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**MIRAMAX  
INTERNATIONAL**  
presents

# **CURSED**

**DIRECTED BY**

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BLACK SCREEN

MALE VOICE

(voice over)

Do you believe in werewolves?

FADE IN:

EXT. BEL AGE ROOFTOP - BENEFIT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a pretty, shapely WOMAN in a cat costume. This is JENNY TAYLOR. 20's. She LAUGHS, giddy. Flirtatious. She's had a few drinks. The whiskers that sprout from her painted cat nose wiggle. She's adorable.

JENNY

Is that what you are? I had you pegged for a gray wolf or a timber type.

She's talking to a Wolf. A MAN dressed in a costume. A furry canine mask conceals his face.

WOLF MAN

No, I'm a werewolf.

They stand pool-side at a crowded rooftop bar. The roof has been transformed into a swank LA charity benefit. A P.E.T.A. event. The GUESTS in attendance are all dressed in costume. As their favorite endangered species.

JENNY

I had no idea the 'werewolf' was endangered.

WOLF MAN

We are a vanishing breed.

JENNY

Is that why you're here? To raise money for your "people"? Or is it "species"?

The Wolf Man follows Jenny as they move through the crowd, walking and talking.

WOLF MAN

Actually, I'm looking for a victim.

She smiles. Amused.

JENNY

Is that all I am to you? A victim?  
Can't you look past that and see me  
as the virtually extinct Arabian  
Leopard that I am?

WOLF MAN

Not just a victim. You'd have the  
initiation-rites-of-passage honor.

Jenny looks up to the sky.

JENNY

There is a full moon.

She refers to the large, round moon that hangs low in the  
night. The Wolf Man points with his claw.

WOLF MAN

It only looks full. Actually, the  
full moon is two-nights away.

JENNY

So what are you doing out and  
about?

WOLF MAN

Tonight's the first of two rising  
moons. It's a whole three-day-a-  
month-cycle-of-the-wolf type thing.

JENNY

I see. Hey, do you every worry  
about wooden stakes through the  
heart?

WOLF MAN

If I were a vampire, maybe.

JENNY

My bad. It's silver, right?

The Wolf Man nods.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Now, say, if you bit me -- would I  
be cursed and turn into a she-wolf?

Her flirtation is growing. She's really getting into this  
conversation. It's a turn-on.

WOLF MAN

If you survived, yes. In a couple  
days.

(MORE)

WOLF MAN (CONT'D)

But I couldn't let that happen.  
You can't have a lot of werewolves  
running around. This is LA.  
Someone might find out about me.  
It's best I stay in myth and  
fiction.

Jenny's impressed with this "werewolf pick-up".

JENNY

Nicely done. You're smooth. Let  
me guess. You're an actor. I  
always get the actors.

WOLF MAN

So, what do you say, Kit Kat, wanna  
play the part?

JENNY

Is this my audition? What do I  
have to do?

He moves in close. It's sexy.

WOLF MAN

Nothing. We're having drinks,  
flirting, enjoying the thrill of  
the chase. I'm stalking my prey.  
Now we just say goodnight.

JENNY

I'm disappointed.

WOLF MAN

I'm not done. I'll follow you,  
waiting for just the right moment  
to strike. Timing is everything.

JENNY

Usually. Then what happens?

The Wolf Man moves in even closer. Jenny allows it. She  
finds him dangerously alluring.

WOLF MAN

I attack. Probably your neck  
first. This being my first kill,  
I'll be nervous, stage fright, ya  
know, so I'll want to keep you from  
screaming. Then I'll rip apart  
your lower mid-section, causing  
instant disembowelment, allowing me  
to feed easily.

Jenny freezes. Fearful. Her eyes widen as his words register. The way he describes his actions as if he were reciting it from a text book. She doesn't know what to make of it other than she's immediately disturbed and horrified.

JENNY

You just lost me. You had me with your whole sexy wolf shit, but for the record -- and it should be a no-brainer -- threatening to kill someone is a real turn-off.

Jenny, disgusted, quickly walks away. Not looking back. The Wolf Man watches her go. Then, quietly to himself...

WOLF MAN

Good-night.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - NIGHT

A little later. A large, unending parking lot where rows and rows of cars are parked.

Jenny makes her way through the lot. She digs through her coat, searching for her keys. Uneasy.

A CAR ENGINE starts up. Right in front of Jenny. She JUMPS as HEADLIGHTS blind her. Jenny quickly scurries out of the way, eyeing the COUPLE in the car.

They're dressed as matching lions. The driver sees her, waves...apologizing for scaring her. "Sorry."

Jenny waves back. "It's cool." She SIGHS. Smiles, even. She's a little wound up. She continues on as the lion couple drives off. Uneasy. Shaken.

Jenny moves between a row of cars when...

A LOW RUMBLING is heard. She turns. Huh? What? Not sure she heard anything. She looks behind her. To her left. Right. She appears to be alone in the parking lot. It's a little spooky. She picks up her pace.

A GROWL emits. An animal SOUND. She hears it clearly, stopping her in her tracks.

JENNY

Very funny...

She waits a moment. Then, another NOISE. It's almost like a response. A DEEP, GUTTURAL GROWL. It's extremely unfunny. And, very real. Jenny's heart skips a beat.

She holds up her key ring. BEEPS the remote. Several cars away, her car UNLOCKS. A small Honda Civic. The interior light CLICKS on. She heads for it when...

She notices something on the hood of a car in front of her. Clothing. Neatly folded. Next to it...the Wolf Man's mask.

Suddenly, a FLICKER of movement.

A DARK SHADOW is glimpsed between two cars...just ahead of her. Between her and her car. Jenny freezes. Quickly, she digs through her purse. Making noise. Calling out to the SHADOW.

JENNY (CONT'D)

Okay, freaky wolf guy. I have a gun. Things are going to get real funny in a second.

She's bluffing. There is no gun. But, it seems to work. The SHADOW darts off. Moving rapidly. A car JOSTLES. Then, another...as something moves farther and farther away.

Jenny proceeds. Extreme caution. Fighting her fear. She inches forward, moving by the space where the SHADOW hid. She checks it out. Nothing is there. She SIGHS, turning to her own car when...

SOMETHING SMASHES INTO HER FROM BEHIND, ripping her OUT OF FRAME. The CAMERA PANS catching Jenny CRASHING over the hood of a nearby car, her body snatched violently down.

Jenny reappears. SCREAMING...CRYING OUT...her arms flailing as she tries to crawl across the hood of the car when...

A QUICK FLASH of a BEASTLY ARM is glimpsed. LONG, DEADLY CLAWS protruding from powerful, ungodly fingers CLAMP DOWN on the back of her neck, JERKING HER BACK DOWN. Out of sight.

The car ROCKS back and forth...the ALARM SOUNDS as Jenny's body is SMASHED INTO IT. Her body is being violently mauled, as it SLAMS into another car. HEADLIGHTS begin FLASHING. More ALARMS SOUND.

Her body BACKSLAMS into a car window. GLASS SHATTERS as the savage SOUNDS of a BEAST rip the life from her.

CLOSE ON the pavement where Jenny lies. Her eyes dead wide, frozen in horror. Her body still -- a motionless corpse.

Her legs extend out of sight around the front of an SUV's front wheels. Then, her body starts to slide slowly out of sight. Her legs, torso disappear around the front of the vehicle.

Her upper body catches on the front wheel. It wedges there -- caught by her armpit. A moment. Her body stops moving, stuck.

Then, the horrendous SOUND of BONES BREAKING, SINEW STRETCHING. The body goes taut -- the SUV's wheel starts skidding ever-so-slowly sideways as an enormous pulling pressure is applied to the body's legs OFF SCREEN.

The wheels' rubber SCREECHES as it abrades the concrete.

WHOOMPH! CRACK! Jenny's body is un-wedged by brute force. In one sickening, torturous twist -- she disappears forever around the front of the vehicle as an incredible DIN OF CAR ALARMS fills the parking structure.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT - LATER

The 405 South. Cars and their headlights. Road signs indicate various Los Angeles street exits.

The Honda Civic careens down the freeway, then stops abruptly, braking as it finds itself in bumper to bumper traffic. Typical LA. Nothing but brake lights as far as the eye can see.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

A FIGURE is behind the wheel. Face unseen. Human. A dark coat, gloved hands keep this person in mystery.

Through the driver's window, a CAR shoots by. There's a lane that's completely open. PAN TO a sign -- CARPOOL LANE. TWO PEOPLE OR MORE ONLY.

ANGLE FROM THE BACKSEAT

The Figure in the driver's seat leans over. Reaching down, grabbing something with a gloved hand. A body LURCHES UP.

IN THE FRONT SEAT

Approaching headlights illuminate the body. It's Jenny. Covered in blood. She's been ripped apart from the neck down.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

The Honda Civic enters the carpool lane. Two silhouettes are seen from the back window as the car gains speed, heading down the freeway.

CRANE UP to reveal LOS ANGELES in the distance. The HOLLYWOOD SIGN is seen. As overhead freeway sign announces "Hollywood. Next 3 Exits." Above it all, the rising moon hangs low in the sky.

ROLL CREDITS

INT. GARDEN OF EDEN - NIGHT

A trendy hot spot. Make-up, breast implants, botox...it's all put to good use as HOT CLUB GIRLS frolic, flirting with GUYS on the prowl. Some annoying Electronica tune CRANKS. The LA scene at its best. Or worst.

Lounging on a pile of giant pillows if...

VINCE WINSTON

Early 20's. Physically handsome and imposing. Tough guy. Angry. Desirable. With smarts. A dangerous combination.

And, tonight -- wasted off his ass. Too much booze has left him limp on the cushions. Alone. A familiar sight. One he finds comfort in. Empty eyes say it all.

He eyes the crowd when a CLUB GIRL, all hair and breasts, plops down beside him. She smiles seductively. Great lips and teeth. Delicious.

CLUB GIRL

Remember me?

VINCE

(without pause)

Absolutely.

CLUB GIRL

What my name?

He hasn't a fucking clue. He smiles drunkenly.

VINCE

You come right out of the gate with a hard question. That's no way to flirt. You gotta bring it down. Make it easier. Ask me, uh...what my name is? That I might know.

Vince is not without his boyish charm. He has tons of it. Even in his tweaked state. The Girl LAUGHS. She's not exactly sober herself. He joins in. It's flirtatious.



CLUB GIRL  
I know your name. It's Vince.

VINCE  
Very good...Vivian?

CLUB GIRL  
Other end of the alphabet.

VINCE  
Annie...

CLUB GIRL  
Closer. One more chance.

VINCE  
Story of my life.

CLUB GIRL  
C'mon, I could BE yours for the  
night.

VINCE  
Betty...  
(eyeing her)  
I mean Barbara, Bonnie, Bunny...

CLUB GIRL  
Becky. It's Becky. And, a bummer.  
Big bummer.

You lose. Becky bolts.

Vince falls back on the pillows. Back to his alcoholic haze.  
Eh. He gave it a shot.

INT. CHIANTI - NIGHT

A tucked away Melrose bistro. A YOUNG WOMAN rushes in. A  
cell phone attached to her ear. Meet...

ELLIE HARPER

20's pretty and smart. Driven. With a no-nonsense  
professional "young girl on the rise" appearance.

ELLIE  
(into cell)  
If Timberlake's confirmed for the  
5th, we need to reschedule Colin  
Farrell pronto.

She eyes a MAN, sitting alone at a table. Their eyes meet. Ellie smiles big. Happy to see him.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

(into cell)

We can't have them on the same night. Britney -- bloodshed...I'm at dinner. I'm meeting Kyle...I don't know, he needed to talk...I'll call you after.

Ellie hangs up, racing through the restaurant to the table. At the table sits KYLE COLE, 20's. An introspective guy, too serious. A tad self-important. Or self-obsessed. Whatever applied.

KYLE

(eyeing his watch)

Hello, Ellie.

ELLIE

Kyle, sorry I'm late.

KYLE

You're here now.

Ellie greets him with a kiss, plopping down next to him.

ELLIE

You said it was important. I came as quickly as I could. You got a haircut. I like it.

Ellie's cell phone RINGS. She grabs it.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes? Can we try for the 7th or the 10th?...the 8th is no good.

Kyle eyes her. Annoyed. Ellie reads it loud and clear.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I have a handsome man sitting across from me and I'm being one of those annoying cell phone people. I will, promise. You're the best  
(she hangs up)  
Sorry. You said you needed to talk.

A moment as Kyle chooses his words very carefully.

KYLE

Ellie, you truly are a remarkable woman. Funny, smart, quirky...unique in so many ways. I've never dated anyone like you.

ELLIE

Please tell me there's not a 'but' at the end of all that.

Ellie smiles carefully. Not sure where he's headed.

KYLE

(avoiding the 'but')

Yet, we've reached a crossroads. I'm not feeling any true intimacy between us. I thought it would get better. I felt like I understood you. A small town girl in the big city, growing up with no parents... You have every right to hide your emotions, stay distracted through work -- but your self-reliance is stifling.

ELLIE

You had therapy today...

KYLE

That's not funny.

ELLIE

I didn't mean it to be. I just don't understand what you mean.

KYLE

There's a lack of passion that exists between us. And I don't mean just the sex.

ELLIE

What's wrong with the sex?

KYLE

There's not a good in front of it. Let's face it, Ellie. It's perfunctory and, well, honestly -- on the lousy side.

Ouch. That hurts. She stares at him in disbelief.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I always thought your hidden passion would eventually emerge.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

But then I realized -- you can't  
hide something you've never found.

ELLIE

I had no idea you felt this way.

KYLE

I know, that's the sad part. Let's  
face the three month mark, Ellie.  
This isn't working anymore. I'm  
sorry.

ON ELLIE'S FACE

And the freight train that's just crashed into it.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

It's late on the Blvd. The street traffic is down to a  
minimum. A young boy, JIMMY MYERS, no more than 16, exits a  
Rare Comics store. Shopping bag in one hand. In the other,  
he holds a leash attached to a sweet natured Golden  
Retriever.

JIMMY

(to dog)

C'mon, Zipper, let's go.

Jimmy is a gawky teen. Likable, but not in the popular  
sense. Most active in his mind. His dog is probably his  
best and only friend.

Zipper, happy, tongue dangling, trots along side Jimmy as  
they move down the sidewalk. The Hollywood Walk of Fame.  
The Lon Chaney star passes by underneath.

They approach a store front. Actually, it's the Hollywood  
Wax Museum. The entrance is a small tourist shop. Post card  
stands, collectibles, etc. Jimmy stares into it. Eyeing a  
young teenage girl. BROOKE MUELLER, 17. A high school  
beauty. She's talking to a fellow employee, a SECURITY GUARD  
-- JOSE. Jose heads inside the museum to make his rounds.

Jimmy runs his hands through Zipper's furry side, petting  
him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Okay, Zipper, be my magnet.

Jimmy undoes Zipper's leash.

EXT. MUSEUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Brooke is behind the ticket counter, busying herself with the closing down duties. Running receipts and closing out the register. She looks up to see...

Zipper saunters in by himself. Brooke smiles.

BROOKE

Hey there, boy, where'd you come from?

She moves around the counter to pet Zipper. She bends down showers Zipper with love and kisses.

Just then...

JIMMY

Zipper? Zipper? Ah, there you are.

Jimmy comes running up, taking Zipper's leash.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Sorry, one minute he was there, the next he's...hey, Brooke, right?

BROOKE

Do I know you?

JIMMY

We go to school together. I sit behind you in Government, Algebra, and French.

BROOKE

Oh. Really? Wait -- are you sure?

Clearly, Jimmy lacks presence. He nods awkwardly.

JIMMY

Yea. Brooke Mueller, Jimmy Myers. M-U, M-Y, I've sat behind you for three years.

BROOKE

Oh.

She's not rude. She just has that "most popular-pretty girl" syndrome. She can't keep up with everybody.

A sporty car pulls up to the curb in front of the museum. ROCK MUSIC blaring. A bunch of TEEN-AGED BOYS are packed inside. The driver of the car hops out...

Meet BO TURNER. 17. A high school jock stud asshole.

BO  
Hey, Brooke, you ready?

Jimmy turns to see Bo approaching. Jimmy's eyes say all we need to know about Bo Turner. Brooke greets him with a kiss.

BROOKE  
Almost. Five minutes.

Jimmy starts off quickly. Anxious to disappear. Brooke catches him leaving.

BROOKE (CONT'D)  
Seeya at school.

Bo eyes him. A sense of recognition.

BO  
Hey, I know you. From P.E.

BROOKE  
His name's Billy.

JIMMY  
Uh..Jimmy.

BO  
You're the dodgeball crotch target.  
You should really wear a cup.

BROOKE  
Stop it, Bo.

But Bo's just getting started. He's the guy who likes his entertainment at the expense of others. Zipper cowers behind Jimmy. Knowing instinctively Bo's not a good guy.

BO  
I'm just looking out for him. He can't help it. Every school's got one. The derogatory 'it'. The geek on his way to fag town.

Jimmy's feeling really small right now. He shrinks away a bit, muttering...

JIMMY  
I'm not gay.

BO

Bummer. You mean you're just an  
ass wimp-wad for no reason. That  
sucks.

Jimmy would like nothing more than to rip this guy apart.  
But, he's no match for him. He lacks the strength and most  
importantly-- the confidence.

Bo's loving his torment. He leaps ay Jimmy quickly. A fake-  
out. Jimmy stumbles back -- almost tripping over Zipper.  
He's scared of Bo. Bo LAUGHS. As do the other JOCK ASSHOLES  
that have been watching from the car.

BROOKE

You're such a dick, Bo.  
(to Jimmy)  
Just ignore him, Billy.

Jimmy doesn't even bother to correct her. He turns and walks  
away, moving down the sidewalk. He turns back once and Bo is  
still staring after him.

BO

I think your dog's gay too.

Jimmy quickly scurries away with Zipper. Humiliated.

