

"P R O J E C T U N I V E R S A L"

written by

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1. EXT. EASTERN FRONT - BELARUSIAN FOREST - NIGHT (1943)

Moonlight bleeds across a snow-choked forest.
Wind whispers between skeletal trees.

A GERMAN RECON PATROL trudges through the drifts. Five men.
Exhausted. Frozen.

MERTENS (LT.)
Keep eyes sharp. We're near
partisan territory.

A distant SCREAM slices through the trees.

The men stop.

Another scream.
Then a HOWL — deep, wrong, not an animal.

The soldiers raise their rifles.

SOLDIER #1
Sir... wolves don't scream.

A SHADOW darts between trees — too large, too fast.

Gunfire erupts in panic.

Something hits SOLDIER #1 so hard he vanishes upward into
branches.
Blood rains down a beat later.

Chaos. Screams. Snow churns red.

One soldier drops to his knees, trembling.

Out of the darkness steps THE WOLFMAN — huge, snarling, eyes
yellow and sorrowful.

He circles the trembling soldier... then pounces on another
screaming man.

The forest becomes slaughter.

2. EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

Only LIEUTENANT MERTENS remains.
He backs up, slipping on ice, rifle shaking.

The Wolfman stops — sniffs — growls...

Then a SHADOW falls across Mertens.

Boots.

A long coat with a crimson lining.

DRACULA stands over him. Ageless. Calm.

DRACULA (GERMAN)
You should not have come here,
Lieutenant.

MERTENS

(whispers)
Please...

Dracula touches Mertens' cheek gently.

SNAP.
A swift, merciful killing.

The Wolfman pads over, panting, blood steaming in the cold.

Dracula kneels, rests a hand on the creature's head.

DRACULA
The moon sets soon, Lawrence.
Time to go home.

He opens a compact radio.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Nightshade reporting.
Axis patrol eliminated.
Move the Soviet line.

He surveys the carnage.

Snow falls. Bodies steam.

A pale crown of moonlight glints in his eyes.

TITLE CARD:

PROJECT UNIVERSAL

☞ PAGES 6-10

3. INT. OSS WAR ROOM - WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY (1942)

Maps everywhere. Cigarette smoke thick as soup.
Typewriters hammer. Phones ring nonstop.

AGENT EVELYN RYDER (30s) pushes through the chaos with a
stuffed dossier.

She reaches GENERAL MORGAN HARDING (50s) as he barks orders
at senators and staff.

HARDING
We're losing North Africa now?
Christ almighty.

Ryder slams the dossier down.

Photos spill:

- A U-boat torn in half
- German soldiers drained of blood
- Amphibious claw marks on steel
- An opera house collapsed inward
- A huge stitched silhouette

Harding freezes.

RYDER
Sir... this pattern is escalating.

He shuts the dossier quickly.

HARDING
Where did you get these?

RYDER
Intelligence cross-feed.
Some of it wasn't meant for us.

Harding makes a decision.

HARDING
Follow me.

4. INT. OSS ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

They descend past marked levels:

B3
B4
B5
UNAUTHORIZED
(MORE)

B3 (CONT'D)
RESTRICTED
CLASSIFIED

Ryder grips the rail.

RYDER
General... what is this?

No answer.

The elevator sinks even deeper.

5. INT. UNDERGROUND CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Reinforced bulkheads.
Security checkpoints.
Guards with silver rounds and holy water vials.

Ryder slows.

RYDER (CONT'D)
What the hell are you keeping down
here?

HARDING
History.
Leashed.

They stop at a massive steel door marked:

P.U.-01 PROMETHEUS

Harding opens it.

6. INT. PROMETHEUS CELL - CONTINUOUS

A huge reinforced chamber.

Inside sits PROMETHEUS — seven feet tall, stitched, but calm
— reading a physics journal.

He looks up politely.

PROMETHEUS
General. A visitor?

Ryder stares.

RYDER
You... speak.

PROMETHEUS

Quite often.
Though rarely to someone new.

A HUM of electricity pulses.
Prometheus winces.

PROMETHEUS (CONT'D)

If someone could lower the voltage...
I can feel it in my teeth.

Ryder can't look away--his gentleness contradicts everything she imagined.

Harding moves on.

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7. INT. SPECTRE'S CONTAINMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A stark white chamber.
Empty.
Echoing.

Harding opens the viewing window.

Ryder sees nothing.

Then—
A metal chair SCRAPES across the floor by itself.

Ryder jumps.

A faint laugh bounces off the walls.

SPECTRE (O.S.)
You must be Ryder.
Your perfume is... enthusiastic.

Ryder stiffens.

RYDER
Show yourself.

A WRENCH lifts off a nearby table.
Floats.
Points at her.

SPECTRE (O.S.)
Ladies first.

Harding shuts the window abruptly.

HARDING
Don't engage him.
He enjoys reactions.

They keep moving.

8. INT. LEVIATHAN OBSERVATION BAY - CONTINUOUS

A massive saltwater tank extends beyond the walls like a black ocean.

Something moves below the surface.

Large. Smooth. Predatory.

A webbed hand SLAPS against the glass - sudden, powerful.

Ryder recoils.

Bubbles reveal a humanoid figure with scales, gills, and ancient intelligent eyes.

LEVIATHAN, the Gill-Man.

He watches Ryder.

Unblinking.

Curious.

RYDER
Does he... understand us?

HARDING
He understands everything.
He just doesn't care to respond.

Leviathan sinks back into darkness.

9. INT. PHANTOM'S SOUNDPROOF CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

A chamber lined with padded walls and acoustic foam.

A single spotlight.

A grand piano that has seen better days.

A man in a black half-mask adjusts a handheld sonic resonance device strapped to his wrist.

THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

He hums a single note.

HHHHHRRRMM—

The air vibrates.

A nearby wine glass SHATTERS.

He turns to Ryder.

Bows with elegant precision.

She bows back, unsure.

He watches her retreat, expression unreadable behind the mask.

10. INT. OUTER VAULT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

This corridor is different.

Lined with:

Silver crosses

Garlic bulbs

Barbed wire

Vials of blessed water

Crucifix-shaped locking mechanisms

Ryder slows.

RYDER

This... is for one prisoner?

Harding unchains the final blast door.

HARDING

He insisted.

Said it was "courteous."

The door groans open.

11. INT. DRACULA'S VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Dim light.
Luxurious trappings.
A library.
Candles.
A writing desk.

And seated calmly in an armchair—
wearing a tailored black suit—
reading the Los Angeles Times—

DRACULA.

He lowers the paper with graceful precision.

Smiles.

DRACULA
Miss Ryder.
Your pulse is quick.
Fear?
Or anticipation?

She struggles for words.

RYDER
How do you know my name?

DRACULA
Your reputation arrived before you
did.

He stands.
Tall. Elegant.
A presence that bends the room around him.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
General Harding tells me you're to
be our new shepherd.
A brave choice.
Or a foolish one.

Ryder steels herself.

RYDER
I'm here to understand what you
are.

Dracula steps closer.

Too close.

DRACULA

What I am... is necessary.

He smiles – ancient, cold, beautiful, monstrous.

Harding clears his throat.

HARDING

Let's move to the briefing.
We don't want to keep our monsters
waiting.

Dracula flashes a hint of fang.

DRACULA

On the contrary, General.
You always keep us waiting.

He follows them out.

12. INT. PROJECT UNIVERSAL BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

A long metal table.
Blueprints.
Maps of Europe.
Strange artifacts in cases.

The monsters take their seats – an unnerving, unforgettable
sight.

Prometheus sits politely.
Phantom in perfect silence.
Leviathan dripping seawater.
Spectre invisibly shifting in a chair.
Wolfman trembling under a thin chain of silver.

Dracula sits at the head of the table.

Harding stands with Ryder beside him.

He clicks through slides.

HORRIFIC IMAGES:

German occult laboratories

Corpses with rune branding

Tanks melted from within

A colossal lupine shape behind frosted glass

HARDING
Germany's begun its own monster
division.
They call it... Die Dämmerung.

A slide: a towering silhouette with glowing sigils.

HARDING (CONT'D)
This is their crown jewel.
Der Götterwolf.

Wolfman clutches the table.
Eyes amber.
Hands trembling violently.

LUPUS

(hushed, horrified)
No...
Not that.
Not him.

Ryder turns.

RYDER
You recognize it?

LUPUS
It's older than the curse.
Older than men.

A cold silence.

Then Dracula rises calmly.

DRACULA
And it seems our enemies play with
forces they do not understand.
Again.

Harding sets mission orders on the table.

HARDING
We deploy in seventy-two hours.
North Africa.
Your target is Strasser's desert
installation.

Ryder scans the monsters.

They stare back — each for their own reasons.

Dracula folds his arms.

DRACULA

Welcome to the real war, Miss
Ryder.

13. EXT. UNIVERSAL BACKLOT - NIGHT (DISGUISED AIRFIELD)

Heavy fog rolls across fake New York streets and Western
sets.

Nestled between soundstages disguised as storage buildings...
a modified military transport plane idles under dim blackout
lights.

The loading ramp is lowered.
Guards keep a perimeter.

The MONSTER UNIT approaches.

Prometheus walks with slow, heavy, careful steps.

Phantom glides silently.

Wolfman paces, agitated.

Leviathan is transported in a mobile tank.

Spectre's footsteps occasionally appear in dust.

Dracula appears like he was always there.

Ryder stands at the bottom of the ramp holding a clipboard
she doesn't need.

Prometheus stops before her.

PROMETHEUS

Miss Ryder...
Will there be civilians at this
location?

RYDER

We don't expect any. It's remote.
Why?

He lowers his eyes.

PROMETHEUS

Because the last time I was
deployed...
I could not tell the difference
between fear and surrender.

Ryder gently places a hand on his arm — a momentary connection.

RYDER
You will this time.

Prometheus nods once and boards.

14. ON THE RAMP - DRACULA & RYDER

Dracula stops beside Ryder, studying her.

DRACULA
Your scent has changed.
Resolve.
And something else...
Doubt?

RYDER
I'm about to board a plane with six
unkillable beings.
A little doubt seems reasonable.

He smiles — disturbingly warm.

DRACULA
Doubt is human.
Fear is human.
War... unfortunately... is human.

He leans in, almost whispering.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
But monsters, Miss Ryder—
monsters win wars.

He disappears into the plane like a shadow falling backward.

Ryder steels herself and follows.

15. INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - NIGHT (IN FLIGHT)

The interior is reinforced steel, retrofitted for nightmares.

Silver-lined restraints

Water tank for Leviathan

Sound-dampened zone for Phantom

Padded section for Wolfman

Empty seat labeled SPECTRE (invisible)

A coffin-shaped seat for Dracula, unused

Red lights cast everything in an eerie glow.

Ryder sits across from Prometheus, clipboard useless in her lap.

Wolfman paces like a caged animal.

Spectre occasionally appears as footprints or moving buckles.

Phantom hums a deep, unsettling note.

Dracula reads a battered copy of Paradise Lost.

Leviathan's gills flutter in his tank with rhythmic calm.

16. RYDER SPEAKS WITH WOLFMAN

Wolfman sits with arms wrapped around his chest, shaking.

Not from cold.

From fear.

RYDER

Lawrence...

Are you alright?

He avoids eye contact.

LUPUS

The desert.

The moon.

The heat...

It changes the curse.

RYDER

Changes how?

He looks at her — eyes glowing faintly amber.

LUPUS

It gets worse.

A BANG rattles the plane as turbulence hits.

Wolfman snarls involuntarily.

Prometheus tenses.

Ryder swallows hard.

17. RYDER WITH PROMETHEUS

Prometheus adjusts his seat, ensuring the metal doesn't dent beneath him.

Ryder sits beside him.

RYDER

You okay?

PROMETHEUS

I do not fear battle, Miss Ryder.
I fear becoming what they built me
to be.

A beat.

RYDER

You're not a weapon.
You're a person.

Prometheus considers this deeply.

PROMETHEUS

If so...
then I thank you.
People rarely speak to me as if I
am one.

He looks away, lost in thought.

18. INSIDE THE PLANE - DRACULA INTERVENES

Spectre flicks a bolt at Ryder's head.

It stops mid-air.

Held between two elegant pale fingers.

Dracula stands over her.

DRACULA

Spectre.
Behave.

A disembodied laugh echoes.

SPECTRE (O.S.)
 Just stretching my legs...
 wherever they are.

Dracula sits beside Ryder, crossing one leg over the other
 with aristocratic poise.

DRACULA
 You must not show weakness among
 them.
 Predators sense weakness.

RYDER
 They're not predators.
 They're soldiers.

Dracula smiles.

DRACULA
 Miss Ryder...
 we are both.

Another jolt shakes the plane.

Then—

The pilot's voice crackles over the intercom.

PILOT (V.O.)
 Incoming.
 Two Luftwaffe fighters—closing
 fast.

Wolfman growls.
 Phantom straightens.
 Leviathan thrashes in his tank.
 Spectre becomes still.
 Prometheus braces.

Dracula slowly closes his book.

19. DRACULA RISES

He hands Ryder the book.

DRACULA
 Hold my seat for me.

Ryder blinks.

RYDER
 Where are you going?

He glides down the aisle toward the rear hatch.

20. INT/EXT. REAR HATCH - NIGHT

The hatch CRANKS OPEN.

Wind howls through the cabin.

Ryder rushes after him, struggling to keep steady.

Dracula stands in the opening, coat whipping wildly.

The desert night yawns below.

DRACULA

We can't have interruptions before
we land.

He steps out into open air.

Just-

Falls.

Ryder gasps.

Then-

A swirl of hundreds of black bats bursts into view outside
the hatch and rockets toward the German fighters.

The monsters watch silently.

Spectre whispers:

SPECTRE (O.S.)

Show-off.

Ryder grips the edge of the hatch...

and the sky erupts with gunfire and shrieking metal.

21. EXT. DESERT SKY - CONTINUOUS

The swarm of bats SLAMS into the first Messerschmitt like a
living storm.

The pilot SCREAMS as claws and fangs tear through the
cockpit.

The fighter spirals, erupts in a fireball.

The second fighter pulls back, trying to flee.

Too late.

The bats swirl together in mid-air—
coalescing into DRACULA, cape flowing, eyes burning red.

He lands on the wing of the fleeing fighter with supernatural grace.

The German pilot stares in frozen terror as Dracula taps on the glass—

Then RIPS THE CANOPY OFF with one effortless motion.

The desert wind SCREAMS.

Dracula leans in.

DRACULA
You should have stayed home
tonight.

He flicks the pilot out of the cockpit.

The Messerschmitt spirals down into dunes.

Dracula simply steps off the wing..
falling..

...and dissolving back into a cloud of bats.

22. INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Wolfman HOWLS.
Phantom covers his ears.
Leviathan thrashes his tank.

Ryder crawls toward the open hatch.

Suddenly—

Dracula reforms mid-air and glides into the plane, landing smoothly.

He dusts off his coat.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Shall we proceed?

He closes the hatch with one hand.

Ryder stares at him, breathless.

RYDER
You could've...
died.

Dracula grins.

DRACULA
My dear Miss Ryder—
I died long before America was
born.

He returns to his seat as if nothing happened.

23. EXT. NORTH AFRICA - DESERT RIDGE - NIGHT

The transport plane touches down on a makeshift sandstrip
hidden between dunes.

Its lights remain blacked out.

Hard wind whips grit across the team as they disembark.

Ryder steps into the heat—already oppressive even at night.

Wolfman snarls at the moon above.

Leviathan's tank rolls across the sand, sloshing.

Phantom adjusts his sonic mask.

Prometheus shields Ryder from the blowing sand with his
massive frame.

Dracula looks across the dunes toward a faint glow on the
horizon—
electric blue flickers.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Strasser is close.
I smell his arrogance.

24. EXT. DUNE RIDGE / VIEW OF DESERT FACILITY - NIGHT

The team crawls up a dune and peers over.

Below lies a NAZI DESERT FACILITY:

High fences of electrified barbed wire

Spotlights sweeping

Towers with MG-34s

Occult symbols etched into concrete

Tesla coils sparking blue lightning

A central bunker with a dull red glow pulsing from below the sand

Prometheus studies it.

PROMETHEUS

The electricity...
it's unstable.

PHANTOM

(distorted through mask)
The whole place hums off-key.

Ryder unfolds blueprints.

RYDER

Intel says Strasser has been moving
test subjects here from Europe.
Mostly political prisoners...
and "special assets."

Wolfman lowers his head, trembling.

LUPUS

He's making more like me.

Dracula places a hand lightly on his shoulder--
a rare gesture of comfort.

DRACULA

Not like you, Lawrence.

25. EXT. DUNE RIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Ryder gives the order:

RYDER

Universal Unit-move.
Silent infiltration.
No casualties unless necessary.

Spectre's voice floats from nowhere:

SPECTRE (O.S.)
Define "necessary."

RYDER
Don't make me regret bringing you.

SPECTRE (O.S.)
Oh, you will.

He vanishes over the ridge.

Phantom gives Ryder a look—half amusement, half warning—then follows silently.

Leviathan slips from his tank into the sand with shocking smoothness, disappearing beneath.

Prometheus walks forward like a walking fortress.

Wolfman sniffs the air, hackles rising.

Dracula remains perfectly still, eyes fixed on the glowing bunker.

DRACULA
Strasser is not merely
experimenting.
He is summoning.

Ryder grips her sidearm, which she knows is useless.

RYDER
Then we stop him.

Dracula smiles like a man about to stroll into a ballroom—not a battlefield.

DRACULA
After you, Miss Ryder.

The team moves down the ridge, shadows crossing under moonlight—

toward the humming, monstrous heart of Strasser's desert laboratory.

26. EXT. DESERT FACILITY - PERIMETER FENCE - NIGHT

Spotlights sweep across coils of razor wire.

A GUARD smokes a cigarette, bored.

Suddenly—
his cigarette lifts out of his fingers.

Floats in front of his face.

He stares, startled.

GUARD
Was zum Teuf—?

A ghostly hand materializes around his throat—just for a second—
then disappears.

The guard collapses silently into the sand.

SPECTRE (invisible) opens the gate latch with a soft click.

SPECTRE (O.S.)
Step one complete.
Try to keep up, children.

He slips through the fence without a sound.

27. EXT. WATCHTOWER - SAME TIME

Two NAZI SPOTTERS scan the dunes with binoculars.

A faint hum fills the air.

One raises an eyebrow.

SPOTTER #1
Do you hear that?

A low note vibrates the tower.

Windows TREMBLE.

The second spotter reaches for the alarm—

CRACK!

The entire tower's windows EXPLODE inward.

Sonic force ripples the structure.

Both spotters collapse, ears bleeding.

Below, PHANTOM lowers his sonic mask and melt back into the shadows.

His footsteps make no sound.

28. EXT. IRRIGATION CHANNEL - CONTINUOUS

An old stone channel cuts behind the base.
Trickles of recycled water run through it.

A guard patrols lazily.

Bubbles rise from the dark water.

He frowns.

The water goes calm...

...then a SCALY ARM SHOOTS OUT, claws dragging him in.

He vanishes beneath the surface without a sound.

The water settles.

Then a slick, inhuman shape moves gracefully down the channel

—

LEVIATHAN, swimming through sand and water as if they're the same substance.

29. EXT. STORAGE YARD - CONTINUOUS

Rows of parked jeeps, fuel drums, and equipment crates.

A trio of GERMAN SOLDIERS plays cards by lantern light.

One leans back in his chair—
and bumps into something large and unmoving.

SOLDIER

Hans?

You blocking the light?

No answer.

He turns...

PROMETHEUS stands behind him.

Silent.

Immense.

Expression sorrowful.

The soldiers barely have time to scream before he moves.

But he doesn't kill them.

He lifts the table—
 tilts it—
 and drops all three into an empty oil drum, sealing it shut
 with a quiet bend of the metal lid.

He extinguishes the lantern gently.

PROMETHEUS

(soft)
 War is loud enough.

He moves on.

30. EXT. MAIN FACILITY - APPROACH - NIGHT

Ryder, Dracula, Wolfman, and Prometheus regroup beside a
 sandbag wall.

Spectre materializes briefly, dust shimmering around his
 partial outline.

SPECTRE
 Perimeter's blind.
 You're welcome.

Phantom arrives next, nodding to Ryder.

Then Leviathan emerges from a drain grate, water cascading
 down his scaled shoulders.

Ryder glances at all six—

The strangest, most dangerous unit in the world.

She signals forward.

They move toward the MAIN BUNKER DOORS.

A LOW HUM vibrates the concrete.

Wolfman stops, clutching his head.

LUPUS
 No...
 No, he's here.
 I can feel him.
 He's inside.

Ryder steadies him.

RYDER

Who?

Wolfman's voice drops to a trembling whisper.

LUPUS

Der Götterwolf.

A sudden BOOM erupts beneath their feet—
the bunker lights flicker violently.

