

FREAKSHIFT

Written by

Amy Jump & Ben Wheatley

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Contact:
info@rookfilms.co.uk

120517

INT. - TV ANIMATION - NIGHT

A brightly coloured cartoon animation of a couple strolling hand-in-hand along a street in moonlight.

AD VOICE OVER

Stop!

INT. - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

GRACEY, 8, sleepy in pajamas, stops abruptly at the doorway to the sitting room.

INT. - TV ANIMATION - NIGHT

A cartoon Bulk rips the head from the man's body, blood spurting over his sweethearts' screaming face.

AD VOICE OVER

Failure to comply to city curfew
could result in agonising death!

We see the animated girlfriend shaking violently, eyes bulging and turning yellow as she turns into a 'moocher', a caption under her reads "MOOCHER"

AD VOICE OVER (CONT'D)

Incurable infection leading to
permanent neurological damage...

INT. - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Gracey shakes her snoring father, SAM, slumped on the sofa.

AD VOICE OVER

...or mandatory community service
with your local branch of CPD!

INT. - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The clock on an alarm panel changes from 19.59 To 20:00 hrs.
A light turn from green to red.

EXT. - ROOF - NIGHT

Large air-con turbines begin to turn sluggishly on the roof.

INT. - SITTING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam sits up groggily as metal shutters bang closed over the sitting room windows, blocking out the last rays of dusk's light.

SAM V.O

Bad dream?

Gracey nods her head. She can't take her eyes off the TV.

INT. - TV ANIMATION - NIGHT.

The animated girlfriend is now a dribbling brain dead 'moocher' with yellow eyes. Caption : "The city that always sleeps"

GRACEY V.O

Where's Mummy?

Sam turns the TV off. Looks at his watch. Tries to hide his concern.

INT. - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A hairline crack begins in the centre of a black and white checkered tile kitchen floor. The crack snakes and divides into two, three...

SAM V.O

Working late.

INT. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam tucks Gracey into bed.

Gracey

(Falling asleep.)

I can't.

Sam kisses her head.

Gracey (CONT'D)

...they'll get me if I close my eyes.

Gracey is already almost asleep.

INT. - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Sam is immediately on his mobile phone as he closes Gracey's bedroom door. We hear a ringtone and then a woman's voice, a pre-recorded message...

LARGO V.O (phone)
This is Diane Largo, leave a
message...

INT. - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The centre of the floor is now a gaping hole. Black, bottomless, the sides crumbling. Digging and scrambling noise emanate from deep underground...

SAM V.O (phone)
(Cold.)
Where are you?

INT. - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sam pushes the kitchen door open.

The middle of the kitchen floor no longer exists. In it's place a cavernous hole from which a towering creature, known colloquially as a Bulk, emerges.

Bulk are approximately eight feet tall, muscular and covered in matted hair. They resemble a Minotaur, with heads dominated by a mouth full of hooked teeth. The bone structure of their skulls is deformed.

Sam drops the phone. It bounces over the edge of the hole into the black abyss. The Bulk growls hungrily.

INT. - TV ANIMATION - NIGHT.

A cartoon Bulk tears and rips at the corpse of a man.

INT. - HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

DIANE LARGO, laid down on a bed, opens her eyes in sudden terror.

INT. - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam has silently backed out of the kitchen door. He hits a panic button on the wall and grabs a pump action shotgun from a rack, a pistol grip Ithaca 37. He looks around and up....

INT. - TOP OF STAIRS - NIGHT

Gracey stands shaking violently at the top of the stairs watching Sam below.

INT. - DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sam looks up at his daughter, puts a finger to his lips indicating to remain silent, and waves her away.

INT. - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Gracey runs along the corridor as the sound of the first pump action gunshot explodes downstairs.

INT. - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Bulk is thrown back against the oven by the force of Sam's second shot. The Bulk's eye explodes through it's head. It lands on it's back. Sam pumps the Ithaca and loads another shell as the Bulk writhes in fury. Sam sweats profusely. The house creak under stress. The ground moves beneath Sam. Sam looks around wildly.

INT. - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gracey scurries into her parents bedroom and grabs the phone from the bedside table.

INT. - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A towering Bulk lurches forwards. Sam blasts it with his shotgun sending it tumbling back into the hole. He steps back carefully.

Another Bulk, it's fur white, it's eyes a piercing red, emerges through the floor.

Sam stumbled backwards. The ALBINO Bulk bares down on Sam, grabbing him. Sam is lifted and then pounded into the ground.

The Albino shakes Sam like a rag doll. Sam's shotgun falls to the ground as he is thrown across the room. Sam, still conscious, sees the beast sniff the air. He reaches desperately for the shotgun some distance from him on the ground and starts to crawl towards the gun.

The Albino Bulk picks Sam up and bites into him. Sam screams hysterically. One of the Albino's teeth tears from its mouth as it embeds itself in Sam's leg bone.

INT. - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gracey climbs into her mother's wardrobe, stumbling on high heel shoes and handbags, as she tries to disappear behind hanging clothes. The terrible sounds of her father's death emanating from below.

INT. - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Albino Bulk looks up from feeding, distracted by the sound of movement from above and the scent of fresh prey.

INT. - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Albino Bulk marauds along the corridor toward the master bedroom.

INT. - WARDROBE - NIGHT

Gracey sobs and shakes as she peers through the crack in the door of the wardrobe. With fumbling fingers she pressed the speed dial number on the phone.

Gracey nudges the squeaking wardrobe door closed as the Albino enter the room.

INT. - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Albino Bulk lifts the wardrobe with Gracey hiding inside and shakes it with violent rage, as if trying to guess the contents of an unopened Christmas gift.

INT. - THE WARDROBE - NIGHT

Black.

The sound of Gracey's world turning upside down fades out under...

LARGO (phone) V.O
This is Diane Largo..

INT. - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Largo can be seen through the open doorway of the bathroom, showering, as her phone vibrates on the bedside table next to Tom FELTON, who lays on the unmade hotel bed looking at a thick dark crack in the ceiling.

LARGO (phone) V.O
....leave a message.

INT. - HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Largo, phone in hand crumples to the floor next to the bed, her scream muted. Felton, half dressed behind her, speaks to someone on his mobile phone.

Title:

FREAKSHIFT

DONA V.O
Is she still in there?

INT. - CPD TOILET CUBICLE - DUSK

Caption:

Two months later...

Diane LARGO opens her eyes abruptly. She is slumped on toilet. Her eyes staring at the graffiti covered cubical door. Outside people chatter. The sound of a running tap. Someone brushes their teeth vigorously.

GARROW V.O
Chief know you eat creature meat?

KELSO V.O
Your wife know you eat cock?

DONA, the secretary, knocks on the toilet cubicle door.

DONA V.O

Largo?

INT. - CPD WASHROOM - DUSK

Dona talks to the toilet cubicle door.

DONA

Captain wants to see you.

GARROW dry shaves his face.

GARROW

Eating creature meat is still
illegal.

KELSO prods a large writhing boil on her neck.

KELSO

That's why it tastes sooo good.

LARGO V.O

Garrow's right.

Garrow stops shaving and smiles triumphantly at himself in the mirror.

Kelso turns to look at the toilet cubicle door, where Dona shrugs her shoulders.

INT. - CPD TOILET CUBICLE - DUSK

Largo bangs out of the toilet cubicle, an expression of grim determination set on her face.

LARGO

You eat that shit, it becomes part
of you.

Kelso, uncertain, looks like she's been told off by the teacher.

KELSO

Got to be part of something though,
right, Largo?

We see Largo in close up, wounded but beautiful, fuelled by a quiet grim determination.

INT. - CPD WASHROOM ROOM - DUSK

KELSO is bent backwards over the sink. LARGO has her by the collar with a bowie knife to her throat.

GARROW

She's right, they've got to come out.

Dozens of tiny kicking legs can be seen moving under the skin of the large boil on Kelso's neck. Garrow stands next to them watching with pleasure.

....They could eat your brain.

JONAS HALL - a meat processing operative - framed in a second door-less toilet cubicle, fumbles with the jammed zip at the crotch of his trousers.

JONAS

With that ass she doesn't need a brain.

KELSO

Fuck you.

Kelso stops struggling and nods. LARGO smiles and slits the boil open unceremoniously. A thousand tiny spiders scuttle out across Kelso's neck and face.

INT. MAIN CPD BRIEFING ROOM - DUSK

The BRIEFING OFFICER stands at the front of an exhausted room full of uniformed CPD officers.

DUTY OFFICER

It's the peak of breeding season folks.

There is a crescendo of wolf whistles and whoops.

INT. - CPD CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DUSK

The CAPTAIN sits behind his desk facing a glazed wall which looks down over the CPD car park where people prepare their vehicles.

The office itself resembles a nest: Deeply bedded with paperwork and food cartons. A small portable TV is perched on top of a filing cabinet behind him.

Largo walks in without knocking.

LARGO

What?

The Captain grabs the TV remote control with white knuckled rage and turns on the TV behind his shoulder, all the time looking Largo square in the eye.

INT. - LARGO FILMED TV INTERVIEW AT TROY'S BAR - NIGHT

Largo is slumped on a bar stool. In front of her a half empty bottle of whiskey.

LARGO TV
(To camera.)
The Chief of CPD is an asshole.

EXT. - BARRATT'S DEATH SCENE ON TV - NIGHT

This scene has been captured on a news camera on a very long lens:

BARRATT rolls around on the floor screaming, (mute) two bloody holes in her head where her eyes once were. The Albino Bulk, rabid with blood lust taunts Barratt with her own eyeballs as a grey Bulk rips into Barratt's guts.

LARGO TV V.O
Doesn't matter how many we kill -
there's more every night.

Successive gun shots explode, causing the Albino's severed paw to drop BARRATT's eyeballs back into her sockets. An agonising scream rips from it's throat. Another shot penetrates the Brown Bulk, as the Albino Bulk turns and bolts into shadows.

LARGO TV V.O (CONT'D)
They call us Freaks... like this is
some kind of side show..

Repeated shots ringing out in the direction of the Albino Bulk. Largo, covered in blood, comes into shot and bends over Barratt's mutilated body.

LARGO TV
MEDIC!

OPEL, the medic, appears before the camera.

INT. - LARGO TV INTERVIEW AT TROY'S BAR - NIGHT

Largo sways on her bar stool as she jabs the bar with her blood caked bowie knife.

LARGO

You people can sleep through it.
But this... this is the main event.

Largo instantly passes out, her head falling straight forward onto the bar where she immediately starts snoring.

INT. - CPD CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DUSK

The Captain snaps the TV off.

CAPTAIN

You called the Chief an asshole on TV.

Largo dry swallows two headache pills.

LARGO

He *is* an asshole, Jed.

The Captain shakes his head and looks down at his paperwork, unwilling to grace Largo with any more eye contact.

CAPTAIN

If it's got claws and fangs, shoot it and tag it. That's all you're good for here.

LARGO heads for the door.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

By the way... the asshole is on his way up.

Largo stops, hand on door knob. She looks back at the captain who looks up at her, then back down at his paperwork.

INT. MAIN CPD BRIEFING ROOM.

The BRIEFING OFFICER stands at the front of a crowd including distinct huddles:

South Side Crew (blue insignia): WHEELER, MIKE, REMI, KELSO, RYAN, LARGO.

West Side Crew (red insignia): GARROW, RICKIE, JOJO, BURGESS, MARTINS.

East Side (yellow insignia): PETERSON, SANTOS, KIRK, LOUIS, SMITHY.

Processing: Jonas and Jake HILL.

Species for Study: PERNOD and BARLOW.

Hole filler: SAMMY.

Transportation: DEL TORRO.

BRIEFING OFFICER
Tonight's the last night before
tally. No surprises; Largo's crew
is in the lead, but Martins is on
her tail.

We see MARTINS indulge in a tight lipped smile.

The Duty Officer looks over at PETERSON and his huddle.

BRIEFING OFFICER (CONT'D)
...Peterson - you haven't a hope.

Peterson kicks over a chair and storms out.

REMI
(To Mike.)
Curse of the East side.

BRIEFING OFFICER
Crew with the highest kills rate
wins this month's top prize...

The Duty Officer points to a set of cheap carving knives,
wrapped in a big green bow, haphazardly propped on top of the
water cooler.

Jeering and whooping from the crowd.

MIKE nudges Remi.

MIKE
(Hungry.)
I love knives!

Largo enters the room.

BRIEFING OFFICER
Two words...

MARTINS
(To Largo.)
Fuck blue!