EXT. GARDEN OF EDEN - VALET - NIGHT - LATER

Vince is waiting at the valet for his car.

A convertible Mercedes SL 500 pulls up and Vince staggers to  
it. The Valet Guy helps him in. Ignoring the fact Vince  
should not be driving.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Behind the wheel, Vince fumbles with the gears and speeds  
away.

EXT. CANYON - LATE NIGHT

A WIDE SHOT of the valley -- a huge vista of twinkling  
lights, like diamonds on velvet. The CAMERA PANS to reveal  
Mulholland Drive in the foreground.

A small Volvo appears, winding along the canyon road.

INT. VOLVO - NIGHT

Ellie drives in a muddled state of emotion. The night's events starting to settle in. She's stunned and stung. She dials her cell phone.

ELLIE  
(into phone)  
Mark, where are you? He dumped me.  
I've been dumped. Don't make me  
use that word again. Please call  
me.

She tosses the phone aside. From the radio, a sappy bleeding-heart love ballad fills the car. Ellie's not in the mood. She switches stations.

Diane Warren is very popular tonight as every station has opted for a wrist-slicing love song. She turns the radio off. Silence.

CLOSE ON Ellie's face. Empty and hurt. A long moment. The kind where everything gets quiet and painfully real. Then...

Her cell phone RINGS. She reaches for it...when...out of nowhere...

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

A CLAWED ANIMAL FOOT COMES CRASHING INTO IT. The WINDSHIELD SHATTERS. Ellie doesn't what hit her.

Instant reflex. Ellie YANKS the wheel.

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car skids sideways, into the oncoming lane, directly into approaching HEADLIGHTS.

EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT

Ellie's Volvo PLOWS smack into an approaching Mercedes.

IMPACT! BAM! SMASH!

INSIDE THE VOLVO

An airbag EXPLODES from the steering wheel, throwing Ellie back against the seat. The spidered windshield obliterating her view.

ON BOTH CARS



They careen out of control.

ON THE MERCEDES

As it sails across the road, to the shoulder, and into the protective railing...metal RIPS as the car foes off the road...

It tumbles down a canyon hillside, crashing through wooded trees, before coming to a stop at the bottom of the ravine.

Silence.

That still aftermath. Smoke rising from its hood. No sign of movement from inside.

ON THE ROAD

Ellie's Volvo spins to a stop on the road's shoulder. She leaps from her car. Shaken. Terrified.

ELLIE

Oh, God...

She raced to the protective railing. What's left of it. She peers down into the canyon ravine. Sees tire marks disappearing into thick trees and foliage. The faint glow of red brake lights barely visible.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Oh, shit, oh shit...no, no...

She's instantly hysterical. Headlights dance across her back. The sound of a car. Someone's coming.

Ellie spins around. Moves back to the center of the road. Arms flailing in front of her.

INT. FORD TRUCK - NIGHT

A tired Jimmy is behind the wheel. On his way home. Zipper sits at attention next to him. Listening to him ramble.

JIMMY

I know-- she's out of my league.  
But, c'mon, Julia Roberts/Lyle  
Lovett -- what was that about?

EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT

Through the windshield, Jimmy sees a fear-stricken woman flagging him down. He slows, coming to a stop.

EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT

Ellie races to the truck's window, pointing.

ELLIE

There's been a wreck. A car went  
over...please help me...

Jimmy leaps out of the truck, leaving Zipper inside. The following seconds are panicked and hurried.

Ellie races back to the road's shoulder...Jimmy follows...

ELLIE (CONT'D)

You have a phone?

JIMMY

No...

ELLIE

There's one in my car...see if you  
can get service...

JIMMY

Where are you going?

ELLIE

People could be hurt...call for  
help.

Ellie's gone over the side, scurrying, sliding down the hillside.

She trips and stumbles her way through trees and rocks toward the dreaded glow of the brake lights.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Please...be okay...God please...

DOWN BELOW

Through the trees, the Mercedes comes into view, its headlights ricocheting against the embankment. The car looks busted up pretty good.

Ellie appears, slipping and sliding to the bottom of the ravine. She maneuvers around a large dark culvert. A drainage pipe, sticking out of the canyon like a black hole.

She eyes the Mercedes. It's too dark and shadowed to make out anyone in the car. Ellie proceeds ahead. As fast as she can. She comes upon the car, coming around to the driver's side.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Hello? Anyone?

She peers inside the car to find...

VINCE

His head back. Dizzy. Disoriented. Sees Ellie. Smiles happily.

VINCE  
Hi there...

ELLIE  
Are you okay? Can you move?

Vince leans up, begins to check himself...he seems okay.

VINCE  
I'm good.

Vince unbuckles his seat belt and begins to climb out. Very casually. Looks at his car.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
The SL took the brunt of it. New model, too.

ELLIE  
Help's coming...maybe you shouldn't be moving.

Vince is now sober drunk. Dazed and confused.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, something hit me...a coyote or something...I didn't see it.

VINCE  
Can we just privately deal with this? I'm not hurt. I'm fine. We can exchange numbers.

ELLIE  
This is beyond numbers. You could be in shock. We need police, paramedics, tow truck...

VINCE  
Police doesn't really work for me.

Ellie begins to sense what she's dealing with here. He's fucked up.

EXT. CANYON ROA - NIGHT

Jimmy is at Ellie's car. He's found her cell phone and is dialing frantically.

JIMMY  
(into phone)  
Hello? Hello? I can't hear you.  
Shit, AT&T.

Jimmy starts pacing up and down the road, searching for a signal. He passes by his truck. Zipper watches from inside.

Headlights appear behind Jimmy. He turns, running to the road, arms waving. The car ZOOMS by him. Not giving him the slightest consideration.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Jesus, people, what's wrong with you?

Jimmy begins dialing again. Panicked.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hello? Can you hear me now?  
There's been a wreck. I'm on  
Mulholland Drive, just east of  
Coldwater...

INT. CANYON RAVINE - NIGHT

Ellie watches Vince move around the car. He stumbles a bit.

ELLIE  
Lemme help you.

She moves in to help shoulder him. He lets her.

VINCE  
Okay, but I'm not wobbling from the  
wreck. Trust me.

ELLIE  
Yeah, I got that.

Suddenly, a RUMBLING comes from behind them. Both of them turn to the woods.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
What was that?

Another RUMBLING. Louder. Clearer. More distinct. The SOUND of an animal. Ellie's face turns cautious. She eyes the thick foliage on the other side of the Mercedes.

VINCE

You said a coyote...

ELLIE

..or a bear or something really big...

Ellie watches as bushes move...branches RUSTLE.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Did you see that?

VINCE

See what? The bush? Or what moved it?

Fear slowly creeps in on Ellie.

ELLIE

Let's get back to the road.

They turn towards the hillside when a SCUFFLING...branches CRACKING...sounds to their right. Vince turns. Sobering up by the second.

VINCE

Jesus, what is that?

ELLIE

It's moving.

Then, from a completely different direction. A low, MENACING GROWL emits. They spin towards it. Ellie is fear-stricken.

VINCE

Shit. Let's get out of here.

Ellie silences him. Trying to listen. A moment. Only a fearful silence.

ELLIE

It's circling us.

Vince listens. The low rumbling continues. SNUFFING, SNORTING...like that of a large animal BREATHING. It's insidious. Eerie.

VINCE

Shit. This way.

Vince grabs Ellie's arm, leading her through trees, up the hillside. It's steep and they're forced to grab branches and tree limbs to help their climb.

More GROWLING behind them. Closer. Too close.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Hurry.

Ellie and Vince push through the thick foliage, climbing upwards, not knowing what's in front of them. Their terror growing.

Vince leads, pushing branches, separating them...gaining speed, running faster, when he CRASHES INTO...

A LARGE SHAPE

Vince stumbles back...YELLING as he comes face to face with...JIMMY.

Ellie SCREAMS. So does Jimmy.

VINCE (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Who are you?

JIMMY

I called for help. It's on its way.

ELLIE

We need to get out of here. Right now.

Vince agrees wholeheartedly.

VINCE

Quick. Here, help her.

ELLIE

(to Vince)

Do you hear it? Where did it go?

JIMMY

What's going on? Is everyone okay?

Vince listens. Hears nothing. He takes Ellie's arm and moves her ahead of Jimmy and himself. She climbs a few feet...her head, shoulders disappearing into the thick branches above her. Jimmy follows, confused.

Jimmy turns to see Vince, who's still drunk-wobbly, stumble, lose his balance and start to fall backwards down the ravine. Jimmy reacts quickly -- grabbing Vince and hauling him back up. Vince grins, grateful.

VINCE  
Thanks. Vince.

JIMMY  
Jimmy. You --

SUDDENLY A HUGE, FERAL CLAWED HAND STRIKES THROUGH THE SHRUBS BEHIND VINCE...grabbing him, YANKING HIM DOWN as a BEASTLY HEAD with GNARLY EXPOSED TEETH ATTACKS viciously.

Jimmy YELLS in wide-eyed shock, as this hideous face clamps down on VINCE's shoulder...teeth digging into his flesh.

Vince is YANKED DOWN THROUGH THE BRUSH. Jimmy, still holding his arm, is pulled down with him as they both go falling backwards...down the hillside.

ON ELLIE

Spinning around, looks back to where Jimmy and Vince just were. They're gone.

ON JIMMY AND VINCE

Crashing down the sloped ravine. Flashes of their bodies falling, tumbling through brush...

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE

Vince and Jimmy break through brush, rolling to a stop in a small clearing at the bottom of the ravine. Directly in front of the culvert.

Jimmy sits up immediately. Vince is not so fast. His shoulder is bleeding. The beast is nowhere in sight.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What the hell was that?

Jimmy moves to him, eyeing the brush from where they just fell. Vince inspects his wound. Blood blossoms his shirt.

VINCE  
I don't know, but it fuckin' bit me.

Vince tries to rise. Jimmy is there to help as Vince WINCES in pain. Nothing but deadly silence all around them. No sign of the animal.

JIMMY  
Where'd it go?

They listen for a moment. SILENCE. Then...

A branch SNAPS. Ellie crashes out of the brush. They yell out, startled.

ELLIE

Sorry.

She sees the blood spreading through Vince's shirt.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God.

EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT

Two police cars and an ambulance are seen flying down the road, lights flashing. They head for the busted railing.

EXT. CANYON RAVINE - NIGHT

From above, the sound of SIRENS stop. Brakes SCREECH. Car doors OPEN. MEN'S VOICES shout. Help has arrived.

ELLIE

We're down here!!

The sounds of PEOPLE climbing down the ravine. Jimmy turns to Ellie, relieved. Then his expression changes. Ellie is standing with her back to the culvert. And there's something moving behind her. In the darkness of the big pipe.

TWO SHINING ORBS CATCH THE FLICKER OF THE SEARCHLIGHTS ABOVE. They appear to be two blinking eyes...animal eyes.

Jimmy freezes in his tracks. Speechless. Ellie sees this.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

What?

A HUGE BEASTLY FLASH OF A MONSTER EXPLODES FROM BEHIND HER.

IT COMES SO SHOCKINGLY QUICK AND FAST -- A MERE SECOND OF IT IS GLIMPSED. ITS BODY HUGE...ITS FACE HIDEOUS, ITS TEETH SNAPPING...

Ellie doesn't even see it. It throws her to the ground, plowing by her. It charges at Jimmy and Vince...throwing them aside...LEAPING OVER THEM and disappearing into the woods.

Branches, bushes...shake violently in a frenzied mayhem as it travels away from them, fleeing into the night. Jimmy is frozen in horror-stricken fear. Vince's face is one of pure disbelief.



Jimmy helps Ellie up.

JIMMY  
Are you okay?

Ellie's clutches her bleeding arm. Smiles gamely.

ELLIE  
I'm okay. I think...

Suddenly...

A LARGE BEASTLY HOWL fills the wooded ravine. It's distant. Far away. Whatever it is that attacked them is now gone. The three of them listen, hearts pounding...their eyes wide in pure, undiluted fear.

EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT

The aftermath. The road has been closed. Several SQUAD CARS line the road's shoulder. A PARAMEDIC UNIT VEHICLE, a van marked ANIMAL CONTROL, COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

UNIFORMED MEN are seen moving through the brush. RADIO WALKIES screech as a small Search Unit communicate back and forth.

ON THE ROAD

Jimmy is there, standing near his truck. He gives a statement to DETECTIVE HARZEL. Seasoned. Intelligent. There's a streak of blood on Jimmy's torn shirt. Part of his chest is exposed, revealing a small bandage. Inside the truck's cabin, Zipper is restless -- BARKING at the chaos.

JIMMY  
I know it sounds crazy. It was like a wolf, but it wasn't. A beast monster type thing.

HARZEL  
Uh huh...

Jimmy shakes his head. Frustrated.

JIMMY  
Ask the other guy. He saw it. I'm not making this up. It clawed me. See?

He points to the small bandage on his chest.

Harzel eyes the MEDIA VAN that has arrived. Grimaces. He moves to the edge of the road. Surveys the search unit. The ravine is aglow with flickering search lights. He moves to a nearby ambulance.

AT PARAMEDIC VEHICLE

Vince and Ellie sit at the lip of the vehicle, being tended to by EMT's. Harzel looks to Ellie.

HARZEL

Did either of you see the animal  
that attacked you?

ELLIE

No, it came from behind. I felt it  
though.

She refers to her arm. Harzel looks to Vince.

HARZEL

And you?

Vince opens his mouth to answer, then stops. Reevaluates.

VINCE

No, it was dark and happened too  
fast...

There's something telling about his response. Ellie takes note as an EMT wraps her forearm in gauze. She eyes Vince. They're both shaken from the night's horror.

ON THE ROAD

Detective Harzel moves to a man, BEN TAFT. Young and optimistic. He wears a jacket that has a logo that reads CHIEF, DEPARTMENT OF ANIMAL CONTROL, LOS ANGELE COUNTY.

HARZEL

What are we dealing with here, Ben?

BEN TAFT

I'm guessing a black bear or  
mountain lion.

HARZEL

What about the kid? He's crying  
wolf.

BEN TAFT

Not a chance. There hasn't been a  
wolf sighting in Southern  
California in 78 years.

HARZEL

Well, whatever the hell it is, find it. And maybe accidentally shoot it, too.

BEN TAFT

Detective, we're dealing with a frightened animal. It hit the girl's car, it was wounded and scared-- so it attacked in self-defense. There's no need for a lynch mob.

Clearly, these two men have an opposing approach to their jobs.

HARZEL

Don't pull that animal right's shit. This is LA. The media's gonna eat it up. Just take care of it before it kills somebody.

Harzel looks back out onto the canyon and search team busy at work. Behind him, an OFFICER moves a police barricade to allow a limo to enter onto the scene.

A chauffeur steps out. Meet TOBY. 40's. A paunchy robust type.

AT THE PARAMEDIC VEHICLE.

Ellie watches as a tow truck backs up to her wrecked Volvo. She moves to it. Reaches inside and retrieves her things. Purse, a bag, paperwork... Her newly bandaged arm causes her to drop her bag.

Suddenly, Vince is there to help her. He bends down and sweeps it up, placing the strap on her arm. Tries to ignore the twinge of pain that shoots through his shoulder.

VINCE

Need a ride?

Ellie sees the limo behind him. Considers.

INT. LIMO - LATER THAT NIGHT

Vince and Ellie sit in the back of a moving limo. Silent. Slightly awkward. A moment. Then...

ELLIE

What do you think it was?

Vince shrugs.

VINCE

Bear, maybe. I don't know. I'm  
Vince Winston, by the way...

ELLIE

(putting it together)  
Ah, of the Winston's.

VINCE

Have we met?

ELLIE

No, I know the name. Your father  
owns Viacom or something.

VINCE

Something. And you are?

ELLIE

I'm Ellie Harper from THE LATE LATE  
SHOW WITH CRAIG KILBORN.

VINCE

Ellie Harper from THE LATE LATE  
SHOW WITH CRAIG KILBORN...that's a  
long name.

ELLIE

It's where I work. I'm a  
coordinator, I book the guests,  
screen interviews, talent  
relations, things like that.

VINCE

How about I just call you Ellie?

ELLIE

And I'll call you tomorrow so we  
can deal with the insurance, filing  
a claim part of this evening. Is  
there a way I can reach you? A  
work number?

Vince shrugs a bit. Like this is a hard question.

VINCE

Well, I don't really work. I mean  
I do work. For my Dad -- the  
family business. I guess that's  
work. Just going to work is work.  
The work itself isn't.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

I can work, I have an MBA, so I'm not incapable of work, it's just, well...I'm working on it.

Ellie stares at him for a beat. Baffled. If this were another night, she'd even be amused. She reaches into her bag and withdraws a business card.

ELLIE

Didn't mean to push a button. How about you call me.

The partition in the front of the limo slides down revealing Toby.

TOBY

Which one?

He refers to the string of small apartments nestled in the canyons seen through the windshield.

ELLIE

You can let me off by those stairs.

VINCE

You want to grab a drink somewhere? I could really use a drink.

ELLIE

(incredulous)  
You're kidding, right?

VINCE

I guess I should be, huh.

The limo slows to a stop. Toby steps out and runs around to Ellie's door. She turns to Vince. A moment as she finds him staring at her. Intrigued. It's very self-conscious.

ELLIE

What?

VINCE

It's just...well, you're so...

He doesn't quite have the words. Ellie clearly has a flustering effect on Vince. It throws him a bit.

ELLIE

I'd stay away from quirky or unique tonight.

VINCE

I was going to say...uh, well, it would just sound like a line at this point.

Ellie smiles at his awkwardness.

ELLIE

I'm really glad you're okay.

She means this. Vince can tell. The briefest moment between them.

VINCE

It was nice to meet you Ellie Harper from THE LATE LATE SHOW WITH CRAIG KILBORN.

ELLIE

You too, Vince Winston of the Winston's. Thanks for the ride and... everything.

Ellie gets out of the limo.

