

**PROWL**

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*I declare that this thesis is a presentation of original work and I am the sole author. This work has not previously been presented for an award at this, or any other, University. All sources are acknowledged as references.*

FADE IN:

EXT. CAR PARK - LEEDS CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

A distressed woman, CHANTELLE (20) - in a party dress and platform heels - hurries through a misty, near-empty car park. The street lights GUTTER as she glances behind.

Two men, GARY and LEE - both mid-20s, both in short-sleeved Hawaiian shirts - follow, CALLING after her.

GARY  
Come on, love, I were only being friendly!

LEE  
Yeah, you could at least thank him!

She speeds up, aiming for the lights beyond the alley ahead. Her hand darts into her handbag.

LEE  
There aren't a lot of nice lads like us, you know.

No response. Gary KICKS a can into a car and snarls.

GARY  
Fuck's sake. No need to be a such a bitch.

The men pick up their pace. Chantelle panics, but the men's FOOTSTEPS stop abruptly.

LEE (O.C.)  
Hello there, buddy.

A LOW GROWL.

GARY (O.C.)  
Oh, piss off, then!

A hard THUD and a YELP, then a SHRIEK. Chantelle starts SPRINTING, heels CLACKING on the tarmac. SCREAMS follow her.

She reaches the dark alley and braces herself, pulls keys out of her bag -- between her knuckles. She looks back at the two men WRITHING on the ground, covered in blood.

**In front of them is a HOUND: the size and shape of a Great Dane with a Bull Terrier's oval head, rippling with muscle, covered in patchy, dark fur, with blazing yellow eyes.**

Chantelle trembles as more Hounds emerge from behind cars.

GARY  
Please...please help!

They TEAR into the men, whose SCREAMS are cut short.

The first Hound SNARLS, gobbets of saliva and viscera dripping from its mouth. It STALKS toward the alley, SNIFFING the air.

Chantelle's HEELS ECHO OUT and the Hound BOUNDS forward.

EXT. LEEDS SKYLINE - NIGHT

A crescent moon against the black sky. Clouds gather. Distant WAILING SIRENS sound like animal cries.

EXT. LEEDS CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

A fist flies through the air into a MAN's face.

DAN CLARKSON (35) - tight shirt and undercut - rocks back, hand pressed to his nose. He grins and LUNGES into the SHIRTLESS BLOKE (40s) that hit him, gets him in a head lock.

Dan looks around as blood pours from his nose. He waves to a group of young women with kebabs watching from the pavement.

A DOZEN DRUNK MEN are fighting in the street on two "teams".

BARKS are heard in the distance, and a shiver runs through the women. They hail a taxi and get in.

Dan throws the Bloke to the ground and KICKS him hard. The CLACK of heels makes him look up to see Chantelle RUNNING down the middle of the street, her skirt covered in blood.

Dan moves forward. She falls just short but he catches her.

DAN  
Steady on, love.

CHANTELLE  
(babbling, hysterical)  
-- just wanna go home -- the dogs --  
ate them, they fucking ATE them --  
please, please, please --

Dan looks at her ruined skirt, lifts it and winces: the blood's coming from a gnarly wound on the back of her knee.

RYAN

Dan. DAN!

Dan looks up at RYAN (30s, slick, Londoner), who stares past him. Right behind Chantelle, six Hounds - each grotesque and misshapen - PROWL toward the group. Ryan sways, perplexed.

DAN

They don't look that scary.

The men have stopped fighting, and some are already backing off. The Bloke SMASHES a bottle on a lamppost.

SHIRTLESS BLOKE

Come on then, ya cunts!

His mates ROAR and they move forward as one.

Dan lifts up Chantelle and backs away as Ryan does the same. One of the Hounds BARKS and Dan flinches, almost dropping her. He recovers and sprints down the street.

INT. A&E WAITING ROOM - LEEDS GENERAL INFIRMARY - NIGHT

A SENIOR NURSE (F, 40s, tall) calls out names over a HUBBUB.

SENIOR NURSE

Daniel Clarkson.

The waiting room is CHAOS - the usual Friday night revellers, but a few people with bloody wounds, too.

Dan sits on a packed row, a wad of tissue held to his nose. He shoves a FAT WOMAN's sleeping head off his shoulder and looks at Chantelle, resting her leg on a chair and holding an ice pack under the wound.

SENIOR NURSE (O.C.)

Daniel Clarkson?

CHANTELLE

My hands are gonna fall off in a sec.

Dan grabs the ice pack without hesitation, his hands now holding her leg. She lets go, wary, then rubs her hand.

CHANTELLE

Thank you again for getting me out of there. It was so, so --

DAN

What did you say your name was?

CHANTELLE

Ch -- ow, careful -- Chantelle.

DAN

So, Chantelle. What are you doing after this?

Chantelle almost laughs but sees he's not joking.

SENIOR NURSE (O.C.)

Daniel Clarkson!

He hears that one and whips his head around, annoyed --

CUT TO BLACK

LIBBY (O.S.)

Dan? Babe?

INT. OPEN PLAN PROFESSIONAL FLAT - MORNING

Dan JERKS awake on a plush sofa, early sun in his eyes. He's draped in a duvet, half-naked, in the living room of a flat.

LIBBY

Morning, you dirty stop-out.

In the kitchen, LIBBY ASANTE (28) is brewing coffee. She is reserved, giving and compassionate. She wears subtle make-up, a black skirt & formal blouse, and a sparkling engagement ring.

Dan GRUNTS back. He rubs his face and flinches: he has a dressing on his nose and the makings of a black eye. There's a tattoo of a pin-up girl riding a bomb on his chest.

LIBBY

(pouring coffee)

If you're going to stay out all night and get into trouble you could at least crawl into bed at the end of it so I don't think you're dead in a ditch somewhere.

DAN

(agitated)

Oh, can you not start? My head's splitting.

Libby walks over and puts the coffee down in front of Dan. He gets up and pats the cushion next to him. Libby thinks about it for a second then sits down.

LIBBY  
...Sorry. I just -- I wish you'd text me or something.

He grasps for his phone and Libby passes it to him. She looks at his face and touches the dressing, concerned.

LIBBY  
What happened? Did you get in a fight?

DAN  
Actually, I was a bit of hero last night. This girl got bit by one of them dogs. Back of her leg, horrible. Me and the lads helped her out and got her to hospital.

LIBBY  
That's very brave of you, but Dan, those dogs are vicious. There's a curfew for a reason.

DAN  
Yeah, to stop kids getting rabies and the rest of us having fun.

LIBBY  
...Who was the girl?

DAN  
Oh my god. Look, I'm here and I'm alive, so can you just chill out for five seconds?  
(checking his phone)  
What time is it? Oh, shit --

Libby points Dan to a crisp ironed suit hanging on the bedroom door. Dan grins and PECKS her on the lips then goes back to his phone and coffee. Libby watches him for a moment, smitten, and rests her head on his shoulder.

LIBBY  
You're right. I'm just happy you're okay. I love you, Dan.

DAN  
(to his phone)  
I love you too, babe.

Libby smiles and stands up. She goes to the hallway door, puts on a hi-vis jacket and cycle helmet.

LIBBY  
 Feel better soon, babe. I'll see you  
 at the restaurant tonight.

DAN  
 (blank, then realises)  
 Yyyyyup. Yes, oh yeah. Seven, Right?

Libby cocks her head to the side as she opens the door.

LIBBY  
 Six.

She blows him a kiss as she steps out.

LIBBY  
 Don't be late for work!

The door closes. Dan sits back and winces, feels his side.

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS - LEEDS - DAY

Libby cycles on a Brompton down a main road.

She comes to a stop at a red light. On the pavement, TWO BUILDERS whistle and MURMUR to each other.

She grits her teeth and keeps her eyes forward. The light finally turns green and Libby charges on.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS HOUSE VETERINARY SURGERY - DAY

Mist hangs around the tall trees behind a small free-standing building with a sign reading "St. Francis House".

Libby cycles through the front car park.

INT. RECEPTION - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - DAY

Libby strolls into the reception, UNCLIPPING her helmet.

EVE TANDOH (22, office glamorous) sits behind the front desk. Libby waves at her and walks through a partition door to the office area, grabbing her lab coat from a hook.

EVE  
 Good morning, lovely.

LIBBY  
 Morning, Eve. You staying safe?

EVE

News said there were a big attack last night. Can't even get the courage to go for a pint any more.

LIBBY

Christ. What are the police doing?

EVE

I heard they're talking about lifting the knife ban. You know, for protection.

LIBBY

Well, that'll make us feel safer.

Libby glances up at the waiting area: chock full of pet owners and their animals - dogs, cats, birds, rabbits...

LIBBY

How's the boss man today?

Eve spins on her chair to face Libby. She brings her hands up like claws and HISSES.

INT. SURGERY - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - DAY

Libby checks her instruments on an assessment table.

DR. PHILIP GLOVER (40s, pissy) strides in with a clipboard.

DR. GLOVER

Try not to take too long with your appointments today, Ms. Asante.

LIBBY

(correcting him)

It's Doctor.

DR. GLOVER

Hm?

He turns to her absently. Libby looks down and reconsiders.

LIBBY

Good morning, Doctor.

Glover opens the door to leave, but he remembers:

DR. GLOVER

We had a few new arrivals yesterday. God knows what they expect us to do.

LIBBY

Seems like it's getting worse out there. What happens when we run out of space?

DR. GLOVER

As long as the council compensates us for taking on the extra load, I'm only worried about the ones we have.

He leaves as Libby puts on a pair of surgical gloves.

INT. KENNELS - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - DAY

Libby kneels in a cell with a subdued dog, checking its stitched groin. She PATS it, stands and closes the door.

Libby walks the corridor, checking the animals. The room is lined with cells containing various dogs. Some are sleeping or docile. Most are loud, aggressive Hounds.

Glover is at the far end, trying to examine one of the Hounds in its cell. The dog is GROWLING, agitated.

LIBBY

I find if you drop a bit of --

Glover glances at her, annoyed. As he does the dog WRESTS free and CHOMPS on his bicep. He SCREAMS, kicking at it.

LIBBY

Philip!

Libby DASHES to a kit box on the wall. The other dogs howl.

The Hound RIPS a patch off Glover's coat -- blood sprays across the cell. He shuffles back as the dog stalks toward him.

A syringe JABS into its neck -- plunger down. The dog SNAPS but Libby retracts her arm to avoid it. The Hound rounds on her, but shortly wobbles and SLUMPS to the floor.

INT. SURGERY - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - DAY

Libby dresses Glover's bloody arm with bandages and gauze as he sits on the table, incensed.

DR. GLOVER

I'm putting that little shit down.  
Fucking waste of space, all of them.

LIBBY  
 Philip, the council said we're just supposed to house them for now. Besides, it would be --

DR. GLOVER  
 Oh, fine, fine. But you're taking his balls and muzzling him. Not putting myself at risk because Animal Welfare in Leeds is a fucking joke.

LIBBY  
 ...Me? Right now?

DR. GLOVER  
 Well, I'm not going to do it, am I?

Glover raises his wounded arm and glares at Libby.

EXT. REAR EXIT - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - EVENING

Libby paces out back, vaping with her phone to her ear.

LIBBY  
 I'm so sorry, I can't get out of it. They really need me to stay late. Promise I'll make it up to you.

INT. CHAIN PUB - EVENING

Dan sits at the bar in his work suit with a pint and an empty shot glass in front of him.

DAN  
 Don't worry about it. I'll see if any of the lads are still about.  
 (pause)  
 Yeah. You too.

Dan hangs up and takes a SIP of his drink. Smirks.

INT. SURGERY - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - EVENING

At the operating table Libby finishes dressing the Hound's groin. She moves away and throws her used gloves in the bin.

Back at the table, Libby picks up the dog and takes it to a padded crate by the wall -- lowers it inside. She glances up at the clock above the door: gone 8pm. She EXHALES, fed up.

INT. PRACTICE RECEPTION - EVENING

Libby sits at the desk in the dark, phone to her ear. She hangs up, frustrated, and opens an app - "**TrustSpy**" - which brings up a map and tracking options.

The door RATTLES and Libby RECOILS, pushing the chair back.

A MAN and WOMAN wearing fleeces labelled "RSPCA" enter. OMAR RAHEEM (late 30s, self-conscious), flinches when he sees Libby. PRIYA (50s, no nonsense) follows, shaking her head.

PRIYA

Steady on, son.

Libby turns a light on and recognises them.

LIBBY

Omar?

OMAR

You almost made me cack my pants, mate. What are you still doing here?

Libby puts on her coat and walks into the reception.

LIBBY

Just working late. You didn't see Dan at hospital last night, did you?

OMAR

Wasn't on shift. Why, has the angel been causing trouble again?

LIBBY

(ignores him)

You patrolling again? This is the fourth night in a row for you two.

PRIYA

We're the only ones who would come on short notice. Rest must be scared.

OMAR

I'm scared, to be honest.

PRIYA

Imagine how those strays feel.

(to Libby)

We'll need the van, by the way.

Libby takes her keys out of her pocket and tosses them to Priya. She waves goodnight as she opens the front door.

EXT. THE HEADROW - CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

HELENA (25, carefree and slender) SPRINTS down the main drag, dodging a couple of drinkers. She sees a junction up ahead and DARTS around the corner.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Helena runs down the dank street, littered with bin bags and smoking vents. Her high heels CLOP on uneven stone.

One heel lands at an angle and she SLIPS, falls --

Dan CATCHES her wrist and spins her to face him. They kiss, both drunkenly passionate. Dan leans into Helena, bending her backward. She BURSTS out LAUGHING.

DAN

Oh, was that funny?

There's a glint in his eyes. Helena frees herself from Dan and he GROWLS; she SQUEALS and peels away again.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Helena flies around a corner and presses herself against the wall of a tight alley, GIGGLING.

She peeks around the corner and pulls back. HOLDS her breath. Still nothing. She pokes her her head out again.

HELENA

Danny?

Her voice BOUNCES off the walls. She twirls on the spot.

HELENA

(sing-song)

Oh, Danny Booooooy...

A distant ROAR replies and silences Helena. It's accompanied by a SCRABBLING from...behind her?

Helena turns back around. Faint CRACKS and THUDS ECHO from up ahead. Helena turns the corner --

-- and sees a torn, bloody rag of white fabric at her feet. There's a trail: bits of trousers, blazer, a shoe...

In the dark of the alley, a low figure moves towards her.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE - LEEDS - NIGHT

Sparks of lightning crackle behind thick clouds and tall buildings as THUNDER RUMBLES.

EXT. THE HEADROW - LEEDS - NIGHT

Libby navigates through scaffolding, glancing at her phone for directions. She comes to a stop by a side street -- checks her phone again and SIGHS.