LARGO kisses her middle finger and flips MARTINS the bird.

BRIEFING OFFICER
Team work.

Largo joins Ryan, Wheeler, Mick, Remi and Kelso.

KELSO
(To Largo)
Spray and pay.

BRIEFING OFFICER
 Healthy competition. Fuck up - your
 head *will* end up on a plaque over
 Troy's bar along with the rest of
 the road kill.

RYAN
 (To Largo, mocking.)
 Make a change from *on* the bar.

LARGO
 Thanks.

Largo and Ryan head for the door.

BRIEFING OFFICER
 We all know Officer Barratt got it
 last night...

REMI
 (Mike)
 See what I mean? She was on
 Peterson's rig.

INT. - CPD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Largo and Ryan stomp down the corridor.

BRIEFING OFFICER V.O
 Same Bulk that got Largo's family,
 Sunderland *and* Watson. Suspect is
 an Albino, approximately 3.6
 metres, 500 pounds, missing an eye
 and as of last night, courtesy of
 Largo, missing a paw.

EXT. - CPD BUILDING ENTRANCE - DUSK

NUMBER 3 vehicle looks like a crumpled milk carton. The
 bonnet and roof are covered in hundreds of votive candles and
 photos of Barratt. A dozen MOURNERS, including Barratt's
 weeping family, stand around with placards reading such
 slogans as 'God hates Bulk'.

BRIEFING OFFICER V.O
 Barratt's family are naturally
 upset and a little agitated...

Candle flames flutter as a CHOPPER lifts off from the roof of
 the building. A MOURNER looks up.

CHOPPER V.O
 You are now in violation of the
 city curfew. Identification will be
 taken and penalties will apply.

INT. - CHIEF'S CAR RETURNING TO CPD - SUN DOWN

Something sloppy bangs against the tinted window and slides down the side of the luxury car as it passes Barratt's shrine.

CHIEF
 What the hell was that?

DRIVER
 That was a Bulk turd sir.

EXT. - CITY MONTAGE - SUN DOWN

A traffic jam on a major road out of town as the sun dances on the horizon. People beep their horns and scream out of the windows at each other to move.

RADIO AD V.O (1)
 The City that always sleeps.

A Chopper dips low over head.

CHOPPER V.O
 You are now in violation of the
 city curfew. Identification will be
 taken and penalties will apply.

We see TWO CONSTRUCTION WORKERS who have been pumping cement into a Bulk hole in the middle of the road, look up at the chopper and dump their hoses unceremoniously as a motorbike sinks into the hole. The MOTOR BIKE RIDER standing covered in cement at the edge of the hole.

RADIO LISTENER PHONE IN V.O (1)
 Who's to say this isn't all a
 Government conspiracy, man... while
 the money men suck this city dry. I
 mean, I never seen one of these
 things. All I see is fear, poverty,
 squalor...

CPD officers wave cars around the obstruction.

Under these shots we hear other burbling radio communications: Commercial radio mixed with technical police and city maintenance jargon.

INT. - BRIEFING ROOM - SUN DOWN.

DUTY OFFICER

Females are pregnant and hungry.
Males will kill you and fuck you,
in that order - if you're lucky.
So... we have extra volunteers
joining us tonight.

There is an outburst of general amusement and merriment at this prospect.

INT. - CPD CELLS - NIGHT

Inside the cell is a bedraggled, eclectic mix of civilian VOLUNTEERS. PAROLE OFFICER (1) stands with a clip board reading out numbers...

PAROLE OFFICER (1)

183, 232, 694-

Tom FELTON stamps a cigarette out and calmly steps forward.

PAROLE OFFICER (2) struggles to restrain SHRODER, who begins freaking out in response to hearing his number called.

SHRODER

I want to go to prison!

PAROLE OFFICER (2)

Curfew breakers get community
service.

Shroder struggles harder.

INT. - CPD LOCKER ROOM - SUN DOWN

Largo opens her locker. Inside hangs a single Bulk TOOTH dangling on a string. (The Albino Bulk tooth from Sam's murder.) Largo puts the Bulk tooth around her neck and looks at her exhausted features in a broken shard of mirror. She doesn't know who she is anymore. Just a gaunt ghost-white impression of a woman.

HALLAWAY comes in. Largo looks at the impressive collection of Bulk teeth and other good luck charms hung around his neck and then down at her own single tooth.

HALLAWAY

Black moon tonight.

Largo looks nonplussed.

HALLAWAY (CONT'D)
 Second dark cycle. A time of great
 power. Any magick worked is
 especially powerful.

Largo looks at Hallaway uncomfortably. Hallaway leaves. Largo
 thinks.

RYAN V.O
 Special forces wasn't he?

Largo turns to looks at Ryan who has the other half of the
 broken mirror dangling from her locker.

LARGO
 Fragged his senior officer.
 Disagreement over table manners.

Ryan liberally applying bright red lipstick and spraying
 herself with perfume as if she's going to a party.

DUTY OFFICER V.O
 Check your armor, check your med
 chests. Remember... you're here to
 serve, not sacrifice.

INT. - CPD BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT

MARTINS V.O
 Who the fuck's he kidding?

DUTY OFFICER V.O
 Sun down is 20:00 hours.

We see people starting to file out with sudden animation.

DUTY OFFICER
 Moocher flop house reported on
 Maybury.

MARTINS
 Damn moochers.

MARTINS shoves a hunched menial MOOCHER WORKER, wearing a
 luminous hazard bib. He looking blankly at a mop and bucket
 in his hands, hardly registering Martin's bullying.

MARTINS (CONT'D)
 A person gets bitten they should
 have the good grace to die.

INT. - CPD CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Largo and Ryan stride down the corridor. Largo crunches down

on a vitamin D tablet.

RYAN
(To LARGO)
When was the last time you saw
sunlight?

Largo holds up a bottle of vitamins 'D' tablets and shakes it.

LARGO
Sunshine in a bottle.

Largo and Ryan spot the Chief and his driver walking towards them. Largo drags Ryan around a corner.

RYAN
He's here to take your gun.

LARGO
He'll have to catch me first.

INT. - CPD ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

The Chief and his driver walk past CPD officers lined up to head butt a massive STUFFED Bulk.

INT. - LOCKER ROOM- NIGHT

Kelso, Jake and Burgess watch a small TV perched on top of a locker as they grab weapons: The CHIEF stands at a black tie event. Both men look affluent and smug.

CHIEF
Officer Largo's comments are
inflammatory and exaggerated.

Kelso looks at the real Chief, framed in the open doorway of the locker room, conversing heatedly with the Captain, then back at the TV.

KELSO
(Broiling rage.)
Largo's right.

BURGESS
We should unionise.

JAKE
We fucking hate each other!

BURGESS
That's a common starting point.

INT. - CORRIDOR OUTSIDE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Kelso dives through the door attacking the Chief. The pair tumble to the floor, the Chief squawking in shock as Kelso commences punching him in the guts. The Chief's driver struggles to drag Kelso off the Chief by her hair.

CAPTAIN
Get her off him!

INT. - LOCKER ROOM- NIGHT

BURGESS looking from the TV on the locker to the fight in the corridor.

BURGESS
(Shouting to Kelso.)
Hit him on the left, that's his
best side!

INT. - CPD CAR PARK- NIGHT

A cavernous concrete bunker filled with an assortment of patched up ex-military vehicles and modified civilian cars pumping the air full of fumes.
MIKE has his head buried under the bonnet of 'THE PIG'.

'THE PIG' is a cumbersome 10 man armored vehicle with fixed gun and seat on the roof.

Wheeler attempts to start the engine without success.

MIKE
Piece of shit!

Largo and Ryan slam through the car park doors.

LARGO
Tonight's my last chance to kill
it.

THE PIG's engine revs into life.

JOJO shakes a collection bucket in front of Ryan.

JOJO
Barratt didn't have insurance.

RYAN
I didn't really know her.

Largo giving Ryan a stern look.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I'm saving for my trip to Hawaii!

RYAN reluctantly roots in her pocket.

'THE PIG's' engine suddenly grumbles to life.

WHEELER
Contact!

Mike slams the bonnet.

The volunteers - referred to by veteran officers as 'Chumpmeat' because of their high death rate - shuffle in single file, book-ended by armed parole officers (1) and (2). Felton and Shroder are amongst their number.

Felton sees Largo.

SHRODER V.O
(To Felton)
How long were you in before they called your number?

Largo sees Felton.

Largo is frozen on the spot by recognition and buried emotions.

RYAN
(To Largo.)
You alright?

Parole officer (1) grabs Felton and throws him back into line. Parole officer (1) stops Shroder and two others next to 'THE PIG'. Parol officer (2) stops Felton and two other at a gleaming vehicle inscribed with the name 'Lindi'.

PAROLE OFFICER
This is the vehicle you have been assigned to.

Parole Officer (1) slaps some paper work in Garrow's hand.

PAROLE OFFICER (2) (CONT'D)
(To Garrow.)
All yours.

Parole Officer (1) goes off with the rest of his volunteers. Felton goes to shake hands with Garrow.

FELTON
Hey, I'm-

GARROW
Let me guess.

Garrow smiles, scrunches the paper work up into a ball and tosses it aside before turning Felton around and reading the number spray painted on his back.

...183, right?

GARROW pushes Felton into 'Lindi'.

Felton looks around at the eclectic decoration: Strings of Bulk teeth hanging from the ceiling. An expensive Italian espresso machine.

FELTON

Cozy.

INT. - CPD CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Martins downs a large tumbler of whiskey, slams the glass on the desk and sneezes loudly.

MARTINS

I've had this for 18 months. Antibiotics don't work. Plus working nights gives you cancer.

The Captain stands looking out of the window down at the CPD crews disappearing into their vehicles.

CAPTAIN

Leave me a stool sample.

Martins blows his nose.

MARTINS

(Glum.)

Something's got to change for me, that's all I'm saying.

CAPTAIN

Bring that Albino Bulk in alive tonight and it will. There's money to be made with it the ring. Dougie's got a whole new show worked up for it.

Martins grabs the door handle and addresses the Captain's back.

MARTINS

That thing's had so much publicity it's probably got a fucking press agent by now.

CAPTAIN

Oh to be worth more alive than dead.

MARTINS

Then there's the widow Largo and her unerring quest to revenge the deaths of her family.

Martins yawns.

The Chief slams through the door without knocking, holding a bloody tissue to his face, almost knocking Martin's from his feet.

CHIEF

(To Captain/ Raging.)

I want that shrine taken down and where the fuck is Largo!?

INT. - CPD CAR PARK - NIGHT

The CPD clock hits 20:00

TULACK, dumps an arm full of ammo into 'THE PIG's' boot as Remi checks a list.

TULACK

Ithica Pump. Ripper Rounds, Waxed, Scatter, Stric, 20 bore. Frag grenade, flare, Smoke, Phos, Flash bang.... If you get stuck, Kenny's stocked... but at Kenny prices.

An ear piercingly loud air-raid warning.

The exit shutters sluggishly chugging open revealing pitch black night, with an ominously large moon.

INT. - 'THE LINDI' - NIGHT

Martins light s cigarette as Garrow drives 'The Lindi' towards the exit, nudging in front of ''THE PIG'', provocatively revving the engine.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Wheeler slams on the breaks. Largo lurches forward in the seat next to him.

EVERYONE

Wow!

Martins, from 'The Lindi' opposite, blows a perfect smoke ring at Largo as their open windows pass close by.

Largo grits her teeth.

Shroder sobs uncontrollably in the back of 'THE PIG'.

Remi flirts on the radio with Laura.

INT. - 'LINDI' - NIGHT

Felton eavesdrops Martins and Garrow's dialogue.

GARROW
You think you'll top Largo this
time?

MARTINS
She tries too hard.. She'll burn
out

Martins catches Felton's eye in the rear view mirror. Martins looks at him suspiciously.

MARTINS (CONT'D)
(To Felton.)
You don't look like the type to get
caught.

Felton looks away at Burgess who is tattooing himself.

MARTINS (CONT'D)
(To Felton.)
What did you do?

JoJo stops knitting & Rickie, who has forced Chumpmeat (4) to play a mean game of 'Rock, Paper, Scissors', look at Felton.

FELTON
Broke one of the commandments.

Jojo starts knitting again. Rickie wraps a hand around Chumpmeat (4)'s fist and squeezes it hard.

RICKIE
Paper beats rock motherfucker!

INT. - CPD SWARM ROOM - NIGHT

LAURA - radio op - sits at her desk in front of a bank of phones and a large flat screen monitor showing a map of the city, with hot spots starting to flash up.