EXT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ellie moves up the stairs to her small bungalow nestled on a canyon hillside.

From the limo, Vince watches her as she disappears up the hill. Intrigued.

The limo pulls away as THE CAMERA RISES to the sky above to find a low hanging, ominously present moon.

The SCREEN burns to DAYLIGHT.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

The morning sun shines down on Los Angeles.

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A stiff Ellie pulls herself out of bed. She's groggy and disoriented.

INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Ellie's in the kitchen. She's got her coffee going. Her laptop up and running. She reads the paper, works, and watches TV all at the same time. Her multi-tasking is high art. Something on the TV catches her attention. She looks up.

ON THE TV SCREEN

Detective Harzel is being interviewed by a PRESS REPORTER.

HARZEL

(on TV)

"We have yet to capture the animal in question. However, we've obtained hair samples which should help us with identification..."

Ellie eyes her bandaged arm. Bends and flexes it. It doesn't seem to hurt. Then she notices her palm.

CLOSE ON IT. She finds several markings. Red marks. It looks like busted capillaries just under her skin. They create lines on her palm. She rubs it. Weird. She shrugs it off. Carrying on.

EXT. WINSTON MANSION - MORNING

Elegant. Sprawling. An ARCHITECTURAL DIGEST cover. It takes big money to live like this.

EXT. WINSTON DECK - MORNING

Vince is sprawled on a chaise. White bandages can be seen around his shoulder, disappearing into his collar. He stares out at an ocean size pool...tennis courts are seen beyond.

A few feet away, Vince's father, TYLER WINSTON, refreshes a Bloody Mary. Eyeing his son with the look of reserved indifference that only the very rich can pull off.

MR. WINSTON

You made the morning news. Once again you've managed to stay magnificently low-profile.

VINCE

It was a slow night.

Tyler Winston ignores Vince's remark. A common dynamic of their relationship.

MR. WINSTON

And I understand the car's totaled.

VINCE

"But, how are you, son? Are you okay?"

Mr. Winston enjoys his morning cocktail.

MR. WINSTON

I assume you'll be taking the day off.

VINCE

I actually have an excuse. I'd hate to pass that up.

MR. WINSTON

Of course. It's important to preserve your potential.

VINCE

Just trying to exceed expectations.

This is clearly a tired routine between father and son.

MR. WINSTON

How exactly does one find nobility in being a cliché?

VINCE

You tell me. All I can seem to find is comfort.

Mr. Winston starts off the deck, grimacing. He turns back. A moment.

MR. WINSTON

I understand your contempt and disregard for this family and its name -- it's the only thing you have going for you.

Ouch. It's not his Father's words that smack Vince in the gut. It's his voice. The weight and pain of disappointment.

Vince watches his father as he crosses the pool and moves up toward to the tennis courts with his drink. In the distance, his wife -- Vince's STEPMOTHER (30's) -- is glimpsed hitting balls with a machine. The perfect trophy wife.

Vince SIGHS, settling into the lounge chair. He closes his eyes. A long moment as Vince rests incredibly still.



Suddenly, NOISES begin to make their way into Vince's ear.

Sprinklers sound. The spraying water, loud and distinctively clear. Then...WHAM! A ball connects with a racket.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
(off camera)  
What did he have to say?

Vince hears this frighteningly clear. He opens his eyes. Looks around. Where's it coming from?

He rises, looks out onto the pool and beyond, recognizing the voice. Hearing it with great clarity.

MR. WINSTON  
(from the court)  
Nothing. As usual.

He looks up onto the tennis court where his Dad has joined his wife as she plays. WHAM! Another ball connects to a racket. Vince is startled beyond belief. He should not be able to hear them at all. He continues to listen. Confused.

MRS. WINSTON  
(from court)  
I'm sorry, honey. I know he's a disappointment.

WHAM! Her words cut straight to Vince's core. Being able to hear them, what they're saying -- Vince is stupefied.

He collapses back into the his chair. His face a canvas of confusion.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - MORNING

A brute of a man, JAMES MYERS, moves towards the pick-up, calling back to the open front door.

JAMES MYERS  
Get a move on.

Jimmy comes barreling out of the small and modest Valley home. His book bag slung over his shoulder. He starts for the truck. HEARS something. A WHIMPERING. He turns to find Zipper hiding under the bushes by the front steps.

JIMMY  
Zipper, boy...what's the matter?

The dog starts GROWLING. At Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What's the matter, boy?

Jimmy reaches for him. The dog back-steps. Skittish. Snarling.

DAD

(off camera)

Get your ass in the truck now.

Just then, Zipper BOLTS from the bushes, racing around the house. Jimmy moves to follow him, but his father grabs him from behind.

JAMES MYERS

It would be nice if I could get to work on time for once.

JIMMY

I think he's traumatized by last night.

JAMES MYERS

Right. The "monster".

His Dad is not one to coddle or comfort. Jimmy gives up on Zipper and they climb into the truck.

JIMMY

I'm not saying it was a monster-monster. But it was some kind of crazy wolf-looking thing.

His father slams the car door and starts the engine.

JAMES MYERS

So, now you're Little Red Riding Hood? You're really too old for this whiny baby shit.

JIMMY

(under his breath)

Whine this.

POP! His Dad SMACKS Jimmy in the back of the head. Nothing too abusive. But it nearly sends Jimmy into the dashboard. His father calmly puts the truck in gear and starts off.

Jimmy rubs the back of his head. Ouch.

OMITTED

INT. STUDIO CORRIDOR - DAY

Ellie, dressed and fresh, marches down a hallway rattling off a list to a P.A., DEBBIE (20). Ellie seems uncharacteristically poised and confident. Sexy, even.

ELLIE

Tell Albert we need the rough cut for the kitty litter segment, then call Anna Nicole Smith's posse and tell them five hours in make-up is all she gets. I need a rental car. Call BUDGET. Mid-size, anything but white.

Debbie looks at her, impressed.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

What?

DEBBIE

Nothing.

A young guy (20's), approaches them. This is MARK. Witty and affable.

MARK

Ellie. What happened last night? I got your message. Did you get mine? Are you okay?

They pass several studio offices that open up into a busy bullpen. Debbie veers off as Ellie stops to talk to Mark.

ELLIE

(glad to see him)  
My office. Now.

INT. ELLIE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Small and cluttered. Ellie sits behind her desk while Mark leans against it. His face bewildered. She's been filling him in.

ELLIE

So basically it was a nightmare from hell.

MARK

I saw it on the news this morning. That was you?

She waves her bandaged arm at him.

MARK (CONT'D)

And you didn't see it?

ELLIE

No, it happened so fast. It was some kind of beastly thing. But I'm fine.

(taps her bandage)

See? Doesn't even hurt.

MARK

And the other beast? The one named Kyle?

Ellie leans back in her chair. Instantly remembering her dinner with Kyle.

ELLIE

Apparently, I have issues.

MARK

I never liked the guy anyway. He's an 80's LA artifact. With his therapeutic personality and those daily affirmations he leaves on your voice mail. Yick!

He's trying to lift her spirits but it's not working.

ELLIE

What if he's right? What if I am all those things?

Mark leans down. Stares at her sweetly. Truthfully.

MARK

None of us come into this world issue-free, Ellie. We all got our shit. But one day you'll meet a guy with appropriate compatible shit and it'll all fall into place.

She stares at her friend. Appreciates his intentions.

ELLIE

You're really good.

MARK

You're gonna be okay. Besides, you're looking pretty sassy today. I'm liking the new 'do.

He refers to her hair. But Ellie doesn't respond. Something has taken her attention.

ELLIE

What smells so good?

Ellie SNIFFS. Smells the air around her.

MARK

What? I don't smell anything.

Ellie stands, continuing to SNIFF.

ELLIE

You don't smell that? Yummy.

Ellie moves to her office door and opens it. Still SNIFFING. Just then, her phone RINGS. She turns to Mark.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Get that, will ya?

Mark reaches for the phone as Ellie moves into...

INT. STUDIO BULLPEN - DAY

Ellie moves down the hallway SNIFFING from left to right. She's trying to find the smell.

She comes to a small kitchen area.

INT. STUDIO - KITCHEN - DAY

The office assistant, DEBBIE, stands at the counter holding a paper towel to her bloody nose. She looks over to see Ellie staring at her. As an explanation...

DEBBIE

(nasal)

Hypoglycemic.

Something inside Ellie stirs. She can't take her eyes off the bloody towel.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I'll live.

Behind her, Mark appears.

MARK

(from doorway)

Some guy's on the phone for you.  
He's holding on two.

Ellie turns to Mark, snapping out of it. Heads for her office.

INT. ELLIE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ellie moves behind her desk, grabbing the phone.

ELLIE  
(into phone)  
This is Ellie.

EXT. WINSTON DECK - DAY

Vince stands on the back terrace with a cordless phone in his hand.

VINCE  
(into phone)  
Ellie Harper from THE LATE LATE  
SHOW WITH CRAIG KILBORN?

THE SCENE INTERCUTS:

ELLIE  
Can I help you?

VINCE  
It's Vince Winston. Last night.  
Canyon. Car wreck. Wild animal.  
How are you the morning after?

ELLIE  
Fine. Sort of. And you? How's  
your shoulder?

VINCE  
The shoulder's fine. My head's a  
little screwy. But that's really  
nothing new.

ELLIE  
How bad's your car?

VINCE  
My Dad took care of everything.

ELLIE  
That's not necessary. I'm  
insured. I take full  
responsibility for what happened.

VINCE

Trust me, I take none. I'm curious -- have you noticed anything strange today? Anything different since last night?

Ellie finds this question very interesting, considering what just happened.

ELLIE

Uh...well..a little post-trauma, maybe...why do you ask?

VINCE

Just wondering. Hey, you free for drinks tonight? Say, Mariasol on the pier? 8:00 o'clock?

ELLIE

Tonight? I have a meeting.

But, Ellie considers a moment. Why? She has no idea.

VINCE

C'mon, you hit my car, I could sue. It's the least you can do. I'll be on the patio -- look for the drunk guy. Seeya there.

He hangs up abruptly. Smiling.

INT. ELLIE'S OFFICE - SAME

Shit sits there. Staring at the phone. Quickly, she hits the intercom.

ELLIE

(into intercom)  
Debbie, see if you can move tonight's drinks to Mariasol. 8 o'clock.

She CLICKS the intercom. Shakes off her hesitation.

OMITTED

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - OUTSIDE THE GYM - DAY

Jimmy moves across the yard, books in tow, when he spots Brooke Mueller, the girl from the Wax Museum.

She's shoving a dollar bill into a soda machine. It keeps spitting back out at her. She bangs on the machine. Jimmy takes a deep BREATH. Approaches.

JIMMY

Hey, need some change?

She turns to him. Vaguely recognizing him.

BROOKE

Yeah...got any quarters?

JIMMY

Lemme check.

He shifts the library books he carries from one hand to the other, while balancing his book bag, trying to rummage through his pants pocket. Clumsily.

BROOKE

I'll hold.

She takes his books to help him out. She eyes a couple of the titles. THE WEREWOLF ENCYCLOPEDIA, URBAN WOLVES, etc.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Werewolves?

Jimmy finds his change.

JIMMY

Stupid report I'm doing.

He counts out the exact change. Brooke hands him her dollar.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Keep your money. It's on me.

She smiles. Takes it. Jimmy takes his books when...

BAM! His books go flying. Jimmy looks up to see Bo LAUGHING with TWO JOCKS in tow. His posse-- EARL and LOUIE. Dressed in wrestling gear. Jimmy bends down to retrieve his books.

BO

Yo, Geek Juice.

Bo eyeballs Jimmy. Decides to have some fun.

BO (CONT'D)

Trying out for the wrestling team, Jimmy?



JIMMY

Nah, I don't wrestle.

The Jocks LAUGH at this. Apparently, they find it funny.

BO

I'd think all that male to male contact would be right up your alley.

JIMMY

Is that the appeal for you?

Earl and Louie CRACK UP.

LOUIE

Oooh. Back talk.

Jimmy stands. Turns to him. A flash of anger in his eyes.

JIMMY

Haven't you been the team captain for, like, two years now?

BROOKE

Nicely done, Jimmy.

Louie and Earl are LAUGHING again. "He told you." Etc. Bo is instantly fuming.

BO

Did you just attempt a confrontation?

Jimmy thinks about the question. Did he? Guess so.

JIMMY

Maybe.

Bo moves in. Dangerously close to Jimmy. Seething. Ready to take Jimmy out.

Jimmy struggles. He starts BREATHING heavily. Tensing up. Not sure what to do. It almost appears as if Jimmy may stand up to this jock. But then his body relaxes. He steps back.

BO

You let me know when you're sure.

BROOKE

Ignore him, Jimmy.

Brooke tugs at Bo. Her eyes inform him to "stop now". Bo steps back, allowing Brooke to have her way.

BO

Let's get out of here, before we  
get homo-stained.

Bo and the others take off. Brooke turns back to Jimmy. She  
throws him apologetic eyes. Shrugs.

Jimmy watches them go. There's something different on his  
face. His fear has turned to anger.

OMITTED

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Night has fallen. The pier is alive with activity. Lights  
and festivity abound.

EXT. MARIASOL PATIO BAR - NIGHT

The patio of Mariasol Bar & Restaurant located at the end of  
the Santa Monica pier. Vince is there, leaning against the  
rail. The ocean behind him. It glimmers from the light of  
the round moon that hangs in the sky above.

Vince scans the crowd, sipping a bottled water. Just then,  
Becky pops up. Looking delicious.

BECKY

Remember me?

Vince turns his attention to her. Smiles.

VINCE

Betty, Barbara, Bonnie -- BECKY.

She's impressed. Notices his bandages.

BECKY

What happened?

VINCE

You shouldn't have bumped me last  
night, Becky, it got ugly.

BECKY

(big news)

It's a great crowd tonight. Patsie  
from HAPPY DAYS is here. He's  
inside.

Just then, a MAN passes in front of Becky. She eyes him.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Look. That's what's-his-name-  
celebrity person. I'm such a  
starfucker. Don't go anywhere.  
I'll be right back.

Becky takes off in search of the passing man. Vince watches her go, bemused. His eyes catch the arrival of Ellie, who makes her way into the restaurant. She's dressed in a stylish, close-fitting dress. Her hair loose and wild. She looks stunning.

He smiles to himself, surprised by how pleased he is to see her. He quickly moves to her.

VINCE

Hey there, you made it.

Ellie plays down the fact she did, indeed, come.

ELLIE

I'm meeting someone for drinks.  
It's a business thing.

VINCE

But you came here.

ELLIE

It's a bar. They have drinks.

VINCE

I'm glad. I was hoping we could  
talk.

Vince's attention unnerves Ellie. She eyes her watch.

ELLIE

I'm actually late. I should go.

She quickly moves away before Vince can object. But then she turns -- looking sheepishly sexy.

Ellie greets her with a smile. The woman is young. Attractive. Not exactly the "assistant" type.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

But, maybe after?

Vince smiles. Ellie enters the restaurant.

OMITTED

INT. MARIASOL BAR AND RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Ellie moves through the crowd. She eyes the bar. Sees who she's looking for.

AT THE BAR

Ellie approaches a MAN. He's stylish. Handsome.

ELLIE

Mr. Baio? Hi, I'm Ellie Harper  
from THE LATE LATE SHOW WITH CRAIG  
KILBORN.

The man turns and it's none other than Scott Baio.

SCOTT BAIO

Nice to meet you, Ellie. And it's  
Scott.

He's instantly 'on'. Smiling big. The Hollywood flirting thing. He points to a YOUNG WOMAN beside him.

SCOTT BAIO (CONT'D)

This is Joannie, my assistant.

ELLIE

Hi.

JOAN

I'll leave you two to talk.

ELLIE

No, please, stay.

SCOTT BAIO

It's okay. Thank you, Joannie.

Joannie gives Ellie the once-over. More of a girlfriend jealously look than professional. She moves to a table a few feet away.

Ellie sits down beside him. Scott checks her out. Eyeing her up and down.

ELLIE

I'm a huge fan. Ever since the  
Fonzie days.

SCOTT BAIO

That's a beautiful dress. And  
you're beautiful in it.

Huh? Is he coming on to her? She dismisses it quickly. Not equipped to handle the compliment.

ELLIE

Thanks. It's a little tight. I've gained weight.

SCOTT BAIO

It's perfectly tight.

He stares deep into her eyes. He is coming on to her. Weird. It throws Ellie a bit.

ELLIE

Anyway...

INT. MYERS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Father and son eat in their small dining room off the kitchen.

Jimmy sits in silence, picking at his food. Mr. Myers sits next to him, cleaning his plate.

JAMES MYERS

You eat like a girl.

Jimmy sticks his fork in the steak on his plate. Rare juices drip from the meat.

JIMMY

It's overcooked.

JAMES MYERS

If it were any rarer, you could milk it. Next time you get in the kitchen and Wolfgang Puck it any goddamn way you like.

Jimmy cuts a piece of meat and slides it under the table where Zipper sits. He wiggles it, tempting Zipper.

Zipper's not having any part of it. He won't go near Jimmy. He's still scared of him.

JAMES MYERS (CONT'D)

Hey, what did I say about that?

Jimmy ignores him. He leans under the table.

JIMMY

What's wrong, Zipper?

He reaches for the dog. Zipper backs up, coiled against the wall. Nowhere to go. Jimmy, confused, takes Zipper by the collar when Zipper SNAPS at the him. Then flees, tearing out of the room.

Jimmy leaps back. Eyes his hand. Blood drips from a small bite. It pisses Jimmy off. Angering him. He sits up, applying his napkin to his hand.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Goddamn it.

JAMES MYERS

Watch your mouth.

Jimmy's dad POPS him on the side of the head again.

In a lightening move, Jimmy's hand SHOOTS FORWARD, striking back. He hits his father across the face. A move so powerful, it sends Mr. Myers FLYING BACK several feet, knocking him to the floor.

