

AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN UKRAINE

by
DARKMARKTWAIN

(CHRISTOPHER BLAIR HARMON)

(Based on, THE BLOODY UKRAINIAN WAR)

Name DMT

Address DARKMARKTWAIN@YAHOO.COM

Phone

EXT. BURNED OUT VILLAGE - NIGHT

Smoke rises from a hamlet. Some houses, still on fire.

Monstrous Russian transport vehicles line an assaulted street.

Many troopers...on foot. They trek through the rubble of a once vibrant town.

SUPER - UKRAINE

The soldiers kick down doors with force... enter abodes.

Screams cut through, smoky gray skies.

Ukrainian villagers...rounded-up and arrested in brutal fashion.

Russian combatants, force-walk the civilians - at gunpoint, to the waiting vehicles.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Soldiers kick at a door until it gives way. They enter.

CLOSET

A MOTHER AND FATHER, (40s) fear-stricken, urgently motion to their three KIDS to stay quiet. Whimpers become muffled.

They hear a door...kicked in.

Boots stomp around the house.

A shadow of feet...seen from underneath the closet door, march by.

The family holds their breath. Eyes wide.

Battle boots keep going...then stop. Turn around.

Children cling to their parents. Tears of terror, flow.

BOOM.

The closet door is kicked off its hinges.

Two RUSSIAN SOLDIERS snarl at the family.

Now...the screams cannot be held back.

The invaders point guns at them. Their intent - serious.

With viciousness, they grab the children away from the parents, as they struggle to hang onto them.

The commanding officer, URI (40s), in his cleaned and pressed uniform, joins the other two.

Uri slaps the father. Puts a pistol in his face.

With a bottom-feeder smile, he turns to his troopers.

URI
(Russian)
Put the children in the truck.
We'll be handsomely rewarded for
bringing more orphans to be re-
programmed in our camps.

FATHER
(Ukrainian)
My children aren't orphans. Please,
let us be.

Uri narrows his eyes at the outburst. He shoots the parents dead...

BANG. BANG...

Right in front of their kids.

The children scream in holy horror and try to squirm away from the soldier's grasps.

URI
(Russian)
If I say they are orphan...they are
orphan.

EXT. BURNED-OUT VILLAGE - NIGHT

The two Russian soldiers load the traumatized children into the transport vehicle.

Uri turns and points to one of the few unmolested structures.

URI
(Russian)
Go check that house by the forest.
I'll take the orphans to the base,
then return.

With a smirk, Uri gets in the driver's seat, revs the engine.

One child who tries to run...is snatched by the hair as the younger soldier and forces her into the vehicle.

The transport speeds away.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Long-guns on the ready, the two uniformed thugs approach the isolated, home that seems to be empty.

The older soldier advances to the front door, then peeks into the windows.

He motions the other younger one, to station himself towards the back door.

His comrade follows his command and jogs around the corner.

The rugged, war veteran gives his partner time to position himself in the back.

A wolf's howl is heard from the forest behind the domicile.

With a grunt, he kicks open the door. Enters.

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - NIGHT

The younger soldier, gun ready. Hears BOOM...as the door in front gives way.

He hears his comrade's boots, as they trod through the house...moments later - screams fill the night sky.

The younger soldier, sweats and breathes heavy as he psyches himself up for possible combat.

BOOM.

The back door is kicked in.

Eyes peer into the unlit abode. The silence, eerie.

On the kitchen floor, near the door...the older soldier's body lie dead - and headless.

Shocked, the trooper freezes. His eyes show terror.

He grips his gun tighter. Blood runs across the floor and onto his boots.

There is hesitation before he enters.

He looks over to the trucks to call for back-up, but the other Russians are busy, raiding other homes.

From somewhere in the house...a growl sound reverberates off the walls.

The blood-curdling, animal sound is coming towards him. Now sweat pours stronger than before.

He shoots into the dark house...but the growl gets louder.

With fear in his eyes, he backs up...and almost falls.

Frightened, he dashes into the dark forest behind the house.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

His panicked breath, audible as he sprints away from whatever decapitated his comrade.

He stumbles blind, over the vegetation. A half moon - the only light.

Hyperventilating, he catches his breath near a tree.

Something large...snaps twigs and branches as it advances on him from the door-less dwelling he just ran from.

It moves fast.

He trips over under-brush...as he scrambles forward.

Moonlight, blocked by thick foliage... illuminates his path.

He stops. Before him...

Three huge, dark figures...leap Into view.

Low, steady growls emanate from the throats of the menace, that advances towards him.

The Russian...surrounded.

He screams. Shots - fired.

A sound, similar to a pride of lions...as they attack a frightened chimp - echo through the forest.

The moon illuminates a patch of grass in a clearing, near the chaos.

Abruptly, the screams stop...but the growls increase.

A disembodied arm that holds a pistol, lands in the grass.

Blood gushes over the sleeve...red goo covers the Russian insignia.

Loud gnaws and the snap of bones...emanate from the dark, fore-boding woods.

Then...wolf howls - that sound victorious, penetrate the Ukraine sky.

SUPER - DAYS LATER

EXT. UKRAINE FOREST - NIGHT

Twisted, broken trees look nightmarish in the thick mist that surrounds them. Bats soar under the moonlight.

In the distance howls are heard.

INT. GYPSY PARLOR ROOM - NIGHT

Shadowy figures populate a darkened room.

Unseen bodies, encircle around a table, shrouded with an elaborate cloth.

Outside, a ferocious thunderstorm pelts the country side. Lightning flashes.