LIBBY

You are not getting an ambulance home  
two nights in a row.

Libby walks to the street as a light rain starts to fall.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Libby traces Helena's earlier path, her phone in hand. She stops where Dan and Helena kissed and looks around her.

On the phone, Libby's location and Dan's are aligned.

LIBBY

Goddammit.

She gets on her knees and turns her phone's torch on, searching in the filth.

Nothing. Libby wipes her hands on her coat and puts the phone to her ear. A FAINT RINGING starts up ahead.

LIBBY

Dan? You there, babe?

Libby gets up to move forward, turning the corner into the

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

and trips over something heavy, TUMBLING into a wall.

She rights herself, puts her hands on the floor to push herself up. The palms come away red.

**In front of her, the obstacle: HELENA'S BODY.**

Libby RETCHES and covers her mouth. The phone keeps RINGING.

LIBBY

Oh, Jesus fuck -- Dan? Dan? Dan!

Libby gets to her feet and rushes to the phone's source. She stumbles around the alley as the sound bounces around.

LIBBY

Dan, you -- are you here? It's okay if you're scared, just -- just let me know you're all right...

SCRATCH. Libby stumbles on something. She lifts her foot up to reveal a metal object -- crouches down and picks it up. It's a mobile, covered in gobbets of flesh. Dan's phone.

LIBBY

No, no, no...

Libby turns back toward Helena but - seeing the body - gets dizzy and steadies herself against the wall.

Helena's face is still visible though flecked with viscera. She stares up, her head sitting on gnarled strip of flesh.

Libby looks down the dead woman's body. Her skirt is hiked up to her thighs. Gingerly, Libby tugs it back down.

LIBBY

What were you doing out here?

Libby takes her phone out, trying to stay calm. Straight ahead, a piece of fabric FLUTTERS on a shutter.

Libby moves closer and picks it up: a torn piece of shirt. Spots of blood and more fabric leads back to the side street and Libby starts to follow, but --

Standing between her and the street is a Hound, shoulders raised and head down. Soaked in blood.

Libby runs. The Red Hound is after her like a shot.

EXT. HIGH STREET - LEEDS CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

Libby SPRINTS down the street, weaving through scaffolds. She glances back: the Red Hound is hot on her trail, loosing HELLISH BARKS.

She faces forward. At the corner of the street a trio of DRUNK BE-SUITED MEN (early 30s) sway and NATTER.

LIBBY  
 Help! Hey! Please, help!

They turn their muddled attention to her.

SUIT #1  
 Y'alright, love?

SUIT #2  
 Slow down, darling, we've got all  
 night...

The others LAUGH at their idiot friend.

LIBBY  
 Fuck's sake. Move! Get out of here!

Libby squeezes in between them, KNOCKING their shoulders and staggering them.

The Hound shoots through their legs, knocking them to the pavement in a CRASHING heap.

Libby veers into the open road -- she's almost hit by a passing motorbike. She spins and shoots off again.

EXT. THE HEADROW - NIGHT

Libby turns onto the main drag and glances back -- SLAMS into a metal hoarding fence and falls on her arse. She SCRABBLES, disoriented, as the dog's STEPS get louder --

The Red Hound jumps but she rolls, missing its claws -- it crashes into the fence. It rears up and her foot SLAMS into its snout, chipping a fang.

Libby grimaces as the dog SNARLS, baring broken teeth.

A noose tightens itself around the Hound's neck, pulling it back. It's the end of a catch pole held by Omar and Priya.

Libby rises to her feet and STUMBLES back, eyes on the dog. Priya lets go of the pole and removes her backpack.

OMAR  
 Libby, it's okay -- just stay  
 there --

Libby's deaf to him as she BOLTS across the road.

OMAR  
 Wait!

PRIYA

Omar, focus!

The Hound rails against the pole, DRAGGING Omar along the pavement. He PLANTS his feet and tugs hard against the dog. It's all he can do to keep it from breaking loose.

Priya pulls a syringe from her bag and fills it.

PRIYA

Keep him steady...

She shuffles around the back of the dog as it KICKS wildly. Priya moves the needle close to its thigh --

The Red Hound JERKS forward and SNAPS the pole, sending Omar flying. The dog sinks its teeth into Priya's hand.

OMAR

Priya!

Priya SCREAMS as it TEARS away and she drops the needle. She's lost three fingers.

Omar WHACKS the dog with a half-pole -- it BITES the stick and pulls him to the floor. He gets to his knees, unsteady.

The dog lets out a SAVAGE BARK and Omar girds himself.

A distant CALL pricks the Red Hound's ears up. It WHINES, then DARTS away down the road.

Omar slumps and turns back to Priya, clutching her hand.

EXT. RING ROAD - LEEDS CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

Close on Libby's face, delirious and streaked with mascara as she struggles to talk on the phone. Heavy rain falls.

LIBBY

Yes, I need to report a -- okay,  
I'll -- yes, of course...

Cars and lights pass her on either side, out of focus but oppressively close, .

LIBBY

Okay, I, um -- I need to -- there's  
been...my fiancé's missing, and --  
and someone's died. I think -- I  
think someone killed her.

Horns HONK and engines ROAR all around. Libby glances about, unfocused. Her phone BUZZES and she looks at it - Omar's CALLING. She cancels it and listens again.

LIBBY  
No, no, I can't -- I'm not there -- I  
need to get --

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAN & LIBBY'S FLAT - NIGHT

The front door BURSTS open and Libby rushes in.

LIBBY  
Dan! Dan, are you here?

She runs into one of the rooms.

LIBBY (O.S.)  
Dan? Babe?

Libby moves across the hall into another room, frantic. BUSTLE from within, then QUIET.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Libby collapses on the sofa, holds a cushion to her face, and SCREAMS. She flings it away and SOBS, her limbs splayed.

Libby grips her chest, trying in vain to steady herself.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Libby, now asleep on the sofa, hands still on her chest.

A hard KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. at the front door.

She stirs.

DETECTIVE BELL (O.S.)  
Miss Asante? Are you in there?

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Libby JOLTS awake on the third.

INT. HALLWAY - FLAT BUILDING - NIGHT

DETECTIVE ETHAN BELL (50s) stands at the door: a large man wearing a worn suit and a diamond stud earring. He exudes lazy confidence. Behind him are two MALE CONSTABLES, both holding TRANQUILLISER RIFLES.

The front door opens, revealing a fearful Libby. Bell pulls out police ID from his coat.

DETECTIVE BELL  
Good evening. Are you Elizabeth  
Asante?

Libby barely nods.

DETECTIVE BELL  
My name is Ethan Bell. I'm a  
detective with West Yorkshire police.  
I understand that you recently  
discovered a crime scene and called  
the emergency services. Now, this may  
be hard, but I need to ask you some  
questions about Dan Clarkson.

Libby withers at the sound of his name, propping herself up on the door. Bell puts a hand on her arm and moves forward.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAN & LIBBY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Libby sits stiffly on the sofa, holding Dan's bedsheets. A constable writes notes next to her while the other stands sentinel. Bell sits opposite in an armchair.

LIBBY  
...then I got back here to -- I  
thought he might come home. I don't  
know what time exactly. It's...fuzzy.

DETECTIVE BELL  
Thank you, Miss Asante. I appreciate  
how hard all this must be for you.

LIBBY  
Was it a dog that got her? One of the  
strays?

DETECTIVE BELL  
What makes you say that?

LIBBY  
I work with animals. I know what  
their teeth can do. And from what I  
hear, these attacks are only getting  
worse.

Bell nods to the note-taker, who scribbles something. Bell then activates a tablet and hands it to Libby.

DETECTIVE BELL

Along with his wallet and personal effects, we found a lot of what we presume to be Mr. Clarkson's clothing at the scene. Can you confirm this?

Libby scrolls through a series of crime scene photos. Pauses on a pair of smart shoes dappled with red.

LIBBY

I bought him those.

Libby looks away, holding back tears. Bell shuffles.

DETECTIVE BELL

There was also a great deal of... bodily matter.

LIBBY

Couldn't it all be hers?

DETECTIVE BELL

You're referring to Miss Walden? Did Daniel plan to meet her tonight?

Libby shakes her head, tears flowing. She wipes her face with a sleeve and tries to compose herself.

LIBBY

Before we were engaged...Dan strayed. More than once, and with her. But it was all over. He promised.

More notes. SCRITCH SCRATCH.

LIBBY

He's not a suspect, is he? Dan wouldn't...he doesn't have it in him.

BELL

At this point, Miss Asante, he's just a person of interest.

Bell gestures for the tablet and Libby hands it back. He stands up signals for the constables to do likewise.

LIBBY

I know my fiancé, detective. He's not a violent man.

Bell buttons up his coat as the others leave behind him.

DETECTIVE BELL

With all due respect, Miss, if you didn't know who he was with tonight, you might not know your fiancé like you think you do.

He takes out a business card and places it on the table.

DETECTIVE BELL

Here's my number. If you remember anything else - anything at all - please call. And don't go out after dark, obviously.

Bell walks into the hallway. The front door THUNKS.

Libby looks at the card, numb.

INT. KITCHEN - DAN & LIBBY'S FLAT - NIGHT

Libby stands at the counter, downing a large glass of rum. She clutches the surface, wincing from the alcohol, then LAUGHS bitterly.

LIBBY

You fucking idiot.

Libby lifts her head, looks at the fridge. An attached photo catches her attention: a selfie of Dan and Ryan at a rave.

EXT. CITY STREETS - BAR - NIGHT

Two LADS (late teens) SPRINT down the pavement, wearing soaked, filthy t-shirts and mad grins.

They HOWL past a bar and we stay on the grubby bay window. Inside, MUFFLED MUSIC plays but the place is near-empty.

Libby, in a raincoat, talks to a BARTENDER (M, early 20s, sleeve tattoos & ripped clothes), talking as he pours a gin.

LIBBY

Was anyone with them?

BARTENDER

Some rat-faced guy, wanted everyone to do tequila slammers. They weren't smashed when they left but they weren't far off. Sorry, love, that's all I know.

LIBBY  
(disappointed)  
Shit. Okay, thanks.

BARTENDER  
Take it easy on that tonight, yeah?

He moves on to the next punter as Libby downs the gin.

She heads for the exit, BARGING through a group of SMARTLY DRESSED MEN standing between her and the exit. They JEER and she gives them the finger as she SLAMS the door behind her.

Libby pulls her hood up against the rain and takes her phone out to open TrustSpy. A map with a zig-zag line appears and traces Dan's journey. She's right on top of it.

A text pops up -- *OMAR: Where you at??? You ok?*

Libby sighs and sends her location to him.

A LOUD, SHARP WHINE cuts through the RAIN.

EXT. CITY STREETS/ALLEY - NIGHT

Libby strides through the rain and pauses at the mouth of an alley. At the far end, amongst a heap of bins, there sits a LARGE MASS like a soiled carpet.

Libby steps into the alley to get a closer look:

It's a Hound, laying on its side and breathing slowly. Its teeth are smashed, fur sticky with blood and skin peppered with pieces of glass. Libby's appalled.

The alleyway lights up red and blue as a police car SCREAMS down the road behind Libby. She turns to catch it as the SIRENS CRESCENDO and covers her ears.

When the car's gone, she looks back down the alley: no more dog. Just glass, blood and litter.

Libby shakes her head and walks back out of the alley.

Plastered on the walls are tons of MISSING posters - all for adult men.

EXT. CROSSROADS - CITY CENTRE - NIGHT

At a set of traffic lights two POLICEMEN with rifles stand watch at the traffic lights, usher the odd person along.

Libby reaches the lights and presses the WAIT button, checking Dan's route. She feels the men's eyes on her.

The lights turn green and Libby marches across, staring at her phone. On the other side, Libby CLIPS a lamppost with her shoulder and DROPS her phone.

She MUTTERS and crouches to retrieve it. Above her, she notices a laminated poster tied to the post. She stands up and squints at it through the rain.

**MISSING - MICHAEL O'BRIEN  
REWARD FOR ANY INFORMATION  
CONTACT STELLA O'BRIEN ON...**

The picture is of MICHAEL (late 40s) sitting in a sunny garden.

Libby RIPS the poster from the lamppost and steps under a shop awning. She dials the number on the poster. It RINGS.

OMAR (O.S.)

Libby!

She jumps in surprise. Omar is crossing the street, waving at her. She hangs up and STUFFS the poster in her coat.

OMAR

I'm sorry, I came as soon as I could.  
How are you doing?

Libby shakes her head - don't ask.

OMAR

Of course. Okay. Tell me what I can  
do to help.

She points across the street.

LIBBY

You can go in there with me.

A MEGA-NIGHTCLUB with tall windows, laser lights and THUMPING BASS bursting out of four stories, all covered in bright posters for shots and cocktail deals.

INT. MEGA-NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Intercut shots of Libby and Omar talking to people over the DEAFENING sounds of CRANKED-UP pop, dance and R&B MUSIC:

- Omar standing at a table talking to a mixed group drinking pitchers, shaking their heads.

- Libby sitting on the edge of a sofa, describing Dan's appearance to a group of glittery, baffled women.

- Omar half-dancing and shouting to a hen party.

- Libby standing at the bar in a semi-circle of rugby players. She shows them pictures of Dan on her phone, but most of them are looking at her instead.

EXT. ROOFTOP SMOKING AREA - MEGA-NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Full-length windows separate the wet smoking terrace from the club: inside a few YOUNG DRINKERS dance wildly.

Libby leans against the glass, tries to light a damp cigarette. Shade falls over her from an umbrella, held by

CASSANDRA (early 40s), a tall woman with sharp features, a trench coat and unnatural self-confidence. [She was the Senior Nurse calling Dan's name at the hospital.]

CASSANDRA

Trade you shelter for a fag.

Libby hesitates: Cassandra sticks out like a sore thumb - the few people around them are 25 at the very oldest. She considers her cigarette then passes it to Cassandra.

LIBBY

I don't even smoke.

Cassandra takes the cigarette and lights it.

CASSANDRA

I used to say I was quitting every time I lit up, but something about it felt hypocritical. I'm Cassandra.

LIBBY

Libby.

(moves closer)

You sure you're in the right place?

Cassandra smiles politely.

CASSANDRA

Sadly, yes. Are you?

Libby looks over her shoulder through the window, distracted. Omar is inside, still pestering people.

LIBBY  
I don't know. I've lost -- I'm looking for someone.

CASSANDRA  
I've heard that one before.

LIBBY  
He's gone missing. I think he's hurt.

CASSANDRA  
Look, sweetheart. Searching for men who disappear on you in places like this will only get you hurt.

LIBBY  
Thanks for the tip.