Jimmy is speechless. Stunned. It happened so fast and insidious -- so uncontrollable.

JIMMY

Dad, Oh God, I'm so sorry. I don't know what happened.

Mr. Myers raises up. His lip bleeding. Blood trickling down his chin. He wipes at it.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I didn't mean it.

Mr. Myers upturns his chair, returns to the table. Looks at Jimmy who stands frozen in mortal fear of his father. Mr. Myers is furious.

JAMES MYERS

Boy, you better get out of here before they haul my ass away for child abuse.

Jimmy doesn't have to be told twice. He bolts from the room in confused fear. Not sure what just happened.

EXT. MARIASOL PATIO BAR - NIGHT

Vince is still there with Becky as she chats it up with the man she noticed earlier.

BECKY  
(to man)  
Whatever happened to Corey Feldman?

COREY  
I'm Corey Feldman.

Yep. It's Corey Feldman. Becky looks puzzled. Vince barely pays attention. His eyes scan the crowd. He finds himself tugging at his bandage. Itchy.

BECKY  
Then who's Corey Haim?

COREY  
The other Corey.

BECKY  
Which one of you was in THE LOST BOYS?

COREY  
We both were.

BECKY  
I'm so confused.

COREY  
Of course you are. Nice to meet you.

Corey quickly takes off. Becky turns to Vince.

BECKY  
Hey, I'm gonna stalk Potsie. He's at the bar.

Becky heads inside the bar.

OMITTED

INT. MARIASOL RESTAURANT & BAR - NIGHT

Ellie chats it up with Scott Baio at the bar.

ELLIE  
You'll be Craig's third guest.

SCOTT BAIO  
Third?

ELLIE

After Ashton Kutcher and Carrot  
Top.

SCOTT BAIO

I'm on after Carrot Top? And who  
the hell is Ashton Kutcher?

This doesn't sit well with Scott. Ellie moves on quickly.

ELLIE

THAT 70'S SHOW. Now, Craig's doing  
this whole retro week where we have  
one star a night from a classic TV  
show appear...

SCOTT BAIO

(under his breath)

..After Carrot Top?

She watches as Scott tries to contain himself. Nursing his  
drink. Not happy. Ellie plows forward.

ELLIE

We'll start with a Chaaci  
clip...maybe someting from CHARLES  
IN CHARGE, then we could segue into  
what you're up to now. What are  
you up to now?

ACROSS THE BAR

Vince watches Becky breeze through the room towards Scott  
Baio. Then he sees that the person next to Scott is none  
other than Ellie. Becky is honing in on them like a stealth  
missile. He pulls at his bandage a little. Uncomfortable.

OMIT

AT THE BAR

SCOTT BAIO

(coming around)

With all my new projects, between  
the producing and the acting, I  
finally got to take some time off,  
traveled abroad, mostly Europe. I  
just got back.

ELLIE

Funny road stories go over big.

Ellie looks up to see Becky bounce into their conversation.



BECKY

Hi, Becky Morton, and I just wanted to say I'm a huge fan. I loved you as Potsie.

SCOTT BAIO

Chaaci.

OUTSIDE PATIO

Vince watches as Becky interrupts Scott and Ellie. She's fawning over Scott. He sees Ellie SIGH politely as Scott does his best to deal with her.

CONT AT THE BAR

Becky continues to bombard Scott Baio.

BECKY

I watched the re-runs every day after school. You really helped me get through my prepubescent gawky phase.

Becky touches his arm, flirty.

SCOTT BAIO

Thank you. But, I'm in the middle of...

VINCE

(appearing by Becky)

Hey, Becky, how about we leave these two alone. Sorry, Ellie.

He tries to pull Becky away, apologetically. But Becky won't budge.

BECKY

Great, you know each other. Can we join? Drinks on me. Or better, Vince-- you buy.

Scott's not in the mood to be fawned over.

SCOTT BAIO

We're in the middle of something here if you don't mind. So, if you could just wiggle away.

Scott's true colors surface. Bitter?

VINCE

Hey, don't be rude.

SCOTT BAIO  
Who the fuck are you?

VINCE  
The guy who's gonna kick your ass  
if I don't hear an apology.

ELLIE  
Vince, please...I'm working.

SCOTT BAIO  
Take a hike, pal.

Scott shoves Vince aside casually. Vince staggers into Becky. Big mistake.

Vince acts impulsively. Without thinking, he rears back and decks Scott Baio upside his jaw.

Shockingly, Scott Baio goes FLYING into a nearby table, upturning it. The CROWD goes wild as Scott and table crash to the floor.

Scott leaps up immediately. Fury in his eyes. His assistant Joannie appears, frantic at his side.

JOANNIE  
Scottie, are you okay?

ELLIE  
Mr. Baio, oh my God.

Scott is ready to take on Vince. Joannie intercepts him. Holding him back.

JOANNIE  
Scott, don't. I'll handle it.

Joannie moves to Vince. Getting in his face.

JOANNIE (CONT'D)  
What do you think you're doing?

Vince has no idea what he just did. He's freaked. Out of it. Becky steps in. On Vince's behalf.

BECKY  
Back off, bitch.

Vince moves to Ellie. Who is shocked and furious.

VINCE  
Ellie, I'm sorry...I don't know  
what's happening to me...

ELLIE

Are you insane? Wait...Mr. Baio?

Ellie takes off. Racing after Scott Baio. Vince, lost and confused, can only watch her go.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

Ellie runs out of the restaurant. Catching up to Scott Baio and his assistant on the pier.

ELLIE

I am so sorry. I don't know what to say.

Scott's assistant is livid.

JOANNIE

I'll tell you what to say -- Scott goes on before Carrot Top.

Joannie takes Scott and leads him away. A flustered Ellie turns, running smack into...Kyle.

ELLIE

Kyle?

Just fucking great. The last person in the world Ellie wants to see. He eyes her. Looks her up and down. It's unnerving.

KYLE

Look at you. You look so...wow.

ELLIE

Getting dumped agrees with me.

She starts off.

KYLE

Wait.

She charges off. Through the crowd. Kyle stares after her.

INT. JIMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Books and comics are everywhere. A large TV sits on a dresser in the corner.

ON SCREEN

A newscast update. "Mystery on Mulholland" fills the bottom of the screen. Clips of Taft and Harzel's comments play.

HARZEL

Be assured that we'll take every measure to make sure this wild animal causes no more harm.

PRESS REPORTER

What about a possible link between the canyon attack and last night's violent disturbance at a West Hollywood parking structure?

SCENE INTERCUTS:

Jimmy sits at his computer, typing away. He half-listens to the television.

ON THE TELEVISION

BEN TAFT

There is no evidence that the two incidents are related. This kind of speculative panic is precisely what we're trying to avoid. We're dealing with an animal out of its element, not a cold-blooded killer.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

Jimmy is doing an engine search. KEYWORD: WEREWOLF

The cursor scrolls a few moments, then everything werewolf appears. Jimmy SCROLLS through the topics and links. He finds one that catches his interest. MODERN DAY WEREWOLVES.

He CLICKS on it. Scrolling through the information.

CLOSE ON IT.

The following is scanned: **"Early symptoms of Lycanthropy include memory loss, feral behavior, increased strength..."**

Jimmy turns to the television set.

It's a large television -- a 32 inch screen. He stares at it. Slowly, he moves to the television. He looks down at his hands. Then he looks back at the television.

With one hand, he tilts it up. He slides his other hand underneath it.

PRESS REPORTER

Any confirmation on the type of animal in question?

HARZEL

Early DNA results were corrupt, so we're re-testing.

IN JIMMY'S DOORWAY

Zipper is seen passing by, disappearing down the hall. A beat. Zipper reappears. Alert. He eyes Jimmy.

PRESS REPORTER

Corrupted in what way?

Jimmy slowly raises the TV...with one hand. He lifts it with inhuman strength. He brings it eye level, perfectly balancing it. Jimmy smiles in amazement.

HARZEL

The results indicated that the DNA structure was not only canine, but human as well.

Jimmy hears this. Stunned. Then, a LOUD BARK is heard. Jimmy jumps, dropping the television. It crashes to the floor. Sparking. Sizzling.

Jimmy turns to find Zipper in the open doorway. BARKING and GROWLING. Low and mean.

Jimmy shoots Zipper a piercing glare. He kicks the door, slamming it in the dog's face.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT - LATER

The pier is alive with festive lights and activity. Vince and Becky walk through the crowd. Becky is still high from the earlier portion of the night.

BECKY

"I'm the guy who's going to kick your ass." And you did. Poor guy. I'm so glad I gave up the acting thing. I couldn't deal with the fading star syndrome. Bitter, bitter.

VINCE

A Corey and a Chaaci. We're averaging a 'C' tonight.

BECKY

Don't you worry. We're having sex  
later. Done deal. Look!

Becky points to a small gypsy wagon. A propped up sign reads  
"FORTUNE TELLER". A woman draped in scarves and jewels sits.

Meet ZELA, more Venice Beach than gypsy. Not your typical  
fortune teller.

Becky heads over, while Vince turns to the pier's railing,  
looking up at the sky. The rising moon looks full as it  
hangs low over the water. Vince studies it a moment.

BECKY (CONT'D)

(off camera)

Hey, Vince, check this out.

Vince turns to find Becky sitting at the table in front of  
Zela. Vince moves to them.

BECKY (CONT'D)

She says I'm vivacious and  
carefree.

ZELA

(correcting)

Careless.

BECKY

Sit down.

Becky upturns Vince's right hand and places it in front of  
Zela. As soon as she touches his skin -- Zela's face  
changes. She stares at it. Studies it.

ZELA

Uh-oh. This is odd.

BECKY

What?

ZELA

How long have you had these marks  
on your hand?

Vince and Becky both look at his palm. Zela points to them.  
Small red marks under his skin. (Similar to the ones seen on  
Ellie's hand earlier.) They create broken lines from his  
thumb to his fingers, outer palm, and wrist. Vince looks at  
it. Shakes his head. He fidgets, not in the mood.

VINCE

I don't know. Last night, I got  
roughed up a little.

ZELA

You're marked by the curse of the  
beast.

Vince freezes. Dead in his tracks. He stares at the woman.

VINCE

What are you talking about?

ZELA

(shrugging it off)  
I studied Tarot at Santa Monica  
Community College. I took this  
class in the occult.

Zela reaches into her bag and pulls out an ink pen.

ZELA (CONT'D)

See...watch...

She starts to draw on Vince's palm. He watches as she draws  
lines that crisscross over his palm, connecting the points  
from mark to mark. When she's done, the connecting lines  
have etched out a pentagram.

BECKY

How cool is that?

Vince stares at it. Then back to Zela. His face falling.

VINCE

What does it mean?

Zela eyes him.

ZELA

It's a pentagram. The mark of the  
beast. Were you in the canyon last  
night with that animal?

Vince is completely creeped out. His face registering fear.

VINCE

How did you know that?

ZELA

Chill, dude. I'm no psychic. I  
saw it on the news. Two plus two.  
Were you clawed or bitten?

VINCE

Bitten.

ZELA

Doesn't matter, either way you're  
cursed. Or at least that's what  
the books say.

Vince swallows hard. Completely unnerved. He stares at his  
hand. Becky sees how disturbed he is.

BECKY

Vince, c'mon, snap out of it, the  
woman's a fake.

ZELA

Fake is a little harsh. I have a  
degree.

Vince rises to his feet. Stumbles away.

BECKY

Where ya going?

Confused, Becky starts for him when Zela grabs her hand.  
Becky turns. Startled.

ZELA

That'll be ten dollars.

ON VINCE

He walks alone along the edge of the amusement park.  
Physically uncomfortable.

EXT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

Ellie moves up her front porch steps. Spent. Physically  
uncomfortable, she tugs at her clothes. She loosens her  
collar. She arrives at the door. Pulls out her keys and  
doubles over in pain, collapsing to her knees.

She reaches up, trying to unlock her door. She manages to  
get it ajar when she CONVULSES again. She falls to the  
ground, clutching her stomach in severe pain.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

A deserted section of the pier that overlooks the beach.  
Near the parking lot. Not many PEOPLE can be seen.



Vince starts out onto the beach. Sees the moon in the distance. His mind racing. Confused.

He takes a deep BREATH. Suddenly, he begins PANTING. Vince pulls at the bandage on his shoulder. Itchy. He begins to convulse. Spasm. His back arches. He SCREAMS in pain. Agony.

He rockets backwards...against the pier railing. He stumbles, loses his balance, going over the side.

ON VINCE

His body free-falling...

He SCREAMS as he plummets, back first. Arms flailing, legs kicking as the impact comes.

Just before Vince's back slams into the sand, his body twists, he rolls over in the air, landing...

ON ALL FOURS...His hands and feet planted firmly on the beach, his back arched, poised like an animal, ready to strike.

A LOW GROWL emits from his lips.

His face is one of stunned disbelief. He shakes his head. What the fuck?

Vince staggers to his feet. His body intact. He straightens himself. Bones CRACK...POP...

He's completely unharmed. And fuckin' freaked out.

INT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

CLOSE ON A COMIC BOOK

Images of cartoon werewolves...fangs, claws, full moons.

Jimmy lies on his bed. Intensely reading the comic. He hears BARKING from the window. It's annoying. Restless, he gets up and goes to an open window.

It seems like every dog in the neighborhood is BARKING...and HOWLING. Something's got them going.

JIMMY

Shut up.

The neighborhood dogs respond. BARKING louder...HOWLING even. It's as if they're barking at Jimmy.

He responds, HOWLING back at them. It's fierce and chilling. It's very human and very Jimmy -- but it makes his point.

The BARKING dogs fall into sudden silence. Jimmy blinks. Shocked. Holy shit!

Jimmy shuts the window. He shifts, fidgets.

He sits at his desk. He finds it impossible to sit still. Uncomfortable. Itchy. He opens his closet door. A long mirror hangs inside.

Jimmy stares at himself. His face is pale and sweaty. He makes faces. Like an animal. He growls at himself. Then, he notices ink marks on the door. Where's he's chronicled his height through adolescence.

There's a mark that has 13 written on it, then 14, 15...each one slightly higher. Jimmy's own little growth puberty chart. He eyes the last one. The current one -- 16.

He stands up straight, next to it. Holds his hand flat over his head. Steps back. It's over an inch taller. He stares at it. Long and hard.

Then, he GASPS. Grabbing his stomach. Fighting off a cramp. He stares at himself in the mirror again. He wipes the sweat from his face. A look of resignation falls over him.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - NIGHT

Becky searches for Vince, passing a band that entertains the crowd. She moves to the railing. No sign of Vince. Frustrated, she looks out onto the beach.

In the distance, she sees the shadow of a Man staggering along the sand. Is it Vince? She calls out.

BECKY

Vince?

The shadowed Man turns to her. A moment. Then, he takes off, running down the beach. Into the darkness. Disappearing.

Becky is confused. Annoyed. She eyes the nearby parking lot. A set of wooden stairs leads down to the beach. She moves through the parking lot. BUMP. She turns, eyes the rear of a car slightly rocking. Puzzled, she continues on.

AT THE STAIRCASE

Becky moves down the slotted wooden staircase. Midway down, she peers across the beach in the moonlight. She can't see anyone.

BECKY (CONT'D)  
Vince? Shit, Vince.

She looks into the darkness. Nothing. No one.

Becky turns, starts back up the stairs when...

A GRISLY GROTESQUE SET OF CLAWS BURSTS UP THROUGH THE STAIRS JUST ABOVE HER - REACHING UP AND GRABBING HER AT HER MIDSECTION.

Becky SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER as the CLAWS YANK, JERKING HER ENTIRE BODY DOWN...FORCING HER BODY THROUGH THE SPLINTERED HOLE IT'S CREATING.

Wood splinters and gives way as her body LODGES INTO RIPPED WOOD...Becky grabs hold of an exposed plank, hanging on for dear life...SCREAMING CRAZILY. IN ONE THRUST, more wooded slots break away around her and she disappears beneath the stairs.

A splintered hole now exists in the stairs where Becky was ripped through. Suddenly, her body comes shooting back up. Her arms flailing...SCREAMING...her torso, her waist jut up.

Her body is thrown forward...her head BASHES against exposed wood. Her body goes limp. Then, once again, it's RIPPED DOWN BELOW.

The INHUMAN SOUNDS that follow are monstrous. Those of JAWS SNAPPING, RIPPING INTO FLESH...JOINTS AND LIMBS TORN APART...

EXT. BLUE SKY - MORNING

The morning sun bathes a clear blue sky.

CLOSE ON ELLIE'S EYES.

They flutter open. Squinting from the bright sun. She closes them again, not wanting to wake up. She YAWNS.

A MOMENT AS SHE STIRS MORE. HER MIND GROGGY. SHE SITS UP, YAWNING, STRETCHING. SHE HEARS WIND...BIRDS...

She opens her eyes as...

THE ENTIRE SUNSET STRIP COMES INTO VIEW.

Confused. Disoriented. Ellie looks around.

And that's when she realizes...she's been sleeping on a metal ledge high in the sky. What the hell?

She is lying at the base of a huge billboard that graces the strip.

OMITTED

Ellie stands, gripping the support beam. Scared to move. She looks down at her body. She's completely naked...not one stitch of clothing on her body.

She ducks down, out of view from the morning traffic that crowds the streets. She eyes metal support bars that create a ladder of sorts. Sees her clothing tattered and hanging from it. She reaches for them, covering herself, completely out of it.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE - MORNING

A hedge pf green bushes on the side of Jimmy's house.

CLOSE ON JIMMY

As his eyes open and he instantly jolts awake...scared, confused. He's lying in the bushes just outside his house. He looks down at himself. He's completely naked.

Jesus Christ! He peeks out around the hedges.

Sees his yard. The quiet neighborhood beyond. No one in sight. He looks up...sees his second story bedroom window above him.

He crawls to his feet, hiding himself. Quickly, he scrambles up the side of the house and flips into his bedroom window. It's more of a professional gymnast move than anything Jimmy should be capable of.

