

# "BREED"

By  
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EXT. DOWNTOWN TACOMA - DUSK TO NIGHT - SERIES OF SHOTS

Medium sized Pacific Northwest port/lumber town. Charming in a quirky, rugged way, woodsy and often wet. Seattle's just 40 miles North yet a world away. Everything's a world away.

Golden Hour and a backdrop of majestic Mount Ranier fade to infinite black and the Night People come out to play. In the Pacific District (warehouse lofts, brick streets, cool clubs), the air crackles with ecstasy and consequence.

A black cat peers out of an alley, takes it all in. A shadow falls over it.

HIPSTER CHICK (O.S.)

What's up, pussy cat?

The cat recoils, HISSES up at her.

HIPSTER CHICK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Bitch.

As the Chick's heels click away, we stay on the cat. Totally over it.

COOPER (O.S.)

So how long have we been together?  
Like a year?

INT. COOPER AND MANDY'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Genuine, rustic and raw. Scan past the couch aimed at a big TV, half-unpacked boxes of clothes and plates, beer bottles and Styrofoam carry-out containers. Then: Into a bedroom, past a bedside table with a cop's gun in a cop's holster...

MANDY (O.S.)

You are such an ass.

COOPER (O.S.)

More? Less?

...and finally a sprawling mess of a bed against a brick wall. Here DETECTIVE COOPER WELLS (early 30s) and girlfriend MANDY REILLY (27) are post-coital, tousled and twisted in sheets. He's boyishly handsome but vaguely damaged, Paul Rudd after rehab. She's all Irish Fuck Me Hair and fun, amused by this verbal swordplay Cooper's initiated.

MANDY

Seventeen months next Tuesday.

COOPER

And now you've followed me from  
New York City to Piss Bucket,  
Washington.

(heavy sigh)

Honestly, I'm pretty sure I've lost  
all respect for you.

MANDY

(playing along)

Oh, my. That's just awful. Is there  
any way I can earn it back?

COOPER

Sorry, babe. After we get it on  
again and you clean this place up,  
I think you should go.

Her hand finds him under the covers. He gulps. Melts. She  
nibbles his ear, whispers warm and sexy...

MANDY

I don't deserve the privileges of  
fornication and housekeeping.

COOPER

Parting gifts. I insist.

MANDY

Oh, Detective Wells, you're so  
generous. But I couldn't.

COOPER

This is gettin' away from me again,  
isn't it?

MANDY

God wanted women to be in control.  
That's why She put handles on you.  
Say please.

COOPER

I will not beg.

MANDY

Beg.

COOPER

Please? Please-please-please?

MANDY

Now I've lost all respect for you.

She pretends to escape, he grabs her, pulls her in fighting and giggling until it turns into kissing... and then more. They find each other's spaces smoothly, slowly, effortlessly.

COOPER

I will get back in the Bureau,  
Mandy. I just need one serious case  
to really--

MANDY

Shhhh.

EXT. HIGH-ANGLE LS OF DOWNTOWN TACOMA - NIGHT

MANDY (O.S.)

Talking time's over now.

REVEAL that we are...

EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE TACOMA - NIGHT

ELISA MORALES, 20s, stands on a wooded hill, takes in that stunning view of downtown. She's pretty and cool even in her stocking cap and cozy camping clothes, talking on a cell phone and hitting a joint.

ELISA

God, you are such a girl. It's like  
three-quarters of a mile from the  
parking lot! Just get on Backbone  
Trail, aim your flashlight straight  
ahead, and walk! We can stay on the  
phone the whole time, okay,  
Princess?

(stunned beat)

Or you could say that inventive  
combination of profanities and hang  
up on me.

Elisa tucks away the phone. We follow her to a no-frills  
campsite: rock-rimmed fire, cooking gear, tent. She settles  
on a blanket, hits the joint again, tosses it into the fire.

Then, from the blackness behind a dense wall of pines, a low,  
rumbling RATTLE. That specific, chilling sound only a Big Cat  
can make. Elisa scrambles up, eyes wide.

ELISA (CONT'D)

Shit!

She stills. Waits. Then, a RUSTLE. Another RATTLE. She grabs  
her phone, presses a number, digs in her bag while she waits.

ELISA (CONT'D)  
 Beth? Babe, where are you?  
 (beat)  
 Just turn around and go back to the  
 car, okay? Just do it!  
 (beat)  
 Mountain lion, sounds huge. Guy got  
 a picture of a real monster last  
 month, like two hundred pounds.

She finds a pistol, checks the chamber. Closes the bag, hikes  
 it over her shoulder.

ELISA (CONT'D)  
 I'll take the ridge back around to  
 you, leave the tent for now.  
 (beat)  
 Love you, too.

She hangs up. Settles her breathing.

ELISA (CONT'D)  
 Stay.  
 (beat)  
 Good kitty.

She turns to head down the other trail. Behind her, RUSTLING.  
 Another GUTTURAL RATTLE. Hotter. Hungrier. Closer.

ELISA (CONT'D)  
 Please don't make me do this,  
 sweetie.

She turns, extends the pistol in both hands, takes aim at...

A BOY? Slight, 5'4" at most. A Tween, probably. Standing  
 there, veiled by the pines, flickering firelight offers  
 little: hood up, head down, hands in pockets. Scared?

ELISA (CONT'D)  
 Hello? Are you lost?  
 (gulps)  
 C'mon, kid, you gotta talk to me.

BOY  
 I came with my big brother.

He sucks a sharp breath, tries not to cry.

ELISA  
 Oh, no, it's cool. See?

She quickly pockets the gun, edges toward him, hands held out  
 to show she means no harm.

ELISA (CONT'D)

You heard it, right? Big cat, bad attitude? We gotta get back down to the lot.

BOY

You'll protect me?

She nods, smiles, walks toward him, pats her pistol.

ELISA

Definitely, me and Big Mama here. Hopefully we won't have to--

She hears his MOCKING LAUGH. Freezes.

ELISA (CONT'D)

Did I say something funny?

His laughter trails off. Chilling silence. Then, in the shadows, The Boy starts to writhe and contort, like he's getting off, having a seizure, or both.

ELISA (CONT'D)

Are you okay? Are you sick?  
(shakier)  
What the hell are you doing?

He answers with a low MOAN of ecstasy that evolves into that guttural feline CLICKING. Panicking, Elisa rifles through her bag, finds a flashlight. Doesn't work. She bangs it over and over. It flickers on and off.

The boy falls into a low crouch. Coiled.

ELISA (CONT'D)

What the hell's wrong with you?  
TALK TO ME, GODDAMNIT!

She staggers back, falls. He advances smooth and quiet, a dark figure crouched low. She finally gets the flashlight to work: Two bounding steps and he pounces in blood-chilling fast forward. A flickering glimpse of a death machine: yellow-green eyes, jaw jacked obscenely wide, upper and lower fangs revealed, fingers splayed like claws, poised for attack.

On the abbreviated SCREAM, CUT TO BLACK. We can hear the palsied DEATH MOAN as she's literally ripped apart.

FADE in FS title: **Breed**

(END COLD OPEN)

**ACT ONE**

EXT. COOPER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

COOPER (O.S.)  
Mark your calender, Mandy Reilly...

INT. COOPER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

On the couch in the front room, Mandy is curled up against Cooper, eating Ben & Jerry's from the small carton and feeding him, too.

COOPER  
Six months from now, we'll be back in Manhattan, I'll be Special Agent Cooper Wells again, and all of this will seem like some weird, wet, pine-scented dream we can't quite--

She fills his mouth with a giant spoonful of ice cream.

MANDY  
Uh-uh. Shush. You need to quit worrying about your career and focus on--

COOPER  
Not being crazy?

She nestles in, kisses and nuzzles.

MANDY  
Got a second interview with that charter school and, in something of a twist, rain makes me horny.  
(whispered in his ear)  
I say we find a little Craftsman, create a human or three, and we all go crazy together.

COOPER  
You're gonna see a monster and get kicked out of the FBI, too?

MANDY  
You were a profiler, Cooper. There were lots of monsters. You just made Jake Reardon larger than life.  
(proud of herself)  
Get it?

COOPER  
Very clever.

She kisses him sweetly, then it quickly turns to making out.