LAURA (Radio.)
Got an all units breach!

EXT. - CPD BUILDING - NIGHT

Largo has the radio as ''THE PIG'' speeds up the exit ramp.

LARGO
 (To Radio.)
 Where?

EXT. - CPD BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Angry looking wasps the size of dogs savage the group of mourners surrounding Barratt's shrine.

UNIDENTIFIED FREAKSHIFT OFFICERS run up the ramp from the CPD carpark with flame throwers and char-grill the flying creatures and remaining people.

EXT. - CPD BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The rest of the 'Freak Shift' convoy heads out.

INT. - PETERSON'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

SMITHY and LOUIS press their noses to the window rubbernecking the scene of devastation that unfolds outside CPD.

SMITHY
 Barratt's brother...

EXT. - CPD BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A groaning mauled, half eaten VICTIM (1) looks up at an UNIDENTIFIED FREAKSHIFT OFFICER (1) who writes him a receipt.

UNIDENTIFIED FREAKSHIFT OFFICER (1)
 You know the rules.

VICTIM (1)
 Fuck you!

UNIDENTIFIED FREAKSHIFT OFFICER (2), rummages around in victim (1)'s breast pocket as he dies.

UNIDENTIFIED FREAKSHIFT OFFICER (2)
 You got any ID in here, bud?

Unidentified freakshift officer (2) pulls out a handful of heart and looks unimpressed.

INT. - 'THE LINDI' - NIGHT

Martins turns to study Felton more closely as the truck bounces over bodies on the road.

MARTINS
 Hunted before?

FELTON
 Only old socks and over priced property.

Martins weighs him up.

EXT. - JAY LEE'S TOUR BUS - NIGHT

JAY LEE stands next to his heavily armored tour bus waving the stump of his right arm at ''THE PIG'', in his left a radio.

On the side of his truck he has "JAY LEE'S LICENCED TOURS" and a CPD logo.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Largo talks into the radio...

LARGO

Hang back Jay Lee. We'll throw you a bone.

We see SHRODER'S college ring in close up on his hand as MIKE grasps it.

MICKEY V.O

College educated.

SHRODER snatches his hand back.

MICKEY

Surprised you held on to that in the cell. Wheeler's got a degree in philosophy. You heard of the Stoics?

INT. - CPD SWARM ROOM - NIGHT

The seismograph bumps as the first big tremors hit the city.

SEISMOLOGIST

Here we go.

INT. - JAY LEE'S BUS - NIGHT

JAY LEE shoves a FAT TOURIST into the bus as the ground shakes and ripples and we hear a sub-sonic boom. DELIA and DOM, two Goth teenagers, already occupying their places in the bus, hold onto the seats in front.

DOM

(To Delia)

This is so...

Delia looks less convinced.

DELIA

Dangerous?

DOM

Cool.

JAY LEE

Don't leave the vehicle.

The Fat tourist bangs on the side of Jay Lee's bus.

FAT ARSED TOURIST

Is it safe?

Jay Lee rolls his eyes.

EXT. - COLLAPSED HOUSE - NIGHT

Three Bulk crawl out of the rubble.

LAURA V.O. (RADIO)

Viewpoint 15. Three adult Bulk
breaking ground.

EXT- ROOF TOP- NIGHT

HALLAWAY tracks the Bulk with his sniper rifle. He shoots in quick, succession.

EXT. - COLLAPSED HOUSE - NIGHT

The three Bulk fall to the ground - blood arcing out of their heads.

INT. - CPD SWARM ROOM - NIGHT

Hallaway's name and location on Laura's big screen. His kill total jumps up, one, then two digits.

EXT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

KELSO, riding on the roof next to the big gun, watches Hallaway run across a roof top.

She looks down at the mortar shell and marker pen poised in her hand, then ducks her head back in through the open manhole cover at her feet.

KELSO

How do you spell 'Sayonara'?

INT. - 'LINDI' - NIGHT

BURGESS pats the espresso machine lovingly.

BURGESS
Whatever you do, don't touch this.

Felton raises an eyebrow.

...Plus, you'll need these...

BURGESS pushes a scrunched ball of soft rubber fabric into FELTON's hand. FELTON looks sceptical.

RICKIE
Rubber pants.

MARTINS
Coz you'll shit yourself first time
you come face to face with a Bulk.

BURGESS smiles broadly, revealing a fine set of Bulk tooth implants in his jaw.

The Lindi shudders as it hits a body. The crew cheer and Burgess chalks 1 up on the Moocher Board.

Felton looks out of the window and sees a splattered body. Other moochers are coming out of the shadows.

RICKIE
Moochers.. Brain dead motherfuckers

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Largo spots a PIMP hanging on a street corner with TWO WHORES and a SMALL FLYING PET on a lead with a muzzle over its jaws, buzzing over his head.

LARGO
Get inside!

PIMP
Fuck you Freak!

LARGO withdraws a large hand gun from her waist coat and shoots the Pimp's pet into spray. Blood splatters over the girls painted screaming faces. Wheeler gives Largo an admiring look.

EXT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

KELSO looks out from her spot on the roof of 'THE PIG', across the rest of the convoy.

KELSO
 (To Herself)
 To think we're trying to save these
 ungrateful motherfuckers.

Black

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

A run down utilitarian shoe box of a building creaks and sags.

The sign outside reads: 'Sunny Daze Retirement Home.'

MR.DONALD, a decrepid old man in pyjamas, stumbles around shaking a bag of dried cat food.

MR DONALD
 Here kitty, kitty...

Mr. Donald dumps the contents of the bag on the ground, digs in his dressing gown pocket and pulls out three pounds of raw mince which he throws onto the ground.

Black

The sound of the earth opening.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

All around is blood and chaos. Old people run screaming and naked. Metal shutters judder up and down over windows jamming on severed creature limbs and old people's corpses.

INT. - OLD'S PEOPLE HOME / BEDROOM - NIGHT

TWO OLD STONED MEN sit huddled over a large neon decorated bong.

Old man(1) takes a hit and exhales a cloud of smoke with effort as his eye is caught by the silhouette of a Bulk lumbering past the open doorway. Both men are seemingly oblivious to the sounds of panic and terror that emanate from the corridor.

OLD MAN (1)
 This is good shit.

Old man (2) snatches the bong.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

'THE PIG' rams through the shuttered front entrance of the old people's home. A group of Moochers watch dead eyed from the shadows.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

A CRAZY OLD LADY is thrown against 'THE PIG's' bonnet by an enraged Bulk. Wheeler slams on the breaks, jolting Largo forward against the glass. Largo gives Wheeler a look. Largo flinches with genuine shock as the crazy old lady screams, her features contorted by madness and smeared Baby Jane makeup.

CRAZY OLD LADY
NO PETS ALLOWED!

Largo pumps her shot gun.

LARGO
(To Wheeler.)
Remind me never to retire.

The crazy old lady is killed by the Bulk before LARGO makes it out of from 'THE PIG'.

EXT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Largo shoots the Bulk as it's claws gouge great gashes in 'THE PIG's' bonnet. It turns enraged and moves towards her. Largo puts two more shots into it and it collapses to the ground dead.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Shroder is clinging to the door frame as Mike tries to push him and Chumpmeat (1) and Chumpmeat (2) out of 'THE PIG'.

SHRODER
I can't!

CHUMPMEAT (1)
Come on, bitch.

MIKE
Lets go champ.

Mike pushes Shroder, Chumpmeat (1) and Chumpmeat (2) out of 'THE PIG' and following them with fervor...

MIKE (CONT'D)
Banzai!

Ryan observes Largo through the windscreen hacking the Bulk to pieces with a machete.

RYAN
(To Wheeler.)
She likes it.

Wheeler shakes his head side to side, negative.

WHEELER
She *needs* it.

Ryan jumps out and watches Largo hacking away at the mountain of undefinable bloody pulp.

RYAN
(Dry.)
I think it's dead.

LARGO looks up as if waking from a trance.

RYAN (CONT'D)
That the one you're looking for?

Largo shakes her head - negative - as she takes out her tag gun and shoots the Bulk corpse through the ear with a blue tag.

The tag gun: Shoots a plastic tag through the flesh of a dead creature (usually the ear). South side crew tags are blue. West side crew tags are red. East Side crew tags are yellow.

RYAN (CONT'D)
They all look the same to me.

Largo wipes her machete on her trouser leg.

LARGO
(To everyone.)
Lets move inside. Find the hole.

WHEELER
Hey!

Ryan looks around at Wheeler pointing up as the huge dark moon peeking behind the crumbled wall.

... Look at the moon!

Wheeler barely gets to finish his sentence before a Bulk swipes him sideways. Shroder jumps back shocked, smashing into Largo. Wheeler doesn't have a chance to scream. The Bulk bites into his neck killing him. The Bulk turns looking for its next victim.

KELSO
Mother of God!

Kelso spins the big gun to fire at the Bulk but its barrel jams into the crumbled brick entrance, its turning gears grinding loudly as Largo, Ryan, Mike and Shroder (more haphazardly) let off a hail of shotgun blasts - the impact throwing the Bulk back some distance.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Remi leaps up from his seat at the radio as Chumpmeat (1) darts back in the vehicle a large piss stain spreading across the crotch of his trousers.

MIKE V.O

Nooo!

CHUMPMEAT (1)

Fuck this shit!

Remi pushes past him.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Largo collapses down besides Wheeler's mangled body shaking him.

LARGO

(Desperate.)

Wheeler!

Mike shoots the dead Bulk repeatedly in rage.

LARGO (CONT'D)

(Desperate.)

Wheeler!?

Largo slumps.

(Resigned.)

Shit.

Largo looks at Ryan with grim determination.

(To Ryan)

You're number two now.

She pulls a bloody velcro set of stripes off Wheelers uniform.

RYAN

But I. Ok...

Ryan fixes her promotional stripes on her arm. She can't help but be happy.

LARGO
Split in two. I'll take east. You
take west.

Martin's joins them offering up a big shit eating smile.

MARTINS
What did I miss?

Black.

The building shudders. The sound of floors caving in. Masonry falling. A sudden sucking in of air, as if a great door has opened.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

We see Largo's tear streaked face cast in shadows as she presses on with Mike, Remi and Chumpmeat (1).

Largo's remaining team are deep in the building now. Lights flicker and smoke blows around inside the building from small fires. Old people and nurses stagger past them like ghosts. Primordial sounds of creatures calling from up ahead.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / BEDROOM 1 - NIGHT

Chumpmeat (1) looks in through the door at an OLD SNORING WOMAN in a single bed surrounded by cuddly toys, like an ancient princess. Her side table is covered in sleeping pill bottles. She's oblivious to the primordial sounds of howling Bulks.

CHUMPMEAT(1)
Not much meat on old people.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Largo gives Chumpmeat (1) a surprised look, shaking her out of sorrow at Wheeler's death.

LARGO
Not much to anyone once you take
away their hope.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / WEST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ryan makes a hand signal to Kelso. She leads Shroder, Chumpmeat (2) and Kelso around a corner.

RYAN
(To Kelso)
Lets go visiting.

Kelso rolls her eyes.

Ryan (CONT'D)
 (To Shroder.)
 On me.

Shroder looks blankly around at Kelso. Kelso shoves him out of the way.

CHUMPMEAT (2)
 (To Shroder.)
 Don't shoot me in the back.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A RESIDENT runs around the corner. Chumpmeat (1), panics, letting off a random blast of his gun. Largo pushes the barrel of his shotgun to the side, narrowly avoiding the Resident being shot. Chunks of plaster and tile rip out of the wall. The blast echoes around the nursing home.

A Bulk smashes through a door barreling into Mike, knocking him off his feet. The Bulk bolts towards the entrance. Largo blasts its legs from under it. The Bulk falls as its kneecaps explode. Chumpmeat (1) finishes it with a shot to the head.

CHUMPMEAT (1) (CONT'D)
 Better?

Largo takes an extra tag gun from her belt and throws it the Chumpmeat (1) Remi pats him on the back.

REMI
 Welcome to the job.

LARGO
 Lets find that hole.

Chumpmeat (1) tags his first Bulk with his crew's blue tag.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / REC ROOM - NIGHT

A Bulk bites down on Chumpmeat (2)'s shoulder. The boy screams hysterically.

CHUMPMEAT (2)
 Argggghhhhh!