ACROSS THE BACKYARD

From a neighboring house, an ELDERLY LADY watches Jimmy from her kitchen window. Her eyes peering over her glasses.

From the ledge, he pulls himself over the window sill and disappears inside. Nicely done.

EXT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

CLOSE ON THE HOLLYWOOD SIGN. PULL BACK to REVEAL Ellie, in her tattered dress, walks up the steps to her apartment.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

She finds the front door ajar. The keys still in the lock. Her purse laying on the door step. She eyes it bizarrely. She can't remember a thing. She steps inside.

INT. JAIL CELL - MORNING

Vincent wakes up suddenly. As if having a bad dream. He's PANTING. Groggy. Disoriented. A small, soiled blanket covers his nude body.

He looks around. He's in a holding cell. Sprawled around the cell are various low-life THUGS and TWEAKERS.

INT. JAIL ROOM - MORNING - LITTLE LATER

Vince, wrapped in his blanket, signs forms at a table as TWO COPS oversee.

VINCE

What exactly was I charged with?

The Cops eye him with disbelief.

COP #1

You were waving your billy club down the beach.

COP #2

Drunk and disorderly. Indecent exposure.

Drunk? Vince is surprised. He has no memory of it.

The door opens and Toby, the family chauffeur, enters. Eyeing him in disdain. Toby throws fresh clothes on the table in front of Vince.

VINCE

Is Dad here?

Vince begins to dress. As he puts his shirt on, notices that his bandages are gone. In fact, his shoulder is completely healed. He momentarily thrown.

TOBY

He's waiting for you at home.

VINCE

With a lengthy dissertation on the pitfalls of child-rearing, no doubt.

Toby SIGHS.

TOBY

Look, I know your dad's been shit for a father...

VINCE

Save it, Toby, something else is going on here. This isn't about him.

TOBY

What it's about is an overgrown playboy living at home like a punk. Get on with it, get out from under the man. You work so hard not to be him, you're killing any chance you have at being anything else.

Toby comes off strong. But he has nothing but this kid's best interest at heart. Vince feels it. He sits down, slipping into his shoes.

VINCE

Is this tough love?

There's clearly a bond between these two men. Something that's never existed between him and his father.

TOBY

If you don't want to be a Winston, then you'd better decide who it is you want to be.

Toby exits. Vince touches his shoulder where the teeth marks should be. He looks at his palm only to discover that the pentagram is still very much there.

OMITTED

INT. STUDIO CORRIDOR - DAY

Ellie comes flying down the corridor. Late and frazzled. And it shows. Her hair is a mess, her usual work attire has been shunned in favor of a thrown together look. Its effect, however, is nothing less than sexy.

She approaches...

THE BULLPEN

To find Mark waiting for her. He eyes her appearance. She tosses off an instruction to Debbie.

ELLIE

We need to send major apology flowers to Scott Baio. Call his assistant Joannie for the address.

MARK

You're kidding, right? Her name is Joannie?

ELLIE

Apropos, huh?

They move into her office.

INT. ELLIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

She kicks off her shoes, rubbing her feet.

ELLIE

None of my shoes fit me anymore.

MARK

Are you gonna prep Craig like that?

ELLIE

Like what?

MARK

Looking all...sexed up?

ELLIE

What is it with you and fashion commentary lately?

MARK

C'mon, Ellie. You have this whole 'strap me to the headboard' thing going.

Ellie defends herself.

ELLIE

So I'm feeling a little feisty, lately. It's about time, don't you think?

MARK

Personally, I dig it. It's working  
for you.

He gives her a cute grin. She waves him off.

ELLIE

Go away.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DAY

Wrestling team try-outs. Mats are spread out across the  
gym's floor. JOCKS battle it out, wrestling in pairs  
throughout the gym.

The Coach weaves through the mats with barking commentary.  
Sizing up his future players.

Brooke watches from the stands. Bored. Behind and above  
her, Jimmy vaults over the bleacher balcony with acrobatic  
grace. He has a new look. Tossed bed-head hair, jeans and a  
sexy t-shirt. He's looking hot.

JIMMY

Hey, Brooke.

She turns, eyes him. Blushing instantly.

BROOKE

Are you stalking me?

She smiles. Secretly hoping he is. Jimmy smiles back.

JIMMY

Definitely.

BO

(off camera)

What's going on, Brooke?

Brooke and Jimmy turn to see a hostile Bo standing beside  
them. Louie and Earl make up the rear.

BO (CONT'D)

You going fruit fly on me?

Jimmy faces him. He's not looking so scared of Bo anymore.

JIMMY

Actually, we were talking, so if  
you don't mind -- shoo.

Bo jumps into his face.



BO

You're asking for it, Abercrombie.

Jimmy doesn't back down for one second. Brooke looks on. Impressed.

JIMMY

C'mon, Bo, you're really becoming transparent. How about a little identity intervention? Cuz' all of this internalized homophobia is just giving you away.

BO

You calling me gay?

Brooke gives it serious consideration.

BROOKE

Actually, Bo, it would explain a lot.

Bo goes livid. He shoves Jimmy. The Coach appears. Intervening.

COACH

What's going on?

Bo stares Jimmy down. Suddenly, he gets an idea.

BO

I was just giving Jimmy some pointers. He's here to try out for the team.

The Coach gives Jimmy a once over. Surprised as hell.

COACH

Really? You? You sure you want to do that, Jimmy?

Bo throws Jimmy a wicked smile. It's clearly a challenge. Jimmy nervously shrugs.

JIMMY

Maybe.

BO

Sure he does, Coach. Tell ya what, I'll wrestle him.

COACH

No. Louie, you and Jimmy take the mat.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy is paired off with LOUIE. Everyone has stopped to watch the massacre. Louie and Jimmy get into position.

Jimmy's sweating a bit. Not sure how this is going to play out.

LOUIE

Okay, limp wrist, stay away from my groin.

The Coach can't bear to do it, but he blows the whistle. The two guys go at it...grabbing, gripping, pulling...wrestling.

But then Jimmy makes a move. Quick and powerful. Before he realizes it, he picks Louie up over his head and flips him, sending him flying to the mat.

Louie lands with a resounding, ass-hurting THUD.

Everyone in the gym is stunned. Even Jimmy. He looks to Brooke, who smiles sheepishly. Bo takes note.

Pissed, Bo steps up.

BO

Give me a crack, Coach.

The Coach, impressed, waves Bo off. Points to Earl.

MOMENTS LATER

On the mat, Jimmy and Earl face off. Jimmy revels in his new confidence.

EARL

I'm gonna kill you.

JIMMY

Come on, boy...give it to me.

Jimmy's taunting incites Earl. He charges Jimmy -- but Jimmy moves like lightning, grabbing hold of Earl, sending him up, over and out. Bo can't stand it. He leaps onto the mat, joining Earl as they double-team Jimmy. Coming at him from both sides.

The coach starts to blow his whistle to stop the fight, but Jimmy's ready. He takes out Earl first, back-swiping him, sending him sprawling off the mat into the team bench. Then, he looks to Bo. Nothing but fury in his eyes.

Jimmy and Bo circle, facing off. Now, it's Bo who's looking a little shaky. He plays the tough guy as best he can.

BO

C'mon fairy, shake your dust.

JIMMY

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

Bo lunges for Jimmy who side-steps, causing Bo to go sprawling to the mat.

That does it. Bo leaps up and charges Jimmy. No cigar. Jimmy springs into action. He does a double back turn, secures Bo's arms and flips him up and over...but it doesn't stop there.

Jimmy takes Bo, rolls him across his back, flips him right side up, holding him tightly as he leans in, whispering into Bo's ear.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You know the best part about being a fairy? You get to fly.

Jimmy, with a flick of his arm, sends Bo sailing across the gym...He goes crashing into Louie and Earl. They all hit the floor, crumbling on top of one another.

Brooke CLAPS WIDLEY.

ON THE COACH

Impressed with his new star player. But no one is more impressed than Jimmy. He can't wipe the smile of victory off his face.

INT. BACKSTAGE - AFTERNOON

Ellie is there with CRAIG KILBORN. A MAKE-UP ARTIST does final touches while Ellie preps him.

ELLIE

The Rock is first up. He's here to promote his dramatic turn in Woody Allen's new movie. So really play up the serious actor who wants to be seen in a different light, and whatever you do -- don't ask him to do the eyebrow thing.

She straightens Craig's tie, pressing her hands against his chest. A brief moment as her hands linger. Craig eyes her oddly.

CRAIG  
My mouth's dry.

Without missing a beat, Ellie shoves him a Diet Coke. We hear an ANNOUNCER begin the show's intro.

ANNOUNCER  
(O.C.)  
"It's the Late Late Show with Craig  
Kilborn. Craig's guests tonight..."

The Announcer continues. Craig opens his soda. He pushes the metal top into the can.

CRAIG  
Damn.

Craig has cut his finger. He pushed the soda top in too far. He holds it up, bleeding. The Make-Up Artist reaches for a tissue.

ANNOUNCER  
(O.C.)  
...now, here's Craig Kilborn...

Without thinking, Ellie grabs his hand and brings it to her mouth and sucks his finger dry. Cleans it of blood. Craig freezes. Stunned at the unconscious act. He stares at his finger.

ELLIE  
You're on.

Ellie shoves the bewildered Craig out onto stage. Licking her lips, racing off.

She gets a few feet when she stops in her tracks. Realizing what she just did. She brings her hand to her mouth.

Slowly, she licks her lips and touches her tongue with her finger. She licks at her finger as something stirs within her. She finds herself shaking. Starting to lose it.

She eyes a door marked LADIES RESTROOM.

INT. LADIES RESTROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

A long bathroom. Sinks with mirrors opposite a row of stalls. Ellie rushes in, moving to the sink. She hits the faucet, splashing water on her face.

Her face is red and flushed as she runs her hands across her cheeks. Ellie stares at herself a moment. The face staring back at her looks almost possessed. She eyes the marks on her palm. Stares at them when she HEARS the bathroom door open. She heads for a stall to hide.

Debbie, the young office girl, enters. She glimpses Ellie racing into the stall, SLAMMING the door closed.

DEBBIE

Hi, Ellie.

Suddenly, a LOW GUTTURAL MOAN comes from Ellie's stall.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

You okay in there?

Debbie moves back to the sink. Wipes her nose. Tosses the tissue. Another LOW RUMBLING comes from the stall. Debbie eyes it in the mirror.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Ellie?

Debbie turns to the stall. Taps lightly on it.

ELLIE

(from inside stall)

I'm fine.

She doesn't sound fine. Her VOICE is low and raspy. In pain. It doesn't sound like Ellie at all.

Debbie, a bit worried, pushes on the stall door. It's locked.

DEBBIE

What's wrong?

No response. Just more SOUNDS. Eerie. Threatening noises.

Suddenly, the lock on the stall CLICKS open. Debbie eyes it. Slowly, she pushes on the door as it CREAKS open.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Ellie?

The door swings aside to reveal

Ellie, head down, BREATHING HEAVILY...Debbie takes a step towards her, concerned. Just then...

ELLIE'S HEAD JERKS UPWARD. Her expression is PURE EVIL. She SNAPS at Debbie like a wild animal.

Debbie LEAPS BACK, SCREAMING. She falls against the sink in terror. She turns, racing from the bathroom.

Ellie's head lowers...her breath HISSING...GRUMBLING. Slowly, she moves to the mirror. Raises her head, staring at herself in the mirror.

ELLIE

No, no, no...

She's fighting against whatever is happening inside of her, until...

Her face becomes normal again. The only thing different is her expression. It's one of pure fear.

EXT. WINSTON ESTATE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The family limo pulls up in front of the large mansion. Vince and Toby climb out and head into the house.

INT. WINSTON LIVING ROOM - DAY

Vince moves through the living room. Heads straight for the bar. Starts to pour himself a drink. Stops. Puts it away. He doesn't want it.

MR. WINSTON

(off camera)

By all means, drink up.

Mr. Winston stands in the doorway. Vince's shoulders slump.

VINCE

How about we move things along and skip to the part where I'm a hopeless disappointment.

MR. WINSTON

And state the obvious? I so prefer the torment of subtext. It's the only amusement I find in all of this.

VINCE

I can't do this. Not now.

Vince starts off. Mr. Winston steps in his path, stopping him. Staring him down.

MR. WINSTON

Don't you walk away from me.  
You've lost all rights to such a  
gesture.

Vince is getting worked up. His face sweaty, temples throbbing.

VINCE

I'm feeling really out of my skin  
right now. Please, dad.

MR. WINSTON

You don't get to decide. Listen to  
me --

Vince doesn't. He continues out when Mr. Winston comes up behind him and grabs him by the collar. Spinning him around, grabbing hold of his son.

MR. WINSTON (CONT'D)

I said listen-

Big mistake. Something in Vince snaps, he turns on his father violently, grabbing him, hoisting him up and slinging his entire body across the room.

Mr. Winston's body CRASHES into the large patio window. Glass SHATTERS as Vince's father goes tumbling out into the garden outside.

But, it doesn't stop there. Vince, now in a complete state of animal fury, leaps through the broken window with the agility and focus of a wolf moving in for the kill.

IN THE GARDEN

Vince lands atop his father, going straight for his throat -- with his teeth. Mr. Winston's eyes widen in terror as Vince's eyes glaze over in a frightening blood-lust.

He leans into his father's exposed neck, his teeth going straight for Mr. Winston's pulsing jugular. Just before Vince strikes...

TWO HANDS GRAB HIM FROM BEHIND. Toby's there, pulling Vince off his father. Saving Mr. Winston from an ungodly attack.

Vince fights at first, but then comes to...realizing his actions.

A long, painful moment as he pulls himself together, eyeing his horror-stricken father, realizing what he's nearly done.

Vince looks to Toby. Pleading.

VINCE  
Get me out of here.

EXT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

The sun is quickly setting.

Ellie parks her rental at the curb. Gets out. Her face strained. Her walk uneven. She eyes the limo parked on the street in front.

Ellie tops the stairs to find Vince at her door. Waiting for her. His face troubled. Lost.

INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON - LATER

Ellie sits on the couch, listening to Vince as he stands in front of a large glass door that leads to a patio. He holds his palm out for her to see. The pentagram.

VINCE  
The tarot lady said it was the mark  
of the best.

Ellie takes a BREATH. Eyes her own palm. Looks back to Vince. Displaying it to him.

ELLIE  
I almost hurt someone today. I  
lost control.

Vince is only too familiar with what she's saying.

VINCE  
Like you were aware, but you  
weren't. You don't know you're  
doing things until after you've  
done them.

Ellie nods. Quiet fear.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
It's getting worse.

ELLIE  
What did you see? In the canyon --  
you saw it. What was it?



VINCE

I was drunk. I don't know what I saw.

ELLIE

Vince.

He nods. Time to come clean.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

It wasn't a bear...or a lion...

VINCE

No...

He trails off, unwilling to put a word to what he saw. She gets it. Gropes for something rational.

ELLIE

There has to be some medical reason for this. Some logical explanation.

VINCE

I was bit pretty bad...you saw it, right?

He points to his shoulder. She nods. He moves to her, unbuttoning his shirt.

Vince pulls his shirt down around his torso, revealing his shoulder and chest. There's nothing there. Both of their faces take on an eerie dread.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Explain it. There's not a mark on me. It's healed. No scar. Nothing.

Ellie pauses. At a loss. Inspects his body closely. Touching him. It's frighteningly intimate. Slightly electric.

She looks to her arm. Unwraps her bandage to reveal that her wound is gone as well. She holds up her arm. Vince gently runs his fingers over her unmarked skin.

ELLIE

What's happening to us? I keep having these weird...

VINCE

Urges?

She nods. A flush creeping up her cheeks.

ELLIE

All kinds...

His shirt is still unbuttoned. His chest is exposed. His skin. Flesh. Her hand starts to find its way to his body. Suddenly, she realizes what's she's doing. Stops herself.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Maybe you should go...I'm not feeling well...something's not right.

It becomes clear. Ellie's agitation is just masking how aroused she's become. She can't take her eyes off him.

VINCE

Is that smart? Should you be alone right now? Shouldn't we stay together?

He's starting to stir too. Ellie opts for lightness.

ELLIE

Are you hitting on me?

VINCE

No, I'm pretty sure you're hitting on me.

And, just like that, they lunge for each other. Kissing. It's mad hot. Their hands grope and pull, tearing at each others clothes.

Coming together, bodies intertwined...it's physical. Ellie's aggression makes Vince stumble and they fall back onto the coffee table, upturning it. Their lips not separating as they hit the floor.

Their clothes begin to shed. Their GROANS get hot and heavy. Almost animal. Vince moves on top of her as they devour each other with insatiable hunger.

INT. JIMMY'S LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Jimmy sits on the couch. On the coffee table in front of him are various books and comics all containing werewolves. The TV is on. The remote in one hand, a werewolf book in the other. The title of the book WEREWOLVES AMONG US: THE TRUTH is seen.

The local news is on.

## NEWSCASTER

..the mutilated body of a young woman was found today near the Hollywood reservoir. An abandoned car suggests this may be Jenny Taylor, the missing woman last seen at a charity event in West Hollywood two nights ago. Forensics is working to connect the body with the blood and bone fragments found at the West Hollywood parking structure...

Jimmy switches the channel. Flips past VH1's "Where Are They Now?" He turns a page. He reads something. Opens his palm to the pentagram that exists there. Studies it. Reads on.

The TV is now in the Discovery Channel's "Animal Planet". Various types of actual wolves are seen moving around in the woods.

Jimmy looks to the television. He watches wolves run, jump, leap in their natural habitat.

## NARRATOR

(from the TV)

"King of his wilderness, cunning, ruthless and determined... The more gentle creatures of the forest stand no chance against the wolf."