Dracula tilts his head, senses rising.

DRACULA

Strasser's started the ritual.

Ryder draws her sidearm—useless, but comforting.

RYDER

Then we stop him now.

Dracula gestures to the bunker.

DRACULA

After you, Miss Ryder.
Lead us into hell.

She takes a breath—
and signals the team forward.

They breach the doors...

...into darkness pulsing with blue lightning...

...and the distant, monstrous heartbeat of something waking
below.

31. INT. DESERT FACILITY - MAIN CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The team enters a dark concrete tunnel lit by flickering red
emergency lights.

A deep HUM reverberates through the walls — part machinery,
part... something alive.

Ryder moves carefully, pistol drawn.

Wolfman sniffs the air, uneasy.

Spectre nudges a loose pebble with an invisible foot.

It skitters across the floor.

Prometheus gently places a hand on Ryder's back, guiding her away from hanging rebar.

Dracula walks with a predator's calm, not bothering to hide.

Phantom scans the ceiling, humming low – reading the acoustics.

Leviathan's claws scrape wetly across the floor, droplets falling.

32. INT. HOLDING BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

They turn a corner into a long hall lined with steel cages.

Inside—

HUMANS.

Or what's left of them.

Emaciated prisoners strapped into chairs.
Electrodes drilled into skulls.
Some unconscious.
Some staring blankly.
Some whispering nonsense in broken languages.

Ryder clamps a hand over her mouth.

RYDER

My God...

Prometheus approaches a prisoner who can still speak.

A woman, eyes wild with terror.

WOMAN (GERMAN)

(whisper)
He is making wolves.
With our minds.
With our fear.

Prometheus kneels – his massive frame gentle.

PROMETHEUS

We will free you.
I promise.

Dracula touches one of the electrodes.

He recoils slightly.

DRACULA
 Fear amplified through ritual.
 Strasser is using terror the way
 others use electricity.

Wolfman growls.

Ryder swallows her horror and signals onward.

33. INT. LOWER LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Sparks fly from machinery.
 Tesla coils crackle overhead.
 Glass tubes pulse with glowing blue liquid.

Inside cylindrical tubes are hybrid creatures:

Half-wolf, half-human

Runes carved into their flesh

Eyes glowing faintly

One creature pounds on the glass before collapsing.

Leviathan presses a claw to the tank.

LEVIATHAN

(low growl, translated
 through gesture)
 They're drowning on land.

Phantom's voice muffles through his mask.

PHANTOM

These frequencies...
 He's tuning them to something.

Spectre appears as a faint shimmer.

SPECTRE

This place gives me the creeps.
 And I am the creeps.

Ryder looks at a central console.

The screen shows one word:

GÖTTERWOLF — VITAL SIGNS STABILIZING

Her stomach drops.

34. INT. VIEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They approach a massive circular window of armored glass.

Blue lightning flickers inside the chamber.

Wolfman freezes – trembling like prey sensing a predator.

Ryder puts a hand on him.

RYDER

Lawrence...

What do you see?

He can barely breathe.

LUPUS

He is waking...

The chamber clears.

A silhouette steps forward through steam.

DER GÖTTERWOLF.

Massive.

Runic sigils burned into flesh.

Wolf-headed but humanoid – towering, hunched, glowing with occult power.

A monstrous hybrid of ancient myth and Nazi science.

The Wolfman whimpers – an involuntary, terrified sound.

Dracula's eyes harden.

DRACULA

Strasser never understood
restraint.

The creature turns toward the glass—

And SMASHES its claws against it.

The entire room shakes.

Ryder stumbles backward.

Phantom instinctively raises a hand to his mask.

35. INT. OBSERVATION DECK - SAME TIME

Fluorescent lights flicker as a door creaks open above them.

Footsteps echo.

The team looks up.

Standing on the upper walkway, illuminated by sparking machinery—

wearing a black officer's coat—

smiling with unhinged pride—

HEINRICH STRASSER (40s)

The architect of Nazi occult science.

STRASSER

(cheerfully)

Welcome, my friends!

You're just in time for the birth
of a god.

Dracula steps forward slowly.

His voice ice-cold.

DRACULA

Heinrich.

Still trying to impress me?

Strasser spreads his arms.

STRASSER

You taught me the immortality of
monsters, Count.

I merely... upgraded the curriculum.

He gestures at Der Götterwolf.

STRASSER (CONT'D)

This creature does not fear
crosses.

Nor silver.

Nor daylight.

Nor you.

Wolfman snarls, backing away like a terrified animal.

Prometheus moves protectively toward Ryder.

Leviathan hisses.

Phantom adjusts his mask.

Spectre picks up a scalpel from a nearby tray.

Ryder's pulse quickens.

Strasser grins down at them.

STRASSER (CONT'D)
Shall we begin?

The lights go DARK.

Sirens SCREAM.

Der Götterwolf ROARS—

The bunker shakes—

And chaos erupts.

36. INT. LOWER LAB / MAIN CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

SIRENS WAIL.
Red emergency lights snap on.
Machinery shutters violently.

The thick glass window in front of them begins to CRACK under the force of Der Götterwolf's blows.

Ryder recoils.

RYDER
He's going to break through—

Dracula steps forward, calm, eyes glowing.

DRACULA
Yes.
He is.

A final SMASH—

THE GLASS EXPLODES OUTWARD.

Shards rain across the lab.

The shockwave sends PHANTOM sprawling, RYDER tumbling, PROMETHEUS stumbling back.

Wolfman is hurled across the floor, whimpering.

Der Götterwolf steps through the shattered window—

towering, steaming, snarling, runes glowing blue like smoldering coal.

It fixes its burning gaze on Wolfman.

LUPUS

(shaking)
Please...
No...

Der Götterwolf roars—a deafening, ancient sound that rattles bones.

37. INT. LOWER LAB - BATTLE BEGINS - CONTINUOUS

Prometheus charges first—pure instinct.

He SLAMS into Der Götterwolf, driving it back into a steel support beam.
The beam BUCKLES.

Prometheus looks back at Ryder—

PROMETHEUS

Run.

Der Götterwolf clamps its massive claws around Prometheus's torso and THROWS him into a bank of electrical equipment.

Sparks erupt.
Prometheus convulses.

Phantom rises and fires a SONIC BLAST from his mask.

A concentrated wave slams into the beast, making it stagger.

But Der Götterwolf's runes GLOW BRIGHTER—shielding it.

Phantom gasps.

PHANTOM

It absorbs sound..

Spectre becomes partially visible, slashing at the creature with a scalpel.
The blade breaks.

SPECTRE

Oh, that's just unfair.

Der Götterwolf backhands him.

Spectre's invisible body flies into a medical cabinet.

38. INT. LOWER LAB - RYDER IN DANGER

Ryder's pistol lies useless on the floor.

She scrambles backward as Der Götterwolf turns toward her.

Wolfman lunges and SLAMS into its side—desperate, terrified.

The two were-creatures CLASH—

Teeth gnashing

Claws tearing

Blood spraying

But Der Götterwolf is far stronger.

It pins Wolfman, jaws descending toward his throat.

Ryder screams—

RYDER

LAWRENCE!

Dracula appears behind her in a blur.

He grabs Ryder and pulls her out of Der Götterwolf's reach.

DRACULA

Stay alive.

For now.

He steps forward—

eyes glowing red like burning embers.

39. INT. LOWER LAB - DRACULA ENTERS THE FIGHT

Dracula moves with terrifying elegance.

He SNAPS a steel pipe off a machine—

spins it like a staff—

and STRIKES Der Götterwolf across the jaw.

The wolf staggers, recoiling from supernatural force.

Dracula circles it.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
 Heinrich always did love overlarge
 pets.

The beast roars and slices the air with its claws.

Dracula inches just out of reach—
 moving with impossible speed and grace.

He jabs the steel pipe into a glowing rune on its chest.

Der Götterwolf HOWLS—stunned.

Wolfman rolls free, gasping, bleeding.

Prometheus storms back into view, slightly smoking from
 electricity.

PROMETHEUS

(straining)
 Dracula—MOVE!

He tackles Der Götterwolf from behind, grappling like two
 titans colliding.

Dracula steps aside with aristocratic annoyance as the two
 monsters crash through a wall.

40. INT. OBSERVATION DECK / STRASSER'S ESCAPE - SAME TIME

Strasser watches from the overhead walkway, ecstatic.

He taps a control panel.

Large metal shutters begin SLAMMING DOWN around the building
 — sealing exits.

STRASSER

(to the room)
 Yes...
 Fight.
 Show me which of you deserves to
 survive.

Ryder sees him through the chaos.

She races up the metal stairs.

Phantom, bleeding from the forehead, tries to follow but
 collapses.

Spectre flickers into partial visibility, crawling.

Wolfman drags himself toward Ryder, teeth barred.

Strasser backs into a deeper corridor.

Ryder reaches the walkway and aims her pistol.

RYDER

Strasser!
Stop!

He turns, smiling.

STRASSER

Miss Ryder.
You should not be here.
Mortals break so easily.

He presses another button.

A BLAST DOOR begins closing between them.

Ryder fires three rounds – bullets SPARK off the closing steel.

Strasser vanishes into darkness.

The blast door slams shut.

Ryder pounds on it, breathless.

Behind her–
the battle rages, monstrous and deafening, sparks lighting
the space like hellfire.

She turns and sees Dracula looking up at her from the
shattered lab floor.

Eyes glowing.

A warning.

DRACULA

Miss Ryder–
MOVE.

Der Götterwolf bursts through the wall Prometheus had
smashed, roaring.

Ryder backs away, terrified.

The lights fail.

Red emergency strips flicker.

The facility shakes violently—

As monster fights monster
in a stone-and-steel tomb
of Nazi occult technology.

41. INT. LOWER LAB - CHAOTIC RETREAT - CONTINUOUS

SIRENS BLARE.

Red lights flicker.
The walls shake violently.

Prometheus crashes through a steel column, slamming to the ground.

He groans—sparks dancing across his stitches.

Wolfman limps, bleeding from deep claw wounds.
He whimpers—a sound of fear, not rage.

Leviathan leaps from a shattered tank onto Der Götterwolf's back, claws DIGGING in.

Der Götterwolf HOWLS, thrashing violently, knocking Leviathan into a wall so hard it cracks.

Spectre flickers into half-visibility, crawling along the floor, blood smearing behind him.

Phantom staggers, mask cracked, humming trembling notes to stabilize himself.

Ryder, standing on the walkway above, is frozen—watching literal gods fight a monster born of nightmares.

Dracula leaps upward onto the walkway with effortless grace.

He grabs Ryder's arm.

DRACULA

He's escaping.
Move.

42. INT. OBSERVATION WALKWAY / CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Dracula leads Ryder down the metal walkway into a deeper corridor.

Echoes of battle behind them—
claws, roars, metal bending.

Ryder stumbles, adrenaline surging.

RYDER
We can't leave them—

DRACULA
They will not die.
You will.

Behind them the walkway buckles under a thrown Prometheus,
who smashes through it like tin.

Ryder gasps.

Dracula pulls her into a side corridor just before Der
Götterwolf SLAMS into the walkway where she stood.

Steel SNAPS.

The monster roars after them, eyes glowing blue.

43. INT. SUBLEVEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ryder and Dracula sprint through a narrow corridor lined with
ancient runes carved into stone pillars.

The place is older than the facility—
something Strasser excavated.

Ryder breathes hard, terrified.

RYDER
This place...
It's not German.

Dracula runs a hand along a carved symbol.

DRACULA
No.
Far older.
He has unearthed something he does
not understand.

The HUM grows louder behind them—
Der Götterwolf hunting.

44. INT. SUBLEVEL CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Spectre appears in the control room doorway—

barely visible, flickering in and out like bad film projection.

He's bleeding from a gash on his forehead.

SPECTRE

(tired grin)
Good... you're alive.
Most of me is, anyway.

He collapses against a panel.

Ryder hurries to him.

RYDER

What happened?

SPECTRE

I annoyed the big dog.
Turns out... he bites.

He coughs.

Dracula ignores them and scans the room.

Dozens of switches.
Ancient spell seals.
Tesla coil controls.

DRACULA

Strasser is trying to channel the
Götterwolf's power through the
facility.
We must shut this down.

Spectre gestures weakly.

SPECTRE

Already on it...

He pulls a wire—
and electric arcs explode through the room.

SIRENS SQUEAL.

Lights DIE.

Der Götterwolf HOWLS somewhere behind them.

Ryder grabs Spectre's collar.

RYDER

That didn't help!

SPECTRE

(smiling)
It will...
Trust me.

45. INT. SUBLEVEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A LOW NOTE trembles the air.

Phantom limps into view from another corridor, mask cracked,
blood running down his face.

He presses both hands to the trench-like walls.

Closes his eyes.

He HUMS.

A resonant frequency ripples through the stone.

The entire hallway vibrates.

Dracula nods, recognizing the intent.

DRACULA
You cannot defeat it...
but you can delay it.

Phantom's hum intensifies—
the sound waves create a BARRIER of oscillating air pressure.

Der Götterwolf charges around the corner—
and SLAMS into the sonic wall.

It yelps—confused, enraged.

The runes on its body FLICKER.

But Phantom is bleeding heavily, struggling.

Ryder rushes to him.

RYDER
You're going to collapse—

PHANTOM
(through mask, strained)
Then I collapse after you escape.

Ryder's eyes fill with horror.

Der Götterwolf POUNDS the sonic wall, cracks forming.

Spectre appears beside Ryder, grabbing her arm.

SPECTRE

Time to go, sweetheart.

Dracula lifts Phantom under one arm despite his protests.

Prometheus stumbles around the corner, injured but alive.

Leviathan emerges from a drainage channel, soaking and furious.

Wolfman limps behind him, terrified and shaking.

The team is battered, bleeding, shaken—

but alive.

Der Götterwolf slams again.
The sonic barrier fractures.

Dracula opens a blast door.

DRACULA

MOVE!

They all run through—

Dracula slams the blast door behind them.

Der Götterwolf roars on the other side, claws scraping, metal denting outward.

The team collapses in the dark hallway, gasping and bleeding.

Ryder looks at them—

her monsters.

Her team.

Her responsibility.

RYDER

(soft, shaken)

This mission is blown...

Dracula leans against the wall, blood on his lips.

He wipes it away indignantly.

DRACULA

Miss Ryder...
you have a talent for
understatement.

46. INT. SUBLEVEL TUNNEL EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

A narrow service tunnel slopes upward toward a faint moonlit opening.

The team limps through:

Prometheus shielding Phantom

Leviathan dragging Wolfman forward

Spectre flickering in and out

Ryder clutching her ribs

Dracula walking upright despite a gash across his forehead

Behind them, the blast door BUCKLES outward—

BOOM.

BOOM.

Each hit from Der Götterwolf dents the steel further.

Ryder gasps.

RYDER

He's going to break through—

Dracula grabs her chin sharply, forcing her attention on him.

DRACULA

Listen to me:
Look away from fear.
Look toward survival.

He releases her—and pushes her toward the exit.

Spectre snorts.

SPECTRE

And they say I'm dramatic.

Prometheus shoots him a look.

Spectre shuts up.

47. EXT. SUBLEVEL SAND EXIT - NIGHT

They burst out onto the desert surface through a hidden maintenance hatch.

Cooled nighttime air hits them like a wave.

In the distance:

The desert facility glows an ominous blue, electrical arcs flickering into the sky.

Ryder staggers out, collapsing to her knees.

Phantom nearly falls, but Prometheus catches him.

Wolfman snarls weakly at the sky, bleeding heavily.

Leviathan slaps sand off his arms, irritated and injured.

Spectre sits down in the dirt, invisible except for floating dust and his exasperated sigh.

Dracula emerges last, brushing sand from his coat with aristocratic disdain.

Behind them—

BOOOOOOOM.

The facility's outer walls begin to shudder and collapse.

Lightning bursts upward in pillars.

Ryder watches, horrified.

RYDER
What did Strasser do...?

48. EXT. DESERT FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

The bunker ERUPTS.

Concrete chunks launch skyward.

Tesla coils EXPLODE in showers of blue fire.

Storage tanks detonate.

A plume of unnatural light spirals up like a pillar of lightning.

From within the chaos—

Something enormous LEAPS out onto the sand.

DER GÖTTERWOLF
lands on all fours, roaring into
the night.

Wolfman BURIES his face in his hands, terrified.

LUPUS

(whimpering)
He's free...
He's free...

The beast turns—
sniffs the air—
and SPRINTS into the dunes, disappearing into the darkness.

Dracula's face goes still.

Too still.

DRACULA
A creature like that...
uncontained...
will not hunt soldiers.

Ryder looks at him.

RYDER
What will it hunt?

Dracula meets her gaze.

DRACULA
Anything with a heartbeat.

49. EXT. DESERT RIDGE - LATER

The team has moved a safe distance away.

Moonlight paints the dunes silver.

The facility continues to burn in the distance.

Ryder sits apart from the others, knees hugged to her chest.
Covered in dust.
Hands shaking.

Prometheus approaches quietly and sits beside her, mindful of
the sand shifting under his immense weight.

They sit in silence.

Finally—

PROMETHEUS
It is not your fault.

Ryder swallows hard.

RYDER
I led you in there.
I thought we could contain it.
Strasser.
His creation.
All of it.

Prometheus looks at his massive stitched hands.

PROMETHEUS
The fault belongs to those who
build monsters...
not those who try to stop them.

He looks at her with gentle sincerity.

PROMETHEUS (CONT'D)
This was only our first battle.

Ryder stares ahead.

RYDER
And we lost.

Prometheus looks at the burning ruins.

PROMETHEUS
Then we learn.
And tomorrow, we lose less.

It's the closest thing to comfort she's heard in weeks.

50. EXT. DESERT RIDGE - SAME TIME

Dracula stands on a dune, staring toward the burning facility.

Phantom leans beside him, mask cracked, humming faintly to mend the fractures.

Leviathan digs his claws into the sand as if tasting the vibrations.

Wolfman shivers, wrapped in Prometheus's torn jacket.

Spectre sits fully invisible, only disturbed sand giving him away.

Ryder approaches Dracula.

RYDER
Strasser escaped.
And he took something.

DRACULA

(correcting her)
He took many things.
Artifacts.
Blood samples.
And knowledge he was never meant to
have.

Ryder looks at him carefully.

RYDER
You sound like you know exactly
what he's planning.

Dracula's smile is faint but real.

Dangerous.

DRACULA
Oh, Miss Ryder...
this was never about one monster.
Strasser is building an army.

A shiver runs through the team.

Ryder's breath catches.

RYDER
Then we stop him.

Dracula turns to the burning horizon.

DRACULA
We will.
But first--
we must survive the night.

CUT TO BLACK.

51. EXT. DESERT LANDING SITE - PRE-DAWN

A faint gray line creeps along the horizon.
The first cold breath of dawn.

The MONSTER PLANE sits half-buried in drifting sand, its engines ticking as they cool.

The team approaches – battered, bloody, exhausted.

Prometheus carries Phantom under one arm like a wounded brother.

Leviathan drags Wolfman, who limps heavily.

Spectre limps forward – half-visible, half-swagger.

Dracula walks without hurry, brushing dust from his coat.

Ryder leads them, grim and hollow-eyed.

Harding's voice crackles from the portable radio at her hip.

HARDING (V.O.)
Ryder, report.
Status of target?

She hesitates.

Tired. Ashamed.

RYDER
Mission...
failed, sir.

A long, dangerous silence.

HARDING (V.O.)
Get back to base.
Now.

Ryder clicks the radio off, unable to bear the tone.

52. INT. MONSTER TRANSPORT PLANE - MINUTES LATER

The engines WHINE to life.

Inside, the team sits in silence.

Wolfman curls into a corner, shivering.
Leviathan hunches beside him, oddly protective.

Phantom braces himself, mask humming weakly, fissures glowing as he self-repairs.

Spectre sprawls across three seats, muttering.

Prometheus sits upright, refusing to rest in case someone needs him.

Ryder sits beside him.
She can't meet anyone's eyes.

Dracula stands near the hatch, arms crossed.

He watches Ryder.

She finally looks up.

RYDER
Say it.

DRACULA
Say what?

RYDER
That I wasn't ready.
That I failed you.
That I should've kept my team
alive.

Dracula steps closer.

DRACULA
If they were dead, you would not
hear me speak so softly.

He kneels down slightly so he can look directly into her eyes.

A rare act of humility.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Failure is how mortals learn.
And how monsters evolve.

He stands.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
This war is bigger than your fear.

Ryder exhales shakily.

Prometheus places a hand gently on her shoulder.

Reassuring.
Warm.
Steady.

She nods once — gathering herself.

53. EXT. DESERT — SAME TIME

Far from the plane...

Footprints in the sand.
Massive. Deep.

Der Götterwolf's trail.

A shredded German patrol lies strewn across the dunes —
bodies torn, weapons mangled.