Ryan blasts the creature into a wheelchair which travels backwards slamming into an old Pianola which in turn plays "As Time Goes By" by Herman Hupfeld, before Ryan shoots it to shit.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / EAST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Mike and Chumpmeat (1) are shooting on-coming Bulk. Largo looks up from tagging a dead Bulk as Ryan's voice echoes.

RYAN V.O

(Shouts.)
MEDIC!

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / REC ROOM - NIGHT

Chumpmeat (2) shakes violently, the Bulk's poison coursing through his blood.

OPEL, the Medic dumps his medic bag on top of Chumpmeat (2)'s stomach with perfunctory calmness.

Chumpmeat (2)
Argggghh!

OPEL
(To Chumpmeat (2))

Relax.

Opel preps a jab with efficient speed.

OPEL (CONT'D)
I make the best cocktail in town.

OPEL, jabs a needle into the Chumpmeat (2)'s neck.

...It's all about the secret ingredient.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / WEST CORRIDOR- NIGHT

Chumpmeat (2) smiles inanely up at the ceiling as OPEL drags him down the corridor by his heels, with unceremonious speed through blood and chaos.

CHUMPMEAT (2)
(Amused.)
We're all dead.

A Bulk jumps out from a door way scattering Peterson, Kirk and Louis. Jojo appears and shoots at it but the Bulk continues to attack.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

Opel drags Chumpmeat (2) through a hole in the side of the building and dumps him on a pile of similarly wounded, smiling UNIDENTIFIED FREAKS.

A Bulk smashes its way out of the building dragging TWO OLD WOMAN by their long grey hair. It stops roaring when it sees that all freak shift vehicles are now circling the building:

Jonas and Jake Hall's meat processing truck, Sammy's cement truck, Pernod and Barlow's Species assessment truck, Del Torro's transportation vehicle. 'THE PIG' and 'The Lindi' and

Peterson's 'Bad luck' truck.

The Bulk turns around with the intention of smashing its way back into the building. Garrow passes Martins his rifle. Martins shoots the creature in the back repeatedly. The creature screams, falling forwards, smashing its head against the building. Martins hands his gun back to Garrow for reloading, like a gentleman on a big game hunting trip. Felton, covered in blood and sweat, joins Martins.

GARROW
(To Martins.)
Going in?

Martins dressed in his spotless uniform, surveys the chaotic scene. Opel is on the floor at his feet trying to stop the blood exploding from Jojo's torn torso.

MARTINS
Why?

Garrow tags the Bulk. Martins wipes a speck of Jojo's blood from his brogue with his thumb.

MARTINS (CONT'D)
Let Largo get her hands dirty.

A large new crack splits the side of the building.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

JONAS HALL waves his machete at Martins to get his attention.

JONAS
Hey, skip!

Martins looks over at JONAS, who holds up a freshly butchered hunk of creature meat on the bone.

JONAS (CONT'D)
With rosemary and garlic! Taste beautiful!

JONAS kisses his circled thumb and forefinger like a bon vivant.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

Jake cuts off the blue tagged ear of a creature, scans it and throws the tag into a container on the side of the truck. Jonas, wearing long rubber gloves and a butchers apron and brandishing a machete, de-bones a creature with expert speed. He throws the meat into a massive cold store on the back of the truck.

JONAS (CONT'D)
 Hey, remember what the skip said...
 lose every second of Largo's blue
 tags.

JAKE
 Yeah, yeah.

JONAS
 Don't give me that yeah, yeah,
 shit.

INT. - JAY LEE'S TOURIST BUS. - NIGHT

Jay Lee's bus pulls up.

JAY LEE
 (To tourists.)
 The Bulk is the largest of the
 nocturnal creatures.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

JAKE looks around to make sure no one is looking.

JAY LEE V.O
 Bulk mate for life and are fiercely
 protective of their cubs.

He rips a blue tag from an ear and tags it with a red tag and
 throws that in the bin. Jake throws Largo's crew's blue tag
 to a FAT OLD DOG sitting in the cab on the processing truck.
 The dog catches it in his mouth, chews on it and swallows,
 farting loudly.

Jonas looks up from stripping a Bulk corpse at Delia through
 the window of the tourist truck.

JONAS
 Fucking rubberneckers.

JONAS throws a large bone covered in gore at the tourist
 truck window.

INT. - JAY LEE'S TOURIST BUS - NIGHT

Everyone screams, with disgust as the bone hits the window
 and splatters gore across the glass.

EXT. - JAY LEE'S TOURIST BUS - NIGHT

Jonas squashes his face up against the grilled windows and
 screams.

JONAS (CONT'D)
 FUCKING ANIMALS!

INT. - JAY LEES TOURIST BUS - NIGHT

Delia grimaces at Jonas grabbing his balls and wagging his tongue at them.

Delia throws up into a sick bag. Dom grins darkly.

DOM
(Grinning.)
Sick.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / DEL TORRO'S TRUCK - NIGHT

DEL TORRO and Felton battling to get CREATURE R into the truck. Creature R is an armored six legged insect - mildly sedated. Louis, Smithy and Rickie help kick, punch and push it towards the ramp. Pernod and Barlow, the Species for Study bods, stand back writing notes.

FELTON
(To Barlow)
Sure about this?

Barlow doesn't look up from scribbling notes.

BARLOW
It's not on the species list, so it goes to Dougie's lab for classification and analysis. So we know how to deal with it in the future.

DEL TORRO
Wonder what they'll call it?

RICKIE
I like Jeff.

CREATURE R suddenly shakes it's head vigorously, waking itself from sedation and twists free. Barlow and Pernod stagger back.

DEL TORRO
Fuck!

INT. - DEL TORRO'S TRUCK - NIGHT.

Felton grabs shot guns and throws one to Del Torro.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT.

Felton and Del Torro shoot the shit out of CREATURE R, it's long legs crumpling underneath it.

BARLOW
Nice work.

Martins kicks the creature's crumpled corpse and smiles with amusement.

MARTINS
 (To Felton.)
 Now go and find us another one.

Felton gives Martins, Barlow and Pernod a cold look as they observe him walk away with conspiratorial amusement.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / WEST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Felton steps over Shroder's body.

INT. -OLD PEOPLE'S HOME/ CANTEEN- NIGHT

A LINE OF OLD PEOPLE stand, food trays in hand, in front of the serving hatch. A PARTIALLY SIGHTED OLD MAN at the head of the queue holds out his empty tray with shaking hands, expecting it to be filled with food. Behind the counter two Bulk rips Chumpmeat (4)'s guts out and throws them onto the empty hot plate where they sizzle.

PARTIALLY SIGHTED OLD MAN
 (Loudly.)
 What's the special?

The Bulk reaches through the hatch and is about to fry the PARTIALLY SIGHTED OLD MAN's face when Largo, Remi, Mike and Chumpmeat (1) shoot the shit out of the two Bulk.

LARGO
 (To Remi/ Chumpmeat (1))
 Put them in The Pig.

Remi nods and starts rounding up old people. The two bong smokers from earlier start fighting in the line. Chumpmeat (1) separates them.

CHUMPMEAT (1)
 Break it up!

OLD MAN
 (To Chumpmeat (1))
 He stole my best bong!

LARGO snatches the bong and crunches it under her boot.

LARGO
 Hey.

Chumpmeat (1) looks around.

LARGO (CONT'D)
 What's your name.

Chumpmeat (1) smiles.

CHUMPMEAT (1)
 Noah.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ryan lifts a blanket covering Mr. Donald's legs with the barrel of her gun. Mr. Donald, slumped in an armchair in front of TV, grips the arms of the chair with white knuckled determination as he shakes uncontrollably. Feverish feeding sounds emanate from below the blanket. Ryan drops the blanket and stands still abruptly.

RYAN
(Shouting)
LARGO!

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / WEST CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Felton looks up at the sound of Largo's name echoing through the corridor.

Felton fires his shotgun as a Bulk smashes into the wall blood exploding from its neck, a second blast takes the top of its head off.

Peterson fires one to the stomach and one to the head flipping a Bulk onto its back in the narrow corridor. Peterson licks his lips nervously.

A fire extinguisher is hurled at Felton throwing him against the wall. A Bulk simultaneously jumping through a partition wall. Peterson, Chumpmeat (5) and Chumpmeat (6) scatter, their defence broken.

Felton slides on the floor trying to get away from the Bulk. He fires blasting the creatures head off. Peterson is thrown against a wall. He pulls his automatic pistol and shoots the Bulk in the back. It turns in pain. He hits it across the face with the butt of his shotgun. The Bulk staggers back and Peterson blasts it.

Felton gets to his feet. Peterson looks at Felton from the ground.

PETERSON
Thanks.

Felton puts his hand out and helps Peterson up.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Largo stoops down and looks at a BULK CUB feverishly eating Mr. Donald's withered calf muscle, bone and exposed tendon under the blood soaked blanket.

LARGO
(To RYAN.)
Get Del Torro.

RYAN exits.

Largo turns back to Mr. Donald, stroking his head comfortably.

He looks up at her with fading eyes.

MR. DONALD
You're a good girl...

He nods encouragingly, the Bulk poison pumping through the pronounced veins on his forehead and neck. Largo strokes his head again, as if thinking about the kind of person she is.

LARGO
(Sadly.)
No, I'm not.

Largo pulls a handgun from her vest and shoots the old man in the back of the head.

Largo turns to see Felton standing at the door watching. She visibly tenses - holding back the tears.

Mike pushes past Felton and sticks his head into the room.

MIKE
Found the hole.

LARGO
Call Sammy. Lets get it filled
before we are outnumbered.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / NORTH CORRIDOR - NIGHT

A thick hose carrying wet pumping cement, like a giant intestine, is dragged down the corridor at speed.

Old people stagger towards the exit.

LARGO (CONT'D)
(To old people.)
Watch your step.

Largo moves fast hopping over the snaking hose as she follows Mike. Felton follows close behind. The end of the corridor is twisted like a candy cane. They stumble over masonry and body parts.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME/ DEL TORRO'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Martins, drinking an espresso from a fine bone china cup and saucer, shakes his head disdainfully as he watches Jonas and Jake Hill playfight like buck deer with walking frames.

Del Torro finishes loading the crated Bulk cub into her truck, stacking it along with several other caged creatures. We see its saucer eyes piercing out from the bar, remnants of that old man's calf muscle still stuck between its teeth.

DEL TORRO
 (To Bulk Cub)
 Where's Mummy?

MARTINS
 (To Del Torro.)
 Shake a leg. Dougie's waiting at
 the lab.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / CENTRE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

Largo turns a corner to find the centre of the building gone, like a cored apple. Below a bottomless hole surrounded by debris.

Sammy pumps cement into the breach. He shakes his head as if to say, it's too big to fill.

Largo's stops at the edge of the hole, floor falling away under the soles of her shoes.

Ryan, Mike & Kelso shoot at cement covered Bulk emerging from the hole. Ryan looks at Felton appreciatively. She smiles her best smile.

RYAN
 (To Felton)
 Hi.

Beds with GROANING INHABITANTS hang from the torn floors above the gang's heads like withered fruit. A body drops from a bed above Largo and brushes her shoulder as it passes and slides into the hole where it is torn to pieces by Bulk. Largo steps up to the hole - the edge crumbling under foot.

The sounds from Gracey's traumatised tumble in the wardrobe seem to emanate from the abyss, drawing her in.

She steps closer.

Felton grabs her hand.

FELTON
 Diane!

Felton pulls Largo back from the edge. Largo looks down at their hands, which grip with equal strength.

Largo pulls away from Felton's grasp.

The sound of a massive wrenching in the earth from outside the building.

Everyone looks up as the building sags sideway like a listing ship.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / DEL TORRO'S TRUCK - NIGHT

A hole opens in the earth at the side of the building.

Black earth shoots into the air as the Albino Bulk emerges. It lets out a deafening sub bass howl, which shatters windows and throws people to the ground as they grab their bleeding ears.

Martins looks at the beast in awe as it kills Chumpmeat (6)

INT. - JAY LEE'S TOURIST TRUCK - NIGHT

Blood hits the side of the tourist truck. The Albino rams Chumpmeat (6)'s shredded corpse against the truck as the vehicle starts to tip.

People scream. Jay Lee scrambles for the door as mud fills the cab.

JAY LEE

Under no circumstances leave the vehicle!

DELIA

(Hysterical.)

Then why are you leaving the vehicle!?

Jay Lee leaves the vehicle struggling to dig his way out of the collapsing hole but the Albino stumps him into the cold wet earth.