Cassandra eyes the BOUNCER at the door and turns Libby away.

CASSANDRA  
I'm just trying to help you out. It's dangerous for us out here.

Libby glances inside at the carefree dancers.

LIBBY  
They don't seem too worried.

CASSANDRA  
They should be.

LIBBY  
Look, I can handle myself. We have tons of those strays in the kennels. Fuck, I had to pull one off my boss today.

CASSANDRA  
Kennels?

LIBBY  
I'm a vet. St. Francis House. I've been around "dangerous" dogs my whole life. They're just animals. When I was seven or eight, my best friend and I used to play in the park all the time.

People would let their dogs run loose and we'd pet them, roll around with them, never had a problem. Until one day, there was this German Shepherd -- totally untrained and neglected by his owner...well, we were messing around as usual, and Lee tugged his tail. Had to have eighty stitches, all in his face. He couldn't breathe on his own for five days.

CASSANDRA

I hope they put him down.

LIBBY

Of course. But it wasn't his fault. He wasn't trained right, didn't know how to act appropriately.

CASSANDRA

Sounds like another kind of animal.

Cassandra nods at a TRIO of LADS looking through the window, CACKLING and leering at the women inside.

CASSANDRA

When they feel like they're allowed to do anything, they do. Trying to find a good man is like looking for an STI cure in a pile of dirty needles.

LIBBY

So what are you doing here?

Cassandra finishes her cigarette and FLICKS it off the terrace into the street below.

CASSANDRA

Trying not to get pricked.

Cassie gives Libby a wry smile, which she returns uncertainly, then turns to the window -- sees something.

LIBBY

Sorry, that's -- I have to go.

Libby starts for the door, waving back.

LIBBY

Thanks for the shelter, Cassandra.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - MEGA-NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Libby fights through the oblivious crowd, snaking her way between couples and drunk dancers.

Through a brief gap Ryan is seen grinding up against a drunk woman, MARIA (early 20s), on the edge of the dance floor.

They're hidden again by the moving bodies, but Libby edges her way through. A SLOPPY DRUNK MAN dances into her path. She ducks under his arms.

Hands on her shoulders, hips, neck, thighs. She ignores or SHAKES them off, smiling her way past the discomfort. Fingers slides down her back and GRASP a handful of flesh.

Libby involuntarily SHRIEKS and looks back -- everyone's just dancing. No-one saw anything.

Fuming, she BARGES through the final line of people and arrives at the edge of the dance floor, where Ryan is dragging Maria by her hand toward the back of the club.

Libby makes to follow but a hand PLANTS itself on her shoulder. She spins to throw it off and SLAPS the owner.

He wheels back, shocked. It's Omar.

LIBBY

Oh, shit --

OMAR

It's okay, it's --

LIBBY

I thought you were...fuck, I'm sorry.

He rubs his cheek and SIGHS.

OMAR

Why don't we call it a night, Lib?  
We're not going to find anything.

Libby snaps, still angry.

LIBBY

You're right. Why don't you go home?  
You never liked Dan, I know. So stop  
pretending you give a shit and piss  
off!

Libby strides off after Ryan and Maria, leaving Omar.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - MEGA-NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Opposite the open exit, Ryan props Maria up while he kisses her neck among bags of rubbish. She's barely conscious.

LIBBY (O.S.)  
Ryan, she's in no state.

Ryan stops, half-turns his head. Libby stands at the top of the stairs leading to the fire escape.

RYAN  
For fuck's sake. You know what you're doing, don't you, darling?

Maria tries to respond, but ends up GIGGLING to herself. Libby walks down the steps towards them.

LIBBY  
Ryan, we need to talk. Why don't you let her go find somewhere to be sick?

Ryan finally clocks her properly and rolls his eyes.

RYAN  
Jesus Christ. Why don't you piss off and go make your man a sarnie?

Libby grabs his shoulder and tries to pull him aside, but he grips Libby's wrist tight -- she squirms in his grasp.

RYAN  
I thought I fucking told you --

A shape COLLIDES with him, BOWLING him over and freeing her.

The Red Hound's TEETH are buried in Ryan's thigh. He SCREAMS and grabs at the dog, but his hands come away with clumps of fur. Maria SHRIEKS and backs off along the wall.

RYAN  
Get off! Get off me!

He starts BASHING it with his fists. Libby takes Maria to the fire escape.

LIBBY  
Go.

Libby pushes her inside and SMASHES the alarm by the door. A high-pitched TRILL floods the area and the Hound flinches.

Ryan backs up to the wall, clutching his leg.

INT. CORRIDOR - MEGA-NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Libby TEARS down a bright hallway toward the MUSIC, the fire alarm TRILLING all around -- the Hound SKIDS around the corner behind her, gaining swiftly.

She PUSHES through the double doors, FLOODING the corridor with BASS over the alarm. The dog hesitates, ears drooping.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - MEGA-NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Libby runs through the now-empty club, avoiding dropped bottles and bags. The remaining punters are bottlenecked at the front entrance, being ushered by security.

LIBBY

Ah, balls.

Libby stops and looks for an alternate route. She spins and SPRINTS toward the toilets. Omar is walking out of the gents, door open. Without stopping, she SHOVES him back in.

The Hound POUNDS through the detritus behind Libby, CRUSHING BOTTLES underfoot.

INT. MALE TOILETS - MEGA-NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Libby and Omar SKID into the toilet and split apart.

The Hound SLAMS through the door and CAREENS into a urinal, LOOSING it from a water pipe that sprays out.

The dog SCRAMBLES up. Libby gets onto the sink counter -- it goes for Omar, who JUMPS up to grab a condom machine.

The Hound leaps and snaps at Omar's legs as he swings -- the movement WRENCHES the machine loose and both fall onto the animal. Prophylactics and cock rings POUR out of the rusted box and float on the water forming on the floor.

Libby watches Omar, now dazed.

LIBBY

Omar! Omar, get up!

The dog makes for him and Omar snaps back to reality. He shuffles to the corner -- no more room -- the dog PADS toward him, eye level. It bares its teeth and LUNGES --

-- Then JERKS back, its teeth just missing Omar's nose. Libby has it by the tail, pulling with all her strength.

The Hound snaps at her and she lets go, slips to the floor.

The Hound is on her -- Libby gets an arm under its chin. It inches closer, red slobber covering her face.

She turns aside as the dog closes the distance, and he CLAMPS down. Libby SCREAMS as teeth TEAR into her shoulder.

Omar GRAPPLES the dog and pulls it off Libby, rolling away and onto his back -- the dog flails its legs in the air. Libby pushes herself away, away -- up against a toilet bowl.

Omar struggles to keep the dog still as it BUCKS against him. He puts the Hound in a headlock -- it slips from his grasp, now free and furious.

A SHARP WHISTLE from the corner pricks its ears: Libby's standing on the toilet bowl.

LIBBY

When I tell you, close the door.

OMAR

What the f --

Libby shudders. The dog BARKS and leaps into the stall.

LIBBY

Now!

The Hound leaps forward -- Omar sprints to the stall and pulls the door -- sees a mass of fur and Libby's eyes --

SHUT.

Omar steps back, gripping the sink, cringing at the frantic SCRATCHING and BARKING and GRUNTING from the stall.

Then, a CLUNK-THUD of movement. The BARKING carries on. Omar approaches the first stall, keeping his feet from the gap at the bottom. He PUSHES on the door -- it's locked.

LIBBY (O.C.)

I'm in here, mate.

It's from somewhere else. Omar moves to the next stall and opens it -- Libby's on the toilet, clutching her shoulder.

The dog's paws and jaws JUT through the opening between stalls, but he's too big to fit through, BARKING in anguish.

LIBBY

What should we --

The door BURSTS open and two ARMOURED POLICE (F, 20s, and F, 30s) rush in, rifles aimed at the pair. Omar puts his hands up, but the cops ignore him and approach the dog's stall.

The Female Constable positions herself to the side of the door and nods to the man -- he kicks in the door, WHACKING and stunning the deranged Hound.

The woman fires four TRANQUILLISER darts -- CHK CHK CHK CHK -- before it has a chance. The man closes the door just as quickly and holds it tight until the dog DROPS.

He cracks the door open and peeks inside -- glances at Omar.

MALE CONSTABLE  
Jesus fuck. You fancy helping us get  
this thing outside, mate?

Omar, dumbstruck, nods. Libby SLUMPS against the cubicle wall as a PARAMEDIC rushes to her.

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

Libby & Omar sit between the two constables. The man drives.

Libby looks through the grate to the back. The Red Hound is being BATTERED around the van, its snout muzzled.

LIBBY  
Shouldn't we strap him in?

MALE CONSTABLE  
(snorts)  
The unpaid overtime is bad enough.  
I'm not risking my hand so some  
killer mutt can sit comfortably.

FEMALE CONSTABLE  
Doing us a favour, really. If he  
wakes up before we get to your  
practice he won't put up a fight.

The female constable glares at the dog via the rear-view.

FEMALE CONSTABLE  
We've got a spare tranq rifle you can  
borrow for the surgery, just in case.

LIBBY  
Don't you need it?

FEMALE CONSTABLE

Not for much longer. They'll be  
handing out real ammo any day now.

MALE CONSTABLE

Amen.

Omar and Libby glance at each other.

INT. KENNELS - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

The Red Hound sleeps on a tattered blanket in a cell. A hand attaches a collar and chain to it. Outside, an engine REVS and drives away.

Omar takes the chain and threads it through a ring in the wall, padlocking it. He stands up, looks down the hallway.

OMAR

How you doing in there?

No answer. He steps out of the cage and locks it. Inside, the Hound SNORTS, baring its broken teeth.

INT. SURGERY - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

A bloody shoulder, torn and raw. A hand threads stitches through the wound, accompanied by SHARP BREATHS.

Libby sits on the surgery table stitching herself up. She pulls the last one taut, then CUTS the thread with surgical scissors. She wipes her shoulder with a cloth then presses cotton wool in iodine and disinfects it, wincing.

Libby picks up a large bandage and tries to keep it in place with one hand while reaching for the gauze --

-- Omar grabs it, along with the tape and scissors. Libby stiffens as he begins to dress her shoulder.

OMAR

You really put yourself in harm's way  
back there.

LIBBY

I couldn't just --  
(he presses)

Ow.

Omar takes the pressure off and Libby exhales.

LIBBY  
I'll be more careful in future.

OMAR  
Are you going home tonight?

Libby shakes her head, shame-faced.

OMAR  
You're welcome to crash at mine.

LIBBY  
It's okay. I'll just sleep in the  
staff room.

OMAR  
Someone should be looking after you.

Omar tapes up the dressing and puts down the scissors.

LIBBY  
Someone just did. Thank you, Omar.

Libby stands up to put her top back on and Omar turns away.

LIBBY  
I'm sorry about...what I said before.

OMAR  
...I do think you deserve better. But  
you also deserve good friends, so  
I'll help you however I can. Even if  
you don't want me to.

Libby turns back to Omar in her ruined top, studying the  
back of his head.

INT. KENNELS - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Libby kneels by the Red Hound, observing its battered body  
and patchy fur. She reaches out and strokes its belly.

LIBBY  
Not so scary, are you?

The fur gives way to skin and...a DARK MARK of some kind.  
Libby prises the fur apart to see what but it's too thick.

Her hand rises and falls with the dog's chest. Exhausted,  
Libby slides back to the cell's bars. She lies down,  
watching the the Hound, and drifts off.

FADE TO BLACK

Faint BARKING, HOWLING, BAYING -- growing louder, until --

INT. KENNELS - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - MORNING

Libby's face, haggard and bleary. The SOUNDS are DEAFENING. She sits, flinching from her shoulder.

The Red Hound is standing fully up, snout barely a foot from her. The chain is taut. Its GROWL is low and constant.

Libby rises slowly. She finds the door and slips through, CLOSING it and fumbling with her keys to LOCK it. She staggers backward, clutching her stomach in pain.

LIBBY

Oh, fuck.

The Red Hound watches Libby RUSH down the corridor.

INT. TOILETS - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - MORNING

HEAVING noises and HEAVY BREATHING ECHO around the room. In the stall Libby hunches over the toilet bowl, RETCHING.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - MORNING

Libby walks among twitchy dog walkers, out of place in her dirty clothes and pained expression. She veers onto the grass, finding a spot to lie down and close her eyes.

A SHADOW looms over her and she opens her eyes, irritated.

SHADOW MAN

You can't be here.

Libby sits up and rubs her forehead, looking at the man's silhouette. Her phone starts to ring.

LIBBY

You what?

SHADOW MAN

The grass. You can't sit on it.

She stands up, sheepish, and walks past him - a POLICEMAN.

LIBBY

Uh, I'm...I'm sorry.

Libby walks away, frustrated. She digs her phone out and answers, stumbling towards a bench.

LIBBY  
Dr. Asante.

STELLA (O.S.)  
You called me last night.

Libby is puzzled for a moment. She heads for a bench.

LIBBY  
Oh. Oh, god. Mrs. O'Brien? Yes, that was me. I'm sorry to have--

STELLA (O.S.)  
How did you get my number?

Libby sits on the bench and bends forward, rubs her eyes.

LIBBY  
It was on a poster.

STELLA (O.S.)  
Do you know something? Did you find the dog?

Libby sits up again,

LIBBY  
...What dog?

INT. BULLPEN - LEEDS CITY POLICE STATION - DAY

A brown room full of cluttered desks, RINGING phones and tired police - ALL MEN.

An image SLIDES out of a printer face down. A hand turns it over, revealing Dan's headshot. The GRUMPY DETECTIVE holding the sheet waves it above his head to the room.

GRUMPY DETECTIVE  
What's this, then? Someone looking for a new boyfriend?

Bell strides past, SNATCHING the picture off him.

BELL  
Quit being a fanny.

GRUMPY DETECTIVE  
You on the rag, Bell?

BELL

No, but your mam is. Just been to see her. Still no leads on the attacks, I take it?

The man CURSES Bell as he carries on forward. He reaches a whiteboard and attaches the picture to it, then steps back and examines the board. A CONSTABLE eating a pasty walks up.

CONSTABLE PASTY

He fit the profile?

BELL

Not sure yet. He was certainly no angel.

The board is covered in pictures of MEN, crime scene photos and keywords: "sex offender", "assault", "abuse", etc.

INT. GREASY SPOON CAFE - DAY

Libby sets down a tea tray on a table and sits in a booth opposite STELLA O'BRIEN (45), a nervy, sombre woman, with scars and bruises up her arms and neck.

STELLA

Quiet night in, you know. I did the crossword and he was watching telly, some vulgar drivel with twigs in corsets...I still don't know how it got in the house. One minute Michael went to the loo and another there's this...beastly thing on my new carpet. I called for him, but...