In the middle of the table - shiny object. A closer inspection reveals...it is a crystal ball.

BOOM.

A huge explosion, that sounds like it comes from the skies above the room is heard. And felt.

Much louder than thunder...it shakes the furniture and rattles the crystal ball.

In an instant, the ball glows bright...from within.

Smoke billows from inside the ball at it's base. Multi-colored sparks ricochet within the crystal orb.

One of the shadowy figures leans forward and studies it.

Seconds later, the light show dies down. All is silent. Except for the rain and brutal winds that punish their dwelling.

An extremely old, but spry man with fire in his eyes, HANNIBAL (90s - Black), is illuminated by a moonbeam that sneaks through a nearby window.

He speaks out loud, what they all know.

HANNIBAL

He is here...my children. The time,
has come.

EXT. UKRAINE FOREST - NIGHT

In full US Navy flight suit, ZACK RAMIREZ (30s, Black/Latino, military buff), drenched by the down-pour, regains consciousness and peers down at his body.

Blood drips from his torso as rain pours from the sky.

Still in his helmet, he eyes his surroundings in anguish.

Stuck in a tree with parachute still attached, he notices as it flutters in the wind.

He touches the wounded area...tries to not to scream.

Yet, but his shredded neurons...force him to.

ZACK

AAHHHWWW!!! GOD!!!

Almost flat on his back, he realizes that he is impaled to the tree.

He tries to prop himself up on his elbows, but his vertebrae seems fused to the wood.

The brutal Ukrainian super-breeze does not help.

Zack's face tilts towards the heavens and rainwater builds up in his helmet. He slips off the head-gear.

His short afro, soaked, as is his face.

Next he unlocks his chute. The category five winds, man-handle the parachute and it sails off and out of sight.

The rain falls so hard on his bare face, that it is difficult to breathe without drowning. He gasps for breath.

Zack's facial features...contorted due to the extreme pain. Soon, he blacks out.

FLASHBACK - AIRCRAFT CARRIER, GYM - DAY

ADMIRAL LEONE (60s - Latino, short gray hair) jogs on a treadmill. Headphones in his ears, he seems to enjoy a Ted Cruz podcast on his phone.

Out of nowhere, he hears Hip-hop music, as it blares from the corner where the weights are.

He turns up the volume on his cell phone, but still seems annoyed. The Admiral stops the machine, pissed.

Red-faced, veins bulging...he marches across the room. He sees Zack, who is doing bench presses to the urban grooves. Admiral Leone's temper explodes.

ADMIRAL
(screaming)
Turn that shit off.

Other sailors observe the confrontation.

Zack is startled away from his concentration on the weights. He parks the heavily weighted bar on it's stand.

Before speaking, he sees the wrath on his C.O.'s face.

ZACK
Do I have to, sir? It helps me
workout.

No sympathy is returned.

ADMIRAL
Turn it off. Now. That's an order.

Zack, buff under his T-shirt, reaches over and clicks off the song that plays.

Still on his back, the Admiral bends down to ear level so others don't hear.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D)
Ramirez, you're a disgrace to the
uniform and to Hispanic people
everywhere. Playing that goddamn
thug music? Not around me.
Understand?

ZACK
Yes, sir.

ADMIRAL

I don't what DEI shit you used to
become a pilot...but to me...you're
not worthy.

The admiral marches off in a huff.

Zack rolls his eyes and exhales his frustration.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. UKRAINE FOREST - NIGHT

Zack awakens...with a hand over his mouth.

His eyes search around as his mind reels.

He freezes as he spots and hears waves of Russian troops that
approach his position.

A convoy of foreigners passes under the very tree he is
perched on. He tries to stay totally silent.

The direction they march in, is where he saw the parachute,
had blown to.

He ceases his struggle but not before he has a peek at his
restrainer and consequent lifesaver.

Rain still pours down hard and when it hits Zack's eyes he
sees a KALEIDOSCOPE EFFECT.

It is hard for him to focus and to believe his eyes at first.

The people around him in the tree, seem to wear the peasant
clothes of European Gypsies.

The kindness in the expressions on the faces around him put
him at ease.

He reaches for his gun just in case - but it is gone.

After the last Russian troop truck passes, the one holding
him, speaks first.

STRANGER

Look. I need to give you something
so that it's easier to move you,
silently.

The dark-skinned European, with the good English...pulls out
a hypodermic needle and jabs it into his leg.

Zack doesn't react. His leg - numb. Soon, his body goes limp and he drifts off.

FLASHBACK

INT. U.S. NAVAL SHIP, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Down the hall, coming towards Zack, is stoic, RICO SANTANA AKA 'LINE' (30s, Black/Latino).

He walks in front of the clown prince of Compton himself, MICHAEL JAMES AKA 'THRILLER' (30s, Black/Latino), sporting his usual smart-ass smile.

They wave and acknowledge each other. Both are the same rank as Zack (Lt.), same stripes and uniform also.

THRILLER

If it ain't the Queso Grande. You going to the briefing too?

Zack smiles and nods affirmatively.

U.S NAVAL STRATEGY ROOM

Line, Thriller, and Zack AKA QUESO GRANDE, grab seats and chill as balding Filipino, CAPTAIN DIANO (40s) narrates over a slide show. The dull, government issue classroom is eerie and empty.

DIANO

This mission is Top Secret. Admiral Leone chose you clowns specifically.

ZACK

That idiot? Captain Diano, he almost court-martialed me for playing rap music too loud.

THRILLER

Me too.