MANDY

I read about this amazing new foreplay. It's called Finally Unpacking the Boxes.

COOPER

Now?

MANDY

I'll wear whatever you want, or nothing at all. Five weeks is a long time to live out of--

His cell phone RINGS. He's relieved; she HUFFS. He finds it, looks at it.

COOPER

(answering)

Wells.

As he listens, his eyes widen.

COOPER (CONT'D)

On my way.

He hangs up. Can't hide the excitement.

MANDY

What is it?

COOPER

Another mountain lion attack in the park. Camper was torn apart.

MANDY

Be a little less giddy, you ghoul.

COOPER

Thing is, I'm not convinced it's a cat at all.

MANDY

Then what is it?

COOPER

Maybe our ticket out.

INT. TPD CORONER'S INSPECTION ROOM - NIGHT

Cooper's expression is decidedly changed: Now he's horrified bordering on nauseous.

COOPER

You're the doctor, Izzy, but not everything's where it should be, right?

We catch just glimpses of what used to be Elisa, now held together by an unzipped plastic body bag on a metal table. In addition to being generally ravaged, she's been gutted.

Around the table with Cooper: his partner and friend DETECTIVE TEDDY BARKER (30s, Inupiak, Native Alaskan, soft and genial) and coroner IZZY BRUGANO (40s, graying hippy hair, unaffected pretty).

IZZY

Just like last time, a few key items are completely missing, including the heart. The discernible bites seem feline but mountain lions don't generally do takeout. And that's not even the biggest red flag.

TEDDY

What is?

IZZY

Some of the wounds are too clean, like she was opened up with razor blades. Big cats lead with their jaws, lock and rip, make one hell of a mess. Did you know some can crush through animal skulls with their teeth?

COOPER

DNA results in from the first attack, behind the 7-11?

IZZY

Not yet.

COOPER

Function follows form.

TEDDY

Five weeks with Detective Fruit Loops, I already know when he's about to serve up a big steaming plate of Profiler bullshit.

COOPER

Anybody wanna bet the perp's human?  
Fifty? Twenty? A six pack?

(shrugs, "fine")

Removing the heart, that's an act  
of arrogance, ownership,  
domination. Distinctly human. He's  
different. Strange. Weird teeth,  
green eyes, maybe both. He's been  
taunted, called a freak, so he  
decides to own it. Probably find  
doodles of *ligers* all over his  
notebook.

(off them)

He's either a teenager or stuck  
there emotionally.

Cooper's phone rings.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Wells.

(beat; wide-eyed)

Okay. Okay.

(hangs up)

Wanna know what else mountain lions  
don't do?

(off them)

Attack women in luxury hotel rooms.

IZZY

(to Teddy)

Wow. So what's it like being his  
sidekick?

Cooper moves quickly to leave.

TEDDY

Excuse me? Teddy Barker is  
nobody's--

(realizes)

Hey! Where the hell are you going?

COOPER

Hang back, partner. I'll call you.

When he's gone, Teddy turns his glare on Izzy. She doesn't  
look up from her work to say...

IZZY

You eyeballin' me, Tonto?

EXT. CARLYLE HOTEL - DOWNTOWN TACOMA - NIGHT

Posh, historic, and distinctive.

COOPER (O.S.)  
Miss? Ma'am?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

ON the face of RUBY SOBLESKI, 28. Very short black hair, pale, delicate face, ruby nose stud. Stark contrasts. PULLING BACK, we see that she's sitting on the edge of the bed wrapped in a blanket. One EMT bandages her arm while ANOTHER works on her calf.

Cooper pulls up a chair, sits close. COPS investigate the room around them, including the crashed out window. She finally shakes it off, looks at him.

RUBY  
I'm sorry. Did you say something?

COOPER  
Hi there.

(Ruby's accent is Eastern European but her English is fluent with occasional exceptions, missing an "a" or "the." Sort of Huffington-esque.)

RUBY  
Hello.

COOPER  
You're not from around here.

RUBY  
Ah, you must be the detective.

He smiles tightly: Good one.

COOPER  
Cooper Wells.

RUBY  
Ruby Sobleski.

COOPER  
I've been filled in.

RUBY  
Excellent. They have a new room for me, so I'd really like to--

COOPER  
You're going to the hospital.

RUBY  
No. I'm going to bed.

COOPER

Pretty chill, aren't you? This happen a lot?

RUBY

What I am, Detective, is stoned silly on mini-bar wine and Ambien. I promise to be suitably shaken tomorrow.

COOPER

So a man followed you, forced his way into your room, bit and clawed you... but then suddenly became so terrified he crashed out the window? Do you have a gun?

RUBY

God, no.

COOPER

No offense, Ms. Sobleski, but I don't find you particularly intimidating.

RUBY

(amused)

I have my moments. Let's agree he was odd and be done with it.

COOPER

Let's not.

RUBY

(heavy sigh)

It all happened very fast. He was small, skinny, stronger than he looked, smelled like pot.

COOPER

Teenage boy, maybe?

She reads that. Finds it interesting.

RUBY

Maybe.

COOPER

Any chance he, uh... growled?

Others in the room turn to look: Huh? But Ruby's intrigued.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Not like a dog. More like a tiger  
or lion or--

RUBY

Now that you mention it, yes.

She stares back at Cooper with just a glint of gamesmanship.  
It makes him suspicious.

COOPER

So what brings you to our dank,  
woody city, Ruby Sobleski?

RUBY

I'm a flipper.

COOPER

Like houses?

RUBY

No, like gymnast.

Cooper, again: Good one. A SECOND COP approaches, hands Ruby  
a key packet.

SECOND COP

They have you in the Presidential  
Suite. Elevator card access.

COOPER

I want a uniform outside her suite.

Cooper keeps watching Ruby.

RUBY

Take picture. Lasts longer.

He pulls out his phone, does just that...

COOPER

Thanks. Breakfast at eight?

RUBY

Oh, goodie.

COOPER

Wanna see what "suitably shaken"  
looks like on you.

He smiles politely, heads for the door.

RUBY  
 (called after him)  
 Detective?

COOPER  
 Yes?

RUBY  
 Hope you make it.

His smile falls with a thud.

MANDY (O.S., OVER PHONE)  
 What the hell is that supposed to  
 mean?

INT./EXT. COOPER'S CAR - DOWNTOWN TACOMA - NIGHT

Cooper is staking out the hotel. The back of the hotel. Phone  
 to his ear, eyes trained on the building.

MANDY (O.S., OVER PHONE)  
 Was she hitting on you or  
 threatening you?

COOPER  
 Maybe both. She's a real estate  
 investor like I'm a lumberjack.  
 Spidey Sense says she's comin' down  
 that fire escape within the hour.

MANDY (O.S., OVER PHONE)  
 I'm gonna try real hard to forget  
 you said "Spidey Sense" so we can  
 keep having sex.

COOPER  
 What about the lumberjack thing?

MANDY (O.S., OVER PHONE)  
 That actually works for me.

COOPER  
 (smiles)  
 Crazy for you.

MANDY (O.S., OVER PHONE)  
 Crazier for you.

He hangs up just in time to see Ruby jump from the fire  
 escape onto a large trash bin. Feet and fingertips, quiet as  
 humanly possible. She's dressed in black, gloves and boots.

Cooper watches in awe as she leaps from the bin to the ground like a dancer or world-class athlete. Walks away like a spectacular combination of both.

COOPER

Damn. Way to stick the landing,  
Flipper.

He carefully and quietly exits his car, checks the chamber of his pistol as he walks.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Something tells me this is about to  
get weird.

A discordant DRONE builds as Cooper follows Ruby into the darkness, CRESCENDOS just as we CUT TO BLACK.

**(END ACT ONE)**

ACT TWO

EXT. BAR - WRONG SIDE OF TACOMA - NIGHT

A BIKER DUDE, 50, sinewy, tattooed, ambles to the bland entrance of a no-bullshit bar in an area crackling with malice. Just before he hits the door...

GIRL(O.S.)

Dude. Hey.

Biker Dude turns, winces, puts out his cigarette: The GIRL (15) looks like a runaway. Pretty in a trailer park way, Tootsie Pop as seductive prop, desperate enough to do whatever it takes to get what she wants. Which is...