EXT. - ROAD - NIGHT

Del Torro looks in the rear view mirror at the Albino Bulk as she drives away. The Bulk cub in the back of the truck screams miserably.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

Martins and Garrow watch as the Albino Bulk clambers out of the hole using Jay Lee's truck as a stepping stone. Garrow runs over to Martins..

GARROW

(To Martins.)

That has to be Largo's Bulk.

Garrow raises his gun to fire at the Albino. Martins pushes the barrel of the gun down and waves to Jonas and Jake to lower their weapons.

MARTINS

We've got other plans for this one.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Largo runs to the main entrance of the building next to 'THE PIG' and sees the Albino Bulk. She stops. Ryan joins her. Ryan studies Largo's expression. Suddenly a great sense of calm has spread over Largo's face.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / MARTIN - NIGHT

Martins watches LARGO raise her gun and point it straight at the Albino's heart. The Albino swiveling its great head in the direction of Del Torro's truck.

Martins is suddenly tired and irritated as he makes an executive decision.

MARTINS (CONT'D)

God damn it.

He pulls out his handgun - looks around to make sure nobody can see him - and aims it at Largo.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME/ ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Largo is moving towards the Albion Bulk as she squeeze the trigger.

A shot resonates.

Largo crumples to the ground as she is shot in the leg.

Largo POV as she goes down, her vision of the world tipping sideways. (It is accompanied by a heavy, deep base sound like something much greater falling.) She rolls over in the dirt. Largo is blinded by pain. Largo rolls over - her vision blurred by agony and pain.

EXT. - ROAD - NIGHT

Martins holsters his hand gun and turns to watch the Albino Bulk running down the road after Del Torro's truck. Garrow approaches.

MARTINS (CONT'D)

We're going to need a bigger truck.

Garrow looks at his skipper with mild incomprehension.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Felton rips Largo's trouser leg open, exposing the wound.

FELTON

Looks like you got clipped.

Ryan holding Largo's head up and throwing whiskey down her throat. Largo pushes Felton's hand from her bare leg as it grasps her flesh.

LARGO
You don't need to do that.

Largo POV of Martins giving OPEL instructions and the two men turning to look at Largo.

Largo looks back at Ryan.

LARGO (CONT'D)
Which way did it go?

RYAN
East.

OPEL dumps his medics bag down beside her.

LARGO
(To Ryan.)
I'm going after it.

OPEL
You're going home.

FELTON
He's right. You're done.

LARGO
We both know that's not going to happen.

Largo POV as she scans the scene - which is quieter now:

EXT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Remi ushers old people towards a social services truck which pulls up.

REMI
Lets see if we can't get you moved somewhere with quieter neighbors.

EXT. - A HOLE - NIGHT

Jonas stands peeing into the hole the tourist truck disappeared into.

RICKIE
Helllllloooo Satan!

DELIA V.O
Oh my God! Help me! Hello?

JONAS
(Amused.)
Shit!

REMI
Someone get her out of there

Noah runs for a winch.

Garrow picks up a college ring and holds it up to the moon - the golden band outlining it.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME / ENTRANCE - NIGHT

OPEL wrenches Largo's mouth open and looks at her green tongue. OPEL shines a bright light in her eyes.

OPEL
(To Largo.)
You're sick, you know that?

Felton and Largo look at each other.

LARGO
How many did we lose?

OPEL works on Largo's leg with perfunctory speed.

OPEL
Nine.

Largo observes Martins as Opel gaffer tapes her leg. Felton follows her gaze and her thoughts.

Largo looks back at Ryan.

LARGO
(To Ryan.)
Find me a car.

RYAN
I'm coming with you.

LARGO
No.

Ryan looks at Felton as she gets up to follow orders.

OPEL
(Irritated.)
This will get you where your going,
but no further.

OPEL jabs Largo in the backside with a loaded syringe before she has a chance to notice.

LARGO
Shit!

Felton pushes Opel away - hard.

FELTON
What the fuck are you doing?

OPEL
(To Felton.)
Martins said to give her a hit.
Said she needed it.

(To Largo.)
Said you need perspective. Said you
were sick, you know..

Opel jabs at the side of his head with a finger - like sick
in the head.

LARGO looks at MARTINS stomping towards 'THE PIG'.

LARGO
Did he.

LARGO hobbles up. Felton holds her. Largo pulls away.

LARGO (CONT'D)
Don't touch me. When you touch me,
it stops hurting. It can't stop
hurting, you understand? I deserve
to hurt. For being with you that
night instead of with my family.

LARGO walks away.

EXT. - KENNY'S MOBILE AMMO SHOP - NIGHT

Kelso is squabbling with KENNY over the price of ammo as
Largo hobbles up.

KENNY
(To Largo.)
What do you need?

Largo dumps a wad of bloodstained cash into Kenny's hand.

LARGO
Everything.

Largo walks off.

KELSO
(To Kenny.)
Some things can't be bought.

Kelso watches Largo head towards Martins. Kenny looks
appreciatively as his wad of money.

KENNY
I wouldn't say that.

EXT- 'THE LINDI'- NIGHT

MARTINS is standing by the door or his vehicle. He sneezes loudly into his handkerchief, his back turned to Largo as she strides up.

MARTINS

Achoo!

LARGO

Gesundheit.

MARTINS

Thanks.

Martins turns.

Largo punches him in the jaw knocking him to the ground.

Black.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

A great brawl is underway between Largo's south side crew and Martins west side crew.

Surviving old people cheer and goad as they are ushered onto social services trucks.

Opel cuts the penis off a huge dead male Bulk and looks around furtively.

Peterson is the soul spectator of the brawl. He stands looking indecisive.

PETERSON

(To Largo.)

I don't have a side..!

Martins punches Largo in the stomach. Largo doubles over, landing heavily on her knees in a mound of Bulk guts, her eyes falling onto the ground.

MARTINS

Creature's not the only thing that bites around here.

Largo smiles to herself, as her head slumps into her chest, blood dripping from her mouth into a pool of Bulk blood at her knees. She feels nothing, numbness washing over her from Opels' injection.

LARGO

What are you chasing Martins?

MARTINS

The dream, or the money, whatever
comes first.

LARGO

You ever get tired of being a scum
bag?

Martins punches Largo again. Felton grabs Martins and punches him hard in the face sending him flying backward into a group of old women. Garrow grabs Felton...

GARROW

Wrong team.

Garrow swings at Felton. Felton swipes. Largo staggers up. People slip and slide in pools of blood. Jonas Hill swings a Bulk thigh bone at his brother Jake.

LARGO

(To Felton.)

I don't need saving.

Martins looks at Felton with cold hatred.

MARTINS

(To Felton.)

Yeah?

Martin's punches Largo again. Largo is thrown back through the open door of 'The Pig'.

MARTINS (CONT'D)

(To Felton.)

...See?

Felton punches Martins again. Martins goes down.

Felton strides over to Largo sprawled in the doorway of 'The Pig'.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Largo looks up at the ceiling dreamily. The sound of radio interference and static.

FELTON

(To Largo.)

We're walking out of this right
now.

Largo starts laughing.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

Ryan slugs Peterson hard in the face. Ryan helpfully pulls Peterson out of the mud.

PETERSON

Thanks.

Ryan looks over at Felton as he walks towards her - his face awash with fury. Ryan smiles flirtatiously at Felton.

RYAN

(To Felton)

Hi.

Felton ignores Ryan. Ryan watches Felton's ass as he walks on by.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(To Peterson.)

You think he's single?

Peterson wipes himself down and shrugs.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(To self.)

It's really hard to get a date when you're permanently covered in blood.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Remi listens to Del Torro's agonized screaming over the radio. Remi turns to Largo.

REMI

I think your Bulk just ate Del Torro.

Largo pulls herself up.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

Largo strides through the fight. Ryan looks up at Largo following a hard slug by Peterson. Burgess pounds away at a dead Bulk. Barlow and Pernod stand watching Burgess appreciatively.

PERNOD

You see those arms? Peasant stock.

Opel loads wounded smiling officers into an ambulance and bangs the side as it drives off.

Kelso flies backwards landing in a wet hole full of cement. The two old men, who earlier fought over the bong, now take bets on the outcome of the fight.

INT. - PETERSON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Largo drives off. Ryan jumps onto the running board.

RYAN

Hey.

Largo looks at Ryan distractedly.

LARGO

Stay with the others.

Ryan climbs into the moving vehicle.

...I'm not doing this for the money.

RYAN

Hawaii can wait.

Ryan sits back satisfied. Largo puts her foot down as the Captain's car drives past her on his way to break up the fight.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

Mike cries as Wheeler's corpse is zipped into a body bag.

The Captain climbs out of his car. He's surveying the chaotic scene as a TV camera crew draws up.

CAPTAIN

Jesus. What a fucking mess.

EXT. - 'THE LINDI' - NIGHT

Felton puts a foot on the running board and goes to enter. Garrow blocks his way.

GARROW

No room here.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Mike tries to start 'The Pig's' engine. Remi is on the radio to Laura.

LAURA V.O
 Proceed directly to 182 Hampton.

Remi watches Largo and Ryan driving away.

REMI
 (To radio.)
 Looks like our skipper's just gone
 off-the-grid.

Noah slumps into a seat, drained and confused he looks at
 Shroder and Chumpmeat (2)'s seats.

KELSO V.O
 She's dancing around the edge.

LAURA V.O
 Proceed to 182 Hampton, copy that?

Peterson sticks his head into 'The Pig'

PETERSON
 She took my truck! Again... Why
 does she do that?

Peterson gets into the 'The Pig'.

MIKE
 Fuck your truck...

Kelso sticks her head through the roof.

KELSO
 Always was a bad luck rig.

Felton sticks his head in through the door. Peterson looks
 around at Felton, then back at Remi.

PETERSON
 (To REMI)
 Remember how Hallaway was before he
 went down that hole?

FELTON
 Can I get a ride?

PETERSON
 He's Ok.

Remi nods, yes. Felton throws himself in a seat.

PETERSON (CONT'D)
 Guess there's dark places in all of
 us. You can spend a lifetime
 tiptoeing around them or you can
 jump right in like Largo.

Felton looks miserable.

Mike starts the engine. It roars into life.

EXT. - OLD PEOPLE'S HOME - NIGHT

Martins watches 'The Pig' drive off.

The Captain grabs Martins by the arm and pulls him away from the lights.

MARTINS

What you see... it's all Largo...

Indicating the chaotic scene.

CAPTAIN

From now on Largo's no longer a CPD officer. She's breaking curfew. Do what's necessary.

MARTINS

I'll put someone on it right away.

CAPTAIN

Just do me a favour.

MARTINS

Yeah?

CAPTAIN

Don't kill her on camera.

INT. - 'THE BAD LUCK' TRUCK- NIGHT

Largo drives through the night at speed. Ryan rummages through the glove compartment. Ryan holds up a bottle of vodka.

LARGO

Take the wheel.

Ryan and Largo change seats, the truck swerves, runs over a bump. Ryan is now driving. Largo slumps in the passenger seat.

LARGO (CONT'D)

Opel dosed me.

Ryan looks at Largo.

RYAN

You know what his secret ingredient is, right?

Ryan smirks. Largo can't help smiling before she turns to look through the window.

...How does it feel?

Largo sees long shadows, the black moon weighs heavy in the sky, the darting silhouettes of monsters who call and cry to one another.

LARGO

Find me something to kill.

Largo snatches the vodka bottle from Ryan's hand and throws it out of the window.

EXT. - ALBINO ROAD - NIGHT

The bottle shatters on the road. A small creature leaps from the shadows and licks feverishly at the dregs of vodka and shards of glass. It looks up in shock as 'The Lindi's' headlights bear down on it, forcing it to jump out of the way.

INT - 'THE LINDI' - NIGHT

Garrow revs the engine threateningly behind Largo's truck and then turns a sharp left. Rickie, Martins and Burgess tumble around in the back.

Martins sneezes loudly into his bloody handkerchief. His face is a battered mess. He is awash with rage and humiliation.

MARTINS

We need bait if we're going to catch that Bulk.

EXT - ALBINO ROAD - NIGHT

Largo pulls up by Del Torro's wrecked truck.

Largo stoops to examine Del Torro's mutilated corpse. Del Torro's truck is crumpled and on it's side. The double doors have been ripped off. Several creature transportation crates lay around. One is open and empty. (The one Del Torro used to collect the Bulk cub.) The corpse of a half eaten creature is draped across the upturned side of the truck. Something small and fatally wounded flutters it's wings in the gutter.

Largo opens Del Torro's firmly gripped fist to reveal a clump of blood matted Albino fur.