A lone survivor crawls through the sand, gasping.

He looks up and sees—

Der Götterwolf silhouetted against the last stars.

The beast lifts its head.
Sniffs the wind.

Then sprints off into the open desert, leaving the man
sobbing in terror.

54. INT. OSS WAR ROOM — HOURS LATER — DAY

Harding stands over a map table like a storm about to break.

Ryder and the Monster Unit stand opposite him.

The OSS STAFF — colonels, analysts, senators — stare at the
monsters with open fear.

Wolfman hides behind Prometheus.
Spectre lounges invisibly in a chair, feet propped up.
Leviathan drips seawater across the pristine floor.
Phantom leans silently against a pillar.
Dracula stands perfectly still — a regal statue.

Harding slams a file down.

HARDING
ONE objective.
ONE target.
And you lost it.

Ryder opens her mouth—
Dracula speaks first.

DRACULA
We did not "lose" it.
It broke free.

Harding glares at him.

HARDING
You're supposed to prevent that.

DRACULA
Heinrich has surpassed even my
expectations.
A fact I find... irritating.

A staffer blurts out:

STAFFER
Why the hell are we relying on
monsters to win this war?!

Prometheus stiffens.

Wolfman growls.

Leviathan narrows his black eyes.

Spectre laughs – unsettling and amused.

Dracula tilts his head.

DRACULA
Perhaps because monsters hunt
monsters.
Or would you prefer to send
schoolboys with rifles?

Harding slams his fist on the table.

HARDING
ENOUGH.

The room falls silent.

Ryder steps forward.

RYDER
General...
blame me.
Not them.

Harding studies her.
Eyes cold.

55. INT. OSS WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harding exhales hard.

Unfolds a classified map of Europe — new red lines.
German advances.
Strasser's movements.

He looks at Ryder, then the monsters.

HARDING

We've intercepted enough chatter to
confirm Strasser's headed back to
Europe.
He's consolidating his resources.
He's building something bigger.

The room tightens.

RYDER

Bigger than the Götterwolf?

Harding nods grimly.

HARDING

He's found artifacts.
Ancient ones.
From the Balkans.

Dracula's eyes flash.

Ryder notices.

RYDER

You know what he's after.

Dracula gives no answer.

But the silence is the answer.

Harding rolls up the map.

HARDING

Pack your things.
You're shipping out.
France first. Then Poland. Then
Austria.
Strasser's leaving a trail.
And you're going to follow it.

Prometheus looks at Ryder.

Phantom straightens.

Wolfman trembles.

Spectre grins.

Leviathan flexes his claws.

Dracula smiles—
but not pleasantly.

DRACULA
The real war begins.

Harding glares at him.

HARDING
If you fail again—
I'll consider you all expendable.

Dracula's smile widens.

DRACULA
General...
that's adorable.

CUT TO BLACK.

56. EXT. ENGLISH CHANNEL DOCKYARD - NIGHT

Fog rolls over a dark naval dock shrouded in blackout conditions.

A camouflaged Allied transport ship waits, engines humming softly.

Armed MPs make a perimeter, their faces tight with unease. They don't dare look directly at the creatures boarding.

Ryder steps onto the gangplank first, clipboard under her arm, hair tied back in a no-nonsense bun.

Prometheus follows, boards carefully — the plank creaks dangerously under his weight.

Wolfman slinks aboard, hood up, avoiding lantern light.

Spectre bumps into a sailor — unseen — knocking him off-balance.

SAILOR
Hey! Watch wh—

(stops, confused)
What the hell...?

Spectre's disembodied laugh drifts past him.

Phantom glides up the ramp, mask reflecting moonlight,
sailors stepping aside instinctively.

Leviathan climbs aboard last, dripping sea water across the
deck.

Dracula doesn't walk.
He simply appears on the deck, coat rippling in the breeze.

Sailors freeze.

One crosses himself.

Dracula smirks slightly.

57. INT. SHIP - BELOW DECKS - NIGHT

A reinforced hold has been emptied for the team.

Crates.

Hammocks.

Dim emergency lanterns swinging with the motion of the sea.

Prometheus sits cross-legged, repairing one of Phantom's
sonic emitters with surprising finesse.

Phantom watches him silently, touched.

Spectre hangs upside-down from a ceiling pipe, invisible
except for the occasional shimmer.

Leviathan lounges in a saltwater tank hastily assembled from
tarps and barrels.

Wolfman sits alone, staring at his hands, trembling.

Ryder approaches him cautiously.

RYDER

Lawrence...
What happened back there—
what you felt—
it wasn't your fault.

Wolfman shakes his head violently.

LUPUS

You don't understand.
Götterwolf...
He's not just a monster.
(MORE)

LUPUS (CONT'D)
He's the origin of the curse.
The first.
The true.

Ryder's breath catches.

A myth suddenly feels very real.

58. INT. SHIP - CAPTAIN'S CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ryder knocks on a cabin door.

It opens by itself.

Dracula stands inside, coat removed, shirt sleeves rolled up.

He looks strangely... human.
Like a man at rest.

The room is dark except for moonlight and the faint glow of a map spread across a table.

Dracula traces a claw-like fingernail over a Balkan mountain range.

Ryder steps in.

RYDER
You knew Strasser was headed here.

Dracula doesn't deny it.

DRACULA
Some secrets must be earned.
Others must be revealed at the proper time.

RYDER
Tell me now.

He studies her - evaluating her resolve.

DRACULA
He seeks three relics taken from my ancestral home.
He plans to unlock a power even I dared not touch.
If he does...
your world burns.

Ryder steps closer.

RYDER

Then help me stop him.
No riddles.
No games.

Dracula's expression softens — almost imperceptibly.

DRACULA

For the first time in a century...
someone speaks to me as though I am
a man.

A beat.

Distant thunder rolls across the Channel.

59. EXT. OCCUPIED FRANCE - FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

A Nazi convoy trundles along a forest path — supply trucks,
an armored car, soldiers.

Fog blankets the road.

A SOLDIER riding shotgun adjusts the radio.

RADIO (STATIC)

...unconfirmed reports of a creature
attack... casualties...

He frowns.

The headlights flicker.

A GROWL rises from the darkness.

Not an animal's growl.

Something older.
Hungrier.

The trees SHAKE.

The driver panics.

DRIVER

What was that—?

Suddenly—
a MASSIVE SHADOW leaps from the treeline—

DER GÖTTERWOLF.

It lands on the lead truck, crushing the hood with a single blow.

Screams.
Gunfire.
Chaos.

The creature tears through the convoy with supernatural fury.

One soldier manages to fire a flare.

The light illuminates the monster fully—

Runes glowing blue.
Eyes burning.
Steam rising off its fur.

It howls — a sound that chills the forest for miles.

Then disappears into the night.

60. INT. SHIP - BELOW DECKS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Wolfman jerks awake — heart racing.

He senses something distant.
Something catastrophic.

Prometheus looks up from repairing gear.

PROMETHEUS

Bad dream?

Wolfman's nostrils flare.

LUPUS

No.
He's closer.

Ryder enters the room, pale and shaken.

They all turn to her.

RYDER

We just intercepted a report.
A Nazi convoy in France was wiped
out.
Every soldier torn apart.

Wolfman stands, trembling.

LUPUS
He hunts ahead of us.

Dracula steps from the shadows — he was already awake.

DRACULA
Strasser wants Europe drowned in
fear.
So he sends his masterpiece first.

Ryder swallows.

RYDER
Then France is our next stop.

Dracula smiles.

Cold.
Determined.

DRACULA
France...
and then the world beyond it.

CUT TO BLACK.

61. EXT. FRENCH COAST - PRE-DAWN

Fog smothers the gray horizon.
Cold surf smashes against jagged rocks.

The Allied transport ship anchors offshore under blackout.

A small landing craft moves silently toward a hidden cove.

Ryder stands at the bow, coat whipping in the wind.

Behind her:

Prometheus sits still as stone.

Leviathan crouches low, gills fluttering.

Phantom adjusts his cracked mask.

Spectre lounges invisibly across the railing.

Wolfman trembles, sniffing the damp air.

Dracula stands upright, unaffected by the motion of the sea.

The landing craft bumps against pebbles.

The team disembarks.

Ryder steps onto French soil.

RYDER

(whisper)

Welcome to occupied France.

62. EXT. FRENCH COASTAL VILLAGE - DAWN

A tiny fishing village shrouded in fog.

Windows boarded.

Doors barred.

No signs of life.

Prometheus scans the quiet streets.

PROMETHEUS

This place feels... abandoned.

Phantom hums a low note — the sound waves echo strangely.

Spectre becomes partially visible as he leans against a stone wall.

SPECTRE

It was abandoned.

But not by choice.

Dracula crouches, examining a patch of disturbed earth.

He swipes two fingers across the soil, then tastes it.

Ryder recoils.

RYDER

Please tell me that's not dirt.

Dracula stands.

DRACULA

Blood.

Two days old.

Six victims dragged inland.

Wolfman suddenly clutches his head.

LUPUS

He's close.
The First.
He left his scent here.

Ryder tenses.

RYDER

Did he take the villagers?

Wolfman nods, eyes shining amber.

LUPUS

He took them... for transformation.

Prometheus grimaces.

PROMETHEUS

You mean Strasser is making-

Wolfman cuts him off, voice breaking.

LUPUS

A werewolf battalion.

63. EXT. WOODED PATH - HEADING INLAND - MORNING

The team moves silently through a forest shrouded in mist.

Birds do not sing.

No wind.

A dead hush.

Ryder walks beside Prometheus.

RYDER

I've never seen him like this.
Wolfman-
He's terrified.

Prometheus murmurs gently.

PROMETHEUS

Fear is a sign of humanity.
Even in us.

Ahead, Wolfman suddenly stops.
Sniffs.

Freezes.

LUPUS
Something's wrong.

Spectre floats ahead invisibly.

SPECTRE (O.S.)
Well that's not ominous at all—

He stops talking.

Hard.

Ryder frowns.

RYDER
Spectre?

No answer.

64. EXT. FOREST CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

They enter a clearing.

Spectre hovers in mid-air —
trapped in a massive invisible net of runic strings woven
between ancient oak trees.

The shimmer of his outlined body crackles with static.

SPECTRE
Oh COME ON—
not again!
This is sorcery, isn't it?
Tell me this is sorcery.

Phantom steps forward, scanning the pattern.

PHANTOM

(through mask)
Precision work.
Sound-based trap.
He's studying me.

Ryder looks disturbed.

RYDER
Strasser built this for one of you?

Phantom nods grimly.

Dracula examines the runes.

DRACULA

Balkan symbols fused with German engineering.
Strasser's genius is becoming..
inconvenient.

Wolfman's breathing accelerates.

LUPUS

This is him.
The Götterwolf.
He passed through here.

Leviathan slices the runic cords with razor claws —
they snap with a POP of energy, releasing Spectre.

Spectre tumbles to the ground in an undignified heap.

SPECTRE

Thanks.
I guess.

65. EXT. RUINED BARN - EDGE OF VILLAGE - LATER

A dilapidated barn sits in a clearing.
Half collapsed.
Nazi trucks parked outside.
Faint screams drift from within.

The team approaches cautiously.

Prometheus puts a protective arm in front of Ryder.

PROMETHEUS

Stay behind me.

Ryder nods, pistol ready.

Wolfman trembles uncontrollably.

RYDER

Lawrence—
If you need to pull back—

He shakes his head violently.

LUPUS

He's in there.
The First.
And so are the villagers.

Dracula leans in, whispered voice cold and certain.

DRACULA
Prepare yourselves.

Spectre vanishes.
Phantom steps forward, mask humming low.
Leviathan tenses.
Prometheus clenches his fists.

Ryder takes a breath.

Kicks the barn door open.

Inside—
a horrific sight awaits them:

Villagers strapped to makeshift slabs, their bodies
convulsing, fur sprouting, eyes glowing—
Strasser's werewolf amplification chamber.

Fresh footprints — massive, lupine — lead out the back.

Der Götterwolf has already been here.

The transformation has begun.

Ryder stares in horror.

RYDER
What has he done...?

Wolfman collapses to his knees, covering his ears.

LUPUS
He's making more like ME!

Dracula steps forward, eyes burning.

DRACULA
Not like you, Lawrence.
Worse.
Much worse.

CUT TO BLACK.

66. INT. RUINED BARN - CONTINUOUS

Moonlight pierces through broken roof slats.

The villagers lie strapped to crude metal tables:

Bones snapping under their skin

Fingers extending into claws

Eyes glowing sickly gold
 Veins pulsing black
 Breath ragged, animalistic
 Ryder covers her mouth, horrified.

RYDER
 Strasser didn't just take them..
 He's changing them.

Wolfman trembles uncontrollably.

Prometheus kneels beside a middle-aged woman whose
 transformation is halfway complete.

Her jaw distends.
 Her spine arches.
 She WHIMPERS like a terrified child.

PROMETHEUS

(soft)
 Let me help you...

He touches her forehead gently—
 but jerks back as her skin sizzles with arcane energy.

Phantom places a hand on the table, humming lightly.

The vibrations stabilize the woman's agony briefly.

She looks at Ryder with human eyes—

WOMAN (WEAK)
 Please..
 kill me...

Ryder flinches.

Wolfman collapses to the dirt, sobbing.

LUPUS

(whispering)
 I can't watch this..
 I CAN'T!

Dracula places a hand on his shoulder — firm, commanding.

DRACULA
 You will.
 For their sake.

67. INT. BARN - SECOND ROW OF TABLES - MOMENTS LATER

Spectre reappears behind Ryder.

SPECTRE

We got movement in the back.
Something big.

Ryder nods grimly.

Leviathan moves to cover the rear exit, muscles coiled.

Phantom continues humming over the victims - easing pain but unable to halt the transformation.

Prometheus steps behind one writhing villager whose bones are cracking violently.

He can't bear it.

He looks to Ryder.

PROMETHEUS

Tell me what to do.

Ryder's eyes fill with dread.

Silence hangs.

Then-

A loud CLANG from the back of the barn.

Everyone whirls-

-except Wolfman, who's frozen in absolute terror.

68. INT. BARN - BACK WALL - CONTINUOUS

A massive figure steps from the shadows-

A TRANSFORMED VILLAGER.

The first to complete the
metamorphosis.

Half-man, half-beast.

Eyes glowing gold.

Inhuman fangs.

Muscles distorting under torn skin.

Not Der Götterwolf—
but a prototype.

A WEREWOLF SOLDIER.

It sniffs.
Growls.

Ryder inches back.

Prometheus stands in front of her.

PROMETHEUS
Stay behind me.

The werewolf soldier snarls and CHARGES.

Prometheus grabs it by the throat—
but it's stronger than expected—
and SLAMS him through a timber beam.

Phantom fires a sonic blast.

The creature howls, staggering.

Leviathan leaps from behind and claws its back, ripping fur
and flesh.

Spectre jumps onto its shoulders, stabbing with a scalpel.

The scalpel bends.

SPECTRE
Oh COME ON—!

The werewolf flings him across the barn.

69. INT. BARN - CHAOS - CONTINUOUS

Wolfman remains curled in a ball, shaking violently.

Ryder crawls to him, frantic.

RYDER
Lawrence—
I need you!
You have to fight this!

He shakes his head.

LUPUS

You don't understand—
He made them stronger than me.

Ryder grabs his face, forces eye contact.

RYDER

But not smarter.
Not kinder.
Not you.

A beat.

Wolfman's trembling slows.

His eyes brighten—human for a moment.

Ryder pulls him up.

Behind them, the werewolf soldier claws down Prometheus,
leaving gashes across his stitched flesh.

Prometheus roars in pain.

Dracula steps forward, finally intervening.

His eyes burn red.

DRACULA

Enough.

He blurs forward—
grabs the werewolf by the skull—
and SLAMS it into a support beam, splintering wood.

The creature thrashes violently.

Dracula bares his fangs—

But he doesn't bite.

He pins the creature and growls into its snarling face:

DRACULA (CONT'D)

You are a pale imitation of a god.

He snaps its neck with one elegant, vicious twist.

The barn falls silent.

70. INT. BARN - AFTERMATH - CONTINUOUS

The team regroups.

Prometheus bleeds heavily but stays upright.

Phantom kneels, mask humming as he checks the villagers' vitals.

Leviathan cleans blood off his claws in a bucket of rainwater.

Spectre sprawls on a crate, invisible except for floating dust.

Wolfman sobs quietly, leaning into Ryder.

Dracula wipes his hands with a strip of cloth, disgusted.

Ryder looks around.

Her voice breaks.

RYDER

We can't leave them like this..

Phantom shakes his head.

PHANTOM

They're too far gone.

The transformation will complete by moonrise.

Wolfman lets out a strangled whine.

Prometheus looks at Ryder.

PROMETHEUS

Your call.

Ryder swallows.

Hard.

Horrified.

Resolute.

RYDER

We put them out of their suffering.

Silence.

Dracula nods approvingly – not at the violence, but at her leadership.

Wolfman buries his face in his hands.

Spectre gives a slow, solemn salute.

Phantom hums a requiem tone — low, mournful, haunting.

Ryder whispers the words as if they're tearing her apart:

RYDER (CONT'D)

Do it.

Prometheus gently lowers his head.

Phantom's hum deepens.

Leviathan closes his eyes.

Dracula steps forward, almost tenderly.

DRACULA

Miss Ryder...
look away.

Ryder turns.

A beat.

Then—

SCREAMS.

THEN SILENCE.

CUT TO BLACK.

71. EXT. FOREST OUTSKIRTS - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun dips low, turning the forest gold.

Smoke wisps from the ruined barn behind them.

The team moves in grim silence.

Prometheus carries a wounded Phantom on his back.

Spectre limps invisibly alongside Ryder.

Leviathan slinks through the underbrush.

Wolfman keeps his head down, avoiding their eyes.

Dracula walks ahead, reading the land like a book.

Ryder approaches him.

RYDER

You didn't hesitate back there.
With the transformed villagers.

Dracula's expression remains icy.

DRACULA

Mercy is not always gentle.
Sometimes it is swift.

Ryder absorbs that.

Wolfman snarls softly behind them.

LUPUS

(strained whisper)
The First was here..
I can smell him..

He trembles violently, nearly dropping to his knees.

Ryder steadies him.

RYDER

Stay with me, Lawrence.
We're in this together.

Wolfman nods, shaking.

72. EXT. RESISTANCE HIDEOUT - FOREST CAVE - EVENING

A narrow crevice in the rocky hillside reveals a hidden entrance.

Ryder signals.
The team approaches cautiously.

A RIFLE COCKS.

French Resistance fighters emerge from behind stones and brush —
young men and women with steely eyes.

One steps forward:

MADELEINE (late 20s) — confident, hardened, fearless.

She looks the team over —
pausing longest on Dracula.

MADELEINE

(in French)
You must be the Americans.

Ryder steps forward.

RYDER

OSS.

We're tracking a Nazi scientist—
Heinrich Strasser.

Madeleine's eyes darken.

MADELEINE

We know his name.
He passed this way a day ago.
With trucks.
Boxes.
And... creatures.

Wolfman flinches.

Dracula steps closer to Madeleine.

DRACULA

What kind of creatures?

MADELEINE

Wolves that walked upright.
And something... enormous... moving in
the trees.

Wolfman shudders.

Ryder meets Madeleine's gaze.

RYDER

We need your help.
Can you take us to where they went?

Madeleine gestures toward the mountains.

MADELEINE

Strasser is headed east.
Toward Reich-held territory.

Dracula murmurs:

DRACULA

Toward my homeland.

73. INT. RESISTANCE CAVE - NIGHT

The Resistance hideout is carved into the stone — makeshift
tables, maps, radios.

A crackling phonograph plays low-volume propaganda broadcasts
intercepted from Nazi lines.

One begins suddenly:

STRASSER (V.O.)

(over phonograph,
triumphant)
To all loyal officers of the Reich--
the age of human weakness is
ending.

The team tenses.

Ryder rushes to the phonograph.

Strasser's eerie voice continues:

STRASSER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Our new soldiers will feel no fear...
no pain...
no doubt.
They will bring order to the world.

Wolfman covers his ears, shaking as if Strasser's voice is a command.

Dracula lowers the volume with one finger.

DRACULA
Listening to him is a kind of
poison.
Do not let it infect you.

Madeleine watches Dracula warily.

MADELEINE
You're not...
human, are you?

Spectre appears suddenly behind her, causing her to jump.

SPECTRE
Sweetheart, none of us are.

Prometheus gently lifts him by his shirt and sets him aside.

74. EXT. FRENCH FOREST - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Der Götterwolf prowls through the trees.

Its hulking form blends into the darkness.
The runes on its body glow brighter with each passing hour.

A German patrol moves through the forest.

A SOLDIER freezes, sensing something.

SOLDIER
Was ist das—?

The Götterwolf drops from above like a meteor.