GIRL (CONT'D)

Buy a fifth of Jack, go out the back, I pay you in the alley.

(beat)

Know what I mean?

BIKER DUDE

What are you, fifteen?

GIRL

(lying)

Eighteen today.

BIKER DUDE

Happy Birthday.

GIRL

You give me a present, I give you one back.

BIKER DUDE

Probably gonna regret this.

GIRL

You'd be the first.

She works the Tootsie Pop, in case he didn't get it. He likes her all over, heads into the bar.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Girl waits near the back door. Scouts around. Checks the time on her phone, sighs impatiently.

RUBY (O.S.)

Got some balls on you, Bojana.

The Girl now known as BOJANA jolts, spins, eyes darting, searching the shadows. Ruby emerges from one, matte black pistol held in front of her as she edges forward gingerly. The barrel extends into a built-in silencer.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Dark alley, skeeze like that. What would your father say?

BOJANA

We'll never know. His last words were, "Please don't kill me."

(small shrug)

Males. Whatever.

RUBY

Good talk. Enjoy Hell.

BOJANA

Fair warning, Avelyte: Getting shot at makes me grumpy.

RUBY

Being dead should help with that.

COOPER (O.S.)

Drop the gun. Don't overthink it.

REVEAL Cooper, gun trained at the back of Ruby's head.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Just stop holding it, let gravity do its thing.

RUBY

Fabulous. Biff the Wonder Cop to the rescue.

BOJANA

(suddenly crying)

Don't let her hurt me.

RUBY

Oh, please. Even dipshit here wouldn't fall for that.

COOPER

Nobody's gonna hurt you, kid.

RUBY

Color me wrong.

COOPER

Look, I could knock you out if it makes you feel less compliant or whatever. Should we go that way?

RUBY

You're starting to piss me off, Detective. I am giving you one last chance to--

COOPER

Oh, you thought we were having a conversation?

She squints ("huh?") and BAM, Cooper expertly introduces his pistol to the base of her skull. She crumbles. He bends over her prone form, pries the gun from her fingers, slips it into a jacket pocket. Meanwhile, Biker Dude opens the back door, sees how crowded the alley's become...

BIKER DUDE

Oops. Wrong party.

BOJANA

No! Don't go!

Too late. He's gone.

BOJANA (CONT'D)

Shit!

(turns to Cooper)

Guess you'll have to do, Slim.

She backs into a shadow, clamps her eyes, clenches her jaw like she's having cowboy surgery, trembles and KEENS, balls her fists and doubles over.

COOPER

What the--? Are you okay? Hey! Look at me! Are you on something?

She writhes like The Boy in the woods, possessed, crawling out of her skin but it hurts so good.

COOPER (CONT'D)

(shaky)

Just... uhm... just breathe, okay?  
I'm gonna call an ambulance and--

When she steps back out of the shadow, her eyes are feline yellow-green, lips curled to reveal fangs that were there all along, two up and two down. She drops into the crouch, fingers splayed like claws, The clicking GROWL rumbling in her throat.

Cooper's gun slips from his fingers, CLANKS on cement. He's frozen in place, eyes wide.

Bojana coils, pounces, takes air, jaw hideously unhinged and ready to clamp onto Cooper's throat. From behind him, Ruby reaches into his pocket, FIRES her pistol through the material: PSST-PSST-PSST and flesh explodes, flings Bojana left, right, then back to slam hard into the wall...

And slide down to a sitting position. Dead. Totally normal eyes, wide open. Silence. Then, finally, Cooper finds his breath. Short bursts.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Holy. Shit.

Ruby slips her pistol from his pocket, pivots around to face him, presses the barrel into the flesh beside his nose.

RUBY

One-time offer, Detective: Go home, get some sleep, then we have nice, long conversation over breakfast at, say, seven? But if you tell anybody what you saw, I'll be eating alone. Understand?

COOPER

(confused)  
Not really.

RUBY

Because I will have killed you. Get it? You will be dead.

COOPER

(seething)  
I see. Well here's my one-time offer, you pompous little Polack. You're gonna surrender your weapon and then--

RUBY

I am not "Polack." I am Estonian.

COOPER

There's a difference? Now hand over the freaky uber-gun, get flat on the ground, and--

RUBY

Oh, you thought we were having conversation?

Just as he gets it, BAM. He takes her gun to the side of his head, drops hard. CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. ALLEY - MUCH LATER

ON Cooper's sleeping face. Almost peaceful. He smiles a little, even laughs.

COOPER

Never thought I'd say this, babe,  
but I have a headache.

His eyes shoot open: That isn't Mandy's hand on his hip. It's a rat. He slaps it, sends it squealing. Sits up, realizes he's still in the alley behind crates and boards. Stands too fast, gets dizzy, grabs his aching head.

EXT. CARLYLE HOTEL - DOWNTOWN TACOMA - MORNING

It's sunny. The RUMBLE of thunder says it won't stay that way. Rarely does.

COOPER (O.S.)

(yelled)

Seriously?

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MORNING

Looking like warmed-over shit, Cooper sits impatiently in the middle of the couch in the opulent front room of the Carlyle's Presidential Suite. He checks his watch, sighs, sips from a coffee on the spread of breakfast foods on the coffee table in front of him. Then...

COOPER

Did we not say seven? I could swear  
we said seven!

(winces, head hurts)

Ow.

RUBY (O.S.)

Sorry.

He looks up: In a hotel robe and wet hair, she looks smaller. Softer. Significantly less deadly.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Had to work late.

She pours herself a coffee, curls lithely into the adjacent chair. He likes it. Hates himself for it.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Don't beat yourself up. You don't have to like me to find me sexually attractive.

COOPER

Please. I would light myself on fire first.

RUBY

I appreciate offer but I'm sure you have questions, yes?

COOPER

Uh, yes. For starters, who was that girl you shot, Bojana? Is she the one tearing people apart?

RUBY

Victims were both women. Seems more like little brother.

COOPER

Holy shit, sibling serial killers?! That's beyond rare. What do they take to get like that? Some kind of stimulant or steroid or--

RUBY

(irritated sigh)  
Oh, God...

COOPER

Excuse me?

RUBY

You would've been so much less annoying dead.

His eyes go cold. He takes out his pistol, sets it on the table in front of him.

COOPER

Good luck.

RUBY

With?

COOPER

Coming up with one good reason I shouldn't arrest you for murder.

RUBY

Did they arrest you for shooting  
Jake Reardon seventeen times when  
he turned into monster? Hmm? Or did  
they decide you'd gone mad?

(shrugs)

Maybe it goes better this time.

She has him on the ropes, so she leans in happily...

RUBY (CONT'D)

How about this: You follow my  
orders like good boy, cover for me  
so I can do my work and move on...  
and I keep letting you live.

She smiles sweetly, even bats her eyes. Cooper looks like  
he's chewing glass, reaches for his gun. Too late: In one  
fluid motion, she stands, kicks the table so his gun skitters  
off to the floor, and takes aim at his head with her super-  
special pistol. He freezes, hands out.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Find me intimidating yet?

CUT TO BLACK.

**(END ACT TWO)**

ACT THREE

INT. PRESIDENTIAL SUITE - MORNING

Right where we left off: Ruby's super-gun aimed right at Cooper's head. After a frozen beat...

COOPER

Okay, this was fun but play time's over. I'm gonna need you on your knees, fingers laced behind your head, and--

RUBY

Men. I will take out knee so you understand who's holding gun.  
(lowers aim)  
Preference?

Cooper's eyes go cold. He slowly lowers his hands. He's seriously had enough.

COOPER

If you really do pull that trigger, Comrade? Better make damn sure you kill me.

She likes it. Raises an eyebrow... and lowers her gun.

RUBY

Am not Communist.

COOPER

Do not care.

RUBY

We are sitting?

COOPER

We are sitting.

They do.

RUBY

Ask.

COOPER

Why did that girl call you "Avelyte?"

RUBY

Avelytes are hunters, for hundreds of years. That's what I am.

COOPER

And your prey is what, psychotic teenagers?

RUBY

Don't be coy, Detective. We both know Bojana was more than that.

COOPER

I'll play. What was she?