RYAN finishes calling in the location, puts the radio back into it's cradle and walks over to Largo. Distant sirens approach.

RYAN

Laura says it's heading for the plaza. They're sending a clean up team.

Largo stands and heads back to 'the bad luck' truck. Ryan stands for a moment looking at Del Torro's corpse.

INT. - 'THE BAD LUCK TRUCK' - NIGHT

Ryan driving down a deserted street at speed. Largo loads shotguns.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Mike drives. Noah sits next to Mike. Peterson counts ammo. Kelso is on the roof. Felton snatches the radio from Remi...

INT. - CPD COMMS ROOM - NIGHT

The Chief looms over Laura's desk. She looks up at him miserably as she relays the following...

FELTON

Tell me where she's headed.

LAURA

I don't have a position on Largo.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

FELTON

Bullshit!

Felton throws the radio down.

REMI

Take it easy! That's my girlfriend!

Felton picks up the radio and wipes it off and gives it back to Remi.

FELTON

Sorry.

REMI

(To radio.)

You OK, baby?

INT. - CPD COMMS ROOM - NIGHT

Laura looks up at the Chief looming over her.

LAURA

Yes.

INT. - 'THE PIG'- NIGHT

LAURA (CONT'D)
(On Radio sounding upset.)

I just wish you were here with me.

Remi kisses the radio.

MIKE

I'm going to throw up.

PETERSON

(To Everyone.)

It's not so bad in the dark, if
you've got someone to hold your
hand, right Remi?

KELSO sticks her head through the roof.

KELSO

You really are a fucking loser
Peterson.

MIKE

(To Felton.)

Hey, what the fuck do you care
about the skipper for anyway? You
fuck her or something?

Felton doesn't respond but looks sheepish and uncomfortable.

Everyone looks at him.

INT. - 'THE BAD LUCK TRUCK' - NIGHT

Ryan takes a sharp left turn through a set of red traffic lights and drives straight into a pack of massive running spiders. The truck is jostled like a bumper car as the vehicle gets stuck in the middle of the pack, carried along like flotsam.

LARGO

(Irritated.)

You took a wrong turn.

RYAN fights for control of the vehicle.

RYAN

No I didn't.

LARGO winds down the window and shoots the legs from the

spider running along side them.

LARGO

The plaza was right.

RYAN winds in and out of spider legs like she's dodging fast moving traffic on a motorway. The truck is booted around another corner like a football. RYAN ramming her foot down.

LARGO (CONT'D)

Break!

We see Ryan jam her foot up and down on the brake while giving Largo an 'I'm not an idiot' look.

LARGO (CONT'D)

You're losing us.

RYAN

No I'm not.

Like a boat going down rapids, the truck spins in a tangle of giant spider legs. Largo and Ryan suddenly find themselves traveling backwards.

RYAN (CONT'D)

When we get out of this, I'm definitely asking that new guy, Felton, on a date. I can't die a virgin.

Largo stops firing her shot gun through the window and turns to look at Ryan with genuine shock.

RYAN (CONT'D)

What!?

A spider thumps into the back of the truck jolting them forwards in their seats.

It's not a crime to save yourself...

Largo shakes her head wearily and reloading her gun.

LARGO

You definitely shouldn't be here.

Ryan looks momentarily hurt.

The car is kicked by a spider, spins 360 degrees, smashes against a department store window and disappears over the edge of a large Bulk hole in the middle of the road.

EXT. - DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

We see the shattered DEPARTMENT STORE window covered in grill mesh. The display is set out as a tennis court with two female mannequins playing tennis in short white skirts. A male mannequin with chiselled feature serves them drinks on a silver tray over the tennis net.

This is accompanied by the sounds of the Largo and Ryan tumbling inside the truck, just like Gracey tumbled in the wardrobe.

INT - Bulk HOLE - NIGHT

RYAN
 (To radio.)
 Anyone, respond, we're going down
 at 617 Plaza. Repeat-

The radio cord stretches tort and flies out of Ryan's hand. The vehicle starts to fill with dirt. Largo and Ryan are thrown through the truck as it lurches and bounces off the sides of the hole. Their impact on the double doors at the back of the vehicle force them to open. Largo and Ryan fall through. They now fall independently of the truck, which follows them, catching on the sides of the hole as it descends.

INT. - SEWER(1) - NIGHT

Largo and Ryan hit the bottom of the sewer and several inches of foul water. Largo desperately pushes Ryan into a small recess in the side of the tunnel. Largo rolls over onto her back, exhausted, watching the truck as it slides from wall to wall, down towards her. Largo prepares to die, just as the truck stops, wedging into the sides of the tunnel at an acute angle, inches from her face.

There is a sudden moment of expectant stillness. All that can be heard is Largo and Ryan's heavy breathing. Largo cracks an emergency flare. Sickly green light illuminated the cramped sewer space and her tortured features.

LARGO
 Look, you can't date the new guy.

RYAN
 Why?

The truck groans and sags. Water, under great pressure, begins to seep out of the walls around the truck turning them to mud. The earth shudders.

LARGO
 Move!

Largo shoves Ryan down a subsidiary sewer branching off to the left.

INT. - SEWER(2) - NIGHT

They hear a cacophonous crash as the truck hits the sewer floor. The earth shakes violently sending out a terrible ringing echo of steel on concrete.

Ryan and Largo struggle along the increasingly narrow pipe drenched and exhausted. Twisted roots and jagged pipes penetrate the tiny space, cutting into their hands as they battle forwards. The alien sounds of the underworld bombard them. Unseen creatures burrow, scamper and scream through the arterial subterranean network.

Largo's foot gets stuck, preventing her from moving forward. She pulls out her knife.

LARGO (CONT'D)

Wait.

Largo looks back around herself.

A LARGE BLIND CREATURE has hold of her foot. It looks like some hideous cross between a monkey and a mole. Largo flinches, struggling for leverage in the enclosed space. She smashes into Ryan, who shunts forward. Largo stabs frantically at the blind creature as it attacks. The tunnel ahead of Ryan begins to collapse as a dozen scratching claws break through the crumbling walls grabbing for her. Largo stabs the blind creature repeatedly as it scratches deep lines into her already injured thighs, forcing an animal scream of rage and misery from her.

The two women crawl along the tunnel. Above and below them they can hear digging and scabbling. The tunnel starts to collapse onto them with all the seismic activity. For a moment Largo and Ryan are completely lost in the mud. Largo struggles to clear her airways. She digs until she finds Ryan's boot. She struggles past Ryan. Ryan is dazed. Largo drags her forwards and they fall into another tunnel. Largo hears scratching and scraping. She pulls out her service pistol and gets ready to fight. She can see a set of eyes in the dark. She aims and fires. She can hear a creature thrashing about in its death throws.

Ryan desperately drags Largo forward by her upper arm. Ryan looks up at a tiny slither of light, seeping around the edge of a manhole cover, which across her face.

Ryan wrenches her arm forward through the narrow space and punches the manhole cover clear.

INT. - BEDROOM DEPARTMENT / STORE - NIGHT

Ryan squeezes up and out of the hole. She slumps on the floor, reaching back down for Largo.

Largo struggles out and the pair collapse onto the floor taking in the scene around them with disbelief...

They are surrounded by rows and rows of beautifully dressed beds, all different styles and sizes.

Largo lights a cigarette and passes it to Ryan before lighting herself one.

RYAN
(Determined.)
Why?

LARGO
What?

RYAN
Why can't I date the new guy.

LARGO
Because you're not his type.

Largo drags herself up.

RYAN
What is his type?

Largo staggers over to the foot of a bed that looks just like the one which used to be hers. (The bed from beside which Gracey grabbed the phone and entered the wardrobe.)

LARGO
Married.

Largo looks down at Ryan, who looks more despondent about this than all the other shit they've been through. Largo's expression softens. A sudden rush of compassion floods her features. She reaches out a torn hand.

LARGO (CONT'D)
Come on Goldilocks.

Largo grabs Ryan's hand and they limp off between beds.

INT. - KITCHENWARE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Largo runs a finger along a row of hanging kitchen knives, which increase in size and ferocity. The last is a stack of large meat cleavers. Largo takes one and rips it from the packaging before shoving it in her belt.

INT. - WOMEN'S CLOTHING DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Ryan and Largo walk through racks of clothes. Ryan carries a baseball bat over her shoulder and wears Mickey Mouse ears.

RYAN

Wait!

Largo spins around, tense, knife already drawn.

RYAN grabs a shirt and holds it up to Largo's tattered blood drenched outfit.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Black is definitely your colour.

Largo slumps.

Largo and Ryan turn a corner. A large creature, surrounded by over-turned mannequins and mounds of clothes, looks up from feeding on a DEAD SECURITY GUARD.

Largo raises her meat cleaver.

LARGO

Dark or white meat?

The Bulk spits out the security guards badge and screams. Ryan throws her Mickey Mouse ears away.

RYAN

Lets just run this time, ok?

RYAN drags Largo through racks of clothes towards the down escalator with the creature in pursuit.

Ryan hits the big red start button at the top of the escalator. The escalator travels upwards as Ryan and Largo lurch down. The creature skids, stumbles at the top of the escalator, its claws catching in the rolling mechanism. Ryan hits the ground floor and turns to see Largo heading back up the escalator.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(Dumbfounded.)

What's the matter with you!

Ryan's POV - watching Largo and the creature tumble and tear at each other at the top of the escalator before Largo raises her meat cleaver and sinks it in the creature's skull. The creature slumps down, dead. Largo tags the creature.

Largo staggers down the escalator and pushes past Ryan.

LARGO

I hate shopping.

EXT. - DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

Ryan and Largo emerge through the smashed main entrance of the store.

Their brief POV of Jonas and Jake Hall's meat processing truck parked in front of them. It's engine turns over sluggishly, the back door to the chilled meat cabinet is open. Clouds of cold air roll out onto the road. The tag eating dog sits in the cab, watching them as he pants laboriously.

Jake and Jonas leap from the shadows. Jonas grabs Ryan by the neck and drags her back. Jake punches Largo in the head knocking her out.

Black.

JAKE V.O
Gesundheit.

EXT. - MOOCHER FLOP HOUSE ON MAYBURY - NIGHT

MARTINS
(Shouting.)
Lets go!

Martin shoves the barrel of his gun into the stomach of a 'moocher'.

GARROW
(Half hearted/ To moocher.)
Move it.

A KID MOOCHER tugs on Garrow's jacket. Garrow looks down distractedly. Garrows pushes him away reflexively.

GARROW (CONT'D)
Don't touch me you little-

KID MOOCHER
Don't.

GARROW
What the fuck!?

Garrow freezes, turns from the kid stunned.

GARROW (CONT'D)
(Shouting to Martins.)
Hey Skip!

MARTINS
(Unconvinced.)
What?

Martins strides over.

GARROW
This one just spoke.

Martin's looks at the kid in a perfunctory manner.

MARTINS
Bullshit. They can't.

Martin's taps the kids skull with the barrel of his gun.

...Acute Aphasia.

Martin's stomps off. Garrow looks at the kid and the follows Martins.

GARROW
I know they're dumb, but...

Dozen's of the sick, poverty stricken survivors of Bulk attack shuffle from the slum building at gun point.

MARTINS
It's just milk shake in there.

Martin's supervises as Burgess and Rickie tie more 'moochers' to the back bumper of 'the Lindi'. There are already a dozen attached by ropes to their waists. They stand passively. Garrow follows Martins.

GARROW
Maybe it's not ethical.

MARTINS
Whatical?

GARROW
Like, 'ok'.

MARTINS
They are a means to an end. What do you want to end more than anything else in the world?

GARROW
Credit card bills.

Martins nods, pats Garrow on the back.

MARTINS
We all have a place. Theirs is at the bottom of the pile.

INT. - BOARDED UP APARTMENT ON MAYBURY - NIGHT

Hidden behind a torn curtain in an upstairs bedroom, the 'moocher' SONNY DON, watches.

SONNY DON carefully closes the curtain and walks to the door.

EXT. - MOOCHER FLOP HOUSE ON MAYBURY - NIGHT

Martin's grabs a hand grenade from 'The Lindi's' ammo supplies.

MARTINS

Brain dead cud chewers, but they
can get skittish.

EXT. - MOOCHER FLOP HOUSE ON MAYBURY - NIGHT

The flop house explodes into flames. As 'The Lindi' drives off at a crawl, dragging it's 'moocher' bait behind it.