Screams.
Gunfire.
Silence.

The creature sniffs the air.

It senses... familiarity.

Another wolf nearby.

75. INT. RESISTANCE CAVE - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

Wolfman sits alone, curled in a dark corner, shaking violently.

Ryder enters quietly.

RYDER
Talk to me, Lawrence.
What's happening?

He looks up, eyes glowing faintly gold.

LUPUS
He's calling to me.

Ryder kneels before him.

RYDER
Who?

LUPUS
The First.
The Götterwolf.
He wants me to join him.
To become what he is.

A tear rolls down his face.

LUPUS (CONT'D)
I don't know if I can resist him.

Ryder grips his hands.

RYDER
You're not alone.
You have us.

A deep, ancient HOWL echoes through the forest outside —
the same howl from the Eastern Front.

Wolfman recoils, clutching his ears.

Ryder whispers:

RYDER (CONT'D)
What does it mean?

Wolfman's voice is barely a breath.

LUPUS
It means he's close.
And he wants his pack.

CUT TO BLACK.

76. EXT. FOREST ROAD - EARLY MORNING

Fog clings to the ground.
A Resistance recon unit leads Ryder and the Monster Team
toward a narrow dirt road cutting through the woods.

Madeleine signals a halt.

She points to tire tracks — fresh, heavy, deep grooves.

MADELEINE
Strasser's convoy passed here last
night.
If we're lucky, there's something
left behind.

Wolfman sniffs the air — his pupils dilate.

LUPUS
There's blood.
Old... and new.

Spectre floats ahead, visible only as a shimmer bending the
leaves.

Prometheus moves like a silent giant, scanning the treeline.

Phantom hums faintly, testing the acoustics of the forest.

Ryder turns to Dracula.

RYDER

If Strasser took something from
your homeland—
What was it?

Dracula's expression hardens.

DRACULA

Not what.
Who.

Ryder stares, unsettled.

Before she can ask—

A distant SNAP echoes through the trees.

Madeleine holds up a fist.

Silence.

Then—

ROARING.

77. EXT. FOREST ROAD - AMBUSH - CONTINUOUS

Two massive shapes BURST from the treeline.

WEREWOLF SOLDIERS — larger than the barn creature, muscles
bulging, veins pulsing black with Strasser's serum.

They barrel toward the Resistance fighters.

Chaos erupts.

Madeleine fires her rifle — bullets barely slow the beasts.

Prometheus charges, intercepting the first werewolf mid-leap
and smashing it into a tree.

The blow shakes the forest.

Phantom unleashes a SONIC BLAST — the wave ripples through
fog, knocking the second werewolf sideways into a ditch.

Spectre leaps onto its back, stabbing wildly with a captured
bayonet.

SPECTRE

WHY DON'T ANY OF YOU PEOPLE DIE
PROPERLY?!

The creature bucks violently, flinging him into a bush.

Ryder fires at the werewolf attacking Madeleine — useless.

The creature lunges for Ryder.

Dracula blurs between them —
shoves Ryder aside —
and takes the hit himself, thrown back into a tree trunk,
cracking it.

Dracula rises slowly, eyes glowing hell-red.

78. EXT. FOREST ROAD - LEVIATHAN'S MOMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ryder scrambles backward as the werewolf lunges again—

Suddenly—

LEVIATHAN bursts from a shallow stream beside the road, claws
extended, jaws widening.

He SLAMS into the werewolf, dragging it across the ground,
tearing into its flank with primal fury.

It's the first time Ryder has seen Leviathan fight without
restraint.

Dracula watches with mild surprise.

DRACULA

Do not anger the amphibian.
Noted.

The werewolf throws Leviathan off —
but Leviathan lands on all fours, snarling, gills flaring
like wings.

He pounces again.

79. EXT. FOREST ROAD - FIGHT PEAK - CONTINUOUS

Prometheus grapples the other werewolf —
its claws tearing open his shoulder, sparks erupting from
inside his stitches.

PROMETHEUS

(grunting)
Hold... STILL!

He SLAMS the creature's head into a boulder.
The boulder cracks.

Spectre flickers beside him.

SPECTRE

(cheerfully)
Tag me in?

Prometheus grabs Spectre by the collar and FLINGS him onto the werewolf's back like a missile.

Spectre laughs maniacally as he hacks at the creature's spine.

Phantom staggers but unleashes another sonic blast, destabilizing both beasts.

Wolfman stands frozen – sensing something deeper.

His eyes roll back.

His claws extend involuntarily.

LUPUS

(whispering)
He's calling me...
The First...
He's close...

Ryder grabs his arm.

RYDER

Lawrence!
Fight it!

Wolfman snarls, fangs bared—
but pulls back from attacking her.

Barely.

80. EXT. FOREST ROAD - AFTERMATH - MOMENTS LATER

Dracula appears behind one werewolf soldier and twists its neck sharply —
the spine SNAPS.

Leviathan tears out the throat of the second werewolf, then steps back, chest heaving.

Fog settles around them.

Madeleine stares, horrified and in awe.

MADELEINE

Mon Dieu...
You are demons.

Dracula turns to her calmly, wiping blood from his sleeve.

DRACULA

No.
We are your allies.

Spectre flickers into view, holding an object he pulled from a werewolf's harness.

A carved, ancient piece of bone.

Runic.
Blackened.
Ominous.

Phantom's mask vibrates as he scans it.

PHANTOM

It resonates.
This is no weapon.
It's a key.

Dracula steps forward, staring at the artifact.

A shadow crosses his face.

DRACULA

The first relic.
Strasser is collecting them.

Ryder looks at him sharply.

RYDER

And the others?

Dracula meets her eyes.

DRACULA

Poland.
And Austria.

Ryder inhales sharply.

RYDER

Then we move now.

Wolfman shivers violently.

LUPUS
He's waiting for us.
The First.
He's drawing me in.

Ryder steadies him as the forest wind carries a deep, ancient howl across the trees.

CUT TO BLACK.

81. EXT. RESISTANCE CAVE - LATER THAT NIGHT

A storm brews over the forest.

Inside the cave, lanterns flicker against stone walls.
Rain begins to pound outside, echoing like distant artillery.

The team gathers around a makeshift table covered in maps and ration tins.

Prometheus sits motionless, wounds crudely stitched with parachute cords.
Phantom adjusts his cracked sonic mask.
Spectre lounges invisibly on a crate, humming the wrong tune.

Wolfman crouches in a dark corner, clutching his head in both hands.

Leviathan watches him from a shadowy pool formed by rainwater.

Ryder approaches Dracula, who stands studying the relic – the rune-carved bone – by candlelight.

RYDER
You said it's the first relic.
So what are they?

Dracula turns the bone over, eyes reflecting candle flame.

DRACULA
In my homeland... long before men
wrote history...
three powers ruled the night.

He draws three symbols in the dust:

1. A wolf rune
2. A spiral sun
3. A blood drop

Ryder studies them.

RYDER
They look ancient.

DRACULA
They are older than my line.
Older than empires.
Older than fear itself.

He holds up the bone relic.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
This belongs to the Wolf-God — the
First.
Der Götterwolf is not merely a
creature.
He is a vessel.

Ryder stiffens.

RYDER
A vessel for what?

Dracula meets her gaze.

DRACULA
Power beyond this world.

A thunderclap shakes the cave.

82. INT. RESISTANCE CAVE - BACK CHAMBER - SAME TIME

Wolfman's breathing grows ragged.
His claws lengthen.
His eyes flicker between human and gold.

He rocks back and forth, mumbling.

LUPUS
Don't listen...
Don't listen...
DON'T LISTEN...

Spectre flickers into half-visibility beside him.

SPECTRE
Oh boy. Here we go.
Hairball's having a breakdown.

Phantom appears in the doorway, mask humming.

PHANTOM

(firm)
Leave him alone.

Spectre shrugs exaggeratedly.

SPECTRE
Just making conversation.

The two stare each other down.

Phantom's mask hum lowers – threatening.

Spectre smirks and disappears.

Wolfman suddenly SCREAMS and claws the ground.

Ryder rushes in and kneels beside him.

RYDER
Lawrence—
Stay with me.
You're stronger than he is.

Wolfman whimpers.

LUPUS
He wants me to join him..
He needs a lieutenant..
He's calling me his blood..

Ryder grips his face.

RYDER
You're not his anything.
You're ours.

Wolfman gasps – torn between identities.

83. EXT. POLAND - STRASSER'S NEW LAB - SAME TIME

A snowstorm rages across a bleak Polish landscape.

A massive industrial complex rises from a valley –
concrete walls
towers with searchlights
barbed wire glistening with frost
and occult symbols carved into steel gates.

Inside—

Strasser strides down a metal catwalk overlooking new containment tanks.

Scientists sprint around him, terrified.

A guard runs up.

GUARD

Herr Doktor—
the serum batch failed.
The subjects—

Strasser cuts him off.

STRASSER

Failure is part of greatness.
Kill the batch.
Begin again.

He stops before a long crate draped in black cloth.

He pulls the covering aside.

Inside lies the second relic:

A massive stone disk carved with symbols that seem to shift when not looked at directly.

Strasser slides a hand over it.

STRASSER (CONT'D)

Soon...
the Second Power will awaken.

He gestures.

STRASSER (CONT'D)

Move it to the lower sanctum.

Guards lift the heavy disk with winches.

Strasser grins.

STRASSER (CONT'D)

And prepare the vessel.

A shadow moves inside a containment cell.
Huge.
Breathing.
Growing.

84. EXT. POLISH VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS - SAME TIME

A small Polish village sleeps under snow.

Suddenly—

Animals whimper.
Chickens scatter.

A GOATHERD looks up, lantern shaking.

A massive silhouette moves between houses.

Der Götterwolf.

It sniffs the air.
Finds a farmhouse.
Moves closer.

A candle flickers inside.

A woman puts a child into bed.

The Götterwolf rests its massive claws on the window frame—
watching.

For a moment, it looks almost... curious.

Then—

Its eyes flare blue.

The window SHATTERS.

Screams echo across the snow.

85. INT. RESISTANCE CAVE - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAWN

Ryder stands at a battered radio, sending coded transmissions
back to OSS.

Prometheus stands guard beside her, shoulder stitched shut.

The radio crackles.

OSS OPERATOR (V.O.)
Ryder... repeat last message...

Ryder breathes deeply.

RYDER
(strong)
(MORE)

RYDER (CONT'D)
 We have proof Strasser has
 relocated to Poland.
 He possesses one relic.
 And he's obtained a second.
 Request immediate transport east.

A pause.

OSS OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Copy.
 Stand by for extraction at
 midnight.

Ryder steps back.
 Prometheus studies her.

PROMETHEUS
 You sound...
 determined.

RYDER
 I don't have the luxury of
 hesitation anymore.

Phantom and Spectre shove each other in the background,
 bickering.

Leviathan lounges in a dark pool, flicking water at them.

Wolfman sits, hugging his knees, staring at the cave floor.

Dracula enters silently behind Ryder.

DRACULA
 Poland awaits.

Ryder nods.

RYDER
 Then we follow the trail.

Dracula smirks.

DRACULA
 And this time—
 we do not fail.

CUT TO BLACK.

86. EXT. RESISTANCE RAIL TUNNEL - NIGHT

Snow falls in thick, silent sheets.

A hidden railway tunnel carved beneath a mountain glows with lantern light as a battered Resistance train prepares to depart east.

RUSTED CARS.
A STEAM ENGINE barely holding
together.
GUNSMOKE in the air.

Madeleine leads Ryder and the Monster Unit toward a freight car outfitted for secrecy.

MADELEINE
This line takes you through the
Demarcation Zone.
After that...
you're on your own.

Ryder nods.

Prometheus carries Phantom in one arm, helping him aboard gently.

Leviathan slithers into a water tank car.
Spectre flickers invisibly across the roof.
Wolfman hesitates until Dracula gestures him forward.

Madeleine grips Ryder's arm.

MADELEINE (CONT'D)
You're walking into hell.
Even monsters fear the East.

Ryder exhales.

RYDER
Then hell better fear us back.

Madeleine smiles grimly.

The train whistle blows.

87. INT. FREIGHT CAR - IN MOTION - NIGHT

The train rattles across the snowy countryside.

Inside the freight car:

Prometheus sits in a reinforced corner, humming softly - a lullaby he barely remembers.

Phantom meditates with a faint, stabilizing hum.

Spectre lounges invisibly on a crate, boots flickering into view.

Leviathan's silhouette is visible through the metal slats, swimming in a mobile tank car.

Wolfman sits chained – voluntarily – silver cuffs on his wrists to prevent transformation.

Ryder enters, eyes widening at the sight of the chains.

RYDER (CONT'D)
Lawrence... why?

Wolfman doesn't look up.

LUPUS
Because I heard him again.
In my dreams.
He knows where we're going.

Ryder steps closer.

RYDER
These aren't dreams.
They're attacks.

Wolfman shivers.

LUPUS
He's inside me.
He wants me to lead.
He wants a pack.

Prometheus rises.

PROMETHEUS
You do not belong to him.
You belong to yourself.

Wolfman looks at them both – tortured, unsure.

Phantom hums a note – calming, almost sympathetic.

88. INT. FREIGHT CAR - DRACULA & RYDER - LATER

The train barrels through moonlit pines.

Ryder sits opposite Dracula, who lounges as though traveling first class.

She studies him thoughtfully.

RYDER
 You haven't told me your connection
 to those relics.

Dracula meets her stare without blinking.

DRACULA
 One does not discuss such things
 lightly.

RYDER
 Try me.

A faint smirk.

Dracula leans forward.

DRACULA
 Long ago, before mortals wrote
 history as you know it...
 three powers battled for dominion
 over the night.
 The Wolf.
 The Sun-Devourer.
 And my own bloodline.

He looks toward the rattling darkness outside.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
 We made pacts.
 Treaties.
 We divided the world.
 To prevent annihilation.

Ryder leans closer.

RYDER
 What happens if Strasser collects
 all three relics?

Dracula's eyes burn brighter.

DRACULA
 He becomes a god.
 And gods do not share power.

The train shakes violently as it speeds toward a tunnel.

89. INT. FREIGHT CAR - WOLFMAN'S VISION - SAME TIME

Wolfman falls asleep despite himself, forehead sweating.

A distant HOWL rises...

He opens his eyes—

In a dream.

A massive, endless forest.
Moonlight like white fire.
Fog rolling like breath.

Standing before him:

DER GÖTTERWOLF, huge beyond reason, eyes glowing cobalt.

Its voice enters Wolfman's mind.

GÖTTERWOLF (V.O.)

Join me.
You are my son.
My blood.
My heir.

Wolfman trembles.

LUPUS

(whispering)
I'm not your heir...
I'm not...

Götterwolf steps closer.

GÖTTERWOLF (V.O.)

You will lead my army.
Or I will tear the world apart to
reclaim you.

The beast ROARS—

Wolfman jolts awake, screaming—

The chains RATTLE.
Spectre flickers violently.
Phantom's mask hum spikes.
Prometheus restrains Wolfman gently.

Ryder grabs his face.

RYDER

Lawrence—
You're here. You're safe.

Wolfman sobs uncontrollably.

LUPUS
 He's coming for us...
 He's coming for ME.

The train lights flicker.

Then—

BANG.

A shot hits the side of the car.

Ryder grabs her pistol.

RYDER
 We're under attack!

90. EXT. TRAIN - MOVING ACROSS BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

The train chugs across a narrow wooden bridge over a frozen ravine.

A squad of NAZI STORMTROOPERS on motorbikes races alongside, firing SMGs.

Searchlights sweep across the forest.

Ryder climbs onto the roof of the freight car, bullets sparking around her.

Prometheus bursts from below, landing on the roof with a crash.

Leviathan leaps from his water tank car, clinging to the side of the train like a monstrous frog.

Spectre appears atop the coal car, kicking a Nazi rider off the bridge.

Dracula steps out of the shadows on the roof, coat flapping like wings.

He smiles a predator's smile.

DRACULA
 Shall we?

The Nazi motorbikes accelerate.

Wolfman howls inside the car, chains straining.

The team braces as the battle on the bridge begins—

—and the train races toward Poland.

CUT TO BLACK.

91. EXT. TRAIN ROOF - MOVING ACROSS BRIDGE - NIGHT

Wind HOWLS.

Snow WHIPS sideways.

Nazis on motorbikes fire up at Ryder, Prometheus, Dracula, and Spectre.

Ryder drops flat as bullets stitch across the roof.

Prometheus RIPS a metal panel from the train roof and uses it as a SHIELD, blocking incoming fire.

Sparks fly as rounds ping off the improvised armor.

Dracula walks calmly along the roof as bullets tear through his coat —
and heal instantly.

He lifts a gloved hand.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

Children should not play with guns.

He BLURS forward —

a streak of black and red —

and appears behind a Nazi rider.

He snaps the rider's neck and hurls the corpse at another motorbike, knocking them both over the bridge.

Spectre materializes mid-air above a third rider—

SPECTRE

Boo.

He grabs the soldier, pulls him invisibly off the bike, and both vanish into the dark.

92. EXT. TRAIN SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Leviathan clings to the side of the moving train, claws dug into the metal.

A Nazi rider leans too close—

Leviathan's webbed hand SHOOTS OUT, grabbing him by the throat.

The soldier screams as Leviathan DRAGS him off the bike—
his body slamming into the ravine wall.

Leviathan grins, shark-like, then pulls himself back up the
train.

93. INT. FREIGHT CAR - WOLFMAN BREAKS FREE

Inside, Wolfman thrashes violently against his silver
restraints.

Phantom braces him.

PHANTOM

Hold on—

HOLD ON—

Wolfman HOWLS — a primal, pain-filled cry.

The chains SNAP.

Spectral blue energy flickers in his eyes.

Ryder bursts into the car.

RYDER

Lawrence— NO!

Wolfman looks up.

He is half-transformed.

More feral than ever.

Barely holding on.

LUPUS

(crazed whisper)

He's calling...

He's calling...

Phantom's mask HUMS sharply, a stabilizing tone.

Wolfman collapses to his knees, claws digging into the
floorboards to anchor himself.

94. EXT. TRAIN ROOF - MID-BATTLE - CONTINUOUS

A Nazi LEAP-FROGS from motorbike to train roof, tackling
Ryder.

They roll dangerously close to the edge of the speeding train.

Ryder punches him hard –
he swings a knife toward her throat–

Prometheus LIFTS the soldier clean off her and throws him over the side.

The train SCREECHES, sparks flying.

Suddenly–
ENGINEERS leap from the last Nazi motorbike onto the REAR COUPLER –
trying to detach the last cars where Wolfman and Phantom are.

Ryder sees the coupler pins loosening.

RYDER
PROMETHEUS–!
They're cutting the train apart!

Prometheus leaps across moving cars, landing hard.

He grabs the coupler bars–

–and the Nazis PULL the release lever.

The pins SLIDE OUT.

The back half of the train begins to separate.

Prometheus ROARS, veins glowing faint blue with lightning from his inner stitching.

He plants his feet–
braces–
and HOLDS THE TRAIN TOGETHER with his bare hands.

The metal SHRIEKS under the strain.

The Nazis stare, horrified.

NAZI ENGINEER

(in German)
Mein Gott... what IS he–?!

Prometheus strains, voice deep and furious.

PROMETHEUS
We...
stay...
TOGETHER!

95. EXT. TRAIN - DERAILMENT - CONTINUOUS

One Nazi engineer panics and tosses a GRENADE onto the rear coupling.

Ryder screams—

RYDER
PROMETHEUS—DROP IT!

He lets go.

BOOM.

The explosion RIPS the coupler apart.

Metal fragments fly.

The shockwave knocks Ryder, Dracula, and Spectre backward.

Prometheus is thrown clear off the train—
plummeting into the snowy forest below.

The back half of the train JACKKNIFES.

The front section continues forward—

—until a DESTROYED TRACK comes into view.

Ryder's eyes widen.

RYDER (CONT'D)
BRACE—!

The locomotive hits the broken rails—

SCREEEEEEEEEECH—

—then FLIES off the tracks.

Cars tumble into the snow.
Major impacts.
Steel twisting.
Sparks exploding.
Wheels bouncing across the ravine.

Ryder is thrown into the darkness—
Dracula dives after her—
Wolfman howls as the world spins—

—And the Monster Unit is scattered across a frozen Polish forest.

The last thing Ryder hears is a deep, ancient howling echo across the trees.

THE GÖTTERWOLF.

CUT TO BLACK.

96. EXT. POLISH FOREST - TRAIN WRECK SITE - PRE-DAWN

Snow drifts fall through smoke.

Flames lick the twisted metal of derailed train cars strewn across a ravine.

Bodies of Nazi stormtroopers lie scattered.
Wreckage creaks.
The wind moans.

Ryder lies half-buried in snow, unconscious.

A shadow passes over her—
tall, calm, elegant.

DRACULA.