After brief consideration, Ruby let's it fly:

RUBY

Subspecies known as Humanis Panthera. Genetic deviations left to evolve for million years in Caucasus Mountains, from Russia into the Middle East. Surviving, adapting, modeling after elite predators like Caucasian Leopard, Great White Shark on four legs. Some believe blood was mixed.

COOPER

What the hell are you--

RUBY

Over the last thousand years, they've ventured out, some forming prides in Eastern Europe and Middle East, others going solo, blending in. In Armenia, where Bojana's pride settled, they're called Kishi. Such a cuddly name for apex predators, don't you think?

He keeps staring back at her. Finally, he leans in, steeples his hands and smiles warmly, like to an insane child.

COOPER

Okay Ruby, you need to listen to me very closely and please don't take this the wrong way: You are a dangerous lunatic.

RUBY

(spits a laugh)  
Talk about pot calling kettle crazy.

Cooper glares back at her. She doesn't flinch. Then...

COOPER  
Are you one of them?

Ruby's expression goes abruptly homicidal.

RUBY  
If you knew how insulting that is,  
you would never say while I'm  
holding gun.  
(tries to settle)  
I am human like you, Detective.  
Avelytes are highly trained,  
practically from birth. Make Mossad  
look like Girl Scout troop.

COOPER  
Why the secrecy? Why not tell the  
police? Why not tell everybody?

RUBY  
Police would lock me up while Kishi  
keep filling your morgues with  
pieces and parts. Avelyte hunters  
rot in jails all over the world.

COOPER  
What do the Kishi want? Why are  
they here?

RUBY  
They are supremacists with history  
of gathering to breed, to propagate  
pure bloodline. My job is to make  
that impossible, force Kishi to  
scatter and assimilate themselves  
out of existence like all other  
Panthera prides.

COOPER  
(deadpan)  
So Armenian panther people. Have  
come to Tacoma, Washington.  
(beat)  
To screw.

RUBY  
Yes. And where they go, I go. So  
when they leave, I leave.

A tense, icy moment. Neither blinks. At last...

COOPER  
I want out of here and back in  
the FBI.

(MORE)

COOPER (CONT'D)

(beat)  
I get the brother.

RUBY

I see. A careerist. And you'll let me do my work?

COOPER

I'll need a more feasible story for my captain... but yes. I'll let you do your work.

After a long beat, Ruby finally sets her weapon on the end table next to her.

RUBY

An arrangement. Lovely. Shall we eat?

EXT. DOWNTOWN TACOMA POLICE STATION - DAY - EST.

Pouring rain again. Cops and citizens hurry in and out.

CAPTAIN DENNISON (O.S.)

Whoa-whoa-whoa. Slow down, Wells.

INT. CAPTAIN DENNISON'S OFFICE - DAY

Cooper paces while Teddy sits across the desk from CAPTAIN EVA DENNISON, 43 and mixed race, put together like the future mayoral candidate she is.

CAPTAIN DENNISON

So how did you decide our big, bad mountain lion is actually a teenage boy?

COOPER

It's what I do.

CAPTAIN DENNISON

It's what you did.

TEDDY

Remember that trucker on the East Coast, shot a woman in the face every few months? Wells here caught him when nobody else could.

(winces)

He may be a pain in the ass but he's really good at this stuff.

COOPER

Why, thank you, Teddy. It's all about patterns, like truck routes.

CAPTAIN DENNISON

(sigh)

Whatever. Go on.

COOPER

We're dealing with someone delusional and self-indulgent enough to take on a Panther Boy persona, the psychological markers of a disaffected teenager. Loner with a chip on his shoulder, picked on, lacks a male role model but he's clever, doesn't draw attention to himself. No criminal record, no trouble at school.

CAPTAIN DENNISON

We can't possibly go public with a theory like that.

COOPER

And we shouldn't. We'll run my profile through every high school in Tacoma, close the trails, put park rangers and street cops on alert. But as far as the media's concerned? It's still a cat.

(beat)

He thinks he's fooling us. We lose that, we lose him.

A long beat as Captain Dennison absorbs all that. Teddy's eyes dart between the two of them. Finally...

CAPTAIN DENNISON

Okay, Wells. It's your show.

(beat)

For now.

OFF Cooper bursting at the seams, trying to be cool...

EXT. RESTAURANT - HISTORIC PACIFIC DISTRICT - NIGHT

Coollest upscale restaurant in the coolest district. Through the wall of windows, we see the perfect lighting and desirable clientele...

MANDY (O.S.)

You bring me here, order champagne, tell me I can have whatever I want.

INT. RESTAURANT - HISTORIC PACIFIC DISTRICT - NIGHT

Mandy and Cooper at a quiet table in the corner, dressed for a special night out, champagne in the bucket.

MANDY

(reads him)

Oh my God. You cheated on me.

COOPER

No way!... I'd ever admit that.

(off her fuck-you smile)

You're looking at the lead detective on a highly covert serial killer investigation. I'm gonna get this kid.

MANDY

It's a kid?

COOPER

Huge story. National news. FBI's gonna beg me to come back.

MANDY

Your ambition frightens me. Which then turns me on quite a lot.

COOPER

Check please!

MANDY

Hey, my turn! I have news, too!

COOPER

Right. Sorry. Absolutely.

(While Mandy's talking, Cooper's phone HUMS. He holds it beneath the table, battles to NOT look at it.)

MANDY

I totally nailed the interview and this school is uh. May. Zing. At-risk kids with serious gifts, can't conform to traditional education models, exactly what I--

He breaks eye contact, glances at the text.

MANDY (CONT'D)

You did not just look at your phone in the middle of my sentence.

COOPER  
 Heard every word you said.

MANDY  
 Really? What'd I say?

COOPER  
 "At-risk... models?"

MANDY  
 "At-risk models." Really?

COOPER  
 I'm proud of you, babe. So proud.  
 But it's my witness, the woman from  
 the hotel. Order another bottle,  
 I'll be back in five. I promise.

MANDY  
 She's here?

COOPER  
 She's like that.

He leaves fast. After a beat...

WAITER (O.S.)  
 Another bottle, Miss?

MANDY  
 Oh, definitely. Got something even  
 more unreasonably expensive?

EXT. RESTAURANT - HISTORIC PACIFIC DISTRICT - NIGHT

Cooper walks right past Ruby, now sporting Michelle Williams white-blond hair, Heroin Chic make-up, Audrey Hepburn thrift store coat. Manic Pixie Dream Girl from Hell.

ON Cooper: He gets another text, looks at it: THAT BAR, BACK BOOTH. He looks to his left, pushes in.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dark. Seedy. She joins him in that back booth.

COOPER  
 I have five minutes.

RUBY  
 You aren't going back.

COOPER  
 Why? What's happening?

RUBY

I'm keeping my part of our bargain.  
You shoot the Kishi boy and we all  
live happily ever after?

OFF Cooper getting (and liking) it...

INT. RESTAURANT - HISTORIC PACIFIC DISTRICT - NIGHT

Mandy hears a TEXT ALERT. Digs out her phone, looks at it.  
She seethes, starts typing back.

MANDY

Yes, you will see me back at the  
apartment. With at least one  
sailor. Probably more.

EXT. RESTAURANT - HISTORIC PACIFIC DISTRICT - NIGHT

YOU watch from across the street, steal glances between  
pedestrians and trees: Mandy bursts out with the pricey  
champagne in her fist, hangs an angry right on the sidewalk,  
walks right into a pretty blonde HOOKER, 22.

HOOKER

Whoa, easy, bitch!

Mandy shoves the champagne at her.

MANDY

Call it even?

Mandy doesn't stick around to find out, but...

HOOKER

Oh, hell, yeah.

INT./EXT. COOPER'S CAR - NIGHT

Cooper drives. Ruby stares straight ahead. Combat face.

COOPER

Wanna fill me in?

RUBY

Stakeout.

COOPER

Where?

RUBY

Kalo's lair. The boy.

COOPER  
Why here? Why Tacoma?

RUBY  
Heavily wooded, vulnerable to  
occupation, indigenous predators to  
take the blame for indiscretions.  
Fits the Kishi MO for the last  
several hundred years.  
(beat)  
Right here.

He takes a right, realizes she's staring at him.