She trails off. A young WAITRESS walks by their table, limping slightly. Libby notices but refocuses on Stella.

STELLA

Nothing. Then it -- well, you can see for yourself. I'm one of the lucky ones, I'm told. It's...hard to remember everything. Anyway, by the time the neighbours scared off the dog, I was passed out and Michael had vanished. The doctors tell me I'd had a "stress-induced psychotic episode", which caused the hallucinations.

The Waitress clears the opposite table. Libby notices the back of her leg -- bandaged from calf to thigh. As she turns we see it's Chantelle - the woman attacked at the start.

LIBBY?  
Hallucinations?

STELLA  
I don't really -- you'll think I've gone barmy. Michael, I thought he'd changed. That he'd become...

Stella shakes her head, angry at herself.

STELLA  
I feel so silly.

Stella starts SOBBING. Libby gets up and sits beside her, puts an arm around her. Stella leans into her and Libby starts CRYING as well, the women holding each other tight.

STELLA  
Look at us. You wouldn't have caught me like this twenty years ago.

Libby SPLUTTERS out a laugh and Stella wipes her cheeks. They smile and Libby stands up, notices Chantelle at the till.

LIBBY  
It's okay, Stella. I'll settle up.

Libby approaches Chantelle, who gives her a perky smile.

CHANTELLE  
Everything all right today?

LIBBY  
Lovely, thanks. Sorry, do you mind if I...how did you get hurt? Was it a dog?

Chantelle nods, perplexed.

LIBBY  
A couple of nights ago?

CHANTELLE  
How do you...?

LIBBY  
It's just -- I think...

Libby glances behind her: A queue is forming.

LIBBY  
You know what, never mind. Take care.

Libby puts a note down on the counter and goes back to the table, hovers by Stella.

LIBBY  
Thank you so much for your time,  
but...I think I need to go. I hope  
you find him, Stella.

Stella glances at Libby's shoulder. She finishes her tea and puts it down -- stares at the bruises on her wrist.

STELLA  
I'm not sure I do.

Libby is taken aback. Behind the till, Chantelle watches her say goodbye to Stella and leave. Her hands are shaking.

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CITY CENTRE - DAY

A set of apartments sits above a hip bar. Libby walks up to a door beside the bar's entrance and presses a buzzer.

RYAN (O.S.)  
(via intercom)  
Yeah, come on up.

The door BUZZES and Libby pushes through, surprised.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Libby knocks on a front door. Ryan opens it, downing a handful of pills. He's shirtless and bleary-eyed.

RYAN  
You're not Deliveroo.

LIBBY  
How's the leg?

RYAN  
Stings like a bastard.

Libby pushes the door wider and forces herself past Ryan.

LIBBY  
Shame.

INT. LIVING ROOM - RYAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Libby strides into the centre of the room: white leather furniture, gigantic TV, bad comic book cover posters.

Ryan limps in after her, a hand on his bad leg. He wears a pair of briefs and a dressing on his thigh.

RYAN

Why are you here? Didn't you have enough fun cock-blocking me last night?

LIBBY

We never finished our chat. Did you know the police found Helena's body?

He stands behind Libby and takes her coat, surprising her.

RYAN

I heard. Shame. She was quite fit.

Libby moves to the other side of the sofa. Ryan sits on his coffee table, rubbing his eyes.

RYAN

Dan still M.I.A. then? That why you're here?

LIBBY

You mean you don't know where he is?

RYAN

I try to stay above this kind of shit. Knew it would all end in tears.

Libby moves towards him and Ryan puts his hands up.

LIBBY

Ryan, I know you don't like me. But if Dan's changed, it's because he wants to.

RYAN

Hasn't changed that much, love.

LIBBY

Look, if you know any way to get in contact -- please, just tell me. I'm prepared to forgive him, whatever he --

Ryan lifts himself up with a GROAN.

RYAN  
This is pathetic. You'd do anything  
for him, wouldn't you?

Ryan stands up and Libby backs away, uncertain.

LIBBY  
We're fucking engaged, Ryan.

RYAN  
Oh, yeah. Didn't you propose?

Libby trips backward onto the arm of Ryan's sofa, falling onto the cushions. Ryan chuckles and moves closer.

RYAN  
Man alive. You're a bit of a mess  
today, sweetheart.

Ryan starts stroking Libby's legs. She freezes.

RYAN  
You're always so -- if you just tried  
to enjoy yourself once in a while...

Ryan moves onto the sofa as his hands reach her thighs.

LIBBY  
Ryan, don't.

She BRUSHES him off and scrambles off the sofa. Ryan smirks.

RYAN  
Come on. Dan's gone, isn't he? Didn't  
even say goodbye.

She SLAPS his face and he smarts.

LIBBY  
Fuck you.

He SLAPS Libby back, HARD, and she reels. Ryan LUNGES for her, but Libby dodges. She runs to the door -- it's locked.

Ryan grabs her hair and THROWS her to the floor. He DROPS to his knees, straddling her and wincing at his leg. Libby reaches for his throat but he takes her wrists and FORCE them to the ground. His face leers into hers.

She PISTONS a knee into Ryan's crotch and he SPLUTTERS in pain. She wriggles an arm free and reaches for his thigh.

RYAN  
Don't you fucking dare --

Libby SQUEEZES his dressing and Ryan SHRIEKS in pain, CLAWING at her arm to get her off. He brings his head down HARD into Libby's, KNOCKING her into the floor.

RYAN  
Dan always said you hardly ever put out, Libby.

Libby SPLUTTERS through her bleeding nose as Ryan kneels above, pulling his pants down. She lifts a hand to paw at his face. Ryan just smiles.

But Ryan's expression changes. Discomfort. Pain. He GROANS, confused. He hunches over, SNARLING in Libby's face -- Libby puts her hands and all her weight into Ryan's torso and tips him off her -- he ROLLS to the floor, writhing and MOANING.

RYAN  
(agonised)  
Jesus Christ -- **AAAAAAHHHH!**

Libby stands up and backs off. Ryan clutches his limbs, in deep pain - his flesh BURNING - and HOWLS in agony.

LIBBY  
The fuck?

His body contorts and an arm SMASHES the coffee table. Libby jumps back onto the sofa, watching in dumbfounded terror.

Ryan's limbs BEND and CRACK. He CONVULSES and CONTRACTS. Hair grows at lightning-speed across his body. He rolls onto all fours, his dressing TEARING apart as his muscles BULGE.

Ryan opens his mouth to SCREAM -- and his jaw extends, his teeth growing to dagger-points. He turns, on four legs, to face Libby. A jagged tail BRUSHES broken glass aside.

**Ryan is a HOUND.**

Libby swallows a scream, near-catatonic.

Ryan SNARLS, saliva oozing. He BITES, TEARING a cushion -- Libby snaps out of it, hops over the sofa to the floor.

LIBBY  
Holy shit -- just...easy, Ryan --

Ryan loses a string of SAVAGE BARKS and clambers over the sofa, tripping onto to the carpet.

LIBBY

Run. Libby, run. Fucking --

Ryan SCRAMBLES to his feet and bares his fangs. He bounds forward and Libby SPRINTS to the nearest door.

INT. BEDROOM - RYAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Libby SLAMS the door shut, pressing herself against it. Checks her pockets for her phone -- nothing --

LIBBY

Fuck's sake!

THUD -- the door shudders, BUMPING Libby away. She spins and steps back, trips onto the bed. Black satin sheets.

Ryan SLAMS through the door. He leaps onto the bed as Libby rolls off, bringing the sheets with her and tripping him. Both tangled up -- Libby finds purchase, pulls -- Ryan comes down on her. She hoists up the sheets, a wall between them.

They TUMBLE on the floor, Ryan's claws and teeth RIPPING the fabric -- the claws burst through, SLICING up Libby's side -- she SCREAM -- Ryan's paw is caught in the sheets --

Libby PUSHES up, sending the dog onto his back. She pulls the sheets open -- wraps them around Ryan's head. He TWISTS, but she holds firm and wraps them round and around --

Ryan SNARLS and staggers to his feet, blinded.

Libby pulls HARD. He strains against the sheets, the fabric pulling in as he tries to BREATHE. Ryan convulses, BASHING himself against the bed. Libby holds tight until the shape is still.

She approaches the body and unwraps the sheets. He's dead.

Libby COLLAPSES to the floor next to the dead dog, BREATHING HARD.

LIBBY

Oh my god.

She LAUGHS bitterly, BANGING her head against the bed. Putting a shaky hand on it, Libby lifts herself up.

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - DAY

Libby exits the flat, covering her fresh wound with Ryan's winter coat, looking down the hall. She closes the door.

Her phone BUZZES, startling her. She picks it up shakily.

LIBBY

Hello? Hi, Eve...Yeah, a little bit.  
He hasn't come in? No, not a word.

Libby moves down the hall and WINCES at the pain in her side. A DELIVEROO RIDER passes her, oblivious.

Libby reaches the lift and calls it, glances back to Ryan's apartment. The Rider KNOCKS on the door, impatient.

LIBBY

Look, if Phil's not in touch in the next ten minutes, rearrange the appointments and lock up. No point you staying there. You get home good and early.

The lift arrives. Libby steps in and JABS at the buttons.

LIBBY

The kennels...? Oh, right, of course.  
No! No, no, don't go in there. Just make sure the doors are locked, okay?

Libby hangs up the phone. An epiphany crosses her face as the lift doors close on her.

INT. RECEPTION - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - DAY

Eve pulls a key from the front door, looking into the car park, overcast by grey clouds.

EVE

Another day in paradise.

She moves toward the desk, JANGLING the keys. CLATTERING from the back of the building -- the twirling stops.

INT. BACK ENTRANCE - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - DAY

Through an open frame, the back door JUDDERS in the wind. Outside, leaves and trash are WHISKED through the air.

Eve holds the door still, glances outside. She SHUTS and LOCKS the door with keys and a deadbolt. Tests it - firm.

More CLATTERING from somewhere else. Eve moves towards it.

EVE

Doctor?

INT. SURGERY - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - DAY

Eve enters the room and scans it. No-one around.

EVE

Phil, I've locked up already. You shouldn't come in if you're not feeling [up to it] --

A WHIMPER from the crate in the corner SPOOKS her. Eve shakes her head, and crouches to get a closer look.

The crate SHUDDERS and Eve falls onto her backside. She catches herself and LAUGHS, hands on her chest. The door to the next surgery CREAKS open behind Eve. Her smile drops.

A pair of JAWS emerges behind her. Yellow eyes and a salivating, dripping snout.

EVE

Good boy...I'm not going to hurt you.

Eve turns, inch by inch. She makes eye contact with the Hound and raises her hands -- the Hound flinches and JABS at her chest, tearing into her.

INT. RECEPTION - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - DAY

SCREAMS and SNARLS ECHO through the building.

EXT. TREE-LINED STREET - DAY

Libby walks along a WINDY road, buttoning her coat and holding her abdomen tightly.

The shop fronts on the way are sparsely populated.

EXT. CAR PARK - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - DAY

Libby hustles off the pavement and toward the practice building. There's a plush Mercedes out front.

As she gets closer, Bell steps out of it.

BELL  
Now then, Miss Asante.

Libby's surprised but doesn't stop.

LIBBY  
Have you found him?

Bell shakes his head.

LIBBY  
Then what are you doing here?

BELL  
We have some more questions for you.

Libby reaches the car, looks past Bell. Reception's empty.

LIBBY  
I need to get to work.

BELL  
You don't look like you're in any state to be working. Why don't we take you somewhere safer and we can have a nice cuppa?

LIBBY  
You should be out there looking for Dan, not wasting time here. He could be dying!

Bell CHUCKLES to himself. Libby storms around the car but stumbles, leans on the hood. Blood drips onto the car.

BELL  
You all right?

Bell moves toward her but she holds a hand up to halt him.

Libby shuffles forward a couple of feet but the blood drains from her face and she COLLAPSES to the floor.

INT. DETECTIVE BELL'S CAR - DAY

Libby, asleep in the passenger seat of a plush Merc. The movement of the car lolls her head around and she wakes, confused. She STRUGGLES against the taut seatbelt.

DETECTIVE BELL  
Steady on, nothing to worry about.

CLUNK - the doors LOCK. She sees Bell driving and recoils.

LIBBY  
What is this?

DETECTIVE BELL  
I'm taking you to A&E. Those are some  
nasty wounds you've got.

Libby PULLS at the door handle, trying to unlock it.

LIBBY  
No, no, no, I need to get to the  
practice, he's there -- I have to --

Bell's arm reaches over and holds her in place.

DETECTIVE BELL  
You just passed out in a car park  
and now you're bleeding all over my  
leather seats. You need a doctor.

LIBBY  
Please, just let me out here. Dan's  
back there.

DETECTIVE BELL  
He's --? Okay, hang on, one thing at  
a time. First off, you want to tell  
me how you got like this?

Libby settles long enough for Bell to take his arm away.

LIBBY  
This going to sound really fucked up.

EXT. NORTH LEEDS STREETS - DAY

The car moves through past cafes, shops, homes. A petrol  
station checkpoint. A CONSTABLE stands with a rifle.

Leeds General Infirmary rises up behind a hill.

INT. DETECTIVE BELL'S CAR - LATER

Bell switches between watching the road and Libby.

LIBBY

It's the bites that do it. They...  
they turn people. I don't know how.  
But that's why men's bodies are never  
found.

Bell glances at Libby's bandaged shoulder.

DETECTIVE BELL

That's a bite, isn't it? Doesn't look  
like you've turned into a bitch yet.

Bell smirks at his own joke. Libby glares.

DETECTIVE BELL

Look, I'll send someone over to the  
lad's flat -- sounds like you left  
quite a mess, and I'd like to know  
how a dog even got in there...but  
honestly, I think you're being --

LIBBY

-- Hysterical?

DETECTIVE BELL

...I think you're going through a lot  
right now. And I you're probably  
connecting things that aren't  
connected in the way you think.

LIBBY

But they are connected?

Bell rolls his eyes.

DETECTIVE BELL

Listen: some local men have gone  
missing. But West Yorkshire Police  
has not yet resorted to supernatural  
fantasy as the root cause.

LIBBY

Can't you just -- ?

DETECTIVE BELL

You won't have to worry about them  
much longer anyway. Commissioner's  
just approved use of lethal force. Of  
course, you can put down those  
animals in practice custody humanely  
if you'd prefer. But one way or  
another they need to go.

LIBBY  
What if I'm right, though?

Bell HITS the brakes, PRESSING Libby against her seatbelt. They're outside the A&E entrance of Leeds General Infirmary.

Bell puts a finger in Libby's face and looks her in the eye.