Garrow looks in the wing mirror at the moocher kid standing in front of the burning building. Other kids join him. Garrow shifts, uncomfortable in his own skin.

INT.- THE HALL BROTHER'S PROCESSING TRUCK - NIGHT

LARGO opens her eyes suddenly, taking a deep inhalation, like she's been resuscitated.

She's slumped amongst half frozen hunks of Bulk meat and bones. Blood drips from the ceiling.

She looks around groggily.

No Ryan.

JONAS V.O

(Muttering to himself)
Motherfucking zippers...

She looks down along the length of her body. Her eyes passing along her half removed trousers, to Jonas who fumbles with his jammed trouser zipper.

The sound of RYAN screaming emanates from somewhere outside the truck. JONAS looks up and behind him with amusement.

JONAS

(To himself.)
Call of the wild.

EXT. - THE HALL BROTHER'S PROCESSING TRUCK / WOODEN PARK CARPARK - NIGHT

Jonas flies backwards away from the truck and hits the ground clutching his bloody broken face.

JONAS (CONT'D)
 (Screaming.)
 My fucking nose!

LARGO slumps down from the truck and stands over Jonas swinging a Bulk bone the size of a baseball bat.

LARGO
 Now I'm going to break you fucking arm.

JONAS
 You should thank me!

Largo whacks him again.

LARGO
 Yeah?

Jonas scrambles away.

JONAS
 If I'd of done what Martins said,
 you'd be dead already.

LARGO
 Thanks.

Largo swings the Bulk bone down and shatters Jonas's right arm over a tree stump.

EXT. - WOODED PARK PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Jake drags Ryan, kicking and writhing, by her hair across a children's playground. He stop and listens to Jonas's hysterical scream echo through the park.

JAKE
 What the fuck is that?

RYAN bites Jake on the leg. Jake wrenches her hair.

EXT.- THE HALL BROTHER'S PROCESSING TRUCK - NIGHT

Largo grabs a shotgun and some shells from the driver's cab and steps over Jonas who writhes in agony.

EXT. - WOODED PARK WALKWAY - NIGHT

LARGO loads the shotgun as she limps through undergrowth.

INT. - WOODED PARK PLAYGROUND SANDPIT HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake has got Ryan pinned to the sandy floor of the little play house with his body weight. She struggles feverishly as Jake tries to pull down her trousers.

EXT. - WOODED PARK PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Largo strides towards Ryan and Jake's legs, poking out of the play house doorway, kicking and bucking in the sand as they struggle.

JAKE V.O

Stay still!

Largo points her shotgun through the little window, cut in the side of the play house.

LARGO

Knock knock.

Largo blows a hole in Jake's shoulder. The impact of the shot sends him banging sideways off Ryan and blows a large hole in the opposite side of the play house.

Ryan scrambles away holding her ears as her ear drums protest.

INT.- THE HILL BROTHER'S PROCESSING TRUCK - NIGHT

Jonas is sprawled half in half out of the driver's cab, the radio grasped desperately in his one functioning hand.

JONAS

(Radio.)

Help me. You got to fucking help me. She's gone crazy!

Jonas hears the sound of laboured breathing coming from somewhere outside.

INT. - CPD COMMS ROOM - NIGHT

JONAS V.O

(Radio.)

She's going to fucking kill me!

Laura looks at the Chief who stands conversing out in the corridor and turns Jonas's transmission off.

EXT. - THE HALL BROTHER'S PROCESSING TRUCK - NIGHT

Suddenly, the Albino Bulk tears Jonas from the cab of the truck.

EXT. - WOODED PARK PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

The sound of the Bulk's distinctive cry reaches Largo, who pulls herself free of Ryan's desperate, disorientated embrace. Jake writhes behind them, bleeding.

EXT. - WOODED PARK CARPARK - NIGHT

Largo breaks through the undergrowth, shotgun raised.

The Hall brother's dog cowers under the truck.

Largo sees the Albino Bulk dragging Jonas from the truck. Jonas's shotgun flies out of his one working hand as he grabs for it in the cab of the truck. His broken arm flailing uselessly.

Jonas POV from upside down as he is shaken violently. Largo striding towards him.

JONAS

I see you!

Largo walks towards the Albino.

JONAS (CONT'D)

You're no better than us.

Largo raises the shotgun to shoot the Albino at close range, but sees the Bulk cub poke it's head up from behind the Albino Bulk's hunched shoulder.

Stunned by the realisation that the Albino Bulk is a mother, Largo lowers her shotgun.

The Albino Bulk lurches forward and bites Largo's hand.

From behind them, Ryan, who has picked up Jonas' shotgun, fires at the Albino Bulk, hitting its flank.

Largo staggers back.

Largo swipes the gun away from Ryan and pushes her backwards.

The Albino Bulk and cub bolt into the undergrowth.

A terrible calmness descends over Largo. A feeling of things finally fallen into their rightful place, as the Bulk's poison begins its insidious journey through her veins.

Ryan is stunned by Largo's intervention.

RYAN
(Disbelief.)
You let it go.

Largo drags herself over to Jonas's corpse and tags his ear.
Ryan is disgusted.

LARGO
We're still winning.

RYAN
You shouldn't have done that.

Largo belts her tag gun and looks at her hand and the angry bite mark.

LARGO
What are you chasing?

RYAN
What?

LARGO
Why are you here?

RYAN
To serve.

LARGO
Not sacrifice. You were pressed,
right?

Largo touches the 'curfew breaker' patch on Ryan's arm band.

....I volunteered.

Ryan looks surprised.

RYAN
I couldn't.

LARGO
Because you don't know.

Largo walks off.

RYAN
You're hurt, maybe even broken by
what happened to your family... but
however dark it gets, the sun
always comes up.

EXT. - WOODED PARK PLAYGROUND - NIGHT

Ryan watches numbly as Largo drags Jake's remains from the playhouse and across the sand pit, leaving a trail of blood.

EXT. - WOODED BULK HOLE - NIGHT

Largo rolls Jake and Jonas's remains into the hole.

RYAN

You don't have to throw everything away.

Largo lights a cigarette.

LARGO

You talk too much.

INT. - HALL BROTHER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Largo reaches into the truck for the radio hand set. She lifts it to her mouth with difficulty.

LARGO

(Radio.)

Laura? Largo. Copy?

LAURA V.O

(Radio.)

Oh my God! You're alive?! They made me withhold your position-

LARGO

(To radio.)

Radio 'THE PIG'.

EXT. - HALL BROTHER'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Largo pulls the handset off the truck and watches it roll into the hole.

Ryan stands on the edge of the hole. Largo joins her.

LARGO

Pick someone who's not broken. Go to Hawaii, somewhere there's no creatures.

RYAN

You think there's somewhere like that left?

Largo smiles softly at Ryan.

LARGO
Hell must be pretty quiet this time
of year.

Largo thinks...

LARGO (CONT'D)
Noah seems nice.

Ryan thinks...

RYAN
You think?

LARGO
You don't want to be me.

EXT. - WOODED PARK CARPARK - NIGHT

The distinctive sound of 'The Pig' approaching through the night makes Ryan look up.

Ryan waves at 'The Pig' as it's headlights sweep across tree trunks and it rounds a corner, chugging towards her.

RYAN
The cavalry!

Felton jumps down from 'The Pig'. Ryan smiles with difficulty ... but relief.

RYAN (CONT'D)
She's over there.

Kelso looks over at Largo disappearing into the woods alone.

KELSO
(To Herself.)
There goes Captain Ahab.

RYAN
(Shouting.)
LARGO?!

Felton walks towards the undergrowth.

Ryan realizes that Largo has gone.

Noah gets down from the truck.

NOAH
(To Ryan.)
Hey.

RYAN
 (To Noah.)
 Hey.

Ryan turns to look back over her shoulder in Felton's direction.

Peterson sticks his head out of the doorway.

Black.

EXT. - ALBINO ROAD - NIGHT

Largo limps down the middle of a deserted road. Alone, deeply shaken. Her shot gun is slung across her back.

EXT. - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Hallaway stands on the edge of the roof top watching Largo below.

Sonny Don - the 'moocher' from the Maybury flop house incident - stands with Hallaway on the edge of the rooftop.

HALLAWAY
 When you become a walking shadow,
 anyone can step on you.

EXT. - ALBINO ROAD - NIGHT

Rickie hustles a bald middle-aged rotund 'moocher' up the side of a pile of 'moocher' corpses.

RICKIE
 Right to the top Humpty Dumpty.

When the bald middle-aged 'moocher' reaches the highest point Rickie shoots him in the head.

Garrow turns away sickened.

GARROW
 (To Burgess.)
 This isn't what I signed up for.

Martins slams down the radio in 'the Lindi' and sticks his head around the side of the truck, a broad satisfied smile on his face.

MARTINS
 It's coming straight for us.

BURGESS
 (Sarcastic. Grim.)
 Whoopee.

Martins tests his super-sized taser and looks at the last dead 'moocher' drop onto the pile.

MARTINS
 Get tucked up.

GARROW looks like he's going to throw up. He climbs to the top of the pile of bodies and lays down.

We see Rickie and Burgess throwing bodies on top of Garrow.

EXT. - ALBINO ROAD - NIGHT

The Albino limps down the middle of a road.

EXT. - SIDE ROAD (1) - NIGHT

A 'moocher' watches Largo from the shadows as she passes. Then another and another. They follow at a distance, unknown to Largo who is consumed by pain and sickness.

Hallaway comes out from the shadows with Sonny Don. They stop in front of Largo. Hallaway holds up a hand in recognition. Largo looks up and stops.

EXT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Kelso looks out over the city. The moon is lower in the sky.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

MIKE V.O.
 We're never going to top the tally board...

Peterson drives. Mike sits next to him. Ryan sits next to Noah. Remi is on the radio to Laura. Felton watches out of the window as shadowy side streets pass by.

REMI
 (To Radio.)
 Any word on which way she's headed?

The Hall brother's fat dog throws up over Mike's feet.

MIKE

Jesus!

Mike flinches back.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He looks down at the contents of the dog's stomach.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Wait a minute.

Mike digs around in the sick with the tip of his knife to reveal dozen's of blue tags.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(Enraged.)

Those motherfuckers!

The dog whimpers at Felton with remorse and embarrassment.

EXT. - ALBINO ROAD - NIGHT

The Albino Bulk, limping, wounded, exhausted, carrying the Bulk cub, stops and smells the night air.

The Albino looks up at the black moon and lets out a long mournful cry.

The Albino Bulk turns a corner and sees Martins' pile of 'moocher' corpses stacked up in the middle of the road.

The Bulk cub jumps down from the Albino Bulk's shoulder and climbs around the pile of 'moocher' corpses.

The Albino Bulk bites down on a corpse.

The pile of corpses begins to squirm.

Garrow's hand jabs up out of the pile of corpses and tasers the Albino in the mouth. We see the empty space where a missing tooth should be (The tooth hanging around Largo's neck) and its black eye socket. The Albino Bulk screams and bites down on the hand, pulling it from the pile of corpses.

GARROW

Arghh!

Piercing headlights illuminate the Albino Bulk, causing it to flinch and scream in the light.

Burgess, Rickie, Pernod and Barlow run forward, tasing the Albino Bulk further into submission as they rope it. Garrow screams, holding the stump of his arm up into the air.

MARTINS
Someone call Opel.

Black.

The sound of the Albino Bulk smashing against the inside of the truck as its world turns upside down.

EXT. - ALBINO ROAD - NIGHT

Largo limps down the middle of the road alone. The night full of animal calls, shadows move and shrink as she passes. A creature, seeing her, bolts into a dis-used building. Largo looks straight ahead, her face set in an expression of grim determination.

A YOUNG FEMALE MOOCHER steps out in front of Largo.

Largo stops in her tracks. The young female moocher points, indicating a path for Largo to take.

Largo follows the path as if in a trance.

A MIDDLE AGED FEMALE MOOCHER steps out from a dark doorway pointing her further along the path.

Largo turns a corner and disappears out of sight.

EXT. - STREETS - NIGHT

'The Pig' cruises slowly. Kelso works the search light on the roof, sweeping it's velvet beam over crumbling buildings and shuttered homes.

INT. - 'THE PIG' - NIGHT

Felton drives. He's burning with impatience.

MIKE
She could be anywhere.

Mike wrestles with the Hall brother's fat dog in the back of the vehicle. The dog growls with irritation and pleasure.

PETERSON
Dead people have a lot of patience.

REMI
It's too quiet.

PETERSON
We can't be everywhere. Only God
can be everywhere.