COOPER  
(mocking accent)  
Take picture. Lasts longer.

RUBY  
What I do isn't a career. I don't  
do it for medals or accolades or  
promotions. It's what I am.

COOPER  
You've known me for like five  
minutes. Where the hell do you get  
off implying that I--

RUBY  
Enough talking.

COOPER  
Excuse me? You're the one doing all  
the--

RUBY  
Left here. Daydream about your  
fifteen minutes of fame and FBI  
welcoming you back with open arms.

She glances over to see him choking the wheel with a tight  
homicidal grin.

RUBY (CONT'D)  
You are daydreaming about  
killing me.

COOPER  
Don't be ridiculous.

INT. COOPER AND MANDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Curled up on their bed, delicious in his vintage Mariners T-  
shirt and her panties, Mandy talks on her cell.

MANDY

He said the mountain lion attacks aren't mountain lions. Says it's gonna be huge, like national news.

(listens; struggles)

Nate, I need you to tell me the truth right now: Did you guys put him here? Because it's all starting to feel very FBI to me.

(listens)

Okay, I'm gonna take that long, awkward silence as a yes. Either you tell me what's going on or I--

KA-CHUNK. A thick, muted sound from the front room. Controlled. Purposeful. The kind of sound made when you have to bust something open without being heard.

She freezes. You can hear her blood chilling.

MANDY (CONT'D)

(whispered)

Hold on.

She sets the phone on the bed. Waits. And waits.

MANDY (CONT'D)

(barely)

Cooper?

In response: The feline RATTLE, like a lion prowling the apartment. Mandy clamps her hand over her mouth, eyes going wide in terror.

NATE (O.S.)

(over phone)

Mandy? MANDY?

Oh. Shit. She snatches up the phone, disconnects. Freezes. Listens. Hopes. Prays. Nothing. Steely, chilling silence.

Jaw flexing with determination, she gets up, tip-toes toward the slightly-open door: Could she win the race? Slam and lock it before whatever's out there gets in here?

Then, suddenly: A GROWL AND POUNDING FOOTSTEPS, closing fast.

MANDY

NO!!

She explodes for the door but her bare foot slides on the hardwood and she drops to her hands and knees. ON her dinner-plate eyes: With a hungry GROWL on the other side of the door, **CUT TO BLACK.**

ACT FOUR

INT. COOPER AND MANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Mandy grits her teeth, BURSTS for the door with a BATTLE YELL answered by a GROWL. She throws herself at the door, shoulders it, SLAMS it shut. Sudden IMPACT from the other side knocks her away with a SCREAM. She scrambles back in, fumbles, finally turns the deadbolt.

The next GROWL is angrier, followed by a full-on ROAR that makes her stagger back, fall onto the bed, scramble to take cover behind it. "It" POUNDS wildly on the door.

Mandy keeps backing away, wide-eyed, shaking like a leaf. The door RUMBLES on its hinges. Frustrated, guttural GROWLS, RAKING at the wood. Deeper and deeper. Someone or something trying to claw in. To get to her.

MANDY

GO. AWAY!! I HAVE A GUN!!

She backs into the window, spins, throws it open: three stories down to a sidewalk. One van parked at the curb. Ledges under each window, 10" wide at most.

Behind her the door CRACKS sharply, gives in the middle. She SCREAMS first at her attacker, then outside.

MANDY (CONT'D)

NO!! HELP ME!! HELP ME!!

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Cooper follows Ruby down a path cut through pines.

COOPER

(loud whisper)

Hey. Hey! Could you please tell me where the hell we're going?

Just then, he sees the lights. A beat later, they step into an overgrown backyard. A densely treed cul-de-sac of three 1970s split-levels with plenty of space in between. They're 50 yards behind one that's fully lit up.

COOPER (CONT'D)

That is not a lair. That is the Brady Bunch house.

RUBY

Remember when I almost shot out your knee just to make point?

He draws his gun, aims at her. She matches it in a blur.

RUBY (CONT'D)  
Difference is I'll do it.

COOPER  
Duck.

She gets it, drops, reveals the LARGE KISHI crouched and gliding at them in full "hunt mode": a long-haired teenager in a Nine Inch Nails concert T and boxers, eyes feline yellow-green, fingers splayed and fangs bared. Cooper FIRES once, twice, three times and finally the hulking teenager drops to a knee, grabs at his wounds.

LARGE KISHI  
You dick!

The enraged Kishi registers Ruby, coils, POUNCES. She spins onto her back, draws her gun, fires off a headshot: *pssst*. We catch a glimpse of his face exploding before she keeps rolling, clears the space for him to land with a dead THUMP, face down.

A light goes off in the house they're behind. Then another. And another. And another. Then a fifth light. The house is completely dark.

COOPER  
What now? Do we go in?

RUBY  
How many lights went off?

COOPER  
Five, I think.

RUBY  
Then we run.

A door FLINGS OPEN and a FIGURE glides and bounds at them with numbing, silent speed, crouched low, ready to rip.

RUBY (CONT'D)  
NOW!

They sprint as fast as they can into the woods. Footsteps crunch machine-gun fast behind them, dark figures bob and blur between trees... and the clicking GROWLS get closer.

INT. COOPER AND MANDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mandy is half in, half out the window. She has one bare foot on the 10" ledge. She tries to quiet her breathing. Listens: Nothing. Is he/it gone?

Then: CRACK. Another ROAR. The door clings on by a hinge.

Mandy makes her choice, gets out on the ledge. She tries to turn, reach back for the window frame. Her fingers slip away and her eyes go wide as her weight shifts back. Her toes curl desperately at the ledge but scrape away.

She SCREAMS as she falls, arms and legs flailing, running desperately through air until FWUMP. She lands on the roof of the van, lowering it a couple feet. She's unconscious. A thin line of blood trickles out the corner of her mouth.

EXT. DEAD END - NIGHT

Ruby and then Cooper burst from the woods at full sprint, head for his car parked another ten yards away (she "bursts" better than him, like she won gold in the 100 meters and gymnastics). We can hear the hungry GROWLS and smashing twigs rumbling their way.

INT./EXT. COOPER'S CAR - NIGHT

They both jump in, lock the doors... and he turns on the headlights: In the woods, five sets of YELLOW-GREEN EYES reflect like lions circling a safari camp.

A frozen BEAT... then the five TEENAGE KISHI suddenly break the treeline, glide low and hungry at the car.

COOPER

SHIT!

RUBY

Go! GO!

Cooper throws it wildly into reverse, ramps up a berm, spins his wheels and rockets off. He steals glances in the rearview mirror, the attackers giving up and finally disappearing.

They rocket in silence down a dark, tree-lined road. Finally...

COOPER

(shaky)

So this pride, the Kishi. How many are we talking about?

RUBY

No telling. Been ten years since  
they gathered long enough for a  
head count. Dozens. A hundred.  
Maybe more.

COOPER

And how do you make them "scatter?"

RUBY

Identify Alpha.  
(beat)  
And kill her.

Cooper's phone RINGS, startles both of them. He looks at the  
ID, answers.

COOPER

Teddy? What's--  
(beat)  
Oh my God. Okay.  
(beat; nods fast)  
I understand.

He hangs up. Breathless. Shaken.

RUBY

What is it?

COOPER

Mandy.

INT. HOSPITAL INTENSIVE CARE - NIGHT

In a hospital bed, Mandy is alive and vaguely awake, groggy  
from IV pain medication. REVEAL Cooper next to her, holding  
her hand. Her eyes move to him.

MANDY

Cooper?

COOPER

Hey, Stunt Girl.

MANDY

So apparently I'm alive.

COOPER

And well, for the most part.

Her eyes shift: REVEAL Teddy standing near the foot of her  
bed. He toodles a wave. Behind him, a uniformed COP, some  
MEDICAL STAFF.

MANDY  
Hey, Chief.  
(back to Cooper)  
What's the damage?

COOPER  
Concussion, bruised kidney,  
partially collapsed lung. You  
fall well.

TEDDY  
Nice aim with the van.

MANDY  
It's a gift.

The light falls from her eyes. Her mouth curls down.

COOPER  
Babe?

MANDY  
That was no kid. Kids don't bash in  
doors or roar like goddamn lions.