He kneels, brushes snow from her face.

Her eyes flutter open.

RYDER (CONT'D)

(weak)
Dracula...?

DRACULA
Welcome back to the land of the
dying.

He lifts her gently in his arms and stands—
carrying her away from a flaming wreck.

Behind them, a train car EXPLODES, raining sparks.

Dracula doesn't look back.

97. EXT. WOODLINE NEAR WRECKAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Ryder stumbles to her feet with Dracula's help.

RYDER
The others—
Prometheus... Wolfman—

Dracula gestures toward the dark forest.

DRACULA

Scattered.
Alive.
For now.

Ryder forces herself to stand straight.

RYDER

We need to regroup.

Dracula's eyes narrow.

DRACULA

Something hunts these woods.
And it is not the Germans.

A deep CHILL moves over Ryder.

The HOWL she heard as the train crashed—

THAT was here.

Close.

She scans the snow.

A set of enormous wolf tracks circles the wreck—

and leads deeper into the forest.

Ryder shivers.

98. EXT. RIVERBANK - PROMETHEUS' IMPACT SITE - DAWN

A crater in the snow where Prometheus landed.

He lies half-submerged in icy water, steam rising off his skin.

Metal stitching torn open.

Sparks sputter from his shoulder.

He groans, tries to rise—

Ice cracks beneath him.

PROMETHEUS

(weak but stubborn)

I am..
not finished..

He drags himself out of the frozen river with immense effort.

Behind him—
Something moves under the ice.

A shape.
A shadow.
Watching.

Prometheus limps toward the trees, leaving a trail of steam
and blood.

99. EXT. FROZEN RIVER - LEVIATHAN'S LOCATION - SAME TIME

Underneath the ice—

Leviathan floats motionless, trapped between jagged sheets of
frozen river.

His eyes snap open.

He claws at the ice from below—
but it is inches thick.

Air bubbles leak from his gills.

Above him—

A Nazi HUNTER-KILLER SQUAD appears on the riverbank:

Heavy winter gear

Infrared scopes

Silver bullets

Rune-carved grenades

These soldiers aren't normal.

They're Strasser's elite monster-killers — trained
specifically to hunt creatures like the Universal Team.

One raises a device.

It emits a high-pitched tone that vibrates the ice.

Leviathan's claws tense in panic.

HUNTER-KILLER LEADER

(in German)
(MORE)

HUNTER-KILLER LEADER (CONT'D)

He's below us.
Stand ready.

Leviathan's silhouette thrashes desperately under the ice.

100. EXT. FOREST - WOLFMAN'S LOCATION - DAWN

Wolfman awakens in snow.

Half-transformed.
Blood in his mouth.
Claws half-grown.
Torn clothes.

He breathes heavily—

Then hears whispering.

A voice inside his skull.

GÖTTERWOLF (V.O.)
Child of my blood..
Come to me..

Wolfman convulses.

LUPUS

(crying, shaking)
No..
NO..

He digs his claws into the snow to anchor himself—

But the whisper grows louder.

Then—a SNAP of a branch behind him.

Wolfman freezes—

Turns slowly—

And sees a silhouette between the trees:

Tall.
Massive.
Breathing steam.
Eyes burning blue.

DER GÖTTERWOLF.

Wolfman's breath catches in his throat.

He tries to run-
But his knees buckle.

The First steps into the clearing.

Watches him.

And...

BOWS ITS HEAD.

A gesture of recognition.
Of dominance.
Of greeting.

Wolfman sobs.

LUPUS (CONT'D)

(whisper)
Please... don't...

The First steps closer.

Snow trembles beneath its weight.

Wolfman shuts his eyes, bracing-

A CRACK echoes through the forest.

A bullet.

The First turns its head, eyes narrowing.

Hunter-Killers are moving in the trees.

The First growls - low and ancient.

Wolfman breathes, terrified-

caught between the monster that owns his blood
and the killers who want him dead.

CUT TO BLACK.

101. EXT. FROZEN RIVER - DAWN

The Hunter-Killers tighten formation along the snow-covered
riverbank.

Leviathan claws desperately from beneath the ice - his webbed
fingers scraping, cracking, chipping-

CRACK. CRACK.

The high-frequency tone from the Hunter-Killer device intensifies.

Leviathan writhes, eyes bulging, gills flaring.

HUNTER-KILLER LEADER

(in German)
On my mark..
Prepare to fire.

Leviathan slams BOTH fists upward—

KRRRAACKKKK—!

A jagged SHATTER of ice explodes outward as he bursts through

—

water geysering
shards blasting
Leviathan SCREECHING like an ancient amphibian titan.

The Hunter-Killers dive aside—

too late.

Leviathan drags one soldier under instantly, water churning red.

Another fires silver rounds into Leviathan's back.
Steam erupts from each wound.

Leviathan ROARS, whips his tail, and sends the soldier flying into a tree trunk with a sickening crunch.

102. EXT. FOREST CLEARING - PROMETHEUS' LOCATION - SAME TIME

Prometheus limps through the snow, half-steam, half-smoke.

His left arm dangles uselessly, sparking.
He kneels beside a tree, exhausted.

Suddenly—

A whimper.

Prometheus turns.

A Polish CHILD—eight years old—hides behind a fallen log, crying silently, clutching a broken wooden doll.

Prometheus's stitched brow furrows.

Softly—

PROMETHEUS

(gentle)
Hello, little one...

The child recoils at his monstrous size—

Then a SHOUT in German echoes nearby.

Hunter-Killers.

Prometheus reacts instantly—

He lifts a massive boulder
and shelters the child behind it
like a living wall.

Bullets tear into his back.

He barely flinches.

PROMETHEUS (CONT'D)

(to child, calm)
Close your eyes.

He turns—

Grabs a charging Hunter-Killer by the torso—
and HURLS him directly into two others.

Bones crack.
Snow erupts.

Prometheus stands tall, breathing steam.

The child peeks at him in awe.

103. EXT. POLISH FOREST - RYDER & DRACULA - SAME TIME

Ryder and Dracula move stealthily through a thicket, tracking
footsteps.

Ryder checks her pistol.

RYDER
We need to find the others—
before Strasser's teams do.

Dracula stops suddenly.

His eyes narrow.
He inhales sharply.

DRACULA
The First is near.

A deep, ancient RUMBLE rolls through the forest—
not a howl
not a growl
but something older.

Ryder tightens her grip.

RYDER
You're saying he's coming here?

Dracula turns, cloak shifting like living shadow.

DRACULA
He is already here.

A massive SHADOW slides through the trees.

Ryder freezes—

The GÖTTERWOLF emerges.
Towering.
Breathing steam.

It locks eyes with Dracula.

The air itself seems to tremble.

For a long moment—

Two ancient apex predators stare each other down.

Dracula's pupils become thin red slits.

Götterwolf's runes burn brighter, scorching the snow.

Ryder swallows, whispering:

RYDER
What do we do...?

Dracula does not look at her.

DRACULA
We do not fight.
We survive.

Götterwolf steps closer—

Then turns away and disappears into the trees.

Ryder exhales shakily.

RYDER

Why didn't he attack?

Dracula's expression darkens.

DRACULA

Because he was looking for someone
else.

104. EXT. FOREST - WOLFMAN LOCATION - SAME TIME

Wolfman crouches behind a fallen birch, shaking violently.

He's still half-transformed.
His breath clouds in frantic bursts.

Footsteps approach.

He tenses—

Then a figure stumbles into view:

PHANTOM.

Mask cracked.
Blood dripping.
Hand crushed.
Sonic emitter flickering weakly.

Wolfman rushes to him.

LUPUS

Phantom—!
You're hurt—

Phantom's mask HUMS in short, broken pulses.

His voice is a faint whisper through the damaged apparatus.

PHANTOM

I...
I can't hear the music anymore...

Wolfman's face softens with worry.

Then—

Phantom convulses.

A shockwave ripples from his chest, distorting the air.

Wolfman staggers back.

LUPUS

Phantom-?!

What's happening?

Phantom's mask emits a low, warped tone—

uncontrolled
dangerous
frantic.

105. EXT. FOREST - SAME TIME

Ryder and Dracula hear a faint HUM through the trees.

Ryder's eyes widen.

RYDER

That's Phantom's frequency.

Dracula's jaw tightens.

DRACULA

Not anymore.

They sprint toward the noise—

Branches whipping past—
snow crunching—
the hum growing louder—
gaining force—

—until they reach:

WOLFMAN AND PHANTOM

in a small clearing.

Phantom kneels, shaking uncontrollably.

His sonic mask glows blood-red.

Wolfman struggles to hold him still.

The hum crescendos—
vibrating the trees—
shattering thin ice on branches—
making Dracula flinch back.

Ryder rushes forward.

RYDER

Phantom!
You need to stop—

Phantom's ruined voice crackles through the mask:

PHANTOM

(noticably distorted)
He's inside the sound...
He's inside the SONG...

The ground TREMBLES.

Trees sway.

Wolfman's eyes widen in horror.

LUPUS

Ryder—
Run—

A deafening SONIC SHOCKWAVE erupts outward.

Snow blasts.
Trees bend.
Ryder is thrown off her feet.
Dracula shields himself with his cloak.
Wolfman slams into a rock.

Phantom collapses.

Everything goes silent.

SMOKE rises from his cracked mask.

Ryder pulls herself up, horrified.

RYDER

Phantom...

His mask flickers once—

Then goes dark.

CUT TO BLACK.

106. EXT. FOREST CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER

Smoke and frost drift through the clearing.

Ryder crawls toward Phantom's collapsed body, coughing.
Wolfman lifts himself from the snow, clutching his ribs.
Dracula lowers his cloak, eyes glowing faintly red.
Ryder kneels beside Phantom.
His mask is cracked, sparking intermittently, lights fading.
She touches his shoulder.

RYDER (CONT'D)
Phantom... talk to me.
Can you hear me?

A low hum ripples from the mask — weak, broken.
Phantom twitches.
Wolfman steps forward.

LUPUS
Is he—?

Phantom suddenly GASPS—
—and grabs Ryder's wrist with surprising force.
His mask speaker emits a distorted whisper:

PHANTOM
He's in the song..
He's in the sound..
He's—
HUNGRY...

Dracula's eyes narrow sharply.

DRACULA
The First reached through him.
Through vibration.
Through resonance.

Ryder looks terrified.

RYDER
He used Phantom like a radio tower...

The hum pulses again.
Wolfman winces as the sound cuts through his bones.
Dracula kneels, examining the mask.

DRACULA

The Götterwolf's voice can travel
through anything.
Steel.
Earth.
Air.
Even flesh.

Phantom convulses once more—

Then goes limp.

Ryder can barely breathe.

RYDER

Can we fix him?

Dracula hesitates — the answer weighs on him.

DRACULA

I do not know.

107. INT. STRASSER'S POLISH LAB - SAME TIME

Screens flicker in an underground command chamber.

Strasser stands at the center, coat immaculate, hair slicked back, eyes burning with scientific mania.

He watches a monitor showing movement through the forest picked up by arcane sensors.

An officer rushes in.

OFFICER

Herr Doktor—
the First has crossed Sector Nine.
He is heading toward the crash
site.

Strasser SMILES.

STRASSER

Excellent.

He turns to a steel containment tank, frost forming around it.

Inside —
the Second Relic —
the stone disk —
rotates slowly on an axis, glowing faintly.

Symbols pulse.
Metal chains rattle.

Strasser runs a hand over the tank.

STRASSER (CONT'D)
Soon the Second Power awakens...
and then, the Third.

He turns.

STRASSER (CONT'D)
Deploy all Hunter-Killer units.
They are close.

Alarms blare.
Red lights flash.

108. EXT. FOREST - PROMETHEUS RETURNS - DAY

Ryder looks up as snow-laden branches shift.

A massive silhouette approaches.

Prometheus emerges from the trees - dragging his wounded,
sparking body.

In his good arm..

He carries the Polish child, bundled in his coat.

Ryder rushes to him.

RYDER
You're alive- thank God-

Prometheus kneels and sets the child down gently.

The little girl clutches Ryder's coat.

CHILD (IN POLISH)

(weakly, pointing)
Soldiers... coming..

The trees behind Prometheus tremble.

Shadows move.

Hunter-Killers fan out.

Ryder steps in front of the child, pistol raised.

Dracula's eyes flare crimson.

Wolfman bares his fangs.

Phantom lies unconscious behind them, breathing shallowly.

Prometheus rises with difficulty.

PROMETHEUS
We hold the line.

Ryder nods.

RYDER
Then we fight.

109. EXT. FOREST RIDGE - SAME TIME

Hunter-Killers appear between the pines - disciplined, cold, relentless.

Runic grenades glow at their belts.
Silver-tipped rifles gleam.
A sonic-disruption pack hums.

The Leader lifts his hand.

HUNTER-KILLER LEADER

(in German)
Do not shoot the Wolfman.
Doctor Strasser wants him alive.

Wolfman snarls, trembling.

Ryder whispers:

RYDER
Lawrence...
Stay behind me.

Wolfman's breath fogs the air, rapid, unstable.

LUPUS

(whispering)
He's close.
I can feel him..
I can feel-

A deep, distant HOWL interrupts him.

The forest shakes.

Branches drop snow.

Hunter-Killers look around nervously.

Dracula's jaw tightens.

DRACULA
The First approaches.

Ryder steadies her grip on the pistol.

Wolfman closes his eyes.

Prometheus cracks his neck.

The child hides behind a rock.

A stand-off settles.

Silent.
Frozen.
Deadly.

110. EXT. FOREST - RELIC REVELATION - CONTINUOUS

Dracula steps forward.

His voice is low.
Ancient.
Measured.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
Ryder...
you must understand something.

Ryder glances at him, keeping her gun leveled.

RYDER
What?

Dracula stares toward the approaching howl.

DRACULA
The Second Relic does not "awaken."
It consumes.

Ryder freezes.

RYDER
Consumes what?

Dracula looks at her with something close to pity.

DRACULA

Souls.

Ryder's stomach drops.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

And the Third...
will end the world if Strasser
unites them.

Wolfman gasps.

LUPUS

The First...
he's not just calling me.
He's calling the relics.

The forest goes silent.

Then—

A colossal shape moves between trees.

The GÖTTERWOLF emerges—

Runes blazing.
Fur bristling.
Jaws dripping frost.

Hunter-Killers panic—

But the First ignores them.

It is looking only at Wolfman.

Prometheus steps in front of him.

Ryder lifts her pistol.

Dracula bares his fangs.

Wolfman trembles violently.

The First opens its monstrous mouth—

And speaks a single word:

GÖTTERWOLF

(in an ancient tongue)
Heir.

Ryder's heart stops.

Wolfman collapses.

Hunter-Killers open fire—

All hell breaks loose.

CUT TO BLACK.

111. EXT. FOREST CLEARING - BATTLE ERUPTS - CONTINUOUS

Gunfire SHREDS the silence.

The moment Götterwolf says Heir—
Hunter-Killers OPEN FIRE in panic.

Tracer rounds slice through the snowy clearing.

Ryder dives behind a fallen log.
Dracula's cloak WHIPS as bullets pass through him harmlessly.
Prometheus steps in front of Wolfman and becomes a wall of
metal and flesh, taking hit after hit.

Leviathan BURSTS from the riverbank behind them—
saltwater steaming off his body—
and pounces on a Hunter-Killer squad from behind.

Screams erupt.

Dracula turns to Ryder.

DRACULA
Your soldiers panic.
Do not.

Ryder fires two clean shots into the visor of a Hunter-Killer
—
the man drops instantly.

She shouts through the chaos:

RYDER
We hold this line!
No one touches Wolfman!

But the First isn't waiting for permission.

Götterwolf steps forward—
bullets riddling its hide—
but healing as fast as they land.

It roars—
the shockwave BLASTING snow outward in a ring.

Hunter-Killers FLY.
Trees SNAP.

Wolfman collapses, covering his ears.

LUPUS

(agonized)
STOP—!
STOP CALLING ME—!

Götterwolf reaches a massive claw toward him—
Prometheus intercepts the strike, grabbing its arm.
A monstrous struggle begins.

112. EXT. FOREST - DRACULA UNLEASHES - CONTINUOUS

Two Hunter-Killers rush Dracula with silver bayonets.
Dracula does not move until the blades are inches from him.
Then—

HE MOVES.

A blur of black.
A flash of red eyes.
A gust of cold wind.

One Hunter-Killer drops headless.
The other falls with his throat shredded.
Dracula's teeth drip crimson.
His eyes glow like embers.
Ryder stares, horrified and awestruck.

RYDER
You've been holding back...

Dracula wipes his mouth elegantly.

DRACULA
Of course.
I was trying to be polite.

More Hunter-Killers surround him.

He smiles.

And vanishes in a flurry of black wings.

113. EXT. FOREST - PHANTOM AWAKENS - CONTINUOUS

Phantom lies on the ground, mask sparking.

Wolfman crawls toward him.

Hunter-Killers close in-
silver rifles raised.

Wolfman tries to stand-
but collapses, trembling violently.

One Hunter-Killer positions a silver spike cannon at him-

PHANTOM SITS BOLT UPRIGHT.

His mask glows a deep, unnatural red.

A new hum rises-
low, vibrating through the ground-
making the Hunter-Killers freeze in place.

Their rifles SHAKE.
Their helmets RATTLE.
Their bones BUZZ.

PHANTOM

(distorted)

Not...
him...

The hum intensifies-

A harmonic frequency that bends the air.

Snowflakes vibrate into powder around him.

Hunter-Killers drop their weapons, clutching their ears,
blood dripping from their noses.

Wolfman stares in awe and fear.

LUPUS

Phantom...
What are you doing...?

Phantom doesn't answer.

He raises a trembling hand—

And the HUM SWELLS.

114. EXT. FOREST - GÖTTERWOLF TAKES WOLFMAN - CONTINUOUS

Prometheus battles the First —
massive arms locked, snow churning beneath their feet.

Götterwolf overpowers him—
tilting its huge head and SLAMMING Prometheus into the
ground.

Ryder fires at the First.
Dracula leaps from a tree onto its back.
Leviathan claws at its legs.

It SHRUGS THEM ALL OFF.

Wolfman screams.

LUPUS (CONT'D)

NO—!
PLEASE—!

Götterwolf wraps one enormous clawed hand around Wolfman's
torso—
gently, almost reverently—
lifting him off the ground.

Wolfman thrashes helplessly.

Ryder aims—

But Dracula grabs her wrist.

DRACULA
You will only kill Lawrence.

She hesitates—

Götterwolf turns—

And SPRINTS into the dark forest with Wolfman in its grasp.

Trees SPLINTER in its wake.

Ryder screams his name:

RYDER
LAWRENCE—!!!

But he is gone.

115. EXT. FOREST - AFTERMATH OF THE CHAOS - MOMENTS LATER

Silence slowly settles over the battlefield.

Bodies of Hunter-Killers lie everywhere.

Phantom collapses again, his mask sparking faintly.
Prometheus staggers to his feet, jaw cracked but reforming.
Leviathan crouches low, panting like a wounded animal.
Dracula wipes blood from his coat.
Ryder stumbles forward, shaking.

She falls to her knees in the snow.

Her voice is a breath:

RYDER (CONT'D)
They took him...

Dracula stands over her.

His voice softer than expected.

DRACULA
We will get him back.

Ryder looks up at him—
eyes burning with grief and fury.

RYDER
I swear to God—
we're ending Strasser.
Whatever it takes.

The camera pulls back:

Bodies in snow

Smoke rising

Phantom twitching with faint red energy

Prometheus standing like a broken monument

Leviathan licking wounds

Dracula a silhouette of shadow and blood

Ryder on her knees

The faint echo of the First's howl far away

FADE OUT.

116. INT. STRASSER'S POLISH LAB - UNDERGROUND SANCTUM - NIGHT

Cold stone walls.

Ancient symbols carved into steel.

A circular chamber lit by flickering electric lamps and candles.

Wolfman lies bound on a metal altar –
half-human, half-wolf –
silver restraints biting into his skin.

He wakes with a gasp.

Pain.

Fear.

The First's scent everywhere.

Shadowed scientists adjust machinery.
Large rune-etched conduits hum with energy.

Strasser steps into the chamber.

Calm.

Smiling.

Holding an obsidian scalpel.

Wolfman snarls weakly–

LUPUS

Get... away... from me...

Strasser brushes Wolfman's hair back like a fond father.

STRASSER

My dear boy...
you misunderstand.

He gestures to the towering metal doors across the chamber.

They open.

Steam rushes in.

The GÖTTERWOLF enters.

Runes glow across its monstrous frame.
Eyes blazing cobalt.

Wolfman recoils.

Strasser beams with pride.

STRASSER (CONT'D)
You are not my prisoner.
You are my masterpiece.

Wolfman trembles violently.

LUPUS
I'll never join you...

Strasser chuckles.

STRASSER
Oh, Lawrence.
You already have.