DETECTIVE BELL  
But you're not right, little miss.  
You need medical help and that's what  
you're getting. Be grateful that's  
all.

The doors THUNK unlocked.

INT. A&E WAITING ROOM - LEEDS GENERAL INFIRMARY - DAY

The room is half-full of restless patients.

Bell walks Libby to the reception, a hand at her back. NURSE ABBY (30s, accommodating) waves them over.

NURSE ABBY  
Yes?

DETECTIVE BELL  
(flashing his ID)  
This young lady's had a few scrapes  
with a dog. Have someone take care of  
her, and do not discharge her until  
she's fit as a fiddle.

NURSE ABBY  
Of course, sir. Your name is...?

Bell heads for the door. He looks back at Libby and winks.

DETECTIVE BELL  
Don't go changing.

He chuckles to himself as the automatic doors open and he exits. Libby watches, infuriated.

NURSE ABBY  
...Miss?

LIBBY  
Elizabeth Asante.

The nurse takes a look at Libby's side and winces.

NURSE ABBY

Ooh, that looks nasty. Let's get you seen to pronto.

Libby looks at the other sick people waiting and the staff coming in and out of myriad doors. She feels her shoulder.

LIBBY

Do you have any restraints?

INT. EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT - LEEDS GENERAL INFIRMARY - DAY

Cassandra stands at a computer, wearing her Sister's uniform. A COLLEAGUE brings her a document to sign.

A LAUGH attracts her attention: opposite, DOCTOR CARMEN (30s, curvy) flirts with NURSE JOE (late 20s, buff). Cassandra approaches the pair. Joe's smile disappears.

NURSE JOE

-- Yes, doctor. I'll get back to it.

He scarpers. Carmen is baffled.

CASSANDRA

Do you think that's appropriate behaviour, doctor?

DOCTOR CARMEN

Excuse me?

CASSANDRA

I could practically hear him panting from over there.

DOCTOR CARMEN

Not that it's any of your business, sister, but it was just a bit of harmless flirting.

Cassandra closes in.

CASSANDRA

"Harmless". Trust me, you're only encouraging far worse behaviour later on down the line, the effects of which we have to deal with on a daily basis. It's never, ever harmless.

Cassandra keeps hard eye contact until Carmen marches away.

INT. TREATMENT BAY - LEEDS GENERAL INFIRMARY - DAY

Libby sits on a treatment bed in a hospital gown, her arms strapped in. NURSE JOE finishes stitching up her side as Cassandra walks into the bay, looking at her clipboard.

CASSANDRA  
How are we, nurse?

NURSE JOE  
Just finishing up with Ms. Asante.

LIBBY  
Come here often?

Cassandra looks up, thrown off. She recognises Libby, who smiles grimly as Joe starts bandaging her stitches.

CASSANDRA  
Oh. Looks like you should have taken my advice.

Libby HALF-LAUGHS. Cassie notices Libby's straps.

LIBBY  
It's nothing serious. I really don't want to take up any space.

CASSANDRA  
Very thoughtful of you. Go get yourself a cuppa, Joe.

Cassandra takes the bandages and ushers Joe out of the bay.

LIBBY  
Were you working the night before last? My fiancé was admitted, I think. Dan Clarkson.

CASSANDRA  
...Yes, I think I remember. Quite the charmer, as I recall. Still no word?

Libby doesn't respond.

CASSANDRA  
Well, I'm sure he'll turn up.

Cassie SNIPS off the end of the bandage and lowers Libby's shirt. She moves to a cabinet and fills a syringe.

LIBBY  
What's that?

CASSANDRA  
Just a light painkiller.

LIBBY  
I'm all right, it -- I can barely  
feel it now. I'm happy to go now.

Cassie STICKS the needle in her arm anyway. Libby winces.

CASSANDRA  
Brave girl. You'll feel it later.

Libby looks past Cassandra, through the curtains.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDORS - LGI - DAY

Cassandra WHEELS the bed through the hallways with a woozy  
Libby still strapped to it. Her head lolls back and forth.

CASSANDRA  
I feel for you, dear. I lost a man  
once. More than once. A long line of  
promises and disappointments, all  
disappearing acts. Even my ex - I  
thought he was different, but...well,  
if you stick around long enough, they  
show their true colours in the end.

Libby half-listens as her bed BUMPS and SQUEAKS along.

CASSANDRA  
You're lucky to get admitted here,  
you know. Most of the bite wounds are  
being sent to an emergency triage  
centre from now on. Unbelievable that  
it's come to this, isn't it?

Libby nods groggily.

EXT. A&E ENTRANCE - LEEDS GENERAL INFIRMARY - DAY

Cassie wheels Libby out front and halts by the back of an  
ambulance. A MOANING PATIENT with a weeping shoulder wound  
and bloodied face is being WHEELED into the vehicle.

Cassandra bends over Libby to undo her restraints.

LIBBY  
Jesus. Was he...?

CASSANDRA

That's right. Don't worry, he's being taken care of.

Cassie stands up and offers a hand to Libby. She takes it and is PULLED onto her feet, surprised at Cassie's strength. Libby staggers, dizzy, and Cassie takes her arm.

LIBBY

I feel a bit...

CASSANDRA

That's normal. It'll wear off soon, but you should refrain from strenuous activity. Read some trashy romance, maybe. Do a bath bomb.

Cassie moves to the ambulance as Libby crosses her arms over her belly, anxious.

CASSANDRA

You have nothing to worry about.

She SHUTS the ambulance doors and signals the driver.

CASSANDRA

Just so long as you're careful.

The ambulance STARTS and Cassie gestures for an ORDERLY to take the bed away. She strides past Libby and back inside.

Libby, perturbed, watches the staff busying themselves all around, ignorant of her. Through the window, Cassie stands at a reception computer and looks back, smiling.

INT. TRAUMA CENTRE CORRIDOR - LEEDS GENERAL INFIRMARY - DAY

Cassandra walks through a set of double doors, checking her watch. She arrives outside a private treatment room and examines the chart.

Libby hobbles after her, propping herself against the wall around the corner. She watches Cassie enter the room then approaches the door, trying hard to concentrate.

The blurred words "dangerous", "caution" and "aggressive" swim on the chart. She peers through the door's window.

INT. PRIVATE TREATMENT ROOM - LEEDS GENERAL INFIRMARY - DAY

A TRACTION PATIENT (M, 30s) lies unconscious in bed, handcuffed to the bed and on a drip.

Cassandra approaches him, putting on a pair of gloves. She forces his mouth open, then bends as if to kiss him.

She BITES his bottom lip HARD -- a stream of blood spills down his chin and hers.

Cassandra rises up. She pries open his mouth with her gloved hand, SPITS into it, then closes it. Cassandra takes a cotton ball and cleans the Patient's face.

INT. CORRIDORS - LEEDS GENERAL INFIRMARY - DAY

Cassandra exits and locks the door. There's blood on the handle -- she wipes it off with a tissue, then throws it away into a nearby medical waste bin and strides off.

Libby emerges from behind the bin and reaches into it. She pulls out the tissue and, disgusted, drops it back in.

She approaches the door's window again. The Patient's still asleep, so Libby opens the door a crack --

The Patient's eyes open and he CONVULSES, startling Libby. She staggers away, KNOCKING the waste bin over.

INT. REAR EXIT - LEEDS GENERAL INFIRMARY - TWILIGHT

Libby hustles down a hall, dizzy. She notices a fire exit, slightly ajar, and walks to it, checking around her.

She reaches the door and looks through it into the car park.

EXT. CAR PARK - LEEDS GENERAL INFIRMARY - TWILIGHT

Cassandra walks between cars, holding a bag. She arrives at a LARGE CAR and takes something wet from the bag. She opens the boot and tosses it in, then SLAMS the boot shut.

The car RATTLES VIOLENTLY. Cassandra wipes her slick hands on the bag and turns to the hospital, eyes on the fire exit. Libby ducks out of view behind the wall.

Cassandra walks back and through the fire exit, KICKING the prop aside and leaving the door to close itself.

Libby shuffles back into view and pushes the bar on the door. As she does a DING-ing ALARM sounds all around.

LIBBY

Shit!

She throws the door SHUT behind her and runs toward Cassandra's car. Crouching, she looks in the windows:

Food and rubbish in the passenger seat. A sleeping bag and pillow in the back. Libby moves to the boot and rises to the rear window --

A BARRAGE of BARKS knocks her back into another car's bonnet. Libby shakes, clutching her heart.

With caution, she approaches the window again. Inside are two Hounds, BARKING and BASHING against the boot. At their feet is a torn-up piece of RAW MEAT.

Libby backs away and looks back at the hospital. An ORDERLY has opened the fire door. Silhouettes appear in the windows, looking into the car park. She recognises one: Cassandra.

Libby half-runs out of the car park, TEARING off her gown.

INT. TOP DECK - BUS - NIGHT

Libby sits on the top deck of a local bus, clutching her side and HYPERVENTILATING.

She glances around: two TEENAGE BOYS at the back are GUFFAWING and WHISPERING about her. Uncomfortable, Libby gets up and moves downstairs, being RATTLED as she goes.

INT. BOTTOM DECK - BUS - NIGHT

Libby reaches the bottom and holds onto a pole. A MIDDLE-AGED COP holding a rifle leans on the luggage rack nearby, PATTING his gun. Staring at her.

She takes out her mobile and makes a call.

RING, RING. The DRIVER eyes her suspiciously.

She looks out the window. As they pass a park, Libby sees a pack of dogs surround an old man.

Ring, ring.

Then he's out of sight, replaced by a brick wall.

LIBBY  
Come on, come on...

The line goes dead. The cop fiddles with his gun.

LIBBY  
Fuck.

She catches her reflection: haggard, exhausted. Outside, something else. Libby gasps.

LIBBY  
Stop! Stop the bus!

DRIVER  
Should have rung the bell, darlin'.

LIBBY  
Please, I need to get off here.

ARMED COP  
You're safer on here than you are out there.

She tries to ignore him.

LIBBY  
Please. My friend's out there.

DRIVER  
No means no.

LIBBY  
(getting upset)  
Please, you don't understand. She's going to -- she could be --

DRIVER  
Oh, for --

The bus slows and LURCHES to a stop, prompting HONKS from passing cars. Libby rushes through the opening doors.

LIBBY  
Thank you so much!

DRIVER  
Yeah, good riddance.

The driver shakes his head at the cop, who gives him a sympathetic look.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT

Chantelle walks alone, wrapped in a big coat. Libby RUNS after her, the bus heading in the opposite direction.

LIBBY  
Excuse me? Hey!

Chantelle JUMPS at the sound and speeds up, despite her leg.

LIBBY  
Hey! Hey, it's okay...

Libby gets within ten feet and Chantelle spins, brandishing a box cutter at her.

CHANTELLE  
Don't come any closer, stalker.

Libby raises her hands.

LIBBY  
Whoa, whoa. Look, I'm not -- do you think I want to hurt you?

CHANTELLE  
I have no idea what you want. Why are you following me?

LIBBY  
I'm not. I just -- I saw you from the bus. I need to warn you, Chantelle.

Chantelle's suspicious, nervous.

LIBBY  
...Last night a man was bitten by a dog...and today I saw him turn into one.

Libby winces as Chantelle takes it in. Which she doesn't.

CHANTELLE  
I know you're not supposed to say this, but are you mental?

LIBBY  
You have to believe me. I think the same thing happened to my fiancé - the one who took you to hospital. He's missing too.

Chantelle lowers the blade.

CHANTELLE  
So you think I'm next?

LIBBY  
I think I might be.

Libby pulls at her collar to show the bandages, a desperate look on her face. Chantelle retracts the box cutter.

CHANTELLE  
He changed...after a day? It's been three since I was bitten. And I feel fine. Fucking terrified every time I leave the house, but, you know. Fine.

LIBBY  
Can I see? I'm -- I work in medicine.

CHANTELLE  
(incredulous)  
You want me to unwrap my fucking chewed-up leg in the middle of the fucking night on a street we're definitely not fucking safe in?

LIBBY  
Please.

CHANTELLE  
Well hard luck, crazy bitch. I'm going home. You should do the same before the dogs come back to finish their meal.

Chantelle moves on. Irritated, Libby calls after her.

LIBBY  
But what if I'm right?

CHANTELLE  
From the sounds of things, you and me got lucky. The boys not so much.

Her words strike a chord with Libby.

EXT. CAR PARK - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

On the tarmac a set of red paw prints leads away from the building. Libby examines them, crouching down.

The trail leads through the front door, into darkness.

INT. RECEPTION - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Libby enters. She immediately GAGS at a foul smell.

LIBBY  
Eve? You here?

She walks through the dividing door to switch on the lights. They illuminate a figure slumping in a chair.

Libby approaches slowly and spins the chair, revealing Eve, pale head lolling back -- belly torn to shreds -- a pair of scissors in her hand. Libby looks away, furious at herself.

LIBBY  
Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck...

A FAINT SCRATCHING. Libby spins to its source: the surgery. She looks at Eve, mournful, then steps toward the sound.

INT. SURGERY - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens, Libby's silhouette against the reception. She closes the door behind her, bringing darkness.

She take a deep breath. A FLICK and the lights come on. Libby flinches and backs up to the door.

The floor is strewn with blood and used instruments. A Hound lies dead in the middle of the room, the remnants of a lab coat and leather shoes sitting in a puddle near it.

Libby scans the room and freezes at what's in the corner:

**A NAKED MAN, bent and stuffed in the dog crate.**

Libby kneels next to the crate, utterly baffled. He's contorted, too big for the space, and was crushed by it.

She stands and puts on a pair of gloves from the dispenser. Libby lifts the man out, straining under the weight and pain of her shoulder, and places him on the table, face down.

LIBBY  
Who the hell are you?

Libby starts to examine the body. He has bruises all over him and there's dried blood near his waist, near stitches --

-- BARKS from the kennels attract Libby's attention to the the other door, ajar.

INT. KENNELS - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Libby shimmies down the corridor, pressed against the wall, opposite staring, GROWLING Hounds. She slides to a crouch and looks between the legs of the animals:

LIBBY  
(vindicated)  
All boys.

She puts a hand to her head, thinking, then glances at the utility cupboard at the end of the hall.

INT. CELL - KENNELS - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

The Red Hound lies on its front, alert eyes facing out. its ears prick up as Libby approaches the cell with a rifle.

She takes aim and FIRES a dart into its side. He YELPS and GROWLS, edging forward. She sends another one into his neck.

CUT TO:

A DULL BUZZ accompanies hair falling to the cell floor.

The Red Hound is on its side, asleep. Libby uses clippers to finish SHAVING its exposed belly, her hands shaking.