LINE

Too brown to be Black, too Black to be Latino. I hear you bro. That piece of shit is always hassling me too.

ZACK

He's a dick. Why us?

DIANO

Honestly? I don't have a clue why
he chose you. Orders are orders.

THRILLER

Fuck him. We're the 'Tres
Bomberos'. Just too sexy to just
sit around and not blow something
up. Some fuego? Love it. Let's do
it. Fire...out.

The Captain takes a deep breath.

DIANO

To tell you the truth, I'm
concerned. We're not exactly going
by the book on this one. This is
our mission gentlemen...

Captain Diano turns on the slide-show projector and picks up
the clicker.

SLIDE SHOW

The first scene is a burned out Ukrainian village. What
follows are pictures that are never shown on the evening
news. The carnage...un-friggin-real.

Photos of decayed Ukrainian bodies in mass graves, shock the
system.

Next are pics of bodies hung, bodies burned, bodies with
things cut off them and bodies with things shoved through
them.

ZACK

Damn.

DIANO (O.S.)

Our job? Stop that from happening.
Without Russia knowing about it.
You will be flying MIGs. Drive back
ground forces. Drop supplies to a
village under siege. If fired on,
fire back.

(beat)

If caught. We don't know you.

LINE

The Tres Bomberos fear nothing.

ZACK

I'm a warrior. I follow orders, all orders. Even if they're from haters like the Admiral. When do we get started?

EXT. UKRAINE SKY - NIGHT

The jets get into battle formation. Zack's jet leads the attack on the Russian ground forces who have a mountain village - trapped.

As a thunderstorm rages, the attack begins. The 'three amigos' level the enemy camp in a barrage of bombs, missiles and machine gun turrets.

The pilots cheer over the roar of the MIGs with each accurate blast.

On the ground, the Russian infantry retreats into the woods.

Zack's jet comes down low over the top of the mountain. Old ladies and kids come out of the houses. They wave and cheer.

As the jets roar by, pods, with parachutes attached - slide free from the plane's underbelly.

The boxes drift through the driving rain, down to an anxious audience.

EXT. UKRAINE VILLAGE - NIGHT

Medical supplies and food rations spill out one of the boxes as it strikes a tree on the way down.

The 'goody box', hangs from a branch as the few remaining men of the village rush to rescue it.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF ZACK'S JET - NIGHT

BOOM!

Zack's plane...gets hit.

His body jolts from the impact on the back of the plane.

It is not a direct hit, but serious damage is done. A fire erupts in the engine area.

THRILLER (O.S.)

Hey Bro? You alright?

INT. ZACK'S COCKPIT

The smoke gets real thick...real fast. The radio signal starts to break up.

ZACK

They got me, homey...I gotta bail!

The pilot gas as he grips the hood latch lever...and pulls.

EXT. ZACK'S JET - NIGHT

The windshield overhead, pops off.

An instant later, a wall of rain beats him in the face.

Zack leans over the side of the jet and notices the Earth spinning beneath him.

In frantic mode, he pushes the eject button.

EXT. UKRAINE SKY - NIGHT

A heartbeat later, he hurtles through the rain-filled skies.

He searches wildly for his ripcord...pulls it. The parachute deploys.

The strong breeze of the storm, blows his body towards an orchard of large trees.

ZACK

Oh...shit.

He closes his eyes...braces for impact.

END OF FLASHBACK

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Through Zack's eyes, things seem blurry...out of focus.

He realizes he is in a large, one room, civilian dwelling. It's dark inside, but decorated in bright colors.

The storm rages on outside, but the sounds echo and are distorted, as he hears it.

Conversations around him are heard - and distorted as well. People are in the room. Eight of them, speak some English, but also slip in words from other languages.

His head throbs, his eyes cross...Then out.

LATER

When he awakens again, there are at least thirty people in the room now. They are wall-to-wall.

This time, Zack seems more alert. He tries to move his legs - no luck. Zack pretends to be asleep.

He sneaks another peek around. Lightning flashes outside. For a second, blurred images become clearer.

All his host's faces are -- Black.

Maybe not Wesley Snipes black, but more like a café latte, Malcolm X, complexion. Not only are they Black, but also wearing Gypsy styles - in the Rasta colors.

His facial muscles return to the pseudo-sleeping pose, but with a where-the-hell-am-I look across the eyebrows...that he can't hide.

When the lightning brightens the room again...he spots her.

She is devastating and gorgeous. KENYATTA (20s - Black) has her hair in long dreads. Her eyes calm...but hint of inner intensity.

Her jewels catch the light and it appears to Zack, that sparks shoot out from her, in every direction.

She quickly turns her head towards him, when she feels his eyes. Busted.

He tries to avert his stare...then experiences skull-thumping pain.

No longer can he hold it back. He cries out in agony.

ZACK (CONT'D)
AAAARRRRRRWWWW !!!!!!!

All conversations cease as everyone turns to acknowledge the house guest. Zack puts his hand just above his hip because it feels warm.

It comes back, covered with blood. In shock, he can only stare at it.

Two hefty LADIES rush to him with towels, water, and a bag of something...medicine?

Kenyatta comes forward to help bandage his wound. Up close, her smile is like sunshine.

She shows no fear of blood or wounds. He tries to be macho and not shriek like a baby, as the puncture wound is cleaned, but he is not successful.

ZACK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
YEEEEEOOOWWW!!! OH GOD...HELP ME
PLEASE, help me...

His words and eyes are directed at her. A look of compassion wells-up in Kenyatta's eyes as she tries to still him.