Jimmy watches as a wolf on TV preys on a small animal. Attacking it, ripping it to shreds. Feeding. The sight of this ignites Jimmy. His eyes become fixated. Riveted to the TV screen. Something moves inside of him.

## JAMES MYERS

(off camera)

I'm bowling tonight. I'll be home late.

Jimmy's Dad, bowling ball in tow, moves to the front door.

Jimmy doesn't even acknowledge him. His body in a trance in front of the TV. Finally, he breaks, turning to his Dad.

## JIMMY

Hey, Dad, I made the wrestling team.

His Dad eyes him. Disbelieving. Annoyed.

JAMES MYERS

Sure you did.

JIMMY

I kicked the team captain's ass  
left to right. And I got the  
hottest girl in school hot for me.

Jimmy takes pride in this. Hoping his Dad will take pride too. That never-ending search for approval. His Dad shoots doubtful eyes at Jimmy. Dismissing him.

JAMES MYERS

Right. From wash-out to winner  
just like that. Stop pulling this  
shit, Jimmy. The only thing worse  
than a wimp-ass loser is a wimp-ass  
liar.

Mr. Myers quickly exits the house. Jimmy is burned.  
Vulnerable. Hurt.

JIMMY

(yelling after him)

Did I mention I was a werewolf?

Jimmy throws the werewolf book down on the coffee table.

INT. ELLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Post-sex. The bed now sits at a slope. Empty. Two of the bed's legs have been broken. Crushed. It must have been some encounter. Next to the bed, on the floor are the tangled spent bodies of Ellie and Vince.

VINCE

That was the best sex I've ever  
had, and I'm counting the  
chemically induced ones too.

He turns to find Ellie. Though completely, orgasmically satisfied, reality is quickly setting in. She clutches a sheet. Mortified. Her heart racing.

ELLIE

(whew)

What just happened?

VINCE

The curse just happened.

Ellie jumps up and instantly starts to dress, hiding herself. Suddenly, modest and starting to freak.

ELLIE

This is not me. I'm too rational. I don't believe in hooba-hooba curses. I don't suck blood off Craig Kilborn or have hot sex with someone I barely know. Something is going on, but it's not a curse.

Vince watches her dart around the room, pulling on clothes. She's on the verge of completely unraveling. A train wreck in action.

VINCE

And your answer would be?

ELLIE

Clearly I'm having your routine, run of the mill mental breakdown. It's to be expected. I'm a small town girl living in the big city. Lonely and miserable, I work too much, I'm lousy with men, have a shitty sex life. I'm perfectly normal. I don't know what's wrong with you.

VINCE

Maybe nothing. There's a part of me that feels better than ever. Being cursed by the mark of the beast might not be such a bad thing.

Ellie tries to hold on to her last grasp of rationale.

ELLIE

Okay, Vince, the word today is rational -- there is no mark of the beast. None of this is real.

VINCE

What just happened felt very real.

Ellie eyes him. Realizing the truth in his words. She gives a little.

ELLIE

Alright, maybe, just maybe, we were infected by something...some rare wolf-like virus. We need medical attention, some sort of specialist.

VINCE

Who? Lon Chaney?

Ellie breaks away. Angered by his glibness.

ELLIE

How can you make light of this?  
If, and that's a really big 'if',  
any of this is true -- I'm scared  
of what could happen next.

Vince grabs her, holds her a moment.

VINCE

I'm sorry. I'm scared too. This  
is just me when things get too  
real.

She stares at him. A shared desperation between them. An  
idea comes to Ellie.

ELLIE

What about the kid? Jimmy Myers.  
The one who was screaming monster.

Ellie heads for her desk. For the telephone.

VINCE

What about him?

Ellie reaches for the phone book. Opens it up.

ELLIE

He was attacked. Wouldn't that  
make him "cursed" too? Part of our  
little "wolf pack"? Let's find  
out. He shouldn't be too hard to  
find. There's probably only 8  
million Myers in Los Angeles.

She starts flipping through the listings. On a mission.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Let's just see what he has to say  
about all of this.

Ellie's determined. Edgy. Desperate.

INT. MYERS' KITCHEN - EVENING

Jimmy is at the refrigerator. He pulls a steak from it. He  
rips open the wrapping and holds the bloody meat to his  
mouth. He starts to take a bite when he spots Zipper  
watching from under the kitchen table.

He and Zipper share a look. Jimmy realizes how uncivilized he must look with a dripping piece of raw meat in his hand. He grabs a plate from the dish drainer.

Then, he slides open a drawer. Sifts through the silverware. Finds a knife, fork...but then something catches his eye.

CLOSE ON the drawer. He eyes an old, very tarnished pie server. Triangular shaped. Pointed. Silver. He stares at it a moment. Reaches for it.

He grips it, pulling it from the drawer. An instant pain shoots through his hand...

JIMMY  
Motherfucker!

The server drops to the floor. Jimmy eyes his hand. It's scorched. There's a burn mark. He CRIES OUT in pain. Zipper retreats further under the table.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Jesus.

He hits the faucet. Runs his hand under water.

The phone RINGS.

OMITTED

INT. JIMMY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy comes racing into the room, drying his hands with a dish towel. He dives for the phone.

JIMMY  
(into phone)  
Hello?

PHONE CALL INTERCUTS:

With Ellie and Vince. At her place.

INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ELLIE  
(into phone)  
Hi. Jimmy Myers?

JIMMY  
Who wants to know?

ELLIE

Hi, Jimmy, it's Ellie Harper from the Late Late Sh-- from the canyon, two nights ago. Remember me?

JIMMY

What's up? How are you?

ELLIE

Thank god it's you. This is gonna sound really strange, but...have you experienced anything weird since the other night? Any odd or peculiar behavior?

Jimmy thinks about his answer. Doesn't know quite how to respond. Should he lie? Come clean? Decides to lie.

JIMMY

No. I don't know what you're talking about. I'm fine.

Something about his voice makes Ellie pause. She detects something.

ELLIE

Really? Nothing?

JIMMY

I'm great. Couldn't be better.

ELLIE

Can I leave my number with you? Just in case. Nobody knows what exactly attacked us and I'm worried that...well, do you have a pen?

Jimmy eyes the coffee table. Finds a pen. Grabs a werewolf book.

JIMMY

Shoot.

ELLIE

Ellie Harper. 323-555-5447.

Jimmy scrawls it on the back of the book.

JIMMY

Look, I gotta go.

ELLIE

Call me if anything...



Jimmy hangs up. A look of concern creeping in. He shakes it off. Throws the book back onto the coffee table.

INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ellie hangs up the phone. Vince turns from the window.

VINCE  
How was he?

ELLIE  
Fine. A little too fine.

She stares at him. Pensive.

OMITTED

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jimmy sits down at the kitchen table, cutting into his bloody steak. He takes a bite, savoring the raw meat when...

ZIPPER BARKS CRAZILY

From somewhere in the house. Jimmy turns. The BARKING turns to SNARLS, GROWLING...

JIMMY  
Zipper?

The GROWLING subsides...turning to WHIMPERS...sounds of PAIN.

Puzzled, Jimmy moves out of the kitchen down the hallway to the living room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Jimmy looks around...nothing...the room is empty. Only the sound of the television in the corner.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Zipper? What's wrong, boy?

A CRASHING SOUND. A plate hitting the floor, breaking...

It comes from the kitchen.

JIMMY'S POV

Through the doorway, Jimmy eyes his plate, broken on the floor. A flash of tail as Zipper moves into the dining room.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Zipper? No, you didn't.

He watches as Zipper disappears under the dining room table, the steak firmly in jaws. He storms after him.

IN THE DINING ROOM

Jimmy approaches the table.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Zipper? That's mine.

He gets down on the floor, crawling underneath the tablecloth.

UNDER THE TABLE

What he confronts is the dog's hindquarters. Zipper's head is hidden in the shadows, noisily munching on the forbidden steak.

Jimmy pulls the dog's tail, annoyed, when...Zipper begins to GROWL ANGRILY.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Hey, you just watch it.

Zipper turns to Jimmy, in the shadows under the table, something looks different about Zipper's eyes. They look like two orbs, glowing in the dark. His face shifting in an eerie way.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Zipper?

Jimmy jumps up from under the table cloth, staring in shock, not knowing what to think.

Suddenly Zipper EXPLODES FROM UNDER THE TABLE.

The dog's teeth elongate, protruding through his mouth...his face SNARLS into a hideous version of a dog-wolf. Jimmy freaks as...

The dog is like lightning...suddenly attacking...  
...frighteningly fast...its face ungodly.

The dog crashes into Jimmy and they tumble back into the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Jimmy throws his arms up, gripping the dog by the neck as its mouth CHOMPS DOWN at him, SNAPPING CRAZILY...

Jimmy uses every ounce of strength he has to keep his dog's rabid mouth from sinking into his neck.

On his back, on the floor, Jimmy springs his legs up, connecting with Zipper's body, knocking the dog to its side.

Jimmy rolls to his knees and scrambles to his feet. He grabs hold of the kitchen table and flips it over, shielding himself as Zipper barrels into it.

Jimmy sees the silver pie server on the floor. He uses the table to shove Zipper back into the chairs in the corner.

Zipper is temporarily trapped by the table. Jimmy turns, grabbing a chair. Zipper breaks free from the table, charging at Jimmy, who uses the chair as a way to hold off the dog as Jimmy inches his way towards to the stove.

He thrusts his hand into an oven mitt that lies on the stovetop. Pulls it on with his teeth.

As Zipper gnaws the chair apart with his teeth, Jimmy reaches down and grabs the silver pie server in his mitted hand.

Zipper successfully tears the chair from Jimmy, his SNAPPING JAW inches from Jimmy's face.

Jimmy rises up with the oven mitt, sliding the silver pie server in between them. Zipper bites down...into the silver server. The dog HOWLS in PAIN...retreating. Writhing, convulsing.

Jimmy thinks fast. He slams the door to the dining room shut, then races out of the kitchen and into the

FOYER

Where he slams that door shut. Zipper is trapped.

IN THE KITCHEN

Zipper spits out the silver server and CHARGES after Jimmy.

IN THE FOYER

Jimmy leans against the foyer door, breathless, when...

BAM! Zipper slams against the other side.

Jimmy races for the front door, stopping long enough to grab the book with Ellie's phone number on it. He rips the door open to see a...

A FIGURE STANDING IN THE DOORWAY.

Jimmy SCREAMS. Startled to find himself facing Bo.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

Bo shrugs. Nervous.

BO  
I need to talk to you...

JIMMY  
We gotta go...now.

BO  
What is it?

Suddenly, the foyer door SPLINTERS with the weight of Zipper throwing himself at it.

Zipper BURSTS THROUGH the kitchen door, racing towards them.

BO (CONT'D)  
Holy shit!

EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy pushes Bo out of the door. SLAMS it shut behind them.

The door shakes violently as Zipper's body SLAMS into it. The upper portion of the door has a small window in it. Suddenly, Zipper appears, leaping up, SNARLING FEROCIOUSLY. He drops back down out of sight. Bo is flabbergasted.

JIMMY  
Go, go, go...

Jimmy sees the sporty car at the curb. He grabs Bo and starts racing towards it. He motions for Bo to get in the driver's side. But Bo is riveted by the sight of Zipper slamming against the front door window.

Jimmy makes it to the passenger side and looks back to see Zipper CRASH THROUGH THE DOOR'S WINDOW in a shower of glass.

Zipper PLOWS straight for Bo.

BO

Fuck me.

He dives into the car and shuts the door just as Zipper SLAMS into it. The whole vehicle SHAKES.

INT. CAR/EXT. MYERS HOUSE - NIGHT

Jimmy sits back in his seat. Spent. Bo is beyond words.

BO

What was that?

JIMMY

My dog.

BO

What kind of dog do you have?

JIMMY

A regular dog. It bit me yesterday. I infected him.

Bo looks at Jimmy.

BO

What the hell is going on?

JIMMY

Do you believe in werewolves?

Bo turns to him. Huh?

BO

Uh...no.

JIMMY

That stops my explanation in its tracks.

BO

Where are we going?

JIMMY

Just drive.

INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Ellie and Vince are now fully dressed. Ellie is in the kitchen, pouring herself a vodka. She downs a gulp, calming herself. Then, as an afterthought.

ELLIE

Want one?

VINCE

No.

He sits down on the couch and A LOUD NOISE ERUPTS. He leaps up. Startled. The TV has turned on. A newscast is in progress. Vincent pulls the remote control from under him.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Vince starts to turn the TV off, when..

ON TELEVISION

A REPORTER stands on the beach doing a remote. The pier is behind her. In the darkness, underneath the pilings, cops and police dogs prowl.

BEACH REPORTER

Another mutilated body of a young woman was discovered today, buried in the sand under the pier in Santa Monica...

Vince's world stops as he stares at a picture of Becky on screen. He continues to listen. As does Ellie.

BEACH REPORTER (CONT'D)

..Police have identified her as Becky Morton...

ELLIE

Isn't that your friend...??

But it's clear from the look on Vince's face. He's beside himself.

VINCE

Jesus...

Ellie eyes the TV.

BEACH REPORTER

..Officials are baffled by an increasing amount of evidence linking the deaths of Becky Morton and Jenny Taylor with the animal attack on Mulholland two nights ago...

Suddenly, Ellie stops cold. She hears something.

ELLIE

Did you hear that?

Silence. Vince mutes the TV. They both listen. More silence. No sound at all.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

There it is again. It's coming from outside. Something's moving around out there.

Vince listens. Clearly, they're hearing sounds no human could hear. Vince moves to the huge glass patio doors. Opens them...SNIFFS...then moves out onto the deck. Looks around...then disappears. Ellie waits a moment.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Vince?

She follows.

OMITTED

EXT. ELLIE'S BACK PATIO - NIGHT

Ellie has stepped out onto the patio. Still, no sign of Vince. She peers into the darkness. Nothing. Then...

Ellie's cell phone RINGS.

From inside the apartment. Ellie moves...

BACK INSIDE

Ellie races around looking for it.

ON THE BACK PATIO

A SHADOW flickers against the glass as something looms just outside the patio doors.

EXT. BO'S SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

It's pulled over on the side of a busy Hollywood corner. Jimmy is standing at a pay phone. Bo next to him.

Jimmy is on the phone. He holds the werewolf book in his hand.

CLOSE ON THE PHONE BOOTH

JIMMY  
C'mon, answer...answer...

INT. ELLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ellie finds her phone. Grabs it.

ELLIE  
Hello? ...Jimmy...wait, calm  
down...I can't understand  
you...where are you?

SCENE INTERCUTS:

Jimmy and Bo at the pay phone.

JIMMY  
Hollywood and Highland. I lied.  
It's happening to me. I'm turning.  
Tonight's the full moon and we've  
got to figure out what to do!

ON ELLIE

As a shadow dances across her back.

ELLIE  
Stay there. I'm coming to get you.

Ellie hangs up, turning to see KYLE. Standing before her. It catches her off guard and she SCREAMS...when...

KYLE IS TACKLED TO THE GROUND BY VINCE.

Ellie spins around to find Kyle pinned under Vince on the living room floor.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
Kyle.

Kyle doesn't know what hit him. His face is angry and scared.

ELLIE (CONT'D)  
What are you doing here?

VINCE  
You know this guy?

ELLIE  
Yeah...



KYLE

I stopped by to see how you were.  
You were really upset last night.  
I see you got over it.

Eyeing Vince.

VINCE

What the fuck were you doing in the  
bushes?

ELLIE

(to Vince)  
Jimmy just called...he needs help.

KYLE

What's going on?

ELLIE

(livid)  
What does it look like? You need  
to leave. Now, go.

Ellie shoves him towards the door. Vince helps. Opens it.  
Kyle turns to Ellie.

KYLE

Is everything alright with you?

ELLIE

I just had the best sex of my life.  
I'm stellar.

Ellie slams the door on his face. Looks to Vince.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

I told Jimmy we'd meet him. He  
sounds like he's in trouble.

Ellie races into her bedroom, grabbing her house keys when...

A chilling HOWL ERUPTS the night. There's no mistaking it.

Vince enters, moving to the bedroom window. Starts to look  
out. A sense of dread hits Ellie.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

What out there?

Just then, THE WINDOW EXPLODES...SHATTERING AS SOMETHING  
COMES CRASHING THROUGH IT.

Ellie SCREAMS as Vince is knocked over by...

THE DEAD AND BLOODY BODY OF KYLE.

Kyle's body hits the ground. His midsection ripped open. Blood and carnage.

Ellie is frozen in paralyzing fear. Vince rises from where he fell, staring -- stunned -- at the body next to him.

Ellie freaks.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God...oh my god...

Ellie wants out of there. She races out of the bedroom to the front door.

VINCE

Ellie...wait...

Ellie throws the door open, coming face to face with the most HEINOUSLY EVIL BEAST she could ever imagine.

Vince throws himself in front of the door...SLAMMING IT SHUT. Grabs Ellie...pulls her out of the way as the FRONT DOOR STRAINS AGAINST ITS HINGES, eventually giving way.

Vince drags a frightened Ellie toward the back of the apartment, to the patio doors. He throws them open and they race out. The SOUND of the BEAST behind them...coming fast and furious.

BACK OF THE BUILDING.

Vince and Ellie race across her deck.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Hurry. Run.

A cinderblock wall -- at least six feet high -- blocks their exit.

Vince and Ellie run towards it.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Jump.

Without thinking, Ellie responds...with her arm still holding on to Vince -- they both jump.

Their bodies rocket upwards, and they land with amazing agility on top of the wall. They race along the wall, jumping onto an adjacent building's balcony, then down to the roof of another building.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

They scramble over the peak of the roof, coming down on the other side. The street is now visible far below. They jump to a lower section of the roof. From there, without hesitation, they LAUNCH themselves out into a terrifying leap NINE FEET DOWN to the street itself.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Vince and Ellie hit the ground, tumbling...

No time to ponder it. They leap up.

Vince eyes the limo parked a ways down the hill. He SCREAMS at it.