The final tuft falls. Libby drops the clippers, still buzzing. She slides backward onto her hands, speechless. There's a tattoo on the dog's belly:

**A pin-up girl riding a bomb.**

Libby is floored. Puts a hand to the dog's face.

LIBBY  
It is you.

A rumble ECHOES through the corridor and Libby retracts her hand -- looks back to the surgery.

Someone's COUGHING, HARSH and PHLEGMATIC. Male.

INT. SURGERY - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Rifle first, Libby re-enters the surgery shakily.

The man is still lying on the table, WHEEZING. Libby lowers the rifle and steps toward him, astonished.

LIBBY  
Holy fuck. You're alive? Are you --  
can you hear me? Sir?

He has a COUGHING fit as Libby reaches him. She strains to turn him onto his back, but his flailing arms KNOCK her back and he SLIPS off the table, down with a THUD onto his back.

Libby runs around the table and halts before she reaches him. She covers her mouth at what she sees.

LIBBY  
No way. No fucking way...

At his crotch there's a long, ruptured line of stitches where his testicles used to be. He's been castrated.

She grabs her hair and LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY as the man SPLUTTERS and writhes on the floor, bones CRACKING.

LIBBY  
This is insane. This is batshit  
fucking mental.

The man opens his eyes and jerks his head up, SHRIEKING -- Libby SCREAMS back. She holds up her hands to him.

LIBBY  
It's okay! It'll be all right!

NEUTERED MAN  
Jesus Christ! What are -- where am I?

He looks at his groin. CRIES, agonised. Libby steps forward.

LIBBY  
You're in -- you're at the hospital.  
We're taking care of you.

NEUTERED MAN  
Oh, god, oh, god. It -- it hurts so  
much. Where's Stella? Is she okay?

Libby's face drops and she kneels down again.

LIBBY  
Stella...? Are you...Michael?

He nods weakly. Libby covers her eyes.

LIBBY  
Stella's...fine. She misses you.

Michael starts WEEPING between RETCHING COUGHS. Eventually he feebly turns his head to look at Libby, terrified.

A last WHEEZE escapes him as the light leaves his eyes. Libby's left alone with Michael's naked, castrated body.

LIBBY

What the fuck.

She takes out her phone and dials 999. As it RINGS, she reconsiders and hangs up.

Libby stares at Michael's body. Twisted limbs. Cold eyes.

Stitches.

Her eyes go wide. She gets on her knees to scour the floor -- and lifts up a scalpel in her gloved hands.

INT. CELL - KENNELS - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

The Red Hound lies on its side, covered in a paper sheet. A small spray of blood soils the paper. A gloved hand parts legs while another CUTS with the scalpel, obscured by limbs.

The dog SHUDDERS slightly and Libby pauses, BREATHING hard and sweating bullets. She's in scrubs and a surgical mask.

LIBBY

Good boy.

Libby's face is stressed, concentrating on her work.

She makes a final incision -- SQUELCH -- and lifts the Hound's slick, bloody scrotum up from his body. She moves it to a clear bag, seals it and puts it in a small ice bucket.

She moves her attention back to the Red Hound, who's BREATHING gently under the sheet.

INT. CELL - KENNELS - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - LATER

Libby carries the dressed dog to a mat in an empty cell. She sits next to it, peeling off her bloody gloves.

LIBBY

This better fucking work.

A BUZZ from Libby's pockets. She takes her phone out.

LIBBY

...Hello?

OMAR (O.C.)

There you are! I've been trying you all day. After you left I was worried that -- are you all right?

LIBBY

It's been a fucked up day, Omar.

OMAR (O.C.)

Tell me about it. Priya's in intensive care, and I just started an extra shift because half the orderlies haven't turned up. I'm worried some of them are missing.

Dread crosses Libby's face.

LIBBY

...Where are you working tonight?

OMAR (O.C.)

St. Peter's School. They set up an emergency centre here for bites.

LIBBY

Jesus. Don't go there, Omar, it's not safe.

OMAR (O.C.)

What are you talking about? We're understaffed as it is and I'm already --

LIBBY

Fuck's sake.

Libby hangs up the phone and rises up.

EXT. PRACTICE VAN - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Libby puts a box of medical supplies and kit in the van. She closes the doors and takes her phone out. On the screen is a message with a picture of Michael's face. She SENDS it.

INT. PRACTICE VAN - NIGHT

Libby drives the van as a convoy of ambulances and police vehicles SCREAMS past her. Her phone starts RINGING and she answers on hands-free.

DETECTIVE BELL (O.C.)  
What the hell did you just send me?

LIBBY  
I need you to meet me at the triage centre in St. Peter's.

DETECTIVE BELL (O.C.)  
Listen, little miss -- why aren't you in hospital where I left you?

LIBBY  
Look at the picture again. Do you recognise him? This is very important, detective.

The phone goes quiet. DISTANT GUNSHOTS pierce the silence.

DETECTIVE BELL (O.C.)  
That's...why do you have a picture of a missing person on your phone?

Libby hangs up and and hits the gas.

EXT. GYM - ST. PETER'S SCHOOL - NIGHT

The van parks up outside a school gym. A sign for St. Peter's School is covered in a makeshift banner that reads "EMERGENCY WOUND TRIAGE CENTRE".

INT. MAIN HALL - EMERGENCY WOUND TRIAGE CENTRE - NIGHT

Rows of beds occupy the hall, almost all filled. All men. Doctors, nurses and orderlies rush between beds, checking on patients and registering new ones brought in by paramedics.

Libby walks through, tries to get Doctor Carmen's attention.

LIBBY  
Excuse me -- doctor --

DR. CARMEN  
Yes? What do you want?

LIBBY

There's something you and your staff  
need to know. Is there somewhere w --

Libby is YANKED aside abruptly by Bell. Carmen looks alarmed  
but Bell flashes his ID and she moves on.

DETECTIVE BELL

Carry on, Doctor.  
(to Libby)  
I'm this close to locking you up.

LIBBY

Everyone in here is in serious  
danger.

DETECTIVE BELL

Come on. They're mostly flesh wounds.

LIBBY

Listen: everyone in this building  
could be dead by the end of tonight.  
You saw the picture. I took that an  
hour ago in the practice. He'd been  
in our kennels for the past two weeks  
until last night, when my boss asked  
me to neuter him.

DETECTIVE BELL

And where's your boss now?

LIBBY

I haven't seen him since yesterday.  
After he was bitten.

Bell removes his glasses, rubs his eyes.

LIBBY

I'm fairly certain that the change is  
related to testosterone levels in  
victims. Once they rise to a certain  
level they act as a catalyst --

DETECTIVE BELL

Which is why you're not barking and  
on all fours right now.

LIBBY

So far the only way to reverse it  
seems to be...removal of the testes.  
I mean -- obviously this requires  
further study, but I don't think  
these guys have that kind of time --

Bell holds up a hand and she pauses.

DETECTIVE BELL  
Okay. I get it.

He turns his back on Libby and pulls out his radio.

DETECTIVE BELL  
HQ, this is DI Bell requesting an  
armed unit to the Emergency Wound  
Triage Centre at St. Peter's ASAP.

Libby SIGHS, relieved. Bell SLAPS a handcuff on her wrist.

INT. CORNER BED - EMERGENCY WOUND TRIAGE CENTRE - NIGHT

Bell LOCKS the free handcuff to an unused bed frame,  
chaining Libby to it. She TUGS against the bed, confounded.

DETECTIVE BELL  
Elizabeth Asante, I am placing you  
under arrest on suspicion of murder.  
You do not have to say anything, but  
it may harm your defence --

LIBBY  
-- People are going to die,  
detective.

DETECTIVE BELL  
It may harm your defence if you do  
not mention when questioned something  
which you later rely on in court.

Bell crouches next to her, getting angry.

DETECTIVE BELL  
I sent a car to your practice, love.  
I don't need to tell you what they  
found.

Libby is appalled.

DETECTIVE BELL  
Wonder if we'll find your boyfriend  
when we search your flat?

LIBBY  
How do you think I violently murdered  
and hid the bodies of dozens of grown  
men? Are you really that stupid?

A MUFFLED confirmation from the radio distracts Bell.

DETECTIVE BELL  
Thanks, HQ. When unit arrives take  
Elizabeth Asante into custody on  
suspicion of murder.

Bell leans in close to Libby.

DETECTIVE BELL  
On my way over here I had a run-in  
with one of those mongrel cunts.

Bell unbuttons his sleeve and rolls it up to reveal an  
oozing bite on his forearm.

DETECTIVE BELL  
I bet you'd like to take my balls  
too, you sick fucker.

He stands and walks toward the centre of the room, SNAPS his  
fingers to get the attention of a harried Nurse Joe. Bell  
talks to him and hands over the handcuff keys.

LIBBY  
No! You know what's about to happen  
here, you lying sack of shit!

She gets the worried attention of nearby staff and patients.  
Bell CHUCKLES at her then strides out of the main entrance.

At the far side of the hall, a PATIENT SHOUTS in pain and a  
clipboard CLATTERS to the floor. Libby shudders.

LIBBY  
Fuck, fuck, fuck --

A length of gaffer tape is wrapped around Libby's face,  
silencing her. She STRUGGLES but an ORDERLY holds her still.

CASSANDRA (O.C.)  
You're disturbing the other patients,  
sweetheart.

The tape roll cuts off, JERKING Libby's head into the bed  
frame. Disoriented, she watches Cassandra walk around the  
bed, holding the handcuff keys and tape with a smirk.

CASSANDRA  
I told you to get some rest.

INT. EMERGENCY WOUND TRIAGE CENTRE - LATER

Cassandra WHEELS the bed through the maze, dragging Libby as she glances at the wounded men around them in horror.

CASSANDRA

I don't know why you care so much.  
No-one's going to miss them.

Cassandra stops the bed in the centre of the room. She kneels, eye to eye with Libby.

CASSANDRA

Your fiancé didn't care. He treated  
you like dirt and you still served  
him like a king, didn't you?

Cassandra reaches into Libby's pockets and retrieves her practice keys. Libby shakes her head, utters a MUFFLED plea.

OMAR (O.C.)

Lib?

A confused Omar in his orderly scrubs stands in front of the pair, his arms full of soiled clothes and sheets.

OMAR

What's...?

Cassandra steps between Omar and Libby.

CASSANDRA

Mr. Raheem, should you really be  
standing there, dangling an infection  
risk over our critical patients?

OMAR

What? Uh...no, no, sister. I'll move  
them straight away. Just...what's  
going on?

CASSANDRA

The police have asked us to take care  
of a dangerous suspect. Let's  
continue this conversation in the  
office so we don't disturb anyone.

Omar starts for an office near the entrance.

CASSANDRA

After you've disposed of those.

He turns on his heel and heads in the opposite direction.

CASSANDRA  
 Can't get the staff these days.  
 Friend of yours?

Libby SCREECHES through the gag. Cassie leans in close.

CASSANDRA  
 He wants you, sweetheart. They always  
 do. And I know you let him.

Cassandra surveys the hall. Dozens and dozens of wounded men: some GROAN, others are angry with their slow treatment. Cassie SIGHS, pleased.

CASSANDRA  
 This is really something, Libby. When  
 they're all together like this...  
 it'll be like a row of dominoes.

The front doors open and a new BITE VICTIM is wheeled in on a stretcher by two PARAMEDICS.

CASSANDRA  
 Boys! Over here.  
 (to Libby)  
 Thought you looked lonely.

The men deliver the patient to Libby's bed. He's unconscious and bleeding from his side. The paramedics ROLL the stretcher away.

Cassie watches Libby, almost wistful. The women's eyes meet for a second before Cassandra turns and leaves.

Libby stands to look at the patient and recognises him: one of the Builders who catcalled her earlier, now helpless.

INT. GYM OFFICE - EMERGENCY WOUND TRIAGE CENTRE - NIGHT

Omar walks in, following Cassandra. The room is filled with boxes of sports supplies.

CASSANDRA  
 Close the door.

He does. When he turns around, Cassandra is sat on the desk.

OMAR  
 Sister, why is my friend handcuffed  
 to one of our beds?

CASSANDRA  
Confidential police matter. It's  
better not to involve yourself. It  
could look unprofessional.

Omar picks up a ping-pong paddle from a box to fidget with.

CASSANDRA  
But that's not why I asked you here.  
I know you like her, Omar. More than  
that. But she's hung up on the one  
she can't find.

Omar stares at the paddle, embarrassed. Cassandra slips off  
the desk and walks until she's behind him.

CASSANDRA  
She's lovely, of course. But the way  
she dresses...rags would cover more  
of her body, wouldn't they? And from  
what I understand, she throws herself  
into dangerous situations on purpose.  
For attention. You've seen the scars,  
I'm sure. It's narcissistic, frankly.  
And you don't need that. You don't  
deserve a girl who's asking for  
trouble.

Cassandra reaches into her back pocket, pulls out a scalpel.

OMAR  
And what do I deserve, sister?

Cassandra touches Omar's chin and raises it so he can see  
her eyes.

CASSANDRA  
Respect. Like everyone else.

Cassie lifts the scalpel to Omar's side.

INT. CORNER BED - EMERGENCY WOUND TRIAGE CENTRE - NIGHT

Libby sits on the floor, arm above her head. She tugs the  
chain, which SLIDES to and fro. Futile. DOCTOR FRANK (60s)  
and Nurse Abby stop at the foot of the bed to talk quietly.

NURSE ABBY  
How bad is it?

DOCTOR FRANK

It's a catastrophe. Without proper care, some of these men won't make it through the next hour.

Frank moves on. Abby watches him, agitated, then leaves too.

Libby stands, twisting so that she faces the bed. Several beds away, an ORDERLY tries to get a WOUNDED MAN to drink a cup of water. It dribbles down his chin.

She looks at the Builder. Everyone else is too overwhelmed to pay her attention. Libby pushes her arms through the frame, far enough to wrap her hands around the man's throat.

Nurse Abby sees her and freezes. Libby beckons her closer and gestures for her to take the tape off her mouth.

LIBBY

Cheers. Now find the keys or he's going a lot sooner.

Abby backs off, stumbling into a bed. Libby WHISTLES to get everyone's attention. The staff are bewildered.

LIBBY

Everyone in this room is in danger. Each man that was bitten in the last 24 hours - I'm assuming that's all of you - you're going to turn into something terrible. And the only thing I know that can fix it is... castration.

GASPS erupt through the hall. Indignant VOICES FLUTTER.

MALE PATIENT #1 (O.C.)

Get fucked!

Libby ignores the patients and appeals to the staff.

LIBBY

I know it's hard to swallow, but trust me: if you don't act now, we're all going to die.

She locks eyes with Doctor Frank.

LIBBY

Or worse.

Several of the patients LAUGH in derision.