MIKE
(To Peterson.)
Jesus Peterson, where do you get
this shit?!

Mike releases the dog and pulls Peterson and wrestles him to the floor. The fat dog growls with jealousy.

A chopper flies low over head, it's own searchlight scraping across the roof of 'The Pig'.

Remi is on the radio to Laura.

REMI (ON RADIO.)
(To Laura.)
Anything?

LAURA V.O
Negative.

Ryan and Noah sit looks out of a side window at a moving shadow.

RYAN
What's that!?

The search light hits two Bulk mating down a side street. The creatures pulls apart and run into the shadows.

Noah looks at Ryan and smiles coyly. Ryan blushes.

EXT. - ALBINO ROAD - NIGHT

Largo moves forward, unblinking, as if seeing past the darkness.

We see through her eyes. We hear her laboured breathing. The night is heightened. Her vision growing more intense. Sound and colour seems to have more depth - shadows more detail.

Largo turns a corner and passes down a yet narrower passage way, squeezing between buildings.

At the end, Hallaway and Sonny Don are waiting for her, standing amongst refuse and detritus. The great black moon hangs behind them.

HALLAWAY
The Wild Woman Who Runs.

Hallaway indicates for Sonny Don to join Largo.

HALLAWAY (CONT'D (CONT'D))
 ...That's what they're calling you.
 You certainly look the part.

Largo looks down at herself, and at her reflection on a metallic surface.

You understand. You *will* kill it,
 but you won't not make it feel
 remorse.

LARGO nods.

Largo struggles to stand straighter, as if trying to pass some unspoken test.

Hallaway makes a silent decision.

HALLAWAY (CONT'D)
 Soon you'll be part of something
 bigger. You won't be able to look
 back.

Largo relaxed imperceptibly.

LARGO
 Maybe that's what I've been
 chasing.

EXT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

Dougie's is a slumped grey concrete tomb in the middle of an old business district. It is an ancient, unsanitary pharmaceuticals plant. On the outside a large weathered sign reading: 'Douglas Pharmaceuticals and Testing'. Red light leaks from around its dented metal shutters and the sound of braying Bulk emanate from its depths. Men's shadows move about at the side of the building.

EXT. - 'THE LINDI' - NIGHT

To the right of the building we can see 'The Lindi' parked up. Burgess and Rickie stand smoking nervously. A TRUCK DRIVER hoses the side of the large transportation truck. The Albino's blood runs into the gutter.

BURGESS
 You think they'll save Garrow's
 arm?

RICKIE
 Why? You think it's worth
 something?

EXT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS / OFFICE - NIGHT

Martins and DOUGIE stand at a counter. In between them is the Bulk cub - back in it's crate - whimpering miserably. Dougie counts out a stack of cash. Martin's stands watching like he's warming himself in front of a fire and sneezes into his blood soaked handkerchief.

Dougie taps the wad of money on the counter and gives Martins a grim smile.

DOUGIE
You understand, I've got to deduct
a little.

Martins sags.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
It's still got a lot of fight in
it, but the condition...

Dougie makes a 'not so good' expression. Martin's picks up his pile of money with an unsatisfied air.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)
Tell you what, I'll throw in free
entry to the show.

Dougie nods to the entrance of the arena.

MARTINS
(Disgruntled.)
Thanks.

INT. - THE ARENA - NIGHT

Martins enters the room. It resembles an old wood panelled operating theatre with a semi-circle of steep wooden bleachers around three sides and the fourth wall dominated by a large blackboard. There is blood soaked sawdust on the floor of a large cage in the middle and cigarette smoke hovers like a rain cloud.

The scene is bathed in dim red light.

The Albino Bulk is brought into the room with great difficulty. It has several serious wounds and pulls at its captives with waning rage. It thrashes and screams to it's absent cub.

The bleachers are crowded with men in suits, exchanging low level bets and excited comments on the Albino Bulk like connoisseurs.

Dougie stands in front of the cage addressing the audience. Several 'moochers' are being led into the room as the following is spoken...

DOUGIE

For years these creatures have laid
nightly siege to our city...

Dougie has a cattle prod which he shocks the Albino Bulk with. It screams in fury. We see it straining at its chains

INT. - DOUGIE'S PLACE - NIGHT

The sound of cheering and agreement coming from another room.

We move through the deserted industrial building, following a trail of bloody Bulk and human foot prints. The sound of jeering men and roaring Bulk drawing closer.

DOUGIE

... Some say they are a punishment
sent by God...

Dougie shocks the Albino Bulk again driving it wild.

EXT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

Largo strides forward, in the open, without back up, straight towards Burgess and Rickie. Burgess lurches up from his resting place in sudden surprise and panic. Rickie looks around for his shotgun as she reaches them.

BURGESS

(Nervous.)
Hey Largo...

RICKIE

You're supposed to be dead.

Largo shoots Rickie in the leg. He falls, crippled and writhing.

LARGO

I'm supposed to be a lot of things.

She pumps the shot gun and a shot gun cartridge skitters across the concrete.

LARGO (CONT'D)

Where's Martins?

Burgess points inside.

Largo kicks in the front door. It splinters under her heavy boot.

INT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS / MAKE SHIFT BAR- NIGHT

LARGO
Knock, knock.

Largo confronts a room full of degenerates and gentlemen, lounging, drinking and conspiring in a make-shift speakeasy. Sounds of Dougie's showmanship seep through the adjoining door.

Largo raises her shotgun.

DRUNK SPECTATOR
(To friend.)
Do we get to see some tits?

He peers at LARGO in her disheveled state. Covered in wounds, blood and dirt.

DRUNK SPECTATOR (CONT'D)
(Dissatisfied.)
I want my money back.

EXT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

Burgess looks up from tending Rickie's bleeding leg and sees an army of Moochers approaching

BURGESS
What do they want?

INT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS/ MAKE SHIFT BAR - NIGHT

Largo looks around. She doesn't see what she's looking for but she hears the Albino's familiar deep bellow and Dougie's grating voice distorted over the microphone.

A voice rises above the affray.

DRUNK AUDIENCE MEMBER 2
Who wants to see something rip her
fucking throat out!?

Dougie's dubious clientele cheer in union.

DRUNK AUDIENCE
Yeah!

The DRUNK SPECTATOR move in on LARGO.

Suddenly the sound from the arena next door steps up a pitch. There is an almighty scream and the sound of shattered wood. The crowd panics. In the bar all is quiet as they listen to the horrors unfold. There is a wet pounding noise and more screaming.

Dougie's body suddenly smashes through the wall.

They turn and look at Dougie who shudders in pain on the floor.

He looks up at Largo standing on the other side of the hole in the wall.

DOUGIE
(Disorientated.)
Who invited you?

The escaped Albino Bulk's arm smashes reaches through the hole and grabs Dougie's head and pounds it into the floor repeatedly. Blood splatters across the bar.

The Albino Bulk drags Dougie's body back through the hole.

There is a stampede as the degenerates and gentlemen leave .

EXT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

'Moochers' fight men by 'The Lindi' using force of numbers rather than skill, as Burgess radios frantically.

Burgess
Moocher attack at the liquidation
plant...

INT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

Largo strides down the corridor that links the bar to the Arena.

Burgess V.O
(To radio.)
They're not supposed to do this!

Imprisoned 'Moochers' in cages either side of the corridor watch her with placid interest. Largo looks straight ahead, determined not to be waylaid by their suffering. People from the fight run frantically in the opposite direction.

INT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS / ARENA - NIGHT

Largo walks out into the arena.

Spectators are trying to escape as the Albino Bulk busies itself eating stragglers.

LARGO

Hey!

The Albino Bulk turns with a half eaten corpse in its mouth, and considers Largo for a beat.

...You owe me a family.

The Albino Bulk throws the corpse against the grill of the fight cage.

Largo raises her shot gun.

The creature gives her a sonic blast of bass. The remaining crowd collapse clutching their ears.

Largo collapses onto the floor, covered in hay and blood. Blood trickles from her ears. The creature lopes towards her. Largo rolls out of the way as it descends. The Albino Bulk lashes out with its paw, narrowly missing Largo's face, turning and skidding on the hay. Largo propels herself across the floor in the opposite direction, slamming up against the cage, letting off a shot which catches the Albino Bulk in the side. A chunk of flesh flies off causing the Albino to scream in agony and throw itself against the opposite wall of the cage.

The Albino Bulk, blind with rage, smashes and claws at Largo trying to finish her but Largo fires, hitting it in the shoulder. It screams but comes at Largo again with equal resolve.

The Albino swats Largo across the arena. Largo smashes through the wooden bleachers. Largo blindly, frantically, grabs for her shotgun but it's gone. Blood pours into her eyes from deep gashes in her head as she crawls through beer cans and trash towards a hole in one of the bleachers.

The Albino Bulk tears its way through the hole after Largo. Largo pulls out her pistol and staggers to her feet in the confined space. Her vision distorted by exhaustion, misery, guilt, Opel's injection, and the Albino Bulks poison which caused insidiously through her veins turning her into a 'moocher'.

The Albino Bulk lurches along the bleachers towards Largo.

EXT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS - NIGHT

'THE PIG' pulls up outside. Felton and Ryan jump out first, fighting against a sea of fleeing spectators and 'moochers'.

INT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS / BLEACHERS - NIGHT

The Albino bites and kills a TRAPPED SPECTATOR. Largo takes an unsteady aim. Shoots and misses. She shakes her head trying to clear her vision. She takes aim again. The pistol is heavy and sags in her hand as she looks at it with blurred vision.

She shoots again and hits the Albino Bulk in the eye. The Bulk screams and flails.

The Albino smashes its fist on the floor below the bleachers. The floor collapses. Largo and the Albino Bulk tumbles through yet another level into the dank cramped corridor underneath.

INT. - DOUGIE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Felton pushes against a sea of fleeing people.

AUDIENCE MEMBER (2)

I want my money back.

Ryan follows Felton.

INT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS / SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

Largo stumbles up and looks around her as the Albino collects itself.

Around Largo is a menagerie of RARE caged NOCTURNAL CREATURES, beautiful but deadly, collected by Dougie for study, experimentation and sport.

The Albino Bulk smashes wildly at cages, opening several in the process. The RARE caged NOCTURNAL CREATURES scramble for freedom.

Largo looks at the Albino. It is now disorientated but with the rush of life around it, not knowing where to attack first, it swats, furious and panic stricken.

Largo struggles back. All around her rare creatures do a shadowy dance, disorienting her as they do the Albino.

The Albino roars and charges in Largo's direction in a desperate last attempt.

Largo raises her pistol and fires the last three rounds.

Largo is out of bullets. She drops her last gun.

The Bulk smashes into Largo.

Largo tumbles through the air and through a wooden door into a Moocher cage.

Largo looks up at the 'Moochers' inhabitants of the cages above her looking down on her with passive expectation.

Largo tries to get up but can't. She can hear the Albino Bulk laboured breath approaching. It drops through the hole and pulls itself forward using its claws. Largo scrambles backwards. The Albino makes its way through the cell sniffing the air.

EXT. - DOUGIE'S PLACE SIDE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Martins sneaks out of Dougie's and edges towards the 'Lindi'. There are bodies everywhere. He looks at them with distaste. He goes to open the door but is suddenly shot. He looks at his formerly pristine uniform now splattered with his own blood. He looks up and sees Ryan. He can't quite believe what's happened

RYAN

Gesundheit.

He slips down the side of the wall. Money blows out of his pockets.

INT. - DOUGLAS PHARMACEUTICALS / SUB-BASEMENT - NIGHT

Largo scrambles away. The Albino senses the movement and lashes out wildly.

Largo uses her machete to cut through the adjoining wall. The Bulk comes nearer. Largo squeezes through the hole she has made and pushes herself along.

The Bulk smashes through the wall and comes after her.

Largo uses the last of her strength to bring the Machete down on the Bulks head as it emerges through the hole, delivering the death blow.

Largo slumps down against the creature.

Largo looks up and sees Sonny Don releasing the remaining Moochers

Felton drops down into the Menagerie. He turns on a torch. Creatures flee from the light. He sees Largo's shadow. He moves over to her. Largo turns to him. Her eyes a translucent yellow. Felton stops. Largo covers her eyes. Sensitive to the light.

Felton
It's over.

Largo smiles. Felton hears a noise and moves his torch, lighting up dozens of Moochers - amongst them - Sonny Don.

The Moochers reach out their hands to touch her. A moocher hands her a shotgun. Largo looks back to Felton one last time before turning and walking away.

Black

THE END