VINCE  
Toby! Toby!

ON THE LIMO

Through the open driver's window, Toby is seen behind the wheel. His head slumped back. Eyes shut. His body lifeless.

Vince and Ellie race to him.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Toby...

Suddenly, Toby stirs...snorting...waking up. He was only asleep. He looks up to see Vince's panicked face.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Let's go...let's go.

TOBY  
What is it?

Toby starts to open his door.

VINCE  
Just drive.

Vince is already at the back of the limo. Door open. He pushes Ellie in. Climbs in after her.

INSIDE THE BACK OF THE LIMO

Vince and Ellie fall into the back seat.

TOBY  
What the hell is going on?

                  VINCE  
Get us the hell out of here -- now,  
now, now. Fast.

Toby delays a second too long.

BAM! A LOUD THUMP IS HEARD ABOVE AS SOMETHING LANDS ATOP THE LIMO...DENTING THE ROOF.

                  VINCE (CONT'D)  
Shit!

                  TOBY  
Christ! What was that?

                  VINCE  
Toby, go!

Toby JAMS his foot on the gas. Ellie and Vince go flying across the back seat as the car accelerates, TEARING around the corner. Vince and Ellie right themselves.

                  TOBY  
Well, whatever it was, it's gone--

OMITTED

SUDDENLY A WEREWOLF CLAW CRASHES THROUGH THE DRIVER'S WINDOW - ATTACKING TOBY.

It slices into Toby's neck. Blood goes everywhere as the limo careens out of control.

The werewolf's claw YANKS hold of Toby...

Toby struggles for the wheel, accidentally hitting the cruise control. The werewolf RIPS him from the front seat, pulling him through the driver's window and out of the car.

IN THE BACKSEAT

                  VINCE  
No!!!

Ellie SCREAMS...as Toby's body is seen through the rear windshield, sliding over the rear window, face smearing the glass. His body rolls off the trunk. Lifeless. Vince turns back to the front, where the car is speeding along without a driver.

He acts quickly, DIVING through the partition window.

IN THE FRONT

Vince's upper body makes it through. He grabs hold of the wheel, trying to keep the car in control as it BARRELS down the road. He sees that the car's in cruise control, but he doesn't know how to turn it off.

OMITTED

IN THE BACK OF THE LIMO

Ellie moves to help Vince when a CLAW CRASHES THROUGH the moon roof. Its arm protrudes down, swiping at Ellie, grabbing her by the back of her jacket, hoisting her into the air.

Vince turns back to see Ellie struggling to escape the Werewolf's clutches as the Werewolf rips away at the ceiling.

IN THE FRONT

Vince can't help Ellie because the lights of a LARGE TRUCK are bearing down on the limo. Heading straight for them.

Vince lunges for the wheel, steering the limo out of the way of the oncoming vehicle.

IN THE BACK SEAT

Ellie, swinging wildly, reaches for the zipper on her jacket. Tugs at it, she manages to unzip it...falling to the floor. She rolls onto her back, looking up to see the arm of the Werewolf rip away more of the ceiling. Now we see the whole horrifying head of the thing thrust in. Jaws snapping. Eyes blazing.

IN THE FRONT

Vince barely misses an oncoming truck as he bangs the cruise control --- it won't shut off.

CONT. IN THE BACK SEAT

Ellie bends her knees and kicks with both feet. She connects with the werewolf's face with powerful force. She sends the werewolf flying back and off the limo.

OMITTED

INSIDE THE LIMO

Ellie looks through the rear window..sees the Werewolf land on the road behind them, tumbling off the road, out of sight.

IN THE FRONT

The car reaches the crest of the hill. Vince squeezes himself all the way through the divider. His hands hit the brake. Stopping the car just seconds before it hurtles downhill.

He rights himself, calling out for Ellie.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

No answer. Vince doesn't hesitate for a minute. He jumps from the car.

EXT. ROAD/LIMO - NIGHT

Vince races for the back door, pausing to look back at the dark road.

HIS POV

Nothing but darkness. There's no sign of the Beast.

IN THE BACK

Vince opens the door to find Ellie curled up tightly. Traumatized. Vince climbs in to her aid. She looks at him in pure, undiluted terror.

ELLIE

It's real.

Vince moves to comfort her, holding her in his arms, when insidiously, Ellie and Vince oblivious...

THE CAR STARTS ROLLING BACKWARDS.

Slowly at first. Picking up speed. At the base of the hill, the shadow of the Beast FILLS THE FRAME as the car gets closer and closer.

INSIDE

Vince realizes what's happening and leaps into action. He dives completely back through the center divider. Ellie stares out the back window, watching in horror as the car rolls back towards the Beast.

IN THE FRONT

Vince SLAMS HIS FOOT ON THE BRAKES, then scrambles to start the limo.

OMITTED

THROUGH THE REAR WINDOW

The red brake lights illuminate the Werewolf. Ellie stares at it in horror.

It stands on all fours, poised, ready to strike. It rises up on its back legs -- arms outstretched. Its head, face... grotesque.

Suddenly, the Werewolf attacks. Leaping at the limo's back window. It CRASHES through. Its teeth and snapping jaw coming right at Ellie...

IN THE FRONT SEAT

Vince desperately tries to start the limo. The motor grinds but doesn't start.

BACK WITH ELLIE

Her hands find a liquor decanter. She swings it forward with extraordinary strength. IT SHATTERS into the werewolf's face as...

IN THE FRONT

Vince successfully starts the car. Hits the gas. Lurching the car forward.

The Beast falls out of the window as the limo plows forward. It disappears up the hilly road and around a bend out of sight.

IN THE BACK SEAT

Ellie collapses. Her body shaking.

IN THE FRONT SEAT

Vince feels the same. Only their TERRIFIED BREATHING fills the car.

EXT. CANYON ROAD - NIGHT

The torn and battered limo speeds away as THE CAMERA PANS up to the night sky. A lone HOWL breaks the night, heard throughout the canyon.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - NIGHT

The famous street. It's late. The bustling energy of the boulevard is winding down.

The Chinese Theatre, the Roosevelt Hotel, Ripley's Believe or Not, the Hollywood Wax Museum...it's all there.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

A seedy section of the street. The shops are closing. Bo leans against his Camaro, which is parked at the curb. He flips through the werewolf book. Jimmy paces nervously in front of him.

BO

So, you've been cursed by a werewolf?

JIMMY

Believe it or not.

BO

Can't you just break the curse?

JIMMY

According to legend, I'd have to sever the line of the Beast.

Bo shakes his head. Highly skeptical.

BO

Man, you're crazy. I think your dog was rabid and bit you and now you're rabid.

This angers Jimmy.

JIMMY

Why are you even here? Thanks for the ride -- you can go now.

Bo fidgets. Stands. Stares at Jimmy. Uncomfortable.

BO

(softly)

I don't mind hanging out.

JIMMY

I don't want you here, okay? What were you even doing at my house?

Pause. Bo shuffles his shoes a bit.



BO

I wanted to talk to you. Ya know,  
about the stuff you said today.

JIMMY

What stuff?

Bo starts rambling. His words fast and fumbled.

BO

Everything you said. About me. I  
was wondering how you knew? No  
one else did-- just you. Then I  
thought-- why wouldn't you know?  
Takes one to know one, right? Of  
course you'd know...

JIMMY

Know what?

Bo moves in close, grabbing him. Tries to kiss him. Jimmy  
breaks away.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

No fucking way!

Jimmy's eyes couldn't get any wider. His jaw on the  
sidewalk. Bo shrugs.

BO

I think I'm gay.

JIMMY

Trust me, you're not gay.

BO

No, I'm pretty sure I am...

JIMMY

(freaking)

I'm appealing. I have an unnatural  
sexual allure right now. It's in  
the book. Part of the curse.  
You're not gay.

Jimmy charges down the street. Flabbergasted. Bo runs after  
him. Confused.

BO

But...I...I...

Jimmy waves him off when...

BROOKE  
(off camera)  
Hi Jimmy, what's up?

Jimmy turns to find himself standing at the entrance of the HOLLYWOOD WAX MUSEUM. Brooke eyes both Jimmy and Bo. Confused as to why they're both there together.

BO  
Hi, Brooke.

He's looking really nervous. He looks to Brooke then to Jimmy. Scared Jimmy will say something. It's not lost on Brooke.

BROOKE  
What's going on? What are you two up to?

Bo covers.

BO  
I just came by to see if you needed a ride home.  
(referring to Jimmy)  
I don't know what he's doing.

Not a great save on Bo's part. Brooke is suspicious.

BROOKE  
It's gonna be a few minutes. I'm still closing up.

BO  
I can wait.

Jimmy looks up to see a battered limo pull up to the curb. The door opens and he sees Vince help Ellie out.

Jimmy grabs the book out of Bo's hands and tears off down the sidewalk. Bo looks to Brooke. He shrugs. Smiling big. Pretending nothing's wrong. The security guard, Jose appears.

JOSE  
I'm gonna lock up the back.

Brooke returns to her duties behind the counter. Bo joins her.

AT THE CORNER

Jimmy comes running up to the limo.

JIMMY

We're in trouble. Big trouble.

ELLIE

We know.

Jimmy checks out the limo. The roof is half caved in. The driver's side window is smashed and bloody. The whole limo has seen better days. Ellie attempts an explanation.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

That thing that attacked us in the canyon. It came after us. It's trying to kill us. Why would it do that?

JIMMY

It's trying to finish what it started. It wants us dead before we turn.

VINCE

How do you know this shit?

Jimmy holds up the book.

JIMMY

Werewolf 101. They live in secret. It can't have a pack of wolves running around Hollywood. Hello?

ELLIE

You said turn. You mean us turn? Into werewolves?

Jimmy holds up his hand with the pentagram.

JIMMY

My dog sure as shit did. We can try and fight it, but sooner or later we'll turn and we'll kill. That's why it's called a curse. We're fucked.

Vince turn to Jimmy. He face determined.

VINCE

Is there any way to stop it?

JIMMY

We have to kill it.

ELLIE

How are we going to do that? We don't even know how to find it.

VINCE

She's right. It's not just gonna walk up and say, "Hi, remember me?"

Just then, a PIERCING HOWL echoes down the boulevard. Loud and monstrous. It's the beast announcing its arrival.

Foot traffic stops as people react to the unnatural sound. Vince, Jimmy and Ellie look at each other with dread.

JIMMY

Sounds like it found us. This way.

He leads them two doors down to...

EXT. WAX MUSEUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jimmy flying around the entrance with Vince and Ellie. Brooke is behind the ticket booth, closing out the register. Bo is sitting in the counter, waiting for her.

BROOKE

Jimmy, we're closed.

JIMMY

We need to lock the doors.

He looks around, sees the electric gate control. He turns the key, causing the gate to close.

BROOKE

What's wrong?

BO

Jimmy, what the...

JIMMY

It's here.

BO

The werewolf?

Brooke looks to Bo. To Jimmy. Huh?

BROOKE

What's going on, Jimmy?

JIMMY

We're in trouble, Brooke. We need  
somewhere to hide.

BROOKE

But...

Jimmy moves to Brooke. Stares at her desperately.

JIMMY

Please, Brooke, help me?

Is it the curse? Or just Jimmy? She can't help herself.

BROOKE

This way.

She moves out from behind the counter, moving to the museum  
entrance. Jimmy bolts through the turnstiles, following her.

JIMMY

C'mon...

Bo follows. Then Ellie and Vince.

INT. HOLLYWOOD WAX MUSEUM - NIGHT

The museum is a winding, maze-like chamber of hallways that  
leads visitors along a path of exhibits. Deliberately dark  
and shadowed for maximum effect.

Brooke leads them past David Hasselhoff and Pamela Anderson,  
as lifeguards, standing on a Baywatch Beach.

ELLIE

What are we going to do?

JIMMY

We have to kill it. In WOLF SQUAD,  
Marvel Comics #457, you had to  
separate the head from the heart so  
it couldn't regenerate.

BROOKE

What kind of trouble are you in,  
Jimmy?

Brooke STUMBLES OVER SOMETHING.

She looks down. Instantly SCREAMS IN HORROR. Lying on the  
floor is the crumpled, bloody body of a UNIFORMED MAN.

BROOKE (CONT'D)

Jose.

The others looks down to see the SECURITY MAN who lies dead at their feet. Brooke is distraught. Jimmy puts his arms around her. Ellie turns to Vince. Her face frozen.

ELLIE

It's here. I can smell it.

Vince senses the space around him. He can smell it too.

BO

We gotta get outta here.

VINCE

No shit.

They move quickly through the museum.

JIMMY

Is there a back way out of here,  
Brooke?

She's too freaked out to be of any real help. She merely points down another hallway... They round a corner to...

A MIRRORED HALLWAY.

Their reflections travel with them as they move down a hallway with mirrored walls. Vince and Ellie now take the lead, the others trailing behind them. Brooke stops.

BROOKE

Wait. This way...it's faster.

She's gaining her sense of survival. She points to a small opening in the middle of the hallway. She leads Jimmy and Bo to it. Vince and Ellie turn back to follow them when...

THE MIRROR IN FRONT OF THEM SHATTERS TO PIECES as...

THE HUGE WEREWOLF CRASHES THROUGH IT...landing in the center of the hallway, cutting Vince and Ellie off from the others. It GROWLS HIDEOUSLY, STRIKING AT ELLIE.

Vince acts without hesitation, throwing himself in front of Ellie, shoving her aside as the Beast's claw SLASHES him.

Ellie goes sprawling to the floor. Jimmy, Brooke and Bo stop in their tracks, horrified.

Four clean rips of blood and flesh as the Beast CLAWS VINCE'S CHEST VIOLENTLY. Vince collapses to his knees. Blood spews as he CRIES OUT...

VINCE  
Get out of here!

Brooke and Bo waste no time. They flee into the darkness.

FANGS SNAP as the Werewolf strikes Vince again, backhanding him, sending him CRASHING into the mirrored wall. It SHATTERS as his body collapses to the ground.

ELLIE  
Nooooo!!!

Ellie moves towards Vince when Jimmy intercepts, grabbing hold of her, pulling her away.

ANOTHER HALLWAY

Jimmy drags Ellie around the corner, stopping at a wax figure of President George W. Bush. Bo and Brooke are nowhere to be seen.

Silence fills the museum. It falls like lead over them. They talk in urgent whispers.

JIMMY  
Where did it go?

ELLIE  
We have to go back. Vince...

JIMMY  
No, it'll kill us. We have to keep going.

Jimmy pulls her farther away, turning SMACK into Bo and Brooke. Everyone screams.

BO  
Shit.

BROOKE  
What was that?

Jimmy looks back to see that Ellie has gone. He looks to Brooke and Bo. Not sure what to do.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD WAX MUSEUM - NIGHT

The COUNTY ANIMAL CONTROL VAN pulls up to a stop and Ben Taft hops out. He's met by Detective Harzel who is stepping out of his PATROL CAR.

BEN TAFT

What are you doing here?

HARZEL

Break-in at the wax museum. Why are you here?

BEN TAFT

I got about 80 wild animal sightings starting from Beachwood Canyon, leading right to here.

Harzel grabs his walkie.

HARZEL

(into walkie)

We're gonna need some back-up...

INT. WAX MUSEUM - MIRRORED HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ellie backtracks through the hallway to where Vince lies. She comes upon the wrecked area where he was attacked but finds him -- gone. No sign of him anywhere.

ELLIE

Vince?

INT. WAX MUSEUM - NIGHT

Jimmy moves through the Planet of the Apes hallway, passing Rick Baker's award-winning simians. Bo and Brooke follow on his heels.

BROOKE

I'm scared, Jimmy.

JIMMY

You should be.

Suddenly, a SHADOWED FIGURE FLIES past them. Quick and sudden, ducking behind Mark Wahlberg.

BO

What was that?



Jimmy stops in his tracks. Scared to move an inch further. He eyes Mark Wahlberg. From behind it, a FIGURE emerges, falling to the floor.

It's Vince. He hits the ground, curled in a heap...heaving in pain. Still bleeding from his wounds.

JIMMY

Vince!

Jimmy races to him. Kneels down.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I thought you were...

VINCE LUNGES UP. His face freakish. No longer human. But, not wolf either. A stage in between.

His teeth more rounded and pointed. His facial features are altered -- his jaw more elongated, his brow thickened, eyes sunken. His skin texture pimply from swelling pores. (As if hair follicles were trying to protrude from them.)

It's a grotesque and frightening sight. Vince LUNGES -- GROWLING, SNAPPING at them. Out of control. Overtaken by the curse. Possessed and unaware.

Vince LEAPS...flying through the air, landing beyond them...disappearing into the museum.

Jimmy turns to Brooke and Bo.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

C'mon...I'm gonna get you two outta here.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Several more SQUAD CARS have arrived. A VAN opens up and SEVERAL ANIMAL CONTROLLERS hop out to join Ben Taft. They're loading rifles with tranquilizer darts as Ben Taft briefs them. LIGHTNING flashes in the sky. THUNDER rumbles.

BEN TAFT

We need to subdue it and capture it. Do not harm this animal in any way. It might try and attack. It's a very frightened, scared creature...

Behind them, the closed entrance to the Wax Museum is seen. Officers look for a way inside.

INT. WAX MUSEUM - NIGHT

Ellie moves into another part of the museum, passing more waxed figures.

She eyes Fonzie from HAPPY DAYS. He sits on a motor cycle. Thumbs up. "Hey!" She continues forward, passing Elvira and Sylvester Stallone as Rambo.

She turns to find a MALE FIGURE moving in the shadows. Directly towards her. Her eyes instantly hopeful.

ELLIE

Vince?

The FIGURE moves closer. His face still shadowed.

MALE VOICE

Hi. Remember me?

Ellie eyes him nervously. Suddenly, cautious. The MAN before her moves into the light and his face is revealed. A confused look of recognition falls on Ellie.

ELLIE

Mr. Baio?

