps at Harley, jaws pinching the rebar rod. Harley lifts the rod up as the hole erupts with more fire.

HARLEY

(straining)

Why would wulvers set this up next to a freaking breach?!

INT. SEWER PIPE

SILVEREYES pants for breath, covered in scratches and small burns. RAZORTAIL fires another blast. She weaves her thin body around it in a quick, fluid dodge. He counters with a tail whip. SilverEyes cloaks to dodge, then lunges at him. Uncloaking, she strikes RazorTail's face. They both collapse into the water—RazorTail from the strike, SilverEyes from exhaustion.

RazorTail pops right up with no signs of fatigue. A twist of the ear, he turns around. The silhouettes of UEA HUNTERS slide across the tunnel's walls.

UEA HUNTER

(echoing)

Secure the area!

SilverEyes turns back, but RazorTail is already gone. A hunter comes into view. Her ears drop.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

Crap!

UEA HUNTER

Wulver!

She cringes, scrambling back to the intersection as she dodges gunfire.

INT. SEWER PIPE INTERSECTION

Pushed up against a wall, Dustin holds the jaws of the barghest open, avoiding a bite. HARLEY comes up from behind and thrusts the rebar rod through the barghest's shoulder. It yelps and falls over on its side, only to skitter to its feet and retreat back through the breach.

SILVEREYES rushes into the intersection.

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

We gotta go!

DUSTIN

What about—

JACQUELINE (SILVEREYES)

—They'll be fine, the UEA's here. We're leaving.

The shadows of the hunters approach. The teens run off.

— — The hunters enter the tunnel, stopping dead in their tracks.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT - LATER

A manhole cover pops off. JACQUELINE climbs out and gets to her feet, fur still dispelling after a fresh shift. HARLEY climbs out next, then DUSTIN.

Jacqueline rubs one of the scratches on her arm. Her eyes dull as she fixates on a utility pole before her. Thousands of papers obscure its surface in withered clumps: missing people posters.

— — Dustin punches Harley in the arm.

HARLEY

What?

DUSTIN

You are such an idiot! You could have d-died!

Harley smiles and rubs his arm.

HARLEY

But I didn't! And NINE other people didn't either!

DUSTIN

(sighing)

I don't get you...

Harley walks up behind Jacqueline, calmly placing a hand on her shoulder.

HARLEY

Jacks? You ok? You took quite a beating...

JACQUELINE

I think you're right... Maybe... maybe we should be trying to help people.

She turns to face him.

JACQUELINE

I didn't think wulvers did things like that.

DUSTIN

Me neither. It's so—

HARLEY

—Evil.

JACQUELINE

No... Human. There's no such thing as evil.

EXT. GRASSY HILL

RAZORTAIL and BANDIT overlook a street filled with UEA vehicles. Officials load people up on gurneys, then into ambulances. LILITH is one of them. She stirs, eyes cracking open, barely conscious.

Bandit looks up at RazorTail.

BANDIT

He's gonna be mad, isn't he?

RazorTail glares down at the vehicles.

RAZORTAIL

Yes.

He snorts and turns away.

INT. SEWER PIPE INTERSECTION

The UEA officials stand spread throughout the section. One HUNTER drives a breach stitcher up to the glowing green portal.

HUNTER

Ain't never seen a green one of these before.

The robotic arm hovers over the bottom of it before clamping down on the glowing green edge. It zips the breach closed, making the tunnel wall morph like saran wrap.

As it works its way up, any trace of the breach disappears, returning the concrete tunnel wall to its original state.

The absence of the breach reveals three deep, jagged claw marks. Two together, one apart. And a semicircle carved deep around the marks.

FADE OUT

— END —

SCRIPT READING KEY

PERSPECTIVE: OMNISCIENT (AUDIENCE LIMITED) The story is written from the perspective of an audience looking in. The characters followed and events shown are all based on what would make for the most compelling reveal. Sometimes the audience will be made aware of things none of the characters in that scene have any knowledge of.

TENSE: PRESENT TENSE Events are told in present tense, meaning things happen in the present, in the moment, unless it makes sense for something that has already happened to be brought up after the fact.

STRUCTURE: SEMI-EPISODIC The story is written to mimic a “*monster of the week*” style “*animated series*,” with some plot points carrying over and building up over time. Each episode is roughly between 35–45 pages for about 22–30 min.

SCRIPT LANGUAGE KEY

(V.O.) = Voice over, this is typically used for narration or character thoughts. I *italicize* these. They can also be used for phone calls or other situations a character is only heard.

CAPS IN DIALOGUE = In dialogue, some words in ALL CAPS like THIS indicate a higher emphasis on the word. This isn't necessarily yelling, but can be. Example: I didn't mean it like THAT!

(O.S.) = Off-Screen, whatever is happening is typically only heard, not seen. Characters speaking may not be in the same location but can be heard, for example, a character hearing another yell up the stairs to them.

INT. = The current scene is taking place indoors.

EXT. = The current scene is taking place outdoors.

SAME = Means this scene and the previous scene are happening at the same time.

CONTINUOUS = Means this scene happens directly after the previous one, no time in between, continuing the scene.

— = The em dash symbol is used kinda like () and sometimes like an ; so examples.

“She enters the room—wearing pajamas—in a huff.”

“Jurors reached a unanimous verdict—guilty.”

— — This is an example of a double em dash. A double em dash can be used at the start of a paragraph to suggest a new camera angle/shot in the same scene, since I have excluded any camera angles in this speculative format. This makes it easier to distinguish two separate events happening in the same scene, or when a quick transition in the same scene occurs. For example:

“An alarm goes off. He sighs.”

← We don't need to see him get out of bed because the next line implies he already did.

“— — He pats the corner of his now crisply made bed.”

ALL CAPS (outside dialogue) = When a new scene is playing out, each new character entering that particular scene will have their name in ALL CAPS, including noteworthy side characters or bystanders with a speaking role. The CAPS indicate a higher level of importance.

Select sound effects or actions will be in ALL CAPS for added emphasis. This may include descriptor words: BELL RINGS, CAR ALARM, etc.

“Beat” is used in scripts to indicate a pause. It isn't used in this format. Extra gaps between text are stylistic in nature and meant to represent a slower pace or pause instead. Slower pace can also be indicated by a single line of ...

- The average pattern/format of the script will look as such: ↓

INDOORS/OUTDOORS. LOCATION - TIME OF DAY - LENGTH OF TIME BETWEEN THIS AND PREVIOUS SCENE

Scene description and action.

NAME OF CHARACTER SPEAKING

(how something is being said or a short quick action happening while speaking; more than 1 will be separated by semicolons like so; no capitals unless name)

Character dialogue. Words that are IN ALL CAPS here are just being emphasized and don't always mean yelling.

Then back to scene description and action.

— — —