ON Teddy: He registers that. Likes it not at all.

COOPER  
We think he might be on something,  
steroids or stimulants or...

He shrugs, avoids her darting stare.

MANDY  
What? What is it?

Cooper looks between Teddy and Mandy. Measures his response.

COOPER  
He isn't alone.

TEDDY  
How do you know that?

COOPER  
I just do.

MANDY  
They know where we live. What're we  
gonna do?

COOPER

You're gonna get lots of police protection, I'm gonna do my job and finish this, and then we're getting the hell out of here.

Mandy's jaw works defiantly through the tears.

MANDY

Nobody's going anywhere, mister. I got the job at the charter school.

TEDDY

Hey, now! Congratulations!

COOPER

(to Teddy)

Yeah, here's an idea: How 'bout you give us a minute?

TEDDY

Right. Sorry.

With a head gesture to the Cop, Teddy closes a curtain around Cooper and Mandy. After a beat...

COOPER

I never would've made it without you.

MANDY

No shit.

She looks at her left ring finger, then at him.

MANDY (CONT'D)

And yet...

COOPER

Just gotta wrap this up. Then... I swear.

MANDY

(heavy sigh)

Hint, promise, rinse and repeat.

COOPER

Don't give up on me. Please.

She stares him down.

MANDY

I want lots of babies. Perhaps dozens.

COOPER  
Who doesn't?

MANDY  
No cats, though. I hate cats.

COOPER  
Agreed. I'm a total dog guy.  
(beat; intense)  
And I promise to always, always be  
crazy for you, Mandy Reilly.

She nods quickly. He kisses her. She manages to get a hand behind his head. Doesn't wanna let him go.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Cooper steps out of the urban hospital, right into Teddy.

TEDDY  
So what now?

COOPER  
Now I have to--

TEDDY  
We have to. We're partners,  
remember? I'm the dumbass who  
raised his hand?  
(wounded)  
Izzy called me Tonto.

COOPER  
I'm sorry, Teddy. You took on the  
basket case when nobody else would.  
Shit, outside of Mandy, you're the  
closest thing I have to a friend  
right now.  
(beat)  
But I have to do this part alone.

A beat. Teddy settles into it. Keeps reading Cooper.

TEDDY  
So back in New York, a serial  
killer came after you... and you  
shot him like fifty times because  
he turned into a monster?

COOPER  
Thought we covered this?

TEDDY

You thought wrong. What kind of monster did he turn into?

COOPER

He, uh... well, he kind of expanded.

(acts it out)

Got bigger?

TEDDY

Wow. Okay. So you had a meltdown and the Bureau showed you the door? That's cold.

COOPER

Well, first I popped Xanax like breath mints. Drove my car into a liquor store. Fell behind on my hygiene. Refused to go to rehab.

TEDDY

That would do it.

COOPER

So we're good?

TEDDY

Good-ish.

Cooper nods, smiles a little, turns to go.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

So you and Mandy...

Cooper turns back.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

How come you never say, "I love you?" You say, "Crazy for you."

COOPER

Just our spin on it. Same thing.

Teddy doesn't buy it. He starts to speak, draws back.

COOPER (CONT'D)

What?

TEDDY

None of my business.

COOPER

Say it.

After a beat...

TEDDY

She's a good one. She stood by you.  
If you don't really want what she  
wants, you gotta let her go.  
(shrugs)  
Maybe it's just not who you are.

That hits Cooper hard. He doesn't know what else to say or do so he just turns and walks away. Teddy waits just long enough, grabs his phone, presses a button.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Hey. I'm on my way. This is gettin'  
real bad, real fast.

EXT. HIGHRISE DOWNTOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAWN

Morning sun breaks through clouds, reflects off one of the few glossy buildings. The Trump Tower of Tacoma.

COOPER (O.S.)

Wow.

INT. RUBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Deco, Mid-Century sleek. Don Draper's apartment with high-tech. Massive flat screen, expanses of flooring, stainless steel appliances. The view of all views.

Ruby brushes her teeth while Cooper takes it all in.

COOPER

Hunting Kishi pays well, huh?

She spits in the kitchen sink.

RUBY

Hotel was temporary, until I found  
a place with discretion we require.  
Most popular names here are Smith  
and Occupant.

COOPER

Rooftop barbecues should be  
interesting.

Ruby's smile is slight... then gone.

COOPER (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

RUBY  
 Do you know Nathan Haley?  
 (beat)  
Agent Nathan Haley?

COOPER  
 Nate. We were partners in New York  
 before he went back to FBI  
 headquarters. Meant to stay in  
 touch but--

RUBY  
 Oh, he's been in touch. A lot.  
 (beat)  
 With Mandy.

Cooper likes that even less than he understands it.

COOPER  
 You tapped our phones?

RUBY  
 A little.

COOPER  
 What are they talking about?

RUBY  
 You.  
 (beat)  
 I don't think you being here is an  
 accident. Neither does she.  
 (hits her)  
 Why did Reardon come after you? He  
 wasn't even your case.

Cooper shakes his head, sits down, overwhelmed. She sits  
 nearby, gives him time.

COOPER  
 Are you saying the FBI knows about  
 all this?

RUBY  
 They categorize Kishi as very old,  
 very strange, possibly  
 cannibalistic crime family.  
 "Matriarchal leopard worshippers."  
 (beat)  
 But they don't know what they  
 really are.

COOPER  
 And how do they categorize you?

RUBY

Rivals. Hatfields to their McCoys.  
We are "valuable asset." They want  
to control us when war is done.

COOPER

Sure sounds like the FBI.

Something catches Cooper's eye in the book shelf behind Ruby:  
Is the back of it... off? A sliver of black shows at one end.

RUBY

They'll reach out to you soon.  
Through your former partner, I  
presume.

Cooper turns his attention back to her.

RUBY (CONT'D)

They'll lie to you about me, about  
Avelytes. They'll dangle carrot,  
say you can come back if you betray  
me. You'll have to choose.

COOPER

No offense, but I've known them a  
lot longer.

RUBY

No offense, but you don't  
"know them" at all.  
(chilling)  
Or what they're capable of.

Cooper stares back at her, adding it up. She doesn't look  
away. Doesn't back off.

INT./EXT. COP CAR ON CUL-DE-SAC - MORNING

Two uniformed COPS inside, one MALE, one FEMALE. Both in way  
over their heads, even if they don't know it yet. They  
approach a different isolated house in a different wooded  
neighborhood: Needs paint, lawn overgrown, FOR SALE sign in  
the lawn. Poacher heaven.

As they get closer, the MUSIC BLARES.

FEMALE COP

Pretty ballsy for poachers. Do we  
need backup?

MALE COP

Go for it.

FEMALE COP

(over radio)

Tacoma One, this is 456. We're feeling a couple more cars for this disturbance on Forest Circle.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

On the way, 456.

The Male Cop swerves into a 45 degree park on the street in front of the house. They both watch it. Now the POUNDING BASS actually rattles their windows.

MALE COP

I don't see a party.

She gets it: The music is serving a different purpose.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF THE HOUSE - MORNING

Both Cops put their backs against the wall on either side of the door, weapons drawn. Female Cop checks the doorknob. It opens. She taps the door open with her foot. Nothing.

MALE COP

Tacoma Police! Get flat or get shot! NOW!!

They exchange a look, pivot in, low and ready.

INT. THE HOUSE - MORNING

The house is dark and the music is DEAFENING. A figure is sprawled on the stairs straight ahead. The Male Cop shines his flashlight...

The body is drenched in blood. Missing an arm and a head. Male Cop barfs profusely, extends the flashlight to the Female Cop.

In doing so, a second body is revealed. Torso opened and gutted, ribs showing, face frozen in a mask of terror. Now the Female Cop throws up.

EXT./INT. COOPER'S CAR OUTSIDE SPLIT-LEVEL - MORNING

Parked down the street, veiled in morning mist, Cooper and Ruby stare straight ahead at the house. Both Cops stagger out, still retching. The two backup cop cars blur past to help their colleagues, sirens WAILING.

COOPER

They're here? The Kishi?

Ruby nods. A quiet beat. Then... BOOM!! All the ground floor windows of the house blow out. The two Cops crawl/lurch away to safety behind their car, BACKUP COPS rushing to their aid. The sagging house is quickly engulfed by flames.