Standing before her is Scott Baio. His face strained. Distraught. He's buttoning the remaining buttons on his shirt as if just having dressed.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

What are you...?

He moves closer to her. Eyes sinister. Face deadly.

SCOTT BAIO

Do you believe in werewolves?

Pause. She chooses her words very carefully. Very, very afraid.

ELLIE

Yes. Very much.

SCOTT BAIO

I bet you didn't see this coming.

Scott looks to the Fonz upon his motorcycle.

SCOTT BAIO (CONT'D)

Remember Fonzie?

Ellie nods in terror.

SCOTT BAIIO (CONT'D)

His real name is Henry Winkler. But to the world he's always going to be the Fonz. "Aey..."

Scott mimics Fonzie. Turns to Sylvester Stallone.

SCOTT BAIIO (CONT'D)

You got Stallone over there, only it's Rambo. And Elvira over there. Does anyone even know her real name?

ELLIE

I...I...

SCOTT BAIIO

This place has a little identity crisis going on. Wouldn't you say?

Ellie takes a few steps back.

SCOTT BAIIO (CONT'D)

Have you changed yet?

Ellie doesn't respond. She's too terrified to speak.

SCOTT BAIIO (CONT'D)

You will. When the pain gets so bad you can't fight it anymore.

ELLIE

..you...?

SCOTT BAIIO

What? I can't be a werewolf? Too absurd? Too crazy? I was travelling when I was attacked. Europe, remember? What's a little curse? I've been cursed by Chaaci for years. What's one more? Now, if I could just kill. I haven't quite managed that yet. I've tried, well...you were there...

JOANNIE

(off camera)

Do it now. Kill her.

Ellie spins around to find Scott Baio's assistant, Joannie, standing behind her.

Ellie stands trapped between the two of them.

SCOTT BAIO  
You remember Joannie?

JOANNIE  
Do it. I know you can do it.

Ellie stands paralyzed, listening to their madness.

SCOTT BAIO  
I can't...I'm sorry...I thought I  
could...but I can't...

JOANNIE  
I am sick of cleaning up your mess.  
Two days now. The girl at the  
benefit, the canyon clusterfuck,  
the beach girl...I picked you,  
Scott. You -- stumbling through  
Europe, hopeless and dried up. Now  
prove you're worthy...

Ellie starts backing away. She starts looking for her  
escape. Joannie inches towards her. Scott approaches from  
the other side. She's being sandwiched in.

SCOTT BAIO  
I can't. I thought I wanted it.  
But I can't.

Joannie glares at Scott. He's resigned to failure. He  
stands there...void of expression.

JOANNIE  
You two-bit, has-been moron.

Joannie raises her arm and lashes out at Scott. Her human  
hand takes on feral, claw-like qualities and her blow sends  
Scott FLYING. His body lands, bloody and still. Joannie  
stares down at him. Disgusted. Turning to Ellie.

JOANNIE (CONT'D)  
Actors.

She finds ELLIE GONE. This infuriates her. She EMITS A  
BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM...mid-vocal it turns into that of a  
WILD WEREWOLF HOWL that rockets through the museum.

INT. WAX MUSEUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Jimmy has lead Brooke and Bo back to the entrance where the  
metal gate has them sealed off. He pushes Bo through the  
turnstiles when the DEAFENING HOW OF JOANNIE is heard.

BROOKE

It's coming...

JIMMY

You guys get out of here.

BO

You too.

Bo looks at Jimmy, scared for him.

JIMMY

No, it wants me. You're not safe  
with me.

Bo moves to the metal gate, enabling it.

OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM

The Animal Controllers and Officers stand poised, weapons  
drawn. Ready for anything.

INSIDE THE MUSEUM ENTRANCE

Brooke is crying...

BROOKE

No, Jimmy. Come with us.

JIMMY

I can't. I have to finish this.

He moves to her. She's shaking and crying. In the moment,  
and with Bo watching -- Jimmy grabs Brooke and lays a kiss on  
her. Quick. Sweet. It's full of everything he has. It's  
that "just in case I never get the chance to do this again"  
kiss. He pushes Brooke to Bo. Then, turns and disappears  
back inside the museum.

OUTSIDE WAX MUSEUM

All eyes watch as Bo and Brooke crawl out from under the  
gate. OFFICERS move in to help them...quickly pulling them  
to safety.

Brooke and Bo are ushered past Harzel and Taft who overhear  
Brooke's cries.

BROOKE

...a werewolf...it's going to kill  
Jimmy.

Harzel looks to Taft.

HARZEL

Who don't you let some of my men go  
in there with you. You might need  
some real heat in there.

Taft holds up his state-of-the-art-dartgun.

BEN TAFT

I think we can handle it.

As he walks away...

BEN TAFT (CONT'D)

Whatever it is -- it'll be in a  
petting zoo tomorrow.

Harzel grimaces at this man's arrogance.

The team of Animal Controllers, armed with poles and nets and  
their useless dart guns make their way into the museum.

INT. WAX MUSEUM - NIGHT

In another area of the museum, Jimmy races through quietly,  
undetected. He passes a waxed figure of XENA, WARRIOR  
PRINCESS. She stands, brandishing a prop sword high in the  
air. He reaches for it, rips it from Xena. It CLANGS HEAVILY  
against the exhibit railing. Jimmy looks at it, surprised by  
its authenticity.

He takes a practice swing. Then, he eyes Xena, swings the  
sword and decapitates her waxed head in one POWERFUL SWIPE.  
It works.

A NOISE BEHIND HIM.

Jimmy spins around. Sword high in the air.

It's Ellie. He relaxes the sword.

ELLIE

Where's Vince? We have to find  
him.

JIMMY

Uh, I don't think he's on our side  
anymore.

Just then, Jimmy is ATTACKED FROM BEHIND.

His body is struck with a near fatal blow as Vince strikes  
his down. Vince is still in his "changed" state. Even more  
ferocious than before.

Ellie SCREAMS at the sight of him. Vince ATTACKS.

Grabbing her, pinning her against the wall. His sharp nails digging into the skin around her throat.

ELLIE

Noooooo...

Ellie COUGHS as the life is being CHOKED out of her. Suddenly, from across the room...

JOANNIE

It's time, Ellie. He's already made his choice. It's time for you to make yours. Give yourself over to it.

ON THE FLOOR

Jimmy fights against the pain, trying to pull his strength together.

Vince locks eyes with Ellie. He struggles with himself. Ellie pleads with him.

ELLIE

Fight it.

JOANNIE

C'mon, rich boy, take her. Once you kill, your conscience goes away. What are you waiting for?

But Vince is hesitating. Fighting the curse that possesses him. Ellie pulls her knee up, connecting with Vince's groin, racking him.

He doubles over, releasing Ellie. She quickly slides away. Towards Jimmy...

Who now stands before her, face distorted. Eyes glazed over. Ellie stops cold. Stuck between both of them as they move in, cornering her. The sword lies painfully out of reach. She's trapped.

Joannie watches in approval.

JOANNIE (CONT'D)

Last chance, Ellie. Decide. Accept it. It isn't a curse, it's freedom. The only curse was the life you had before this. We can be a pack. All of us. It's everything you'll ever want.

Ellie takes a beat. Defeated. Then raises her head and looks Joannie dead in the eyes.

ELLIE

Fuck you.

Joannie looks to Vince and Jimmy. Threatening.

JOANNIE

Kill this bitch. Or you're all dead.

Vince and Jimmy lock eyes. Their hideous sight witnessed by each other. A long moment. Ellie, terrified, searches for a way out. Her mind racing, contemplating when...

Vince and Jimmy turn simultaneously to...

JOANNIE. They attack with every ounce of power their new forms allow.

They tackle her to the ground. Pinning her to the floor. Turning on her.

Ellie grabs her bloody neck where Vince has injured her. She brings her hand up to her face. It's covered in blood.

Joannie struggles beneath Vince and Jimmy. Writhing and WAILING. Her body instantly beginning to change before them. Her body buckles as the SOUND OF BONES POP AND SNAP as they re-structure themselves.

Her face transforms...going beyond any change experienced by Jimmy and Vince.

They're no match for Joannie. She throws both men off her. Quickly, she rises to her feet. She's taller now...her body has elongated. Her back is arched like a wolf. Her voice no longer capable of human speech. She GROWLS FEROCIOUSLY at them. Ready to kill. But then Ellie appears.

She's begun to change too. She charges right at Joannie, crashing into her.

They roll across the floor together as JOANNIE CONTINUES TO TRANSFORM. She's in a blind rage that is no match for Ellie. Her body continues to grow and sprout hair and re-shape itself into a more powerful creature.

By the time Jimmy and Vince leap back into action, they're just barely able to pull Joannie off Ellie. Joannie spins around SNAPPING WILD FANGS AT THEM. She's grotesque and monstrous. Her change is almost complete.



Ellie eyes the sword. It's in her reach. She grabs it, rising to find...

JOANNIE AS A FULL BLOWN WEREWOLF...staring back at her. More slender in her female wolf form, but deadly as hell. In a blind, rabid rage...Joannie attacks when...

BEN TAFT  
(off camera)  
Freeze!

The Werewolf spins around to find a team of Animal Controllers breaking onto the scene. Their dart guns drawn, their nets raised.

ON BEN TAFT

As he eyes the Beast. His face freaked beyond belief at the sight before him. The Beast rises up to its full frame, SNAPPING at them, viciously. Ben Taft and his men are instantly terrified. Shaking in their shoes.

BEN TAFT (CONT'D)  
We need guns...real guns...retreat,  
retreat...

He screams at his men as he runs, fleeing from the Beast. Scared to death. His men follow as they race out of the museum, leaving Ellie, Vince, and Jimmy alone to defend themselves.

The three of them use this distraction to hide. They run, disappearing into the darkness of the museum.

EXT. WAX MUSEUM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Detective Harzel watches as Ben Taft and team come running from the museum. SCREAMING like terrified children.

BEN TAFT  
Kill it! Kill it!

INT. WAX MUSEUM - NIGHT

A sign reads "CHAMBER OF HORROR. ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK."

Ellie, Vince and Jimmy round a corner, racing into the exhibit. Passing Vincent Price and Bela Lugosi...even Linda Blair in all her possessed glory.

Vince and Ellie clutch the wall, head down, GASPING, fighting the curse that is taking them over.

Jimmy moves to them. He's almost completely normal again. Barely a trace of the "curse". He speaks to them, determined.

JIMMY

Fight it. You can will it away.  
Make it go away.

A GROWL is heard. It sounds distant. Jimmy turns to it, listening.

Ellie and Vince rise up, their faces surfacing. They too, have turned back to themselves.

ELLIE

I can't be this. I don't want  
this.

JIMMY

We gotta kill this thing. It's the  
only way. The three of us...as a  
pack.

Ellie still has the sword in her hand. She holds it up. Exchanges looks with Vince -- they know Jimmy's right.

Then, suddenly...the Beast RIPS THROUGH THE WALL, attacking.

It comes at Jimmy first. In an instant reflex, he leaps up, jumping high into the air...grabbing hold of an exposed pipe that runs along the ceiling.

The Beast turns to Ellie who ducks, hitting the floor, rolling away.

Vince doesn't flinch -- he attacks back, RAMMING INTO THE BEAST, sending both of them crashing into props and waxed figures.

Hanging from the ceiling, Jimmy swings his body, swaying as his feet KICK THE BEAST that towers over Vince.

The Werewolf spirals backwards. Jimmy swings off the pipe, flipping mid-air, hitting the floor on both feet.

The Beast LASHES out at him. He grabs the Beast's claw and executes a wresting move that sends it to the ground. The Beast springs back up, but Vince is there, hitting the Beast with a vicious uppercut that sends it flying across the room.

The Beast, rabid with fury, rebounds. Jimmy and Vince stand just yards away. Braced for the fight to continue. Ellie nowhere to be seen.

Just as the Beast prepares to leap back into action, it stops. Sensing something.

It turns around to see Ellie standing there. Brandishing the sword.

Ellie SWINGS...

Striking out in one superhuman move. She decapitates the wolf. Its head goes flying. Rolling. Coming to a stop on the museum floor.

Vince and Jimmy move to Ellie's side. A moment as they collect themselves. Spent. Exhausted. GASPING for air.

They look to the Beast -- a hair heap lying at their feet. Not moving. Not changing back to human. Then, their eyes follow a trail of blood to where the wax figure of...

LON CHANEY AS THE WOLF MAN

Stands under a full moon. Laying at the foot of the WOLF MAN, is Joannie's human head. Eyes agape. Dead.

A long, sustained moment as they stare at this very apropos sight. It's over.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - LATER

It's so late, it's early. The rain has stopped. Jimmy moves through the POLICE and INVESTIGATORS. REPORTERS and PARAMEDICS. His eyes find Brooke. He starts for her when Bo appears.

Bo eyes him warily. Still overwhelmed by the night's events.

BO

So you killed it?

JIMMY

We severed the line. The curse is gone.

BO

Your curse, maybe...

Bo looks away. His face ashamed. Jimmy realizes what he's talking about. Uh-oh. Jimmy feels for him.

JIMMY

You're not cursed, Bo, you're just scared. Like the rest of us. Be yourself. It'll all work out.

Bo is eyeing Brooke. She spots Jimmy and Bo. She makes her way through the crowd, heading over.

BO

Probably can't wait to tell her,  
huh?

JIMMY

That's your shit, man. I'm not  
saying anything -- what if someone  
called you names or teased you?  
That wouldn't be nice.

Bo gets it. Looks apologetic. He wants to apologize, but Jimmy cuts him off. It's not necessary.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

However, in the light of the new  
circumstances, I will be asking her  
out.

A moment. Bo smiles as Brooke arrives. She looks at him. Then Jimmy.

BROOKE

(to Jimmy)

I hear you saved the day.

JIMMY

I had some help.

Brooke smiles at him. Blushing a bit. Still enraptured by him. Bo seems okay with it.

AT THE POLICE BARRICADE

Jimmy sees his dad being escorted to him. His face concerned.

JAMES MYERS

I get home, the house is wrecked,  
the TV's on. And there you are,  
all over the news.

JIMMY

(referring to Bo)

Hey, Dad, this is Bo, a friend from  
the wrestling team and...

(pointing to Brooke)

..this is Brooke, the girl I was  
telling you about.

Mr. Myers eyes the beautiful Brooke. The way she stands next to Jimmy. Extremely close. His eyes dart back to his son. He's impressed. Nothing but respect and pride.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

They need a ride home.

And, just like that, Jimmy and his friends cross the barricade to his father's truck. The Dad not questioning his son for a moment. He just lets it be.

Just then, ZIPPER SPRINGS UP from the back of the truck. Jimmy jumps out of his skin. But Zipper is back to normal. Happy faced, tail wagging. Jimmy goes to the dog, greeting him with kisses.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, boy.

Zipper eats it up. Happy to see him.

ACROSS THE WAY

PARAMEDICS pass by, rolling a stretcher. On it, is a barely conscious Scott Baio. As they move him to an ambulance, he mutters incoherently...

SCOTT BAIO

*..I just wanted a second  
chance...to be something else...*

They roll him to an ambulance, fighting off REPORTERS who do their best to SNAP photos. One HOLLYWOOD REPORTER stands in front of the camera doing a live remote.

HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

(to camera)

I'm here at the famous Hollywood Wax Museum where the unknown animal believed responsible for several deaths and attacks in the southland earlier this week has struck again, leaving two dead and several injured before fleeing...

FROM THE BACK OF A FIRETRUCK

Ellie watches the spectacle, shivering in the early morning cold. Vince arrives, wrapping her in a long black cape.

ELLIE

Where'd this come from?

VINCE

Apparently Lon Chaney was also the  
PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.

Ellie smiles. Vince settles next to her. Their minds the  
only thing more exhausted than their bodies.

VINCE (CONT'D)

You think they'll figure it out?

He refers to the aftermath of POLICE, FIRE DEPT., NEWS CREWS.

ELLIE

It'll fall into the anomaly  
category. A media sound bite for a  
few weeks. Then, the world will  
forget and move on to something  
else. We always do.

Vince nods. Agreeing.

VINCE

So what now? Going back to work?  
Life as usual?

ELLIE

I was thinking about taking the day  
off. What about you? What are you  
going to do?

VINCE

I was thinking, I don't  
know...about taking my last second  
chance and actually becoming a  
living, breathing human being  
complete with hope and promise.  
That sorta stuff...

He gives her a small smile. A hint of a new man. Ellie  
stands to leave. Not sure what else there is to say.

ELLIE

I should go. Good luck with your  
humanity and all that.

Vince smiles. Good-bye. She turns and leaves. Vince sits  
there...staring ahead. A moment.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

(off camera)

Vince?

He turns. Ellie didn't make it far. She stands next to the  
truck. Unmoving. He smiles.

ELLIE (CONT'D)

Now that we are strictly human  
again -- you think the sex would  
still be hot?

VINCE

I predict -- hotter.

A moment. Ellie's face registers the slightest smile.

ELLIE

Then I'm definitely taking the day  
off.

Vince gazes up at her. Music to his ears. He stands. His  
arm encircles her and they move off...walking down Hollywood  
Boulevard.

CREDITS ROLL as SPLIT SCREEN APPEARS.

INT. THE LATE LATE SHOW WITH CRAIG KILBORN

Craig sits by his desk, addressing the camera and the  
audience.

CRAIG KILBORN

Our first guest tonight you may  
know as the man making all the  
headlines these days. Here to tell  
us about it -- is Scott Baio.

The APPLAUSE goes crazy as Scott Baio appears. He takes a  
seat next to Craig.

CRAIG KILBORN (CONT'D)

Scott, what have you been up to  
lately? What's all this I've been  
reading? Is it true? Are you a  
werewolf?

Scott smiles.

SCOTT BAIO

Come on, Craig. Me? A werewolf?  
That's crazy. Please. I'm  
Chaaci...

The audience ROARS with LAUGHTER. Scott turns to the  
audience. Smiling...

BLACKOUT!