MALE PATIENT #2  
 Haven't we been through enough  
 without letting some mad bitch run  
 about in here? Where are the sodding  
 police?

Other voices MURMUR assent.

LIBBY  
 You don't understand. I'm saying this  
 for your --

MALE PATIENT #1 (O.C.)  
 Sit down and shut the fuck up!

The VOICES get louder and some patients CLAP and SHOUT,  
 distinct voices fading into a CACOPHONY.

A CRASH, somewhere near the back, MUFFLED by the noise. The  
 piercing SCREAM that follows SILENCES the room. Libby looks  
 for the source -- and finds it, crestfallen.

LIBBY  
 Should have seen that coming.

One SCREAM is joined by MORE and MORE.

INT. GYM OFFICE - EMERGENCY WOUND TRIAGE CENTRE - NIGHT

Cassandra SLICES the scalpel across Omar's side, cutting  
 into his hip. He CRIES and staggers backward.

OMAR  
 What did you -- ?

She moves forward, the red blade dripping --

The SCREAM from the hall, followed by OTHERS. They both look  
 to the door. Omar spots the keys dangling from her waist.

CASSANDRA  
 Shit. Already?

Omar lunges for the keys, KNOCKING Cassie into the wall. She  
 stamps on his foot - CRUNCH - and he crumples to the floor.  
 Cassandra CREAKS the door open and peers through.

CASSANDRA  
 Looks like you don't get the easy way  
 out.

She slips out, leaving Omar to struggle to his feet, holding his side. He grabs the door handle to pull himself up as the SOUNDS from the hall grow more and more chaotic.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Detective Bell's car CHUGS down the winding forested path.

INT. DETECTIVE BELL'S CAR - NIGHT

Bell drives, smoking a cigarette.

RADIO DISPATCHER (O.S.)  
All units, be advised: canine attacks reported in city centre in high volume, including LGI and train station. Reminder that lethal force on animals is now authorised and all patrols must be issued firearms when starting a shift. Stay sa --

Ethan picks up the radio transmitter.

BELL  
Dispatch, repeat end of last broadcast, didn't come through. Over.

Nothing happens. No static. He tries again, annoyed.

BELL  
Dispatch, this is D.I. Bell, please repeat last --

As the car turns a silhouette appears on the road -- Bell flinches and BRAKES short of it. He puts the radio down.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

Maria [the woman Ryan came on to in the nightclub] glances back at Bell's harsh headlights. She TRUDGES along a path between road and ditch, wearing torn, muddy clothes.

The car SLOWS to a crawl alongside her.

INT. DETECTIVE BELL'S CAR/ EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

The passenger window LOWERS so Bell can talk to Maria.

BELL  
How did you end up out here, love?

She turns her head slowly, wary, and stops. So does the car.

MARIA  
...I ran.

BELL  
From who?

Her gaze drifts. A memory of fear.

BELL  
Why don't you get in and I'll take  
you to...I'll get you somewhere safe.

MARIA  
I'll be okay.

He reaches over and SHOVES open the passenger door.

BELL  
You're okay now. Get in.

Maria doesn't move. She looks up and down the road. All's quiet. She steps forward and gets in the passenger side, drawing the seatbelt across her body and CLICKING it in.

Ethan LOCKS the doors - K-THUNK - and keeps driving.

BELL  
Can't be too careful.

She isn't reassured.

MARIA  
So, where are you...?

She trails off as she notices Bell's hands on the wheel. His knuckles are covered in hair, the finger bones CRACKLING.

MARIA  
No.

Bell grimaces in pain. Maria sees that he's terrified.

He JERKS in his seat, spins the wheel -- legs spasm, HITTING the accelerator -- the car LURCHES, curving off the road.

Maria braces herself against the door and shuts her eyes.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

The car SLIDES down into the ditch, the front SHAKING from Bell's TREMORS. It gains speed and WALLOPS into an oak tree, CRUMPLING the bonnet.

INT. DETECTIVE BELL'S CAR - NIGHT

Still holding on, Maria opens her eyes.

Opposite, an unconscious **HOUND** lies tangled in a belt, blood trickling from his head. The door locks are on his side.

Maria UNBUCKLES herself and gingerly reaches over him to the buttons. She THUNKS one down and the car CH-CHKS --

Bell rises in a flash, trapping her arm between his back and the seat. He tries to turn, but his large, hairy body gets tangled in the seatbelt -- he SNAPS at it --

Maria pulls and pulls, SOBBING with fear, but she's stuck. She reaches behind, FUMBLES with the handle --

EXT. DITCH - WOODLAND - NIGHT

The door FLIES open and Maria FALLS back, her arm slipping free. HOWLS reach into the woods as she gets to her feet.

Inside, the Hound's CHEWING his way through the belt. Maria SPRINTS off through the woods.

Bell's right behind her.

INT. EMERGENCY WOUND TRIAGE CENTRE - NIGHT

Libby watches as medical staff CHARGE around the hall, trying to hold down the mutating men at the other side.

She looks at her hands on the builder's throat and lets go, instead starts YANKING at the bed frame.

Omar limps toward her, a bloody rag held to his hip.

LIBBY  
Jesus, are you okay?

OMAR  
I'll be fine. She's gone, Lib. What the fuck is this?

He takes in the carnage around them. Nurse Abby and a PATIENT frantically POUND at the locked front door.

LIBBY  
A fucking slaughter.

A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM resounds, DISTORTING and LOWERING, as a patient completes his transformation into a Hound. The patients around him SCREECH in fear.

OMAR  
That's...not...

LIBBY  
Omar.

He looks at Libby, stone-faced, clutching the bed frame.

LIBBY  
We need to go now.

Omar nods and grabs his side of the bed. They WHEEL it through the hall, dodging panicked staff.

A Hound SKIDS in front of them and Omar pulls back -- Libby doubles down and BARGES the dog out of the way, knocking it out. The Builder STIRS.

Omar catches up, a blood-splattered Nurse Joe in tow, and they wheel toward the nearby fire escape.

They reach the barred doors. Dr. Frank cowers under a bed nearby. Libby tries to get his attention.

LIBBY  
Are you bitten?

He looks at her, bewildered.

LIBBY  
Are you bitten?

Frank shakes his head and shows Libby his arms. She HOISTS him up and behind her as they RAM through the doors.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - EMERGENCY WOUND TRIAGE CENTRE - NIGHT

Outside the doors, the bed becomes unsteady on the grass and the patient TUMBLES off, CRYING out.

LIBBY  
The doors!

Omar and Joe shove them shut. Frank FALLS to the floor in tears. Libby STRAINS with the bed and beckons Nurse Joe.

LIBBY  
Help me with this!

He helps her BRACE it against the doors. She starts FIDDLING with her handcuffs. Omar steps back, watching the doors.

OMAR  
What about everyone else?

LIBBY  
We can't go back in there.

Libby WRESTS part of the frame off and slips the bed cuff loose, freeing her. She see Omar staring at the door, listening to the CARNAGE inside.

LIBBY  
Omar. We'd die too.

NURSE JOE  
And what about him?

Joe gestures to the Builder, WRITHING on the ground. Libby glances at the van.

INT. BACK OF PRACTICE VAN - NIGHT

Omar holds down the Builder's arms -- Joe gets his legs. The man STRUGGLES and twists against them, CRYING in pain. Frank stands at the back door, amazed.

Libby stands at the Builder's middle, wearing gloves and sterilising a scalpel with a lighter.

LIBBY  
Pull them down.

Joe reaches to the man's trousers. A leg JUTS out and WHOMPS him in the stomach. Joe lets go and the legs flail, TEARING the trousers.

OMAR  
Doctor, we could use your help!

Frank's paralysed. Libby grabs the legs as Joe recovers and takes them back. She RIPS the trousers and nods to Joe and Omar as hair starts to pepper the Builder's skin.

NURSE JOE

Holy fuck.

LIBBY

This probably isn't the right time to say this, but...I've never done this on a human.

Frank LAUGHS and strolls away.

Libby takes a breath then brings the scalpel down. The man SCREAMS in agony as Omar scrunches up his eyes.

INT./EXT. BACK OF PRACTICE VAN - LATER

The Builder's face, still and unconscious. His features are distorted but no longer changing.

Nurse Joe dresses his groin. Omar sits at the back of the van, wincing as Libby stands on the ground and stitches up his hip. Doctor Frank sits on the grass, in another world.

Libby finishes up and Omar SIGHS in relief. She gives him a brief tired smile and he reciprocates.

Red and blue lights bounce off the van and Libby looks back.

EXT. EMERGENCY WOUND TRIAGE CENTRE - NIGHT

A POLICE CAR PARKS in front of the gym -- three ARMED COPS exit. With the engine off, the CHAOS inside can be heard.

A NERVOUS COP takes in a SHUDDERING breath. He nods to his colleagues and they creep toward the entrance.

EXT. PRACTICE VAN - NIGHT

Libby watches the police enter the gym through the front.

LIBBY

Oh, you stupid cunts.

She hoists Frank up and SHOVES him into the van.

LIBBY

Wait there. All of you.

Omar shuffles back as Libby SHUTS one door and holds the other open. She watches the gym's entrance.

INT. EMERGENCY WOUND TRIAGE CENTRE - NIGHT

The front doors FLING open, KICKED in by the men. They enter, guns held up, and gape at what's before them.

NERVOUS COP

Fuck me.

The hall is full of Hounds and bodies. The dogs are TEARING survivors to pieces and FIGHTING over scraps.

The beds and floor are covered in viscera, and the dogs SLIP along the slick floor as they CHARGE around. One Hound tugs at a MOANING doctor's arm, dragging him through his blood.

CRACK -- a bullet knocks the dog sideways, releasing him.

The NERVOUS COP lowers his discharged rifle, shaking. The others keep their guns up and step backwards.

Every Hound in the hall has them in their sights.

EXT. PRACTICE VAN - NIGHT

Libby watches the open front doors. SCATTERED GUNSHOTS SNAP from inside, followed by ROARS and SCREAMS. The human voices are quickly SILENCED.

A Hound STUMBLES outside, dripping blood. He wavers, then COLLAPSES to the ground. He's followed by TWO more - both uninjured - who nudge the fallen animal.

Omar leans out of the van above Libby.

OMAR

What is it?

The Hounds' ears prick up and they zero in on Libby.

LIBBY

Fuck.

She pushes Omar in, SLAMS the door shut and sprints to get in the driver's side.

The engine STARTS and the van ROARS away, pursued by Hounds.

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

The practice van ROCKETS along a secluded road.

INT. PRACTICE VAN - NIGHT

Libby concentrates on the road, GUNNING it. She takes a corner at speed, BANGING the passengers around the back.

LIBBY

Sorry!

Omar presses against the opening between front and back.

OMAR

Libby, you need to stop and let us --

LIBBY

It's not safe yet! Just stay d --

A pack of Hounds emerges on the road in front of her. She SPINS the wheel to avoid them --

EXT. WOODLAND ROAD - NIGHT

-- sending them CRASHING through a barrier, into the trees.

The vehicle's back SLAMS into a large trunk and TIPS over, SKIDDING to a halt on its side.

INT. PRACTICE VAN - NIGHT

At a tilt, Libby lays limp, her forehead bleeding.

GROANS from the back rouse her, dopey. She grabs the seat and wheel to climb out the passenger door above her.

EXT. PRACTICE VAN - WOODLAND - NIGHT

Libby jumps from the van and THUMPS into the ground, dropping to one knee. She staggers to her feet. The headlights are on, illuminating the trees behind Libby.

She reaches the back, the VOICES growing louder.

LIBBY

I'm coming -- I'm coming...

She pulls the handle on the back -- the door FLIES open and a body FALLS into Libby. She catches Joe, broken and still.

LIBBY

No, no, no...

Libby lowers his corpse and looks inside the van. It's pitch black - she turns on the torch on her phone.

Doctor Frank lies at the side with a bent spine and a smashed skull. Libby grabs the door to keep herself up.

LIBBY  
Omar? Can you hear me?

From the back, more GROANS. She shines the light on Omar: sitting upright, both legs broken and barely conscious.

He looks up blearily and raises a thumb. In between them, quiet SOBS get louder. The Builder is flat on his back, limbs overstretched as they reshape, shortening and bending.

Libby watches him, astonished.

A SHARP BARK turns her head. The pack of Hounds walks into the red lights of the van's, approaching in a SNARLING mass. At the front one is distinct - grey fur in tufts, and something glinting - a STUD in one of its ears. It's Bell.

LIBBY  
...Detective?

It GROWLS in reply, scratching the ground. Libby steps back.

Bell SPRINTS ahead, saliva flying in the wind. Libby gets inside the van and reaches for the door handles --

-- Bell pounces --

-- the doors SWING inwards --

-- he soars through the opening --

INT. PRACTICE VAN - NIGHT

-- and into Libby, sending them both down.

Dark and quiet, Libby's BREATHS the only sound.

Omar's phone torch comes on, white light bouncing around the van. Libby on her back, staring at a lump on her chest.

Bell's head, cut off at the neck by the closing doors.

Outside, the rest of the pack HOWL. The van starts SHAKING.

OMAR  
 Fuck, fuck, fuck. Tell me that was  
 the only one.

Libby fumbles her way to Omar, an eye on the SOBBING  
 Builder. Omar's in bad shape. She puts her hand on his.

LIBBY  
 Sorry, mate.

OMAR  
 Oh, Allah. Please, please, don't let  
 us --

LIBBY  
 (listening)  
 Wait.

An ENGINE PULLS UP nearby, then ANOTHER. The SHAKING stops  
 and Libby presses an ear to the door as the dogs move away.

Car doors OPEN and SLAM. Men SHOUT ORDERS. BURSTS of GUNFIRE  
 and YELPS follow.

The sounds DIM, and Libby opens the door slowly. The body of  
 a dog lies several feet from her. Opens it further.

EXT. PRACTICE VAN - WOODLAND - NIGHT

Bell's body lies crumpled on the wet ground. The van door  
 HEAVES open, shifting the animal aside a few inches, and  
 Libby squeezes out, face and clothes spattered with blood.

She holds the Hound's head in her hands.

RIOT COP (O.S.)  
 You there! Stay where you are!

Libby drops the head and throws her hands up. A RIOT COP  
 holding a rifle stands uphill from her, already moving to  
 follow the SNAPS and BARKS into the trees.

LIBBY  
 People are hurt in here. Please, send  
 someone!

The cop stops dead and turns to her.

RIOT COP  
 Who?

He CACKLES and runs into the dark. Libby shrugs, bemused.

She looks through the van doors. Inside, Omar is lit by a sliver of moonlight. Libby grabs the handles.

LIBBY

I have to go.

OMAR

Don't leave me in here with him.  
Libby, please.