He raises the obsidian scalpel.

117. INT. STRASSER'S LAB - SAME TIME

Strasser circles Wolfman like a surgeon preparing a holy ritual.

Monitors display:

Wolfman's DNA mutating

Götterwolf's runic patterns

Arcane diagrams of three Relics

The stone disk (Second Relic) rotates slowly in a containment sphere.

Strasser taps it gently.

The runes flare.

STRASSER (CONT'D)
The First Relic awakened the Wolf-God's blood.
The Second will merge it with something... purer.

Wolfman jerks against the restraints.

LUPUS
No... you can't--

Strasser shushes him.

STRASSER

And the Third...
the Third will open a door.

Wolfman freezes.

Strasser whispers beside his ear:

STRASSER (CONT'D)

A doorway to the old night.
To the gods who came before man.

Wolfman's breath stops.

LUPUS

You're insane...

Strasser laughs softly.

STRASSER

I prefer "visionary."

The First steps closer.

Steam fills the air.

Wolfman whimpers.

118. EXT. FOREST - RYDER'S TEMPORARY CAMP - NIGHT

Ryder crouches by a small fire.
Prometheus sits nearby, half-functional.
Leviathan rests in a shallow puddle formed by melting snow.
Phantom lies unconscious, twitching slightly.
Dracula stands apart, his shadow stretching unnaturally long
across the snow.

Ryder addresses them with quiet resolve.

RYDER

We're going to the lab.
All of us.
We're getting Lawrence back.

No answer.

Just exhausted breathing.

Prometheus looks up, his eye glowing faintly.

PROMETHEUS

He was taken by a god.

Ryder nods grimly.

RYDER
Then we kill a god.

Leviathan clicks his fanged mouth approvingly.

Phantom's mask emits a faint hum, almost in agreement.

Dracula finally speaks.

DRACULA
The lab sits atop ancient ground.
A burial site of the Night Lords.
Strasser means to harness their
power.

Ryder meets his gaze.

RYDER
Then we hit him before he completes
it.

Dracula steps closer.

His voice softens—unusual.

DRACULA
There is something you must know.
The Third Relic is not in Poland.

Ryder stiffens.

119. EXT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Snow begins to fall harder.

Dracula kneels in the snow and draws an ancient sigil with a
claw.

A symbol shaped like an inverted circle with three runic
teeth.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
The Third Relic lies across the
border.
Hidden beneath the ruins of my
family's castle.
In Transylvania.

Ryder feels a chill.

RYDER
Strasser wants all three...

Dracula nods slowly.

DRACULA
Yes.
And if he succeeds—
the world ends at dawn.

Prometheus rises despite his wounds.

PROMETHEUS
Then we stop him at the second.

Leviathan lifts his head, gills flaring.

LEVIATHAN

(wet, guttural)
We go now.

Phantom twitches—
his mask glowing faint red.

Ryder looks down at him.

RYDER
Can he fight?

Dracula kneels beside the prone Phantom.

DRACULA
If he wakes...
he will be changed.

Ryder looks worried.

Prometheus places a huge hand on her shoulder.

PROMETHEUS
We make our stand at the lab.

Ryder nods.

RYDER
Then gather your strength.
We move at dawn.

Snow drifts silently around them.

A moment of calm before apocalypse.

120. INT. STRASSER'S LAB - RELIC CHAMBER - SAME TIME

Wolfman lies restrained, shivering violently.

Strasser stands before the rotating Second Relic.

He places a hand on it.

It pulses.

A deep, guttural noise fills the chamber -
like a thousand distant heartbeats.

Strasser closes his eyes, ecstatic.

STRASSER

Yes...

Soon...

we rise beyond flesh.

The Götterwolf bows its head.
Submitting to the Relic's call.

Strasser raises the obsidian scalpel-

And begins the ritual.

Wolfman's eyes widen in terror as the chamber fills with
blinding red light.

FADE OUT.

121. EXT. FOREST - RYDER'S CAMP - PRE-DAWN

Dark blue twilight washes over the snow.

The team packs what little gear they have:

Prometheus tightens metal scraps into makeshift armor.

Leviathan sharpens a piece of bent train rail into a brutal
harpoon.

Dracula stands motionless, absorbing the last traces of
night.

Ryder checks her pistol, her jaw set like iron.

Phantom remains unconscious on a bed of pine needles.

Ryder kneels beside him.

RYDER
C'mon, Phantom..
I need you..

His cracked mask flickers.

A faint hum rises from deep within.

Prometheus turns sharply.

PROMETHEUS
He's waking.

The hum grows—
shivering through the trees
rattling snow
making Leviathan's gills flare open in discomfort.

Ryder leans closer.

RYDER
Hey—
it's okay—
just breathe—

Phantom's fingers twitch.
His back arches.

His mask glows blood red.

Then—

FWOOOM—
A shockwave of AIR ripples outward,
blasting snow from the ground.

Ryder is thrown backward.
Prometheus shields the child.
Dracula hisses as the wave vibrates his bones.

Phantom sits upright, mask fully lit.

His voice emerges, layered and inhuman:

PHANTOM
He hears us.
He hears everything.

Ryder crawls toward him.

RYDER
Phantom—
can you fight?

Phantom tilts his head.

The hum becomes a tight, controlled pitch.

Trees bend toward him.

PHANTOM

I can do more than fight.

A shiver runs through the team.

122. EXT. DRAINAGE CANALS - OUTSIDE STRASSER'S LAB - MORNING

The lab looms above:

Concrete.

Steel.

Barbed wire.

Runic lightning arcing across antennas.

Smoke and frost drift from chimneys.

Leviathan emerges silently from the frozen river beneath the main wall.

Half-submerged.

Eyes glinting.

He studies the structure carefully.

A series of drainage pipes feed meltwater into the river.

Leviathan's gills flare—
tasting the water.

It reeks of:

Chemicals

Blood

Transformation serum

Wolf scent

He hisses softly.

He hears boots above him—

two Hunter-Killers pacing the catwalk.

Leviathan sinks silently back into the icy water.

123. EXT. FOREST - RYDER'S CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Ryder spreads a crude map on a fallen log.

She marks three entry points:

1. The drainage canals (Leviathan)
2. The northern wall (Prometheus + Phantom)
3. The upper skylight tower (Dracula carrying Ryder)

Prometheus examines the map.

PROMETHEUS

We split up.
Hit them from all sides.

Ryder nods.

RYDER

Strasser wants Wolfman alive.
That means Lawrence is still
fighting.
We reach him before the ritual
completes.

Dracula steps forward, looming over the map.

DRACULA

The Second Relic's awakening will
warp the air.
Be prepared for hallucinations.
Visions.
Voices.

Ryder swallows.

RYDER

We ignore them.
We stay focused.

Phantom lets out a distorted HUM.

Snowflakes vibrate in perfect concentric circles around him.

He speaks softly, almost apologetically:

PHANTOM

I can quiet the Relic's pull.
For a few minutes.

Ryder places her hand on his shoulder.

RYDER
That's all we'll need.

Dracula watches her.

There is respect — real respect — in his ancient eyes.

124. INT. STRASSER'S LAB - RITUAL CHAMBER - SAME TIME

Wolfman thrashes against the restraints as the Second Relic rotates above him, glowing brighter.

Runic energy flows into the Götterwolf, then into Wolfman.

He screams.

The sound echoes off stone and steel.

Strasser circles him like a conductor before an orchestra.

STRASSER
Your bloodline resisted for
centuries...
but tonight, it bends.

Wolfman's bones crack.
New runes appear beneath his skin.
He writhes, sobbing.

LUPUS

(weeping)
Please... stop...

Strasser strokes his hair like he's soothing a child.

STRASSER
Shh...
You are becoming the first true
werewolf king.
A vessel for the Night Gods.

Wolfman shakes his head violently.

LUPUS
I won't...
I won't be your monster—

Strasser smiles — patient, cruel.

STRASSER
You misunderstand.
You will not be my monster.
You will be theirs.

Götterwolf steps closer.
Its massive claw rests on Wolfman's chest.

A pulsing, ancient resonance flows into him.

Wolfman SCREAMS.

The ritual accelerates.

125. EXT. FOREST EDGE - ASSAULT FORMATION - MORNING

The Monster Unit assembles beneath the shadow of Strasser's fortress-lab.

Wind howls.
Snow falls hard.
The sky darkens unnaturally.

Ryder steps forward, pistol drawn.

Prometheus tightens a metal plate to his chest.

Leviathan emerges from the river, dripping and feral.

Phantom stands at her side, humming a low, deadly tone.

Dracula descends from a branch silently.

Ryder looks at her team.

Her voice is steady, fierce.

RYDER
We go in.
We take down Strasser.
We save Lawrence.
We end this.

Prometheus nods solemnly.

Leviathan hisses.

Phantom's hum rises like a war-anthem.

Dracula bows his head.

DRACULA

Let us show the Reich what true
horror looks like.

Ryder exhales.

RYDER

Move out.

They charge into the storm.

FADE OUT.

126. EXT. STRASSER'S FORTRESS-LAB - OUTER WALL - MORNING

Snow whips across the compound.

Floodlights sweep the perimeter.

Sirens blare.

Hunter-Killer squads march in formation.

High on the northern wall—

PROMETHEUS stands with PHANTOM beside him.

Prometheus grips a massive steel beam like a battering ram.

Phantom's mask glows faint red, humming a tight frequency.

Prometheus cracks his neck.

PROMETHEUS

On your signal.

Phantom nods.

His mask emits a sharp, rising tone.

The metal of the wall begins to VIBRATE.

Bolts loosen.

Plates warp.

Snow falls from nearby structures.

Prometheus roars—

SWINGS the beam—

CRASH!

A section of the outer wall COLLAPSES inward, crushing two
Hunter-Killers beneath it.

Phantom steps over the rubble.

PHANTOM

Beautiful.

Prometheus grins.

PROMETHEUS

Let's do it again.

They march into the breach.

127. INT. UNDERGROUND WATER CHANNEL - SAME TIME

Black, icy water.

A steel grate.

A guard stands above it with a flashlight.

Suddenly—

The water below EXPLODES upward.

LEVIATHAN bursts through the grate, dragging the guard into the depths.

The guard's scream is swallowed by rushing water.

Below the lab—

Tangled pipes.

Huge cisterns.

Filtration tanks.

Leviathan moves through them like a living torpedo.

He slams into another guard patrolling a catwalk—
the man disappears beneath the water with a splash of red.

Alarms echo through the drainage tunnels.

Leviathan surfaces in a deep chamber beneath the main floor.

He sniffs the air—

and recoils.

Wolfman's scent.

The Götterwolf's scent.

The relic's energy.

He growls.

Then swims toward it.

128. EXT. FORTRESS-LAB - SKYLIGHT TOWER - SAME TIME

High above the compound--

A gothic skylight dome of reinforced glass sits atop the ritual chamber.

DRACULA stands beside RYDER on a narrow cliff ledge.

Wind tears at her coat.
Snow blinds her.
The drop below is deadly.

Ryder checks her pistol.

RYDER
You sure you can catch me?

Dracula smirks faintly--
eyes glowing in the wind.

DRACULA
Only if you fall.

He wraps an arm around her waist--

And LEAPS into the storm.

They CRASH through the skylight--
shards of glass raining like crystal daggers--
the world spinning around them--

--landing hard in the upper gallery above the ritual chamber.

Guards whirl.

Ryder fires instantly.

Headshots.
Precision.
Deadly.

Dracula drops from the balcony and tears into the remaining guards--
fangs glinting--
claws ripping through flak armor.

Ryder reloads and sprints toward a stairwell.

RYDER
Lawrence, hold on--

129. INT. STRASSER'S LAB - RITUAL CHAMBER - SAME TIME

Wolfman lies bound beneath the glowing Second Relic.

His eyes flutter—
his mind a battlefield.

HALLUCINATION SEQUENCE:

He is standing in a vast, moonlit forest.

Trees bend toward him.
Shadows whisper.
Moons multiply in the sky.

A voice echoes:

GÖTTERWOLF (V.O.)
You are one of us.

Wolfman clutches his head.

LUPUS
No... I'm not—

Visions flash:

Ryder smiling

The team around a fire

Phantom tuning his mask

Prometheus laughing

Leviathan offering him a fish head

Dracula watching from a cliff

A memory of his HUMAN life

A man he loved

A home he lost

A life before the curse

The visions SHATTER.

He's back in the ritual chamber.

Strasser stands over him with the obsidian scalpel.

STRASSER
Join the divine.
Become what you were meant to be.

Wolfman chokes out:

LUPUS
I...
choose...
ME.

Strasser snarls.

STRASSER
Then I choose for you.

The Götterwolf HOWLS, shaking the chamber.

The ritual intensifies.

130. INT. FORTRESS-LAB - MAIN HALL - SAME TIME

Prometheus and Phantom smash through the main corridor.

Prometheus swings a severed guard's riot shield like a mace.

Phantom emits precision sonic bursts that:

Crack helmets

Shatter radios

Disable rifles

Knock soldiers unconscious

Prometheus rips open a steel door with his bare hands.

Phantom steps inside.

Guards regroup at the far end.

Phantom raises his hand.

His mask glows a fierce scarlet.

The sound that erupts is not a hum.

It is a CHORD.
A harmonic blade.

Glass shatters.

Concrete fractures.
Guards collapse, ears bleeding.

Prometheus whistles low.

PROMETHEUS
That's new.

Phantom nods, voice distorted and multi-layered.

PHANTOM
I learned some things.

A distant roar shakes the walls.

The Relic's energy pulses.

Ryder's voice echoes faintly through the corridors:

RYDER (O.S.)
LAWRENCE--!!

Phantom looks at Prometheus.

Prometheus nods.

They charge toward the ritual chamber.

CUT TO BLACK.

131. INT. STRASSER'S LAB - UPPER GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

Ryder charges down the spiral stairs toward the ritual chamber.

Dracula leaps from beam to beam above her like a shadow with wings.

Below —
the Second Relic glows violently, runes streaking red lightning through the air.

Wolfman writhes on the altar, half-transformed, barely conscious.

Strasser adjusts controls on an arcane console.

Electric arcs mix with ancient sigils.
Steam roars from vents.

Hunter-Killer guards emerge at the chamber entrance.

Ryder skids to a halt — outnumbered.

She grits her teeth.

RYDER (CONT'D)
No more running.

She opens fire.

Two guards drop.

A third raises a silver-shot rifle—

Dracula drops from above, ripping his throat out mid-shot.

Blood sprays across steel.

Dracula lands gracefully beside Ryder.

DRACULA
Your aim improves.

Ryder reloads.

RYDER
So does your timing.

Another wave of guards rushes in.

Dracula bares his fangs.

132. INT. STRASSER'S LAB - RITUAL CHAMBER - SAME TIME

The GÖTTERWOLF stands near the altar — runes blazing, eyes glowing like twin moons.

Wolfman stares at it, terrified, shaking violently.

LUPUS
Please...
don't let him..

His voice cracks.

Strasser ignores him, adjusting levers, chanting in a forgotten tongue.

The Second Relic rises on a mechanical arm and beams red energy down into Wolfman's chest.

Wolfman SCREAMS —

His veins glow red.
 New runes carve beneath his skin.
 His bones shift.
 His muscles swell.

His human side is being erased.

Strasser watches in rapture.

STRASSER

YES...
 Become what you were always meant
 to be!
 A god reborn!

Wolfman gasps —

LUPUS

Ryder...
 help...

133. INT. LAB CORRIDOR — PROMETHEUS & PHANTOM — SAME TIME

The corridor shakes from the Relic's power.

Lights flicker.
 Pipes burst.
 Steam roars.

Prometheus and Phantom move side by side.

A massive door blocks their path — reinforced with steel,
 runes etched into the frame.

Hunter-Killers ready their weapons behind cover.

Phantom hums.
 A ripple of red energy distorts the air.

Prometheus braces.

PROMETHEUS

On your mark.

Phantom unleashes a piercing SONIC SPEAR —
 a tight beam of vibration that shreds the door's runic locks.

Prometheus CHARGES —
 slamming into the weakened steel.

BOOOOOM—!

The door flies off its hinges.

Hunter-Killers scatter.

Prometheus crushes one under a slab of metal.

Phantom pulses another sonic blast that turns a rifle to dust.

Prometheus roars:

PROMETHEUS (CONT'D)
LAWRENCE--WE'RE COMING!

134. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - CONVERGENCE - CONTINUOUS

The Monster Unit converges:

Ryder bursts into the chamber from the gallery door.
Prometheus and Phantom enter through the corridor breach.
Leviathan SMASHES through the floor, emerging from a flooded duct.
Dracula drops from above like a falling shadow.

Strasser turns, startled.

STRASSER
Ah... the Americans arrive.
And their trained beasts.

Prometheus steps forward.

PROMETHEUS
Let him go.

Strasser laughs, utterly unafraid.

STRASSER
You're too late.
The relic is awakening the First's
blood.

Wolfman's screaming echoes through the chamber.

The Götterwolf looks up --
acknowledging the intruders.

Its eyes narrow.

Dracula steps forward, teeth bared.

The First growls --

the chamber shakes.

The two ancient predators face each other.

Dracula whispers:

DRACULA

It has been centuries.

Götterwolf snarls in a language older than Europe.

Phantom's mask flickers red.

Ryder sprints toward the altar—

RYDER

Lawrence—!

I'm here!

Hold on!

Strasser slaps a lever.

Energy SURGES.

The Relic screams.

135. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - CHAOS ERUPTS - CONTINUOUS

The Relic's red light becomes BLINDING.

The Götterwolf HOWLS —
shaking the entire fortress.

The Monster Unit braces—

Phantom hums, vibrating the air

Prometheus digs his feet into the floor

Leviathan crouches low, hissing

Dracula's eyes burn like eclipses

Ryder shields her face with her forearm

Wolfman arches his back —
eyes glowing red, then gold, then BOTH.

His voice emerges — layered, broken:

LUPUS

Ryder...
I'm sorry...

Ryder screams:

RYDER

NO—FIGHT IT—
FIGHT HIM—!

Strasser raises his arms in triumph.

STRASSER

LET THE NIGHT GOD BE REBORN THROUGH
YOU—!!

Dracula launches himself at the First —
claws extended.

Prometheus charges Strasser.

Phantom unleashes a counter-frequency.

Leviathan leaps at the closest Hunter-Killer.

And Ryder reaches the altar—

Wolfman's fingers stretch toward hers—

Their fingertips almost touch—

Then the Second Relic EXPLODES in a vortex of red light.

CUT TO BLACK.

136. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - AFTERMATH OF BLAST - UNKNOWN TIME

Silence.

Red dust hangs in the air like frozen ash.

Everything is warped —
columns bent like soft metal,
floors melted into spirals,
ceiling twisted into impossible angles.

The Second Relic hovers above the altar, spinning slowly,
dripping red light like blood into the air.

Wolfman is gone.

Ryder lies unconscious against broken stone.
Prometheus half-buried in rubble.
Phantom slumped, mask flickering erratically.

Leviathan sprawled across shattered pipes.
Dracula kneeling, eyes dimmed.

The chamber is neither dark nor light –
but somewhere in between.

Ryder stirs.

Her breath catches.

RYDER

(coughing)
Lawrence...
LAWRENCE—!

She tries to stand –
gravity bends sideways, pulling her to the left.

She collapses.

Dracula appears behind her, gripping her shoulder.

DRACULA
Softly, Miss Ryder.
Reality is... flexible.

The chamber ripples like water.

Strasser stands near the Relic –
but he is changed.

Pale veins glow under his skin.
His irises swirl with runes.
His voice echoes in multiple tones.

STRASSER
Isn't it beautiful?

Ryder pulls her pistol –
its metal stretches like taffy, becoming useless.

Strasser laughs, delighted.

137. INT. RITUAL MINDSCAPE – WOLFMAN'S PERSPECTIVE

Wolfman awakens in a forest of shadows.

Trees bend backward.
Ground shifts like liquid.
Moons multiply in the sky.
Everything pulsates with Relic energy.

He breathes raggedly, chest glowing with runic sigils.

Then—

Branches split apart.

The GÖTTERWOLF emerges.

Its eyes fill the world.

Its voice is inside Wolfman's skull:

GÖTTERWOLF (V.O.)
You are mine.

Wolfman staggers backward.

LUPUS
No...
I'm not...

The First circles him.

GÖTTERWOLF (V.O.)
Your blood remembers.
Your bones remember.
Your soul is but a spark of mine.

Wolfman's claws extend involuntarily.

A second Wolfman —
a monstrous version, fully transformed —
steps out of a shadow behind him.

It snarls.
It lunges.

Wolfman barely dodges.

He realizes:

He is fighting different versions of himself.
All the futures the First wants.

138. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - DISTORTED REALITY - SAME TIME

Prometheus frees himself from rubble —
his arm bent at an impossible angle, but still functional.