KENYATTA
Just hold on. You'll be okay. We're
taking care of you, hold on.

Kenyatta tries to divert his eyes from the bloody sights as her friends try to help him. She reads the name that is on his dog-tag.

KENYATTA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
My name is Kenyatta. Zack, you were
in a crash, you'll be fine, but you
must hold still, so we can treat
those wounds.

He comprehends her good English, but the pain overrides all else. He squints and grimaces.

ZACK
Lady, am I...Gonna die?

Kenyatta's eyes smile at him. She takes a moist, cool towel and rubs the pilot's forehead.

KENYATTA
You'll be just fine, handsome.

Zack smiles at her for the first time. She smiles back, but tears forms in her eyes.

KENYATTA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
You better get well mister, real
soon too. You owe me a dance for
messing up my dress.

ZACK
You...Are beauuuutifilll...

The drugs have taken effect and grogginess takes over.
 Kenyatta has no luck in stopping the blood flow.

The CROWD divides to let an older man step forward. GARVEY DUMAS (mid 40s - Black), approaches Zack with authority. Great respect is given to the bearded leader.

GARVEY

Well...Is he gonna live or are we
 messing up a perfectly good bed for
 nothing?

Kenyatta swings her face towards the outburst.

KENYATTA

Daddy,... Be nice.

His daughter says in a defensive voice. It seems clear that she is sad and upset.

KENYATTA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

He might not even make it through
 the night. His back is broken in
 several places, and...he had a tree
 branch stuck into his back. He
 looks bad.

GARVEY

Oh...That's all I wanted to know.
 Don't get upset at me girl, I
 didn't shoot em' out of the sky.

Garvey looks down at his daughter and smiles in sympathy.

GARVEY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

When he dies give him to your
 brothers.

(beat)

Tell them to dump the body far away
 from here. We don't want to raise
 suspicions about us...or what we
 are doing.

Kenyatta studies the face of the G.I., beside her. She gets up and leaps to her father's feet, head down...holds his hand and sobs.

Garvey's eyebrows show shock at her display of emotion.

KENYATTA

FATHER, father...please don't let
 him die.

GARVEY

It's not my choice daughter. Fate
has dealt him this destiny. It is
unfortunate but we--

Kenyatta jumps up and clutches her father in a tight embrace.
She looks directly into his eyes.

KENYATTA

Father...I could save him. I could
give him the Spirit of the--

Garvey breaks from her grasp. He observes his daughter, with
piercing eyes.

GARVEY

WHAT?? WHAT? Are you mad? This is a
outsider. A U.S. pilot. And a damn
big one at that.

Garvey and a few others laugh at the tension breaker.
Especially Hannibal and some old men in the shadowy corner.

KENYATTA

Daa-ad, be nice.

She starts to get that whiney, sing-song voice she uses on
him to always get her way.

KENYATTA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

We've always had pride in our own
Black heritage from the Dumas
lineage. How can we turn our backs
on this man?

The crowd grumbles and mumbles.

KENYATTA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

He'll eventually go home, yes...but
think of how he can help out our
cause while he's here.

Garvey looks at the heap of a man who now coughs up blood in
his sleep. Death can't be far away. Tears stain Kenyatta's
face.

GARVEY

You know he probably won't want to
stay here after he's...changed.
Then what? Send a stranger to the
U.S., with our powers? How would he
use them?

KENYATTA

The same way WE use it if we teach him right. They have the same 'problem' we have here. You spoke of destiny Papa, maybe it's his destiny to go back home and help.

Garvey goes into deep inner deliberation as he rubs his temple.

He sneaks a quick peek at Hannibal and the old men in the corner. In unison, they wink at him.

GARVEY

I see your point. If you agree to 'bring him in', then it is your responsibility to 'end him'...if it goes wrong. Understand?

Garvey says this without emotion. They both study Zack.

KENYATTA

Zack, we have to take drastic measures to save your life. Do you understand?

In his weakened state, he nods...yes.

INT. ONE ROOM COTTAGE - LATER

The cottage, seems empty. Zack's face, asleep and peaceful.

He blinks in rapid succession.

Hot steamy breath blows in his face, from above.

A growl sound, crescendos, and grows in horrible intensity.

Chunks of spit and mucus land on the face of the comatose pilot. Whatever is on top of his chest...is huge.

The dark shape is bigger than Zack's own body. Seems to be... some sort of BEAST.

Muscular and hairy. The figure is - some type of...WOLF?

As it leans forward, it is only inches from his face.

Shadows partially hide the creature. The room, only lit by the tiny flame of the several candles.

As Zack's eyes...open wide.

The vision in his face, paralyzes him with fear.

Mouth agape, no sound is uttered. Stark terror consumes his facial expression.

The beast shows no emotion, but studies the pilot intently. The room is dead silent.

Rain still pours down outside, but even harder now. The "THUNDER BOOMERS" get closer and now sound like they are right on top of the dwelling.

Outside a window, a tall, strong tree, holds it's own...against a merciless monsoon. Lightning flashes.

Inside, the monster puts it's huge paw firmly over the mouth of the helpless human.

More lightning flashes reveal the details of the creature closer.

Long, sharp, ivory fangs...show themselves to the pilot and make quite an impression.

Again, lightning flickers outside. This time it hits the mighty tree directly on the trunk. The bolt slices the tree down the middle with an explosion of fire, smoke and sound.

The wolf's nostrils flare as it tilts it's head back to the sky. Its lungs fill up with air as Zack, lies helpless.