Cooper and Ruby stare straight ahead with the same wide-eyed, gape-mouthed expression. CUT TO BLACK.

**(END ACT FOUR)**

ACT FIVE

INT. TEDDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - KITCHEN

Nouveau suburban, simple and clean. Teddy paces anxiously, takes a long pull from a bottle of beer. His wife VIOLET, 30, black and gorgeous, washes dishes and steals glances at him. Through the window, we can see it's raining buckets.

VIOLET

Are you sure you're not getting paranoid again?

TEDDY

I'm not sure of anything, Vi. But suddenly this feels like the last place on earth we should be.

That scares her. She drops her head. Teddy goes to her, holds her shoulders.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.  
(sighs)  
You should take Natty and--

She turns, holds onto him, tears brimming in her eyes.

VIOLET

You're my home, Theodore. Hers, too. We're not going anywhere without you.

TEDDY

God, woman, I love you so damn much it hurts.

They kiss, soulmates for life. But then: DING. The doorbell. They look at each other: Who the hell?

FRONT DOOR

Teddy steals a glance through a side window, then opens the door to a very wet Cooper.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Wells? Thought you had to--

COOPER

I don't know who to trust anymore. So I'm picking you, partner.

INT. TEDDY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Spare bedroom, storage space, computer room. In a small-ish house, a room like this is a lot of things. For now, privacy. Cooper sits with a towel around his neck; Teddy paces anxiously, his mind recently and very thoroughly blown.

TEDDY

So let's review: You think two rival families, Armenian Panther People and Estonian hunters, are squaring off in Tacoma... you're teamed up with one of the hunters... and the FBI pulled strings to put you here?

COOPER

I know. Sounds nuts to me when you lay it all out like that.

Teddy sighs heavily, turns away, looks out the window.

COOPER (CONT'D)

It's a lot, right?

Teddy twitches strangely. Writhes a little. Grunts like he might be in pain.

TEDDY

(under his breath)  
God-damnit.

COOPER

Teddy?

TEDDY

Reflux. Shit, probably a hole in my stomach by now.

He doubles over a little... and the next sound that comes from his throat is very much like that feline RATTLE. Cooper stands so fast he knocks over his chair. Draws his weapon, reads the geography: Door's way too close to Teddy.

COOPER

Teddy, I'm aiming at your leg. Just gonna sit you down a little, okay?

TEDDY (O.S.)

Aw, man, did you have to say that?

Teddy spins, drops into the crouch, coiled, piercing cat eyes, lips peeled back to reveal pronounced fangs.

He pounces before Cooper can or will pull the trigger, CLAWS away the gun, sends it flying to bounce off a wall. Gets his hands around Cooper's throat, SLAMS him into the wall...

Holds him there, eyes wide, feet dangling.

COOPER

(choked)

Don't do this. You don't have to do this.

TEDDY

Sorry, partner. I am what I am.

Cooper's losing consciousness, face crimson, veins popping.

VIOLET (O.S.)

Hey!

Teddy abruptly drops Cooper to the ground, turns to Violet: She's glaring at him, unafraid, hands on hips.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

What the hell do you think you're doing, Mister?! What if he shot you?!

TEDDY

I just...

(sighs)

Guess I kinda lost it.

She strides forward, SLAPS him hard.

VIOLET

Yeah, well snap out of it and apologize.

As Teddy turns back to look down on Cooper, his eyes return to normal.

TEDDY

Sorry, man. Been really stressed, might've overreacted there. We're cool, right? We're good?

Cooper's expression: "Are you fucking kidding me right now?"

INT. TEDDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - THE KITCHEN

Under dim light, rain pouring outside, Cooper stares across at Teddy, shakes his head over and over. Never blinks. They each have a tumbler of Scotch, bottle between them.

TEDDY  
Gonna be okay?

                  COOPER  
                  (matter-of-fact)  
Been a pretty strange couple of  
days. For instance, my partner's a  
panther man.  
                  (off Teddy)  
Sorry. "Panthera Man." Wait. Are  
you still an Eskimo?

                  TEDDY  
My pride spent the last couple  
hundred years as Inupiak. Native  
Alaskans. So... sort of?

Violet sits with them.

                  VIOLET  
Natalie's asleep. Told her you guys  
got worked up over a football game.

To Cooper, she mimes "mind getting blown."

                  VIOLET (CONT'D)  
Right?

                  COOPER  
Uh, yeah. So are you--?

                  VIOLET  
Nope. Uh-uh. Just deeply in love  
with one.

The word isn't lost on Cooper, which isn't lost on Teddy.

                  COOPER  
What happened to your pride? Are  
they still up there?

Teddy looks off sadly...

                  TEDDY  
They were down to a few dozen, give  
or take. Assimilated, peaceful,  
most worked in town.  
                  (beat)  
My parents escaped the massacre in  
sixty-eight, came here.  
                  (struggles)  
The rest are gone.

COOPER  
Avelytes?

Teddy nods. Cooper keeps reading him. Then...

COOPER (CONT'D)  
Could you beat me in a race?

Teddy laughs. Cooper doesn't.

TEDDY  
Oh. You're serious. Hell, yeah.

COOPER  
What's your take on the Kishi?

TEDDY  
Last pride standing, refuse to  
blend. They wanna exist, propagate,  
thrive and survive. The harder that  
gets, the more determined they are.

COOPER  
Supremacists?

TEDDY  
I've heard the new leadership is  
different.

VIOLET  
But you've also heard that's  
bullshit.

Cooper takes all that in. Then...

COOPER  
So where do you stand, Teddy?

TEDDY  
If the Kishi haven't changed... and  
that's how the world discovers  
Panthera? This life is over for us.

VIOLET  
It'll be a witch hunt.

TEDDY  
But even so...  
(looks at Violet)  
You can't kill someone just for  
being what they are.

Violet nods, fights back tears. Teddy takes her hand.

COOPER

Ruby said the first thing she'll do is kill the Alpha. I need to know who that is.

TEDDY

Chances are she moved here pretty recently. Armenian name, unless she changed it.

EXT. DOWNTOWN COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Mostly empty at this hour.

TEDDY (O.S.)

And she's probably in a position of power.

INT. COURTHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

EMMA HALADJIAN, Mila Kunis at 35 if she were a highly-accomplished prosecutor, is packing up to leave her cramped, woody office, talking on her cell.

EMMA

Don't let Jack get into the chips or anything, okay? I'm bringing home something special for dinner.  
(beat)  
Love you, too.

She hangs up, smiles like a mom.

INT. ELEVATOR FOYER OF PROSECUTOR'S OFFICES - NIGHT

Coat on, Emma mashes the button.

BARRETT (O.S.)

Outworking everybody else already?

She spins to DISTRICT ATTORNEY BARRETT JENKINS, 40s, every inch the future mayoral candidate in a great suit.

EMMA

Mister District Attorney.

He digs her. Deeply. Tries to laugh it off...

BARRETT

Why do you scare me so much, Emma Haladjian?

EMMA

Can't imagine.

BARRETT

Maybe because I know you're gonna  
take my job.

EMMA

Only when you're done with it.

BARRETT

Can't wait to see you in court.  
You're something of a legend.

EMMA

(wary)

No offense, sir, but so are you.

He gets it, chuckles.

BARRETT

Care to discuss my bad reputation  
over a drink?

The elevator doors open.

EMMA

Probably.

She slips in elegantly, grins just the tiniest bit.

EMMA (CONT'D)

But not tonight.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

As the doors close, lust-struck Barrett practically melts  
into a puddle. REVERSE and PUSH on Emma as the flirty grin  
and dancing eyes fall to something colder. Harder. Predatory.

We half expect her eyes to change to feral green... but just  
before that happens, CUT TO BLACK.

**(END ACT FIVE)**

**ACT SIX**

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Emma steps out of the elevator and into the mostly empty parking garage, glides like a shark, heels clicking less than seems possible. REVEAL Ruby, back to a pillar marked LEVEL 4, slipping a magazine into her pistol.

It makes almost no sound... yet Emma hears it. Freezes. Listens. Listens. Nothing.