He tries to lift Ryder —
but the floor slides sideways like a wave.

Leviathan thrashes as the walls turn to water around him.

Phantom floats slightly, the air vibrating under him.

His mask glows a deep, oscillating purple –
an unknown frequency.

Ryder crawls toward Strasser.

RYDER
WHERE IS HE?!
WHAT DID YOU DO TO HIM-?!

Strasser tilts his head.

STRASSER
He is where the relic placed him.
Between lives.
Between forms.

He gestures and the chamber bends outward like a blooming
flower.

Through the distortion –
Ryder sees flashes:

Wolfman running through an infinite forest.
Wolfman howling in chains.
Wolfman crowned with runes.
Wolfman as a god.

She screams.

RYDER
LAWRENCE—COME BACK TO ME—!!

Dracula's voice cuts through the chaos.

DRACULA
Miss Ryder—
we must break the relic's
influence.

Phantom hovers, mask pulsing faster.

PHANTOM

(distorted whisper)
I can...
I can counter the frequency...

Prometheus braces him.

PROMETHEUS

Do it.

Phantom extends both hands—

And unleashes a new counter-frequency.

139. INT. RITUAL MINDSCAPE - WOLFMAN'S FIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Wolfman clashes with the monstrous version of himself.

Claws tear fur.

Blood sprays.

Teeth clash.

He is thrown across the mindscape.

He crashes into a distorted tree—
it screams like a human.

The First watches, amused.

GÖTTERWOLF (V.O.)

Show me your strength.

Show me your devotion.

Wolfman rises slowly.

New runes pulse beneath his skin.

He snarls:

LUPUS

I'm not yours.

The monstrous Wolfman lunges—

Wolfman catches its claws.

They struggle—
muscle straining—
energy crackling—

Wolfman roars—

and BENDS the other Wolfman's arm backward.

Bone snaps.

The monster breaks into shadows.

But the First steps closer.

GÖTTERWOLF (V.O.)
Then you are NOTHING.

It raises a claw.

Wolfman closes his eyes, bracing.

—

A faint vibration ripples through the mindscape.

The trees flicker.
The moons distort.

Wolfman looks up.

He hears—

PHANTOM'S frequency.

140. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - COUNTERWAVE - CONTINUOUS

Phantom's counter-frequency pulses through the warped chamber.

Red light from the Relic distorts—
then stutters—
then flickers like a broken neon sign.

Strasser snarls.

STRASSER
STOP THAT!
STOP HIM-!!

Prometheus steps in front of Phantom and blocks a Hunter-Killer's rifle with his body.

Silver rounds lodge deep, but Prometheus stands.

Leviathan leaps from a wall-wave and tears into another soldier.

Dracula lunges toward the Götterwolf's physical form—
both beasts clashing in a burst of shadows and runes.

Ryder crawls toward the flickering Relic.

She screams into the distortion:

RYDER

LAWRENCE—
COME BACK—
RIGHT NOW—!!!

The chamber shudders.

Wolfman's shout echoes through time and space:

LUPUS (V.O.)

RYDER—!!

His voice breaks through.

The Relic cracks.

Red energy spills out.

Strasser realizes what's happening.

STRASSER

NO—NO NO NO—
HOLD THE FREQUENCY BACK—!!

The chamber warps violently—

Ryder reaches toward the altar—

Wolfman's hand reaches back from the distortion—

The Relic SCREAMS—
a sound that shakes the entire fortress—

—

CRAAAAAACK—!!

CUT TO BLACK.

141. INT. RITUAL MINDSCAPE - WOLFMAN'S BREAKTHROUGH

The Götterwolf towers above Wolfman.

Runes burn across its fur.
Its voice shakes the forest of shadows.

GÖTTERWOLF (V.O.)

You are MINE.
Made from my blood.
Bound by my will.

Wolfman staggers—
flickering between human and monstrous.

The First raises a claw.

Phantom's counter-frequency ripples through the mindscape –
cracking trees, breaking moons, distorting shadows.

Wolfman gasps.

He hears Ryder's voice echoing through the distortion:

RYDER (V.O.)

Lawrence–
COME BACK TO ME–!!

Wolfman grips his own chest, claws digging into fur and skin.

He screams–

LUPUS

I–AM–NOT–YOUR–HEIR–!!

Red runes on his chest spark–
then SHATTER.

The Götterwolf reels back, surprised for the first time.

Wolfman stands taller.
Eyes blazing GOLD – not blue.

A choice.

His choice.

He roars–

And LAUNCHES himself at the Götterwolf.

142. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER – PARALLEL REALITY – CONTINUOUS

Phantom's mask flickers violently – purple turning to white–
hot.

The counter-frequency grows unstable, shaking the chamber.

Prometheus braces Phantom with both arms.

PROMETHEUS

Hold the line–
Hold it–

Phantom's voice overlaps itself:

PHANTOM

Multiple...
 harmonics...
 incoming-
 can't...

His mask cracks again.

Ryder reaches toward the altar, toward the flickering distortion where Wolfman's hand appears.

Dracula and the physical form of the Götterwolf tear into each other in a frenzy of ancient violence.

They crash into pillars.

Shatter stone.

Rip apart steel supports.

Dracula's fangs sink deep into the First's shoulder-

The First throws him into a wall so hard the concrete crater dents.

Leviathan leaps onto the First's hind leg, claws tearing through fur, ripping at runes.

The Götterwolf kicks him in the ribs -
 Leviathan flies across the chamber.

Prometheus catches him mid-air.

143. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - STRASSER LOSES CONTROL

Strasser claws at the Relic's control console.

Energy whips around him, burning his lab coat to ribbons.

His voice fractures into multiple tones.

STRASSER

Obey me-
 OBEY ME-!!

His skin crawls with shifting runes.
 His fingers elongate into black talons.

He is becoming something
 not human
 and not god.

A monstrous hybrid.

Prometheus glares at him.

PROMETHEUS
You ruined him.
You ruined everything.

Strasser shrieks:

STRASSER
He is PERFECTION--!!

He slams his hand on a final lever.

The Second Relic SHRIEKS.

Red lightning erupts across the chamber--
everything turning violent and unstable.

Ryder's voice cuts through the chaos:

RYDER
LAWRENCE--
TAKE MY HAND--!!

144. INT. RITUAL MINDSCAPE - WOLF VS GOD

Wolfman struggles beneath the First's enormous claws.

Snow and shadows blast around them.

The Götterwolf snarls--

GÖTTERWOLF (V.O.)
You cannot deny me.
You cannot escape blood.

Wolfman growls through clenched teeth.

LUPUS
Blood...
is family.

Phantom's counter-frequency hum echoes.
Ryder's voice cuts through.

Wolfman's eyes widen.

He shoves the First backward with a surge of impossible strength.

The mindscape shakes.

The Götterwolf lunges—

Wolfman meets it head-on—

—and BITES its throat.

Runes explode in a burst of red shrapnel.

The Götterwolf recoils, shocked.

Wolfman rises, taller, eyes blazing like wildfire.

He roars —

a roar that breaks the dream-forest apart.

The mindscape cracks.

Fragmenting into white light.

—

Wolfman reaches toward the shimmering tear in reality—

Ryder's silhouette visible on the other side.

Their hands meet—

145. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - WOLF RETURNS

Wolfman bursts back into the chamber —
tumbling off the altar as the distortion snaps.

Ryder collapses over him, palms on his face.

He's half-human, half-wolf, exhausted, trembling.

RYDER

Lawrence—
you're back—
you're back—

Wolfman coughs, voice hoarse.

LUPUS

(faint)
You...
came for me...

Ryder's eyes flood with relief.

RYDER

Always.

But the chamber is collapsing around them.

The Götterwolf's physical body lashes out, enraged at Wolfman's defiance.

Dracula crashes into it again, claws digging deep.

Phantom's mask sparks violently as he tries to hold the counter-frequency.

Prometheus braces a collapsing pillar with his raw strength.

Leviathan hisses, wounded, but ready for more.

Strasser screams, madness overtaking him as the Relic overloads.

Ryder holds Wolfman close.

RYDER (CONT'D)

We end this now.

Wolfman bares his fangs—

LUPUS

Together.

CUT TO BLACK.

146. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - CHAOS ASCENDING

The chamber is collapsing.

Red lightning forks across splitting stone.

Pipes rupture.

Ceiling arches twist into spirals of impossible geometry.

The GÖTTERWOLF roars at Wolfman's escape —
a howl that cracks remaining pillars.

Dracula digs a claw into the First's flank, snarling.

DRACULA

You will not take him back.

The First SLAMS Dracula into the altar, shattering the stone.

Prometheus braces under a collapsing ceiling beam.

PROMETHEUS

(gritting teeth)
A little... help...!

Leviathan charges and knocks the beam aside with a hiss.

Phantom floats, mask glowing white-hot as he channels counter-frequencies.

Ryder pulls Wolfman upright.

He's weak — but his eyes blaze with fury, gold and red intertwined.

RYDER
You're with me?

Wolfman wipes blood from his muzzle.

LUPUS
To the end.

They turn toward the battle.

147. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - STRASSER'S FINAL FORM

Strasser stretches unnaturally —
limbs elongating, bones contorting beneath his skin.

Runes crawl across him like insects.
His mouth widens, teeth multiplying.

His voice distorts into layered echoes.

STRASSER
The Relic chose me.
I am its prophet—
its vessel—
its KING-!!

He slams his taloned hand onto the Relic's core.

A shockwave BLASTS outward.

Phantom screeches — the frequency nearly crushing him.

Prometheus digs metal fingers into the floor to stay grounded.

Leviathan is thrown into a pillar.

Dracula stumbles, blood running black from his temple.

Ryder shields Wolfman.

Strasser floats upward, body crackling with energy.

STRASSER (CONT'D)
I WILL MERGE WITH THE FIRST—
AND ASCEND—!!

Wolfman snarls weakly.

LUPUS
Not... on my... watch...

Ryder steadies him.

148. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - MONSTER UNIT VS. THE FIRST

The Götterwolf lunges toward Ryder and Wolfman.

Dracula intercepts —
slamming into the First mid-charge.

They roll across the shattered floor, tearing into each other.

Dracula digs claws into the First's throat.

The First bites down on Dracula's shoulder, shaking him like prey.

Dracula screams — a sound that rattles chandeliers.

Leviathan leaps and clamps his jaws onto the First's hind leg.

Prometheus grabs the First's arm, PULLING with every ounce of titan strength.

They're trying to PIN the First.

Phantom focuses, mask vibrating at dangerous levels.

PHANTOM
I can disrupt him—
but I need a moment—!

Ryder looks at Wolfman.

RYDER
Can you still fight?

Wolfman snarls:

LUPUS
Let me loose.

Ryder releases him.

Wolfman jumps into the fray –
latching onto the First's jaw, pulling it sideways.

The Götterwolf howls –
a sound that fractures steel.

Dracula spits blood.

DRACULA
HOLD HIM–
FOR THE PHANTOM–!!

They dig in.

All five monsters vs. one god.

149. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - PHANTOM'S OVERLOAD

Phantom rises above the battle.

His mask glows blinding white.

Electric arcs leap between cracks in the air.
Sonic halos ripple from his hands.

His voice emerges in a layered chorus.

PHANTOM
Harmonic inversion...
initiated.

The Relic SCREAMS –
the sound of dying reality.

Strasser howls in agony, runes bursting beneath his skin.

The Götterwolf thrashes:

Wolfman flies against a broken wall

Leviathan slides across the floor

Prometheus loses his grip

Dracula is thrown violently backward

Ryder drags Wolfman to cover.

Phantom's power spirals out of control —
fractures forming across his mask.

PROMETHEUS
PHANTOM—STOP—!
YOU'LL UNMAKE YOURSELF—!!

Phantom opens his hands.

A sonic sphere forms.

And collapses inward.

PHANTOM

(whispering)
For him...

He unleashes the wave.

150. INT. RITUAL CHAMBER - THE GREAT COLLAPSE

The wave STRIKES the First.

Reality bends around the Götterwolf.

Runes flicker.
Fur distort.
Teeth elongate.
The First HOWLS —
its voice split between frequencies.

Dracula lunges, pinning the First's neck.

Prometheus throws his full weight into its chest.

Leviathan tears into its leg.

Wolfman—shaking, nearly broken—
drags himself toward the fray.

Ryder stands beside him.

RYDER
You don't go alone.

Wolfman rises.

Charges.

And SHOVES his claws deep into the Götterwolf's chest.

The First roars—

The Relic CRACKS— splitting down the center.

Strasser screams—

STRASSER

NOOOOO—

THE RITUAL—

THE RITUAL—!!

The chamber collapses into a swirling vortex of red light.

Wolfman turns to Ryder.

LUPUS

Whatever happens—
don't let go.

Ryder grabs his hand.

The vortex expands—

And SWALLOWS the entire chamber.

CUT TO WHITE.

151. INT. RELIC VOID - SILENCE

White.

Pure, endless white.

Then—

A heartbeat.

Another.

The whiteness flickers, becoming cracked red veins.

The air vibrates.

Gravity comes and goes in lurches.

Ryder lies on a fractured slab of stone drifting in nothing.

She gasps awake.

Her body floats a foot above the surface, then slams down as gravity snaps back.

She coughs, crawling to her elbows.

RYDER

Lawrence—
Lawrence—!

Her voice echoes into infinity, swallowed by nothingness.

A distant howl answers her.

Not the First.

Wolfman.

She scrambles upright.

152. INT. RELIC VOID - SCATTERED ISLANDS OF RUIN

Chunks of the ritual chamber float like debris in outer space.

Bent steel.
Broken columns.
Spirals of red light.

Ryder leaps between drifting stones.

Ahead—

Prometheus lies half-buried under floating rubble.
One eye flickers weakly.
His arm is twisted backward.

Ryder reaches him.

RYDER (CONT'D)

Prometheus—!
Are you—?

Prometheus groans, metal grinding inside him.

PROMETHEUS

I'm... functional.
Barely.

He shifts aside a chunk of stone with sheer will.

Ryder looks around desperately.

RYDER

We're not done.
Where's Phantom?
Where's Lawrence?

Prometheus shakes his head.

PROMETHEUS

This place...
it's not physical.
The relic pulled us into a... pocket.
A dying dimension.

A faint, pulsing hum emerges in the distance.

Phantom's frequency, but faint.
Almost extinguished.

Ryder's breath catches.

153. INT. RELIC VOID - PHANTOM'S CONDITION

Ryder and Prometheus follow the fading hum.

They find Phantom on a floating shard of floor, curled inward.

His mask is shattered down the center.
Glowing circuitry spills out like veins of molten glass.

His chest rises weakly, then stills—

Then rises again.

Barely.

Ryder drops to her knees beside him.

RYDER

Phantom—
stay with me.
Please.

His voice is a whisper, three tones over each other:

PHANTOM

I... bought you time.
No more... than that...

His fingers twitch, reaching for Ryder's hand.

She grabs it.

RYDER

We're not done.
You hear me?
We finish it together.

Phantom's broken mask flickers once.

A faint hum replies.

Then falls silent.

Ryder tears up—
then forces it down.

She stands.

RYDER (CONT'D)
Find Dracula.
Find Lawrence.
We end Strasser.

Prometheus nods grimly.

154. INT. RELIC VOID - DRACULA AND LEVIATHAN

They leap across drifting debris, searching.

A low groan echoes.

Ryder and Prometheus crest a broken pillar.

Dracula lies beneath a collapsed section of stone —
arms pinned, ribs cracked open, black blood pooling.

Leviathan crouches beside him, chest heaving, wounded
fiercely.

Dracula's voice is ragged.

DRACULA
I will mend...
given time...

Ryder kneels, trying to lift the stone.

It doesn't budge.

Prometheus steps forward.

He digs fingers under the slab and heaves—
muscles screaming—
metal plates tearing—

The stone lifts just enough.

Dracula drags himself free, collapsing into a crouch.

He looks up at Ryder.

His eyes are dim.
Ancient.
Hurt.

DRACULA (CONT'D)
The First lives.
And Strasser...
Strasser has fled deeper.

Leviathan snarls softly –
a protective, wounded sound.

Ryder wipes her face, resolute.

RYDER
Where's Wolfman?

Dracula gestures toward a distant red vortex.

155. INT. RELIC VOID - STRASSER'S FINAL SANCTUM

A massive floating platform of cracked stone waits ahead.
Above it –
the shattered Second Relic rotates like a bleeding planet.

Strasser stands beneath it.

Or what's left of him.

He has become a twisted hybrid:

elongated limbs

runes carved through bone

patches of fur

talons dripping with red light

eyes glowing like ruptured stars

He speaks with a chorus of voices.

STRASSER
Welcome...
my wayward children.

Wolfman kneels before him –
struggling, blood dripping, chest carved with half-finished
runes.

Strasser holds him by the hair.

Ryder chokes on fury.

RYDER

Let him GO.

Strasser smiles, jaw splitting too wide.

STRASSER

Why would I do that?

He is my vessel.

He is the bridge.

He is the doorway.

Wolfman tries to claw at Strasser's grip.

Strasser strokes his cheek mockingly.

STRASSER (CONT'D)

And when he opens...

the First will rise.

The gods will return.

Ryder's fists tremble.

Prometheus, Dracula, and Leviathan step to her side.

Strasser extends a mutated hand.

STRASSER (CONT'D)

Come then.

All of you.

See the birth of a new night.

Ryder raises her pistol.

Broken.

Bent.

Barely metal.

She still aims it.

RYDER

You'll die first.

Wolfman's voice is a whisper, full of pain:

LUPUS

Ryder...

don't...

let him...

Ryder steps forward.

RYDER

I won't.

The relic pulses.

Strasser opens his arms.

Inviting them.

Smiling like a prophet of extinction.

CUT TO BLACK.

156. INT. RELIC VOID - THE FINAL PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

The broken stone island drifts in a sea of red light.

Strasser stands at its center—
grotesque, elongated, flesh and rune intertwined.
Half-wolf, half-man, half-something ancient.

Wolfman kneels before him, shaking violently.

Ryder steps forward—
Prometheus at her right,
Dracula limping at her left,
Leviathan crouched behind her,
Phantom barely conscious on a floating shard.

Strasser's voice splits into three tones:

STRASSER

You can't stop ascension...
Only witness it.

Ryder lifts her mangled pistol anyway.

RYDER

We're not here to witness anything.

Strasser spreads his arms.

The shattered relic rotates above, dripping energy into his spine.

STRASSER

Then DIE.

The platform trembles.

A new howl tears through the void—

THE GÖTTERWOLF.

Its form reassembles from swirling red smoke behind Strasser—
massive, rune-lit, furious.

Dracula steps in front of Ryder.

DRACULA
This ends with me.

Ryder touches his arm.

RYDER
Not just you.

Wolfman looks up, eyes wild.

Ryder meets his gaze.

RYDER (CONT'D)
I've got you, Lawrence.

Wolfman tries to stand.

He can't.

Strasser jerks on his hair, forcing his head back.

157. INT. RELIC VOID - BATTLE BEGINS

Everything erupts at once.

Strasser snarls, veins splitting with runes.

STRASSER
KILL THE WEAK FIRST—!!

The Götterwolf charges—

Prometheus intercepts, slamming into it like an iron
avalanche.

Leviathan leaps onto the wolf's hindquarters, digging claws
deep.

Dracula leaps, claws out, teeth bared—

—straight at Strasser.

Ryder dives for Wolfman.

Strasser catches Dracula mid-air by the throat—

lifting him with unnatural strength.

STRASSER (CONT'D)

I have no quarrel with you, Count—
but you are in my way.

He SLAMS Dracula into the platform, cracking stone.

Wolfman howls, trying to reach him.

Ryder reaches Wolfman—

He collapses into her arms.

LUPUS

(weak)

Ryder...
you should run...

She grips his jaw, forcing his eyes open.

RYDER

We don't run.
We finish this.

Wolfman trembles—

But nods.

158. INT. RELIC VOID - PHANTOM'S LAST SURGE

Phantom floats shakily above the battlefield.

His mask is almost dead.

Only one half of the circuitry glows.

He sees:

Prometheus being overpowered

Leviathan thrown across the void

Dracula crushed under Strasser's claws

Wolfman dying in Ryder's arms

He knows what he must do.

He reaches up—

Touches the cracked edge of his mask—
And rips off the loose plate.

Underneath is not a face.

It's a glowing core, pulsing with failing resonance.

Phantom whispers—

PHANTOM

For the team..

He lifts both hands.

The mask-core glows brighter—

A frequency begins that shakes the void itself.

Strasser turns, eyes widening.

STRASSER

NO—

NOT AGAIN—!!!

Phantom unleashes a SONIC NOVA.

The air bends.

Energy spirals.

The relic pulses violently.

The Götterwolf staggers.

Strasser clutches his head, runes flickering uncontrollably.

Prometheus rises—

reinvigorated by the blast—

and SLAMS the First to the ground.