A howl comes from the animal, that must have originated in its very soul.

It pierces the air and rattles every window and every metal thing in the house.

WOLF

YAAAAAAA-OOOOOOOEEEEWWWWWWW!!!!

As the animal inhales to prepare for the next blast, Zack hears the same type of howl sound from all directions, outside. A tear runs from his eye and down his cheek.

His body shudders...gets weaker.

WOLF (CONT'D)

YAAAAAAA-OOOOOOOEEEEWWWWWWW!!!!

As other similar beasts cry out in the surrounding area...Zack's wolf stares him directly in the eyes.

The wolf tilts it's head back again. The pilot prepares his ears for another deafening blow.

Instead of a flood of sound...a flood of blood.

The wolf's fangs come down...rips into the chest of the pilot.

Massive jaws pick up the body, two feet in the air and immediatly, slams it back down, hard against the mattress.

His eyes, petrified in horrific amazement as his chiseled body...is bitten into, by this 'CUJO' on crack.

ZACK

Noooo.

The wolf's mouth leaves a hole in his chest...the size of a football.

Blood gushes out of the wound, like a geyser.

Both paws are now on either side of the huge wound. The claws on the paws grow inches, in an instant.

They dig deep into the flesh and hook themselves, under his rib cage.

With a mighty tug, the creature opens up the chest cavity of the pilot like an experienced coroner.

The left rib-cage is pulled back to reveal the heart area.

WOLF

Grrrrrrr.

A bolt of lightning brightens the night, and the bloody pulsing mass, that used to be Zack's chest, is seen.

Zack's life oozes away, as he examines his chest and spots his heart - it still beats.

The exposed heart captivates the attention of the beast also. It sticks it's massive head over the heart.

A bright, red tongue slips out of the wolf's mouth and licks the quivering tissue.

Each pump of the heart - gets slower and slower.

Zack's eyes, blink slower and slower...then, finally stop. In a few more seconds, so does his heart.

The orally fixated wolf stops giving the pilot 'chest'. It rears up over the bloody heap.

Blood pours forth from its mouth and drips directly...onto Zack's lifeless heart.

As it hits the coronary area, puffs of smoke rise up. A sound like a bacon sizzle, is heard.

Under the layer of smoke...a miracle happens. The heart muscle quivers, then contracts, and ever so slow...a Heartbeat returns.

The beast leaps to it's feet and straddles the 'once dead body' that lies on the bed.

Excited canine lungs suck in a huge gust of air and let loose a blood curdler of a howl, louder than it was before.

WOLF (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
YAAAAAAAOOOOOOOOOWWWWW !!!!!!!!!!!
YAAAAAA YAAAAAAOOWW !!!!

This communication is met by spontaneous feedback, in the form of yowls, howls, and yelps from an unseen audience...outside the dwelling.

Out the window, the tree that caught the lightning bolt's fury...extinguished by the downpour.

Abstract figures dance around the tree, as the flames now give way to coals that smolder.

The wolf witnesses Zack's rib cage - return back to it's pre-dissected position. As if by magic.

Ripped skin over the ribs...heals itself.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Outside the window...first rays of the morning sun, beams over the Ukrainian mountains.

Torrential rains have ceased. Birds sing.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

In bed, Zack's eyes dart back and forth under the lids.

It is a new day and a new life for a sleeping giant named... Zack Ramirez.

EXT. GYPSY CAMPGROUNDS - DAY

As Kenyatta leaves the cottage, she turns to peek through the window at Zack as he sleeps. She pauses and smiles.

KENYATTA

What a night.

She appears tired but trods towards a trailer near the edge of the woods.

A long black shawl adorns her shoulders and her normal multi-colored outfit is replaced by a more conservative gray wrap-around dress. Her scarves and jewelry...also modest.

While crossing the campgrounds she is greeted by her kinsmen in the midst of their daily agricultural and parenting duties.

Kenyatta goes to the trailer door. She pauses for a moment, then steps inside.

INT. ELDERS TRAILER - DAY

Seated around the table are the elders of the sect, women included.

The only non-elder there is her brother MILES (early 30s - Black), the stranger who rescued Zack in the tree.

GARVEY

Alright girl, let's hear what you've got to say. I've got things to do today.

Kenyatta pulls up a chair and scopes out the room. She pours herself a water and communicates in a business type manner.

KENYATTA

Phase one of the project is complete. Zack is very strong and quite suitable for our needs.

Next to Garvey...Hannibal. His strong eyes speak for him before he opens his mouth.

HANNIBAL

I founded this community in 1942 under the worst conditions our family has ever seen. We can't afford to risk our future on a unknown outsider.

KENYATTA

Yes grandfather. Deep down, I have the feeling that he is going to be an asset to us.

On the other side of Hannibal is an even older man. Scratch that, he is an ancient man. ALEXANDRE DUMAS IV (110s - Black), clears his throat.

With help from his grandson, Garvey, he gets to his feet and address Kenyatta.

ALEXANDRE

We love you child but we cannot endanger the lives and secrets of many generations, based on your feelings.

(beat)

Ask him tough questions and if he is judged suitable, you may give him the final initiation.

Kenyatta steps forward to accept a scroll that Alexandre extends to her, head bowed.

KENYATTA

Thank you for your trust in my opinion great-grandfather. I will follow your instructions to the letter.

She lifts her head, looks directly into his gaze.

KENYATTA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

And...if he isn't someone that we need or desire?

A cloaked figure lumbers out of a back-room. He carries something that is securely wrapped in a bright colored gypsy cloth with tassels hanging down.