Libby looks at the Builder, now fully human again and fetal.

LIBBY

This is the safest place you can be  
right now. I'll come back, Omar. I  
promise.

OMAR

No!

She SHUTS the door as Omar YELLS, and looks to the woods.

EXT. ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

A smashed window in the front door. The lights are on.

Libby CRUNCHES through the broken glass in front of the building. She bends down to pick up a jagged shard and walks to the side of the building.

INT. RECEPTION - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

An ARMOURED POLICEMAN lies dead on the ground, his vest and stomach torn open. Libby observes him from the entrance.

Bullet holes pepper the walls and desk, and a light fitting dangles from a collapsed ceiling panel. A shredded police uniform hangs from it and a rifle sits beneath.

Libby moves to it -- stops short. A Hound stands on the desk, eye level with her. It BOUNDS forward into her arms -- Libby falls back and rolls, THROWING the dog into the wall.

Both SCRAMBLE to their feet and the Hound SWIPES at her. She JUMPS to the wall as claws SLICE her calf. Limping, she grabs a foam fire extinguisher from the wall and BLASTS the RAGING animal with it until it's empty.

The dog SLIPS and BARKS against the spray, blinded. He SHAKES the foam off to see -- Libby's gone.

INT. SURGERY - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

The Hound PADS through the open door and SNIFFS at the air, the ground. It can't see anyone. Alive, at least.

The dog treads the room, KNOCKING medical tools from the counter with its tail. MUFFLED BARKS ECHO from the kennels as it approaches a cupboard, crouching as it goes. SHAKY BREATHS from within -- its teeth bared, silent, ready to --

-- The door SMASHES into the dog's head. Libby pulls her legs back as it DROPS -- she tumbles out and onto it.

With her free hand she feels the dog's head then brings the glass down HARD into its skull. The shard SLICES her palm and she GRUNTS, falls back to hold her quivering hand.

Beyond the dead Hound, a pair of black tights and trainers step into view. Cassandra stands above the dog, aiming a police rifle at Libby's head.

CASSANDRA

Can't take a hint, can you?

Libby shuts her eyes as Cassie pulls the trigger. CLICK.

Nothing.

CASSANDRA

Bollocks.

Libby's eyes open and she lunges at Cassie, TACKLING her to the ground. The gun CLATTERS on the floor. Libby reaches --

-- Cassie boots Libby in the shoulder, sending her into the dog. Cassie rights herself and clocks the gun --

A WHACK to Cassie's jaw -- she goes down. Libby stands holding the loose cuff, PANTING. She runs to the kennels.

INT. KENNELS - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Libby SHOVES the door closed behind her. The keys are in the first cell door - she YANKS them out. Caged Hounds BARK and SNAP at her as she staggers past, aiming for the window.

The door OPENS behind Libby and she hurries, wincing at her injuries. Near the end, she looks in Dan's cell -- open and empty. Remnants of the surgery.

No time to stop -- Libby WRENCHES the window open and clambers up and out, Cassie's FOOTSTEPS GROWING LOUDER.

EXT. CAR PARK - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Libby THUDS onto the tarmac and tries to get up silently. The FOOTSTEPS inside RECEDE, heading back. Libby shuffles along the walls to the building's front to peer around the corner.

Cassie steps out of the reception, FIDDLING with the gun. Frustrated, she TOSSES it, pulls out her scalpel and shouts:

CASSANDRA

I know you're not running in that state. Just give me the keys and you can leave in one piece.

Libby pulls back and presses her head against the wall.

LIBBY

What have you done with him?

Cassie perks up, searches for the source.

CASSANDRA

Who?

LIBBY

Dan. In the kennels. He's all I want.

Cassie walks to her car in front of the practice and UNLOCKS the boot. TAPS on the glass.

CASSANDRA

It's a bit late for that, sweetheart.

Libby looks ahead -- beyond a fence, the public park. She starts walking at an angle so she's hidden from the front, glancing back in fear. Behind the building, GLASS CRUNCHES.

LIBBY

You've got what you wanted. It's all fucked. Just let me have my man back.

CASSANDRA (O.S.)

Oh, honey. It's always been fucked.

Libby moves into a wincing RUN.

CASSANDRA

And you never had him to start with.

She reaches the park fence, BARKS following her. She squeezes through the fence, CLANKING the handcuffs.

EXT. COPSE - PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

Libby runs through sparse woodland. She hides behind a tree, WHEEZING. The BARKS from behind force her to carry on.

EXT. CAR PARK/GATE - NIGHT

Cassandra's knife ENTERS the padlock on the gate and wiggles, POPPING the lock. She removes it and pulls the gate wide, allowing the rabid dogs to SPRINT inside.

EXT. COPSE - PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

The dogs run as a pair through the copse. One stops to SNIFF at the ground and the other BARRELS forward.

A CRUNCH from the side: the SNIFFING Hound's ears prick up and it follows the source, GALLOPING between trees.

EXT. CLEARING - PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

The Hound enters a small clearing and SMELLS the leaves. Some are flecked with blood. It cocks its head to the side.

Another CRUNCH behind it. The dog WHINES and his ears droop.

EXT. COPSE - PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

Cassie follows Libby's trail, scalpel held in front.

A BARK from the clearing. She turns to its direction, relieved. A YELP follows cut off midway. Not so relieved.

EXT. CLEARING - PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

The clearing is SILENT as Cassie enters. She sees it.

Well, half of it. Her Hound has been torn in two at the waist, and its back half lies at her feet, guts pouring out.

Cassie GASPS and steps away, trips and falls onto her back.

The Hound's face meets her, eyes removed and snout mangled. She SCREAMS and crawls away, HYPERVENTILATING.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

Libby limps out of the copse into the open - a moonlit field on one side, a pond with a footbridge on the other. Opts for the field -- sees a dark shape bounding across the grass.

She hustles for the bridge as the Hound closes in, grasping at the rail to stay up. Libby's barely at the middle when the Hound SKIDS to a halt at the beginning.

LIBBY  
Fuck, fuck, fuck --

Libby looks ahead - never going to make it. Lifts herself up onto the wall as the dog CHARGES forward -- he leaps, right on target -- Libby leans back and over -- the Hound misses.

SPLASH. SPLASH.

EXT. POND (UNDERWATER) - NIGHT

Libby sinks through the dark water, clothes and bandages billowing above. Glimmers of white light silhouette her.

She lets herself drift for a moment. Calm.

EXT. POND - PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

Libby's face BREAKS the surface and she GASPS for air. Her bandages are off, showing the sore wounds beneath.

Behind, the Hound is THRESHING the water, barely afloat.

Libby struggles to reach a stone in the bridge for support, but it comes loose and PLOPS into the water, almost taking her down. She swims to the edge of the pond.

When she makes it, Libby rests her elbows and head on dry land to catch her breath. The bridge is in view, missing a stone. Behind Libby the dog emits GARGLED BARKS.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

Another stone, now being HEAVED by Libby as she treads alongside the water, watching the STRUGGLING dog.

It's within touching distance of the edge.

Libby gets as close to it as she dares and HURLS the stone into the water --

-- it strikes the dog and both PLUMMET. The water SPLASHES Libby, who hardly blinks. Just watches the BUBBLING water.

Until it STOPS bubbling.

Libby EXHALES. Soaking wet and battered, she looks over the water at the copse, and turns to walk the other way.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - LATER

Cassie emerges from the trees, clothes covered in stains. Sees a shape in the pond. She sneaks to the bridge, wary. When she reaches it she sees the floating shape again.

It's the second Hound, a rag doll with a crushed skull.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

Cassie CREAKS open a small gate leading to a playground.

A small puddle forms underneath the swing set, caused by a steady DRIP, DRIP, DRIP from a seat.

Libby sits in the seat, leaning against the chains and pulling a bandage from her midriff to wrap around her hand.

CASSANDRA

How did you do that?

Libby looks up, fight-weary.

LIBBY

What?

Cassie gestures behind her. Libby shrugs.

LIBBY

I did what I had to.

She eyes the scalpel clutched in Cassie's hand -- smirks.

LIBBY

Are you scared of me, Cassie?

CASSANDRA

Don't call me that. Don't you --

LIBBY

It's real now, isn't it? Things aren't going your way and there's no going back. But it's not too late.

Libby stands up with a GRUNT, holding the JANGLING chain.

LIBBY

There's no need for anyone else to suffer. You could turn yourself in. Maybe doctors could...

She shakes her head at the thought, chuckles. Cassandra gets angry, takes a step forward.

CASSANDRA

You think I take all this lightly?  
You think I wanted it?

LIBBY

Well, you did it. So.

CASSANDRA

It's not a good cause, Elizabeth. But it is just.

LIBBY

What makes you think you have the right to decide that? To rid the world of all the bad guys?

CASSANDRA

You still think he's a good man, don't you? Still under his spell.

Libby shakes her head and steps toward Cassie.

LIBBY

No, I'm not. But he was mine. He was my man.

Cassandra sneers but loses conviction. She drops the scalpel and clenches her fists. She can't look Libby in the eye.

CASSANDRA

You think they're yours, but they only belong to their desire.

Cassie spits on the ground.

CASSANDRA

They're all alike. The only man who meant a damn to me was...I thought he was good. The best. But he left, and he's not coming back.

Libby steps closer. Behind Cassie, a TALL FIGURE stumbles through the dark toward them.

CASSANDRA

He made a selfish choice and I was left to pick up the pieces. We're abused and abandoned in this world, Elizabeth. How can you stand it?

Libby puts her bleeding, trembling hand on Cassandra's. They join hands, holding tight.

LIBBY

I can't. But I won't make it worse.

Cassie pulls away and steps back, revealing DAN behind her.

CASSANDRA

Don't you judge me. You're no better.

Libby notices him. She holds up her hands --

LIBBY

Dan, no!

Dan BATTERS Cassandra with a bundle of chains and she goes down, head bleeding. He DROPS the chains on the ground.

Libby stares: he's nude, penis shrunken and bloody patches between his legs. Swaying, disoriented. Red hands.

He stares at Cassandra and SPITS on her.

LIBBY

Dan, you're...you're back.

Dan's eyes flash at Libby -- he LURCHES toward her, but she's frozen. He opens a mouth of broken teeth to loose a GUTTURAL ROAR -- and lunges for Libby.

She hops to the side and he CRASHES into the swings -- gets TANGLED in the chains, WAILING.

Libby grabs Dan's face and stares into his eyes.

LIBBY

Dan, it's all right -- Dan -- it's me, it's Libby. Don't you know me?

He starts to calm down. Libby watches him with sadness. Confused, he reaches a hand to her throat...

DAN

Libby...?

Dan caresses her neck. Libby is overcome by the touch and starts weeping. His hands move to her face, touch the tears.

Libby UNCHAINS Dan and props him up on her shoulders.

LIBBY

Come on.

They stagger together toward the gate. Blood trickles from between Dan's legs, leaving a trail to Cassandra's body.

INT. SURGERY - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Libby cleans a sedated Dan up on the surgery table.

LIBBY

I can't believe you're back.

DAN

(confused, woozy)

Am...am I back?

Dan looks down his body and shuts his eyes, CRYING quietly.

LIBBY

Dan...why did you do that to her?  
Cassandra.

DAN

You told me what she did. Just...look  
at me. Bitch deserved worse.

Libby wipes iodine below his waist, thinking. Dan HISSES at its sting.

LIBBY

But you didn't know that when you did  
it.

Dan throws his head back, exasperated and dopey.

DAN

Leave it be, Libby. It's done.

Libby pauses, looking at him, but Dan breaks eye contact. She finishes up, puts her things in the bin behind Dan.

LIBBY

No, it isn't.

Libby walks back to him. She strokes his hair, tender but distant. Dan gets more and more irritated as she speaks.

LIBBY

I thought I could help you change, or at least...curb you? That was idiotic. You never wanted to change. You've always been like this. I think you always will be.

Dan GRIPS Libby's wrist and tries to pull her around --

DAN

Listen, I've just fucking --

-- but she BREAKS out of his grasp and moves away, angry.

LIBBY

-- YOU listen, tosser. I put up with so much shit from you -- humiliated myself, grovelled for a tiny piece of your affection -- I loved you so, SO much...and you gave it all away.

Dan lifts himself up, GROANING. He SHUFFLES off the table.

DAN

Loved? You loved me? I just woke up from a living nightmare -- I'm a fucking freak now, and you -- you want to leave? Because I wasn't the perfect boyfriend who told you you were a princess every day? I'm the best you could ever hope for, you ungrateful slag --

LIBBY

Dan, that's enough --

Dan SHUFFLES toward Libby, wobbling.

DAN

No, no! I've had enough of being the bad guy. This is a two-way street. You stayed because you wanted to.

Libby backs into the counter. On the surface: dressings, drugs...a syringe. Dan presses forward, looming over her.

LIBBY

I found Helena that night, you know.

Dan freezes. He looks down, contemplative.

DAN

Is she all right?

LIBBY  
No, Dan. You killed her.

Dan ROARS and grabs Libby's neck, squeezing. She SCRATCHES at his hands, SLAPS his face, but he just smiles and PRESSES harder. Libby GROPEs around on the counter...

Her hand closes on the syringe -- she DRIVES it into Dan's side. He HOWLS and releases her -- she moves out of his reach, circling behind him, COUGHING.

Dan leans on the counter and PULLS the needle out with a GASP. Trembling, he starts to turn -- the handcuff chain slips around his neck -- Libby YANKS hard on the manacle, cutting into his throat. He CHOKES and RAILS against it.

Dan grabs at Libby and BASHES her head, sending her down to the floor -- dragging him with her. Dan lands on Libby, CRUSHING the breath out of her.

He CLAWS at the chain but can't get a grip. GRUNTING, Dan SMASHES his skull into Libby's face. Blind with rage, she YELLS and STRAINS with all she has.

Dan's eyes roll as he SPASMS. Libby SCREAMS at the ceiling.

He goes limp.

Libby rolls Dan's body off hers, her hands still locked to his neck. She lays her head on his shoulder, weeping.

EXT. PLAY PARK - NIGHT

Dan's coil of chains sits next to a splash of dark blood. Further specks lead past the swings and out of the park.

Beyond the park, city lights accompany GUNSHOTS and HOWLS.

INT. KENNELS - ST. FRANCIS HOUSE - NIGHT

Libby leans in the doorway, gazing through the window. FAINT SIRENS outside. A WHINE turns her attention to the Hounds sitting in their cells, watching her. She watches back.

She walks into the surgery then comes back into the hallway, wearing surgical gloves and holding a scalpel.

Libby crouches down to eye level with the dogs and smiles at them. The SIRENS grow LOUDER.

FADE TO BLACK