Phantom's body trembles—

Hairline cracks streak through his chest.

Ryder screams:

RYDER

PHANTOM—STOP—YOU CAN'T—!!

Phantom's voice is gentle.

PHANTOM

Yes I can.

He pours everything into the frequency.

159. INT. RELIC VOID - DRACULA AND STRASSER'S LAST STAND

Dracula rises—broken, but unbowed.

Strasser lashes out, claws flashing.

Dracula blocks with one arm—
the bone splits but he doesn't stop.

Strasser roars—

STRASSER
YOU ARE RELICS—
FREAKS—
DEAD THINGS—!

Dracula's eyes burn red-black.

DRACULA
We are MONSTERS.

He bites into Strasser's mutated wrist, tearing half of it off.

Strasser screams—
runes bleeding light.

Dracula claws at Strasser's chest—
digging for the relic's conduit.

Strasser backhands him—
shattering Dracula's jaw.
Breaking ribs.
Tearing flesh.

But Dracula holds on.

Refuses to let go.

Leviathan limps forward and WRENCHES Strasser's leg out from under him.

Strasser stumbles.

Prometheus grabs him around the torso—
lifting him off the ground.

Phantom's nova grows stronger—

Strasser shrieks—

STRASSER
YOU CANNOT STOP GODS—!!

Wolfman rises behind Ryder—

Barely standing.

Barely breathing.

But eyes glowing GOLD.

LUPUS

I'm not trying to stop a god.

He lunges.

160. INT. RELIC VOID - THE CRITICAL STRIKE

Wolfman claws Strasser across the spine—
ripping through rune-metal bone.

Strasser SCREAMS—
light geysers from his back.

The Götterwolf tries to break free—
but Prometheus and Leviathan hold him down, roaring through
blood and broken armor.

Dracula digs into Strasser's chest—
clawing at the relic's core.

Phantom gives one last push—
the sonic nova collapsing around him.

His mask shatters completely.

His body begins to fissure with light.

Ryder grabs Wolfman's shoulders—

RYDER

NOW, LAWRENCE—
END IT—!!

Wolfman howls—

PURE, GOLDEN, DEFIANT—

And DRIVES HIS CLAWS
STRAIGHT INTO STRASSER'S CHEST
—
TEARING OUT THE RELIC CONDUIT.

Strasser's eyes widen.

Three voices speaking at once:

STRASSER

I...
am...
GOD—!!

Wolfman crushes the conduit in his fist.

BOOOOOOOOOM—

The relic SHATTERS.

A shockwave of white and red tears through the void.

The Götterwolf howls—
then dissolves into smoke and runes.

Dracula is thrown backward.
Prometheus, Leviathan, Ryder, Wolfman all flung into the
void.

Phantom's body EXPLODES into a halo of sound—

The void collapses.

Everything becomes—

WHITE.

161. EXT. STRASSER'S FORTRESS - RUINS - DAWN

WIND.

SNOW.

SMOKE.

The fortress is gone —
reduced to a crater of collapsed concrete, twisted steel, and
steaming earth.

Dawn breaks over charred battlements.

For a long moment...

Silence.

Then—

A metal fist PUNCHES up through the rubble.

PROMETHEUS hauls himself from the debris, smoking, armor
cracked.

He groans like a dying engine.

PROMETHEUS
...still here...

He looks down into the crater—

And sees MOVEMENT.

He slides down the rubble, limping.

He begins digging frantically with enormous hands.

162. EXT. CRATER - CONTINUOUS

Prometheus pulls aside a slab of concrete.

Beneath it—

LEVIATHAN, tangled in rebar and pipe, blood mixing with water.

The creature weakly opens one eye.

LEVIATHAN

(hiss, faint)
You... heavy... metal...

Prometheus cracks a broken half-smile.

PROMETHEUS
Still complaining.
Good.

He frees Leviathan, dragging him onto stable ground.

More rubble shifts.

Prometheus freezes—

A pale hand reaches out.

Then another...

DRACULA crawls from the ruins, body shredded, one wing torn, black blood dripping from cracked ribs.

He collapses to his knees, shaking.

Prometheus rushes to steady him.

PROMETHEUS (CONT'D)

Easy—
just breathe—

Dracula coughs black blood into the snow.

DRACULA

I... do not need... your help...

Prometheus lifts him anyway.

PROMETHEUS

Right. Sure.
You're doing great.

Dracula sags against him, unconscious.

Prometheus looks around desperately.

PROMETHEUS (CONT'D)

RYDER—!!
LAWRENCE—!!

His voice echoes across the ruins.

163. EXT. CRATER RUIN - ANOTHER POCKET OF STONE - MOMENTS
LATER

A faint whimper.

Prometheus runs toward it.

He moves a slab aside—

RYDER lies beneath, arm shielding WOLFMAN, both half-buried,
dust-covered, barely breathing.

Ryder coughs hard.

Wolfman's eyes flicker open, golden glow fading.

RYDER

(hoarse)
I'm here...
I'm here...

Wolfman tries to speak—
collapses into her arms.

Ryder cradles his face.

RYDER (CONT'D)

Hey... hey—
look at me—
you're home—

Wolfman forces a weak growl of a breath.

LUPUS

...did we win...?

Ryder nods, tears in her eyes.

RYDER

Yeah.
You did.

Wolfman closes his eyes.

Alive.
Barely.

Prometheus kneels beside them, relieved.

But then—
his face falls.

Ryder follows his gaze.

A small floating shard of broken steel tilts nearby.

On it—

PHANTOM.

Motionless.
Mask shattered.
Body cracked like glass.
Silent.

Ryder crawls toward him.

Prometheus holds back, head bowed.

Leviathan limps closer, gills drooping.

Dracula, half-conscious, lifts his head weakly to look.

Ryder touches Phantom's shoulder.

It is cold.

Too cold.

She swallows, whispering:

RYDER (CONT'D)

Phantom...
please...

A final spark flickers in his chest.

Barely visible.

Then—

A faint hum.

Almost inaudible.

Ryder gasps—

RYDER (CONT'D)

He's alive—
PROMETHEUS HE'S ALIVE—!!

Prometheus stumbles forward, overwhelmed.

Leviathan hisses, relieved.

Dracula closes his eyes in silent thanks.

Ryder presses her forehead to Phantom's.

RYDER (CONT'D)

Hold on.
Hold on, okay?
We're not losing you.

Phantom's core flickers faintly in reply.

164. EXT. CRATER EDGE - DAWN DEEPENS

A distant whine in the sky.

Prometheus looks up.

Shapes appear through the smoke:

U.S. aircraft.
Dozens.

Transport planes.
Artillery carriers.
Spotter balloons.

Ryder shields her eyes.

Prometheus helps her stand.

Leviathan hides behind rubble, uneasy.

Dracula sinks into the shadows.

Wolfman hangs limply in Ryder's arms.

The first plane lands hard on the destroyed airstrip.

U.S. COMMANDOS rush out.

At their head—

A general in a long brown coat, wind whipping his hair.

GENERAL MONROE, 50s, steel-eyed, unshaken.

He surveys the destruction—
then the creatures—
then Ryder holding Wolfman.

He approaches, boots crunching through ash and snow.

Ryder looks ready to fight until her last breath.

Monroe lifts a hand.

MONROE

Stand down, Captain.
They're ours.

Ryder hesitates.

RYDER

Sir...
we lost Phantom...
Leviathan's hurt...
Dracula needs blood...
Lawrence is dying—

Monroe nods.

Not unkindly.

But with the hardness of someone who's seen wars within wars.

He signals to medics.

MONROE

Then we take them home.

Ryder nearly collapses from relief and exhaustion.

Monroe steps closer, voice low.

MONROE (CONT'D)
You did good, Captain.
Damn good.

But his eyes drift toward the crater center—

Where the shattered relic lies in pieces.

A medic bends down toward it—

MEDIC
General...?
Sir—this thing's still hot—

Monroe's expression tightens.

A faint red light pulses inside the broken relic fragment.

Once.

Twice.

Like a heartbeat.

Monroe whispers:

MONROE
Christ almighty...

165. EXT. CRATER RUINS - CONTINUOUS

Ryder, barely conscious, hands Wolfman to two medics.

They begin loading him into a stretcher.

Phantom's cracked body is placed gently into a containment cradle, technicians working to stabilize his core.

Prometheus sits heavily on a steel beam, staring at the smoke.

Leviathan watches warily as soldiers approach, hiding behind Ryder.

Dracula, weakened, clings to a shadow under a ruined wall.

Ryder limps toward Monroe.

RYDER

General...
Strasser is dead.
The First... gone.

Monroe shakes his head.

MONROE

That's not what worries me.

He nods toward the glowing relic fragment.

Ryder's eyes widen.

Cracks split across its surface—

Red light leaking like blood.

A low, ancient hum begins—

Phantom's hum answers weakly, involuntarily.

All the monsters tense.

Dracula's eyes flare despite being half-dead.

Leviathan hisses.

Wolfman shivers even unconscious.

Monroe turns to Ryder.

MONROE (CONT'D)

Captain...
you didn't destroy anything.

He leans closer.

Grim.

Awed.

Terrified.

MONROE (CONT'D)

You woke it up.

Ryder freezes.

Snow falls.

The relic fragment pulses again.

CUT TO BLACK.

166. EXT. MAKESHIFT FIELD HOSPITAL - STAGING GROUND - LATER
THAT MORNING

A sprawling military medical encampment covers the field
beside the ruined fortress.

White tents.
Generators humming.
Prop planes idle in the snow.

Snow and ash swirl together like gray confetti.

Medics rush between stations.

Ryder exits a medical tent, exhausted, limping slightly.

PROMETHEUS sits on a steel crate nearby, torso half-repaired
by field techs. Wires and metal ribs exposed.

LEVIATHAN rests in a tank of heated water, hooked to oxygen
hoses, gills rising and falling slowly.

DRACULA lies under a shaded canopy, weakened, wrapped in
heavy blankets, black blood pooled beneath him. He looks dead
—until his eyes flick open.

Ryder approaches him.

RYDER

How bad?

Dracula's voice is barely a whisper.

DRACULA

I require...
rest.
And blood.
Preferably soon.

Ryder almost smiles.

RYDER

We'll find you some.

Dracula tries to reply—
but slips into unconsciousness again.

Ryder turns toward a larger tent.

A single guard steps aside.

She enters.

167. INT. MEDICAL TENT - PHANTOM'S STATION - CONTINUOUS

Dim lamplight.

Machines beep quietly.

Phantom lies on a reinforced steel cot, body braced in a web of metal supports.

His cracked mask has been carefully wired together by technicians — no longer sparking, but glowing faintly.

A FIELD ENGINEER adjusts a dial near his chest.

ENGINEER

His core's stabilizing..
barely.

Ryder approaches slowly.

Phantom's eyes flicker behind the cracked mask.

He whispers in his layered voice:

PHANTOM

Did..
we do it...?

Ryder places her hand over his.

RYDER

Yeah.
We won.

Phantom's chest rises softly.

The faint hum returns—

gentle
steady
alive.

Ryder smiles through her exhaustion.

RYDER (CONT'D)

Get some rest, okay?
You earned it.

Phantom's fingers twitch in acknowledgement.

Ryder gently sets his hand down.

She watches him for a moment longer—

Then steps out.

168. INT. RECOVERY TENT - WOLFMAN - MOMENTS LATER

Ryder enters quietly.

Wolfman lies on a cot, bandaged heavily, muzzle half-human, half-wolf.

Breathing slow.

Safe.

He stirs when he senses her.

Eyes open-

Soft golden glow.

LUPUS

(weak smile)

You came back.

Ryder sits beside him.

RYDER

I wasn't going anywhere.

Wolfman swallows hard, emotions barely contained.

LUPUS

Ryder...

I saw things.

Before you pulled me out.

Future things.

Ryder tenses.

RYDER

Bad?

Wolfman nods faintly.

LUPUS

The First wasn't lying.

Something else is coming.

Something worse.

Ryder touches his cheek gently.

RYDER

We'll face it.

Together.

Wolfman relaxes into the pillow.

A long silence.

Then—

LUPUS

Thank you...
for saving me.

Ryder squeezes his hand.

RYDER

You saved us.
All of us.

Their hands intertwine—
human and clawed fingers overlapping.

169. EXT. STAGING GROUND - OUTSIDE MONROE'S COMMAND TENT -
EVENING

Snow falls thicker as dusk approaches.

General Monroe stands over a map of Europe with several
officers, lanterns swaying in the wind.

A large object rests under a tarp beside the tent.

It GLows faintly red beneath the canvas.

Monroe glances at it uneasily.

A subordinate officer approaches with a clipboard.

OFFICER

Sir...
the relic fragment you recovered—
it's not inert.
Energy readings doubled in the last
hour.

Monroe grimaces.

MONROE

Of course they did.

He lights another cigarette, hands shaking between confidence
and fear.

MONROE (CONT'D)
Have the boys load it into
containment.
Triple-seal it.
And get me a direct line to
Washington.

The officer hesitates.

OFFICER
Sir...
Captain Ryder and her...
team--
are they being discharged?

Monroe looks toward Ryder helping Wolfman into a wheelchair,
Prometheus lumbering beside her, Leviathan's tank being
moved, Dracula's body carried under heavy shade, Phantom
unconscious but humming.

Monroe lowers his voice.

MONROE
Son...
those creatures aren't getting
discharged.

A beat.

MONROE (CONT'D)
They're getting reactivated.

The officer pales.

Monroe lifts the tarp a crack--

Inside:

The relic fragment pulses like a beating heart.

MONROE (CONT'D)

(softly, grimly)
Because it's not over.
Not even close.

He lowers the tarp.

170. EXT. TRANSYLVANIA - RUINS OF DRACULA'S CASTLE - NIGHT

A cold moon hangs over ancient stone ruins.

Wind howls through the shattered battlements.

The camera glides through broken hallways.

Down stairs carved centuries ago.

Into a cavern beneath the ruins—

Where a pedestal stands.

On it:

THE THIRD RELIC

—untouched—

—silent—

—dormant—

Its runes flicker—

once—

twice—

Then glow a deep, ominous gold.

A low hum begins—

A voice whispering from impossible ages:

ANCIENT VOICE (V.O.)

It begins...

The Relic pulses again—

The cavern walls tremble.

FADE TO BLACK.

171. EXT. MILITARY AIRFIELD - NIGHT

Snowstorms swirl beneath floodlights.

Engines hum.

A reinforced military transport plane—the kind used for experimental cargo—waits at the end of the runway.

Ryder stands with her team:

WOLFMAN in a heavy coat, leaning against her shoulder.

PROMETHEUS, half-armored, half-rebuilt.

LEVIATHAN, in a portable tank of heated seawater on wheels.

DRACULA, wrapped in thick blankets, skin gray, eyes barely open.

PHANTOM, strapped upright in a stabilization frame, mask repaired but glowing faint violet.

General Monroe approaches with a folder under one arm.

He looks at them—
tired, battered, legendary.

MONROE
Your orders came through.
Washington wants you wheels-up in
ten.

Ryder steps forward.

RYDER
Where are we going?

Monroe hands her the folder.

She opens it—

The front page reads:

PROJECT UNIVERSAL

UNIT REACTIVATION ORDERS - TOP SECRET

Beneath it:

Team designations

Funding lines

Mission parameters

Ryder swallows hard.

RYDER (CONT'D)
We're not getting leave?

Monroe shakes his head.

MONROE
Captain...
what you fought today wasn't an
accident.
Or an anomaly.

He gestures behind him.

Two soldiers struggle to load the pulsing relic fragment into a reinforced containment pod.

It flashes red.

Everyone shivers.

MONROE (CONT'D)

The world just changed.
And you're the only unit built for
this.

Ryder glances back to her team—
each of them broken in different ways, but alive.

Together.

She nods.

RYDER

Then let's go home.

172. INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - MID-FLIGHT - HOURS LATER

The plane ROARS through the night sky.

Inside:

Dim red lights.
Straps rattling.
Medical equipment humming.

Wolfman sits on a bench seat, wrapped in blankets, shivering slightly. Ryder sits beside him.

He looks at her.

LUPUS

You feel it too... right?

Ryder frowns.

RYDER

Feel what?

Wolfman touches his chest—where Strasser carved runes.

They glow faintly beneath his skin.

A golden pulse.

LUPUS
Something's still in me.
Something... calling.

Ryder reaches under his hand, grounding him.

RYDER
Then we'll deal with it.
Together.

He nods, focusing on her.

Across from them—

PROMETHEUS sits, head lowered, quietly humming a tune from
some long-lost memory.

LEVIATHAN sleeps in his tank, tail drifting in warm water.

DRACULA lies on a stretcher, eyes half-open, staring at the
ceiling.

He hears something faint—

A whisper.
A hum.

His pupils sharpen.

He leans slightly upward—

DRACULA
(softly)
No...
Not again...

Ryder notices.

RYDER
What is it?

Dracula's voice trembles—
a rare, terrifying thing.

DRACULA
The relic fragment.
It whispers to me.

Ryder freezes.

Then a soft chime pulses through the plane.

Phantom stirs.

173. INT. TRANSPORT PLANE - PHANTOM AWAKENS

Phantom's mask glows faint lavender.

A low hum vibrates in the air—
gentle at first.
Then harmonizing.

Prometheus looks up, concerned.

PROMETHEUS

Phantom...?

Phantom's fingers twitch.

His mask lights brighten.

He whispers—
voice layered, ethereal:

PHANTOM

It's not...
dead.

Everyone turns to him.

Ryder steps forward.

RYDER

Phantom—
what's not dead?

Phantom tilts his head.

The hum shifts pitch.

Then—

He speaks a single, fractured word:

PHANTOM

...Hunger.

The relic fragment in the containment pod throbs in response.

A deep bass pulse shudders through the plane.

Wolfman's claws extend involuntarily.

Leviathan wakes, gills flaring.

Dracula bares his fangs.

Prometheus stands up.

Ryder unholsters her broken pistol instinctively.

Monroe appears from the cockpit, gripping a handhold.

MONROE

Everyone stay calm—
we're two hours from base—

The relic pulses again.

The lights flicker.

The plane shakes.

Everyone tenses—

But then—

The hum fades.

The plane steadies.

Phantom slumps back into silence.

Ryder exhales shakily.

RYDER

We need containment ready the
moment we land.

Monroe nods grimly.

174. EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - PROJECT UNIVERSAL HEADQUARTERS -
DAWN

Snowy twilight over the Potomac.

A blacked-out convoy escorts the Monster Unit from the
airfield to a massive underground facility hidden in plain
sight.

On the front gate:

CONGRESSIONAL RESEARCH DIVISION - SECURE STORAGE

But beneath it—

Hidden inside—

PROJECT UNIVERSAL COMMAND.

The convoy enters the underground hangar.
Technicians swarm the stretcher teams.
Ryder wheels Phantom out herself.
Monroe stands with a cluster of intelligence officers.
They watch the monsters with a mix of fear and reverence.
One whispers:

OFFICER

My god...
they're real.

Monroe mutters:

MONROE

They were always real.

He turns to Ryder.

MONROE (CONT'D)

We patch you up.
We get you briefed.
And then—

He looks toward the relic containment chamber, where the
fragment pulses behind three sealed doors.

MONROE (CONT'D)

We go hunting.

Ryder lifts Wolfman's arm over her shoulder.

RYDER

For what?

Monroe looks almost afraid to say it.

MONROE

For the third one.

Ryder's eyes widen.

Dracula whispers from a stretcher:

DRACULA

Castle Bran.

Wolfman shivers violently—
the runes on his chest pulsing.

Ryder tightens her grip.

The team stands together.

Broken.

Bleeding.

Alive.

And ready.

175. INT. TRANSYLVANIA - THIRD RELIC CHAMBER - SAME TIME

Moonlight spills into the cavern beneath Dracula's ancestral castle.

The THIRD RELIC sits on its ancient pedestal—
glowing with fresh golden runes.

But now—

A figure stands before it.

A SHADOWED SILHOUETTE in a Nazi officer's coat—
one who was NOT in the fortress.

Boots crunch on stone.

Gloved hands clasp behind his back.

He speaks in perfect, calm German.

SHADOWED MAN
Strasser was a fool.
But he bought me time.

He lifts a lantern.

The golden light reveals his face—

A young man.
Sharp eyes.
Cold intelligence.

DR. KONRAD VOLK
Strasser's rival.
Strasser's superior.

Someone even worse.

He studies the relic.

Smiles.

VOLK
Soon the night will open.
And the world will learn what a
real god looks like.

He touches the Third Relic.

It pulses BRILLIANT GOLD.

The cavern shakes.

Volk doesn't flinch.

VOLK (CONT'D)
Project Universal...

He smiles wider.

A predator's smile.

VOLK (CONT'D)
...has only just begun.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD:

PROJECT UNIVERSAL

END OF SCREENPLAY