The mysterious man hands the package to Alexandre and departs back into the room.

Alexandre passes the bundle to Hannibal. Hannibal unwraps enough of the material to expose what is inside. A dagger.

The dagger has a hand grip made of a strange black rock. It has a sharp blade. The tip of the dagger...a sharp point, of pure silver.

ALEXANDRE

If you can't bring him in. Then you must take him out.

Hannibal re-wraps the hand sabre and passes it to Alexandre, who then bestows it on Kenyatta. Kenyatta accepts the cutlery and bows as she steps away from the table.

Alexandre sits down with the help of his son, Hannibal. Garvey addresses his daughter.

GARVEY

Your other brothers are taking the pilot out to the clearing. Your sisters will help clean him up.

KENYATTA

Yes sir. Hey, Miles. Did we find out anything else about him?

Her younger brother steps up.

MILES

I went through his things. His name is Zachariah Ramirez. We have an Arizona driver's license, and of course his Navy ID and dog-tags.

Kenyatta's face is perplexed.

KENYATTA

Arizona? I didn't know that Blacks lived there.

EXT. UKRAINE FOREST - DAY

A rabbit darts, hesitates, then dashes quickly past a scene in the background as human eyes turn to follow it's scent.

In the clearing of a pine forest, a make shift bed is set up. On the hay mattress is Zack. Around him are several women.

ARETHA DUMAS (mid 30s - Black), and her younger sister ZORA DUMAS (mid 20s - Black) share a good laugh.

Just then Kenyatta strolls up to them in an all white blouse and long dress that is worn tight around the hips - on purpose. The bundle from the elders is with her.

KENYATTA

Excuse me ladies.

They all turn and step away from the bed. All except Aretha that is.

ARETHA

Can I help you with something
little sister? I'm kind of busy
right now and--

KENYATTA

Back-up off that man. This is no
time to clown around.

Aretha puts her hand on her hip and gives her head a swivel
as she locks eyes with Kenyatta.

ARETHA

I cleaned him and was admiring my
work. Quite a specimen.

Kenyatta smirks at Aretha and shakes her head.

KENYATTA

Fine. Well, is everything where
it's supposed to be?

This makes them all LAUGH.

ARETHA

Yes indeed. Sure you're ready for
his 'initiation'?

All eyes are on Kenyatta as she moves towards her sister and
the comatose pilot.

As she switches her hips, the gold coins she wears as jewelry
on almost every part of her body...clink together in unison.

KENYATTA

This is business. Serious business.
THIS man could be critical to our
fight against Russia. I'm nervous.
Just met him, but this is the only
way for him to get his full powers.

ZORA

What can this American do for us,
that makes him so damn critical?

Kenyatta slides over to Zack and places her bundle, minus the
scroll, under pillows, on the bed.

KENYATTA

When the American is found he will
have a worldwide audience. He can
relay the message of the plight of
this stupid Russian invasion.

ZORA

The whole world has known about the slaughters here, but they don't care. I don't think that they will care because of him either.

KENYATTA

It's worth a try.

Kenyatta posts up on the bed, beside Zack. Zora smiles at her sister's fire.

ZORA

Anything to help stop Putin is appreciated. That little gremlin from the Kremlin has lost his mind.

KENYATTA

Well, what I need -- is for you ladies to go back home, like now. I got work to do.

Kenyatta glances at the last of the ladies leave the area then sniffs the air for detection of unwanted spectators. None.

Coyly she lifts the edge of the sheet that covers Zack's bottom half...And gives an approving smile.

She swings her body onto the bed. Zack is on his back - she is on her side next to him.

Kenyatta tries to shake him awake. She studies his face through sleepy eyes.

Soon she is asleep with her head on his shoulder...like an old married couple.

EXT. UKRAINIAN FOREST - NIGHT

Zack awakens as dusk fades. Wind has picked up. Bedding and sheets are blown by the breeze.

His eyes open for one blink. In that slowed down second, it is seen that...his eyes have changed color.

They are now a yellowish green color with a black vertical sliver of a pupil.

Again a blink. Same eyes...except the pupil is wider.

The next blink shows his normal eyes.

He notices he is not alone. His eyes look down at who's arm is currently locked around his chest.

He twists his neck around to get a good look.

ZACK

Hmm, cool. But, how'd I get here?

Zack places his hand where the wound is...was? His face shows shock, then puzzlement.

Just as he is about to shake Kenyatta awake, he pauses to absorb her beauty. Zack gently brushes her long, raven-black hair from her flawless face.

Zack bends his neck, to kiss her on the crown of her head.

Since his eyes are closed during the kiss, he doesn't see her eyes flutter open.

She closes them again and pretends to sleep. Zack rubs her back and sees the ancient looking scroll. It is between Kenyatta's knees.

As Zack reaches for it, Kenyatta tactfully moves her leg and drops it to the ground on the side of the bed.

Kenyatta cuddles against his shoulder tighter. A moment later, she pretends to wake up.

She purrs as her back is rubbed down by the big man. It honestly feels good and she caresses him in return.

Soon they kiss with passion. The wind swirls around them blowing the ivory white sheets from the makeshift bed.

The white bedding undulates in the breeze that creates a spooky dance, which increases the erotica of the moment.

Stars above, gaze down on what is left of the bed and the lovers who rearranged it.

She suddenly bolts up in bed. It startles Zack, right out of his after glow.

KENYATTA

OH MY GOD!!! I'M DEAD. OH GOD!!!