CLOSE ON Ruby. Silence. She exhales slow, lips pursed. Lowers her shoulders, falls calm. Only then does she pivot around the pillar, ready to take her shot...

BEEP-BEEP: Emma unlocks her car door. How did she move those 15 yards and take cover without making a sound?

COOPER (O.S.)

Hey!

Ruby spins back behind the pillar, unseen. Cooper approaches Emma, who puts a hand to her chest, exhales shakily.

EMMA

Wow. Okay.

COOPER

Oh, shit, I'm sorry.

EMMA

I had that creepy feeling, like I was being watched.

COOPER

I was absolutely not "watching you." I mean, I saw you but that's different, right? There's seeing, watching, gazing, leering... I was definitely at the lower, more innocent end of the ocular spectrum.

(points keys, BEEPS)

That's my car. Just your standard, un-creepy chance meeting.

EMMA

You're Cooper Wells, right? The profiler from New York?

COOPER

Former.

EMMA  
Girls in the office were right.

COOPER  
That I'm insanely sexy?  
Behind the pillar, Ruby rolls her eyes.

EMMA  
Close. I believe it was sexy  
and insane.  
He tries to laugh, can't quite get the breath for it. She  
enjoys throwing him off balance.

COOPER  
Is it hot in here? My face is  
really hot.  
She chuckles, extends her hand.

EMMA  
Let's make this official: Emma  
Haladjian, prosecuting attorney.

COOPER  
Cooper Wells, homicide detective.  
(squints)  
Haladjian. Is that...

EMMA  
Armenian. Like the Kardashians.

COOPER  
Right.

A moment between them. Then...

EMMA  
I have two kids. And you have a  
girlfriend. Or so I hear.

COOPER  
Oh, you thought I was hitting on  
you? Seriously? Are massive egos  
common for Armenians?

She laughs, settles into a sexy smile, never takes her eyes  
off him. He gets drunk off it.

EMMA  
This should be interesting.

She gets in her sleek BMW M3 without the single wasted motion, shoots him a last look, backs up and SCREECHES off dramatically. Cooper blinks, like he's shaking something off.

RUBY (O.S.)  
This time, I am definitely  
killing you.

He turns. She's walking at him, pistol extended.

COOPER  
At least thank me first.

RUBY  
For what?

COOPER  
I hear the food sucks in Gitmo but  
they give you lots of water.

RUBY  
God, I want to shoot you so bad.  
(sighs)  
Fine. Explain.

COOPER  
FBI would love to have you all  
wrapped up with a bow on your head  
and blood on your hands. I'd be  
back on the payroll by Monday.  
(beat)  
Do you disagree?

She wishes she could. Lowers her weapon. Approaches him.

RUBY  
So? Why didn't you do it?

COOPER  
Because we're not as different as  
you think. This is what I am.

She reads that, seems to soften a little.

RUBY  
How did you know it was her?

COOPER  
Former colleague in L.A. says  
Ms. Haladjian was a stone cold lock  
to replace the retiring D.A.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

COOPER (CONT'D)  
 Until she abruptly left for  
 a lesser gig in a smaller,  
 wetter town.

RUBY  
 Hmm. Am impressed.

COOPER  
 That means so little to me.

Off her searing fuck-you glare...

COOPER (CONT'D)  
 She hasn't done anything wrong...  
 so we have no problem with her.

RUBY  
 They have bigger plans than  
 breeding this time. She will eat  
 Barrett Jenkins' heart very soon.

COOPER  
 If that happens, then we'll have a  
 problem with her. Those are my  
 rules. That's our arrangement.

Ruby considers that. Shrugs. Whatever.

COOPER (CONT'D)  
 Understood?

RUBY  
 Don't push me.  
 (beat)  
 Fine. Understood.

Cooper strides away... then hears Ruby spurt a quick laugh  
 and spins back.

COOPER  
 Excuse me? Something funny?

RUBY  
 Sorry. Just thinking about you  
 panting like puppy over Emma  
 Haladjian.  
 (mocking)  
 "My face is so hot!"

COOPER  
 Don't be ridiculous. I was working  
 her, winning her trust.

RUBY

For future reference: Females put off an industrial-strength pheromone. One of many reasons Panthera chicks rule.

Ruby's still chuckling as she walks away, into the shadows.

COOPER

(yelled)

Stop laughing, you smug Commie! I am nobody's puppy!

She CHUCKLES from a distance, leaves him chewing glass again.

EXT. WOODED BACKYARD - NIGHT

CARLY (13) and HENRY (11) HALADJIAN sit on the steps of a cedar deck behind a lodge-style cottage surrounded by woods.

HENRY

I'm starving. Can I just--

CARLY

Mom said. Stop pestering.

Just then, the sliding glass door from the house opens... and Emma steps out with their treat: that pretty blonde Hooker Mandy ran into, now in just panties and bra, heavily inked, gagged and bound, makeup everywhere from crying.

Henry and Carly beam like it's Christmas morning, clear the stairs so Mom can shove the Hooker to stagger, reel, buckle and go SPLAT on her face in the wet grass. She scrambles up, backs away, eyes wild with terror.

EMMA

Henry, did you clean your room?

HENRY

Yes!

EMMA

And your sister's?

HENRY

Yes!

Emma looks at Carly, who nods to confirm.

EMMA

Okay, then. Dinner is served.

Carly and Henry turn all their attention to the Hooker. She keeps backing away, slowly, trying to figure out what the hell's going on here.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
Oh, little fawn? Young lady?

The Hooker looks up to Emma, on the deck.

EMMA (CONT'D)  
You probably should run.

The Hooker looks back to the kids: They've started to writhe, spasm, crawl out of their skin. They groan and CLICK with that haunting blend of pain, ecstasy, and anticipation. Then they open their cold, yellow, feline eyes...

TRACK FROM IN FRONT OF THE HOOKER as she sprints into the woods, eyes wild with terror. Behind her, Emma's two children fall into crouches.

EMMA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Get'er while she's hot!

With vicious, hungry GROWLS, the tween beasts are freed, gliding and bounding too rapidly through the woods behind her, ROARING like only big cats can. The Young Woman tries to SCREAM through her gag and we CUT TO BLACK.

CUE "Stray Cat Strut." Show's over. But then...

INT. RUBY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ON the door. A soft, low, tech-ey BEEP, over and over... then CLICK. The door opens and Cooper pads in.

He heads straight for the book shelf he eye-balled earlier. Futzes around a bit, finally hits the sweet pot: The shelf opens forward, the wall behind it the other way.

INT. RUBY'S SECRET OFFICE - NIGHT

Cooper edges into a windowless void. Clicks on a small flashlight. His eyes go wide at whatever he sees.

COOPER  
Oh. My. God.

REVERSE: The flashlight reveals a massive map of Tacoma dotted with photos of murdered teenagers, each with a name. Presumably Ruby's kills. One is Bojana. Chilling.

COOPER (CONT'D)  
How long have you been here, Ruby?

But then, another click of his flashlight expands the beam to include the rugged, wooded area surrounding Tacoma... and very different images: BLURRED PHOTOS and VIDEO CAPTURES of escapees from the Island of Dr. Moreau, the stuff of nightmares. Long-tongued, partially winged and perched, unthinkably strong, climbing trees or the sheer face of a mountain, reptilian skin, blurry fast, camouflaged...

And finally, giant. A blurry shot of a MASSIVE MAN, his clothes shredded by his recent expansion.

COOPER (CONT'D)  
(barely)  
Reardon...

RUBY (O.S.)  
There are more things between  
Heaven and Earth.

Cooper jolts, spins, draws his gun on Ruby as she turns on the light. She doesn't bother drawing back. After a beat...

COOPER  
I didn't have a breakdown? I'm not  
crazy?

RUBY  
You didn't. And you aren't.

It means the world to him. Even she feels it. Then...

RUBY (CONT'D)  
It's arrogant to think it couldn't  
happen, that we could only evolve  
homogeneously. But it's just stupid  
to think it only happened once.

COOPER  
There are... others?

RUBY  
Wrong question.

COOPER  
What's the right one?

RUBY  
Why are others coming here?

She can't keep up the cool facade. She's shaken, too. OFF Cooper, totally overwhelmed, CUT TO BLACK.

(THE END)