Zack gets a little taken back by the sudden outburst. His eyes are now wide open and searching for an explanation. Kenyatta weeps bitterly.

ZACK

What's wrong baby. Is there anything that I can do?

He puts his arm around her bare shoulders. She swipes it off.

She jumps off the bed, wiggles into her tight white dress, and picks up the scroll.

KENYATTA

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME? Dammit, how could I be so stupid.

Sensing a fatal attraction in the making, Zack starts searching for some clothes. None are in sight.

ZACK

Excuse me. I hate to be even more of an annoyance but, have you seen my pants?

An angry Kenyatta storms Zack, shaking the scroll in front of his face and breathing fire.

KENYATTA

YOU DON'T GET YOUR PANTS TILL YOU ANSWER MY QUESTIONS!

Zack stares at her, inquisitively.

ZACK

You some kind of spy?

Kenyatta has no expression on her face at first, then she bursts out in laughter.

He has seen enough. His boo is bugging out. He gets up and ties the sheet around him toga style.

ZACK (CONT'D)

I don't know what you're up to lady but I've had a rough couple of days lately. I appreciate your loving, but this situation is getting a little too freakish for me.

KENYATTA

Go where? You don't even know where you are right now.

They both know that she is right. He steps closer to her and towers over her.

ZACK

Look lady, stop playing games. I'm a pilot in the United States Navy. Sooner or later my buddies will come looking for me and they WILL find me. I don't need you, or your questions. Is that clear?

Kenyatta smiles at his display of bravado. Confident in her powers, she is not intimidated.

KENYATTA

Clear? You betcha it's clear. Now, let me make something clear to you...Big Boy.

She takes several steps away from him and slips out of her dress.

Smiling at him, she carefully hangs it on a tree branch. He smiles back at her.

ZACK

Hey, listen, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. You just started acting a little too wild and I--

KENYATTA

Believe me, boy, that wasn't wild. But this is!

Kenyatta's smart ass grin is the first thing to change, it is now a sneer. The teeth in her mouth get longer by the second.

Zack's feet seem to be nailed to the floor of the pine forest. The Gypsy woman speaks, but her voice is several octaves lower and raspy.

KENYATTA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

YOU WANT IT WILD?

Kenyatta transforms into a werewolf, right before his eyes.

Her face twists and her body sprouts thick hair. A stripe of tan fur on the crown of her head stands out.

It only takes seconds for the complete change. She stands on her hind legs...now, she towers over Zack.

The pilot, terrified, tries to step backwards but trips on his toga.

Kenyatta, now a beast salivates profusely and growls a little louder each step it takes towards the kneeling American.

KENYATTA
I'm sorry baby, could you repeat
that?

ZACK
AARRRG ... YAA ... YAAOOOWW?

KENYATTA
You need to work on your
annunciation.

Kenyatta mocks him, as he is still in shock. Zack eyes are magnified by the horror he sees.

His hands, now a hairy paw. Fur grows out of his arms and chest. Fangs show.

Now fully transformed, he seems much taller than usual. A tan colored circular patch of fur on his chest stands out against the black hair the covers the rest of him.

The only sounds he can make are grunts and groans.
Helplessness, in his eyes.

KENYATTA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
We need to talk. First of all,
let's get you back to human. Think
of something peaceful or a thing
that relaxes you.

Zack breathes in deep, exhales smooth. Repeats cycle several times. Hair begins to recede from Zack's body.

His eyes are closed but his arms are doing slow Tai Chi motions. Within seconds his body is back to normal again.

ZACK
What's going on here lady? Am I
like in Hell or something?

Kenyatta walks over and takes his hand.

KENYATTA
First, my name is Kenyatta. Let's
sit down. That changing back and
forth quickly can wear you out.

Kenyatta goes back to the bed and plops down. Zack wearily sits next to her.

KENYATTA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
My brother, Miles, saw your jet go
down. Later that evening they came
back with you.
(MORE)

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Zack, your spine was shattered. You were bleeding bad.

Zack tilts his head to the side as he tries to remember.

ZACK

Yeah, I was stuck up a tree and troops went right underneath me.

KENYATTA

A limb was stuck in your back. Bleeding wouldn't stop. In a couple more hours, you'd be a dead man.

ZACK

Holy shit. Wow. Then how did I survive that?

Kenyatta puts her arm around him, kisses his cheek.

KENYATTA

Actually...You didn't. You're not the same man you were yesterday.

He turns to face her, smiles, turns away...faces her again, breaks out laughing.

ZACK

So like, you turned me into a werewolf? Is this the deal here?

She smiles back at him, nodding her head matter-of-factly. Zack stops laughing slowly as it starts to sink in.

ZACK (CONT'D)

You're bullshitting, right?

KENYATTA

What? Don't you believe your eyes?

Kenyatta picks up the scroll from the ground and discreetly covers the bundle with the dagger in it with some bedding.

KENYATTA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I was upset earlier because I made a mistake. We weren't supposed to make love until after you answer the questions from the scroll.

ZACK

Scroll? So now what, Kenyatta? Do I ever see home again? My crew again?

(MORE)

ZACK (CONT'D)
How does this scroll have anything
to do with me?

Zack's frustration level is building.

KENYATTA
Look, answer yes to all these
questions during a little ceremony
and you can be out of here in a few
days. Here, read it over.

He takes the scroll from her and unrolls it carefully. The calligraphy is beautiful and elegant.

In the dying light of evening, his new 'NIGHT EYES' glow in the dark as reads the words.

INT. ELDER'S COUNCIL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is wall-to-wall with Gypsies, all wear their finest, most colorful clothing and tons of jewelry.

The music is played by a FLAMENCO GUITARIST. Everyone dances, drinks and has a great time.

As the last song ends, Garvey stands at the council table and addresses the audience. He wears a bright colored, satin outfit.

GARVEY
Okay, okay, ORDER...Let's get down
to business. We are here to welcome
Zack Ramirez into our tribe.

The audience applauds as Zack comes out of a back-room with Kenyatta by his side.

He wears the traditional Gypsy garb in the red, black, green and gold that many others have, he looks comfortable in it.

A chair has been prepared for him. It is positioned opposite of the council table. Miles leads him there and sets him down. Kenyatta joins her sisters.

GARVEY (CONT'D)
First let's find out a little more
about our guest. Zack, why not give
us a brief history of yourself
before we start.

Zack rises to his feet and tells his tale.

ZACK

My dad is from Peru. My mom died when I was a baby. Grew up in Phoenix. Being Black and Latino, it was hard to be accepted by either group. I never quite fit in.

(beat)

I had many chances to be a bully because of my size. Instead I took joy in crushing bullies. Still do.

Miles ushers in a few late comers.

ZACK (CONT'D)

You want a fighter? You got the right dude. My allegiance is to America, but I saw what those Russian cowards do to innocent people. I need some bullies to crunch until I get rescued. I'm all in to help you.

A wall of applause. Garvey gets off his chair.

GARVEY

Now that we learned a little about you, it's time you learn about us. First, we're not fighting for Ukrainians. Sometimes they treat Blacks like crap too. We're fighting blood-thirsty tyrants, wherever they are.

He looks at Miles, gives him a signal. The lights dim and a large screen TV is unveiled, near the council table.

INSERT - FILM

The documentary shows graphics and footage of ANCIENT EGYPT.

Garvey's voice does the NARRATION over the footage, maps, sketches and photos. The visuals correspond to the voice over.

GARVEY (V.O.)

Gypsies are believed to be originally from the Nile Valley region in Africa. These developers of science and builders of pyramids were a peaceful people.

Images of Ancient Egypt.

GARVEY (V.O.)
Eons later, the refugees from this
once mighty paradise were now
called Gypsies, slang for Egyptian.

Map with a time-line is shown.

GARVEY (V.O.)
Some prefer to be called, Romany.
Our tribe? No thanks. We were a
powerful people before Rome ever
existed on this planet.
(beat)
Like you, we've found it hard to
fit in. Even felt discrimination
from fellow Gypsies. Now, we
embrace our color. Our difference,
is our strength. A link to all who
suffer.

BACK TO SCENE

Zack leans over to Kenyatta and whispers...

ZACK
I know exactly where y'all are
coming from.

INSERT - FILM

Drawings of atrocities against Gypsies are seen.

GARVEY (V.O.)
Gypsies began to move in large
numbers throughout Europe. Many
were brutalized, enslaved or even
slaughtered...just looking for a
place to call home.

Sketches and photos of Gypsies in various occupations.

GARVEY (V.O.)
Gradually, our people began to get
a reputation for fortune telling
and...overpowering sexuality.

Some of the more drunken Gypsies in the council room cheer
for that last line. Photos of Gypsies in sexy poses are shown
in the film.

GARVEY (V.O.)
Our tribe settled in Paris for a
time. That's where our African
bloodlines from famous author
Alexandre Dumas started.

IMAGES OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS are shown.

GARVEY (V.O.)
Alexandre's brown complexion was
the result of a Black father. An
elite French officer, under
Napoleon. He also felt, isolated
and alone. But became legendary.
(beat)
Before he published 'The Three
Musketeers', he befriended our
tribe and had children with our
Gypsy women.

Several pictures of the great author portrays a jovial soul.

GARVEY (V.O.)
After success with this books, he
hired many of us in his theater
troupe and newspaper. Things were
good for a while, then after
Alexandre's death, things got ugly.

Chateau de Monte Cristo is featured.

GARVEY (V.O.)
The estate was burned down by
arson. The remaining Dumas family
took their fortune and fled.

ZACK
Damn. That's foul.

GARVEY (V.O.)
The tribe was in Germany near the
Black Forest when Hitler took over.

Holocaust, World War II footage, horrific.

GARVEY (V.O.)
Death camps ran knee deep with
Jewish and Gypsy blood.
But...that's when we found our
power and fought back against them.

BACK TO SCENE

Applause from all, as the video ends. Zack turns to Kenyatta and whispers...

ZACK

What about the werewolf stuff?

The congregation turns to face Hannibal.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

In 1942, scared for my life, I was given a priceless blessing. Today we gather to bestow this gift on another outcast. Hopefully, it will enrich him too.

Zack feels the love and returns it with a smile. Hannibal motions Zack to come forward to the council table. The old man has a ring.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Zack Ramirez, with this ring, I bring you into our family circle.

Zack places the ring on his large finger with care, it's a good fit.

The ring burns him, but he does not flinch. Small puffs of smoke come from the sides of the ring and it makes a sizzle sound.

The inductee raises his newly adorned fist, straight up over his head in a sign of solidarity and power. The Gypsies love the gesture and shower him with applause.

EXT. GYPSY COURTYARD - NIGHT

A feast follows the ceremony. More Flamenco music.

Kenyatta does a special Flamenco dance, only for Zack. Her eyes, her hair, her posture...As important to the dance as her feet.

Her seductive powers, unleashed through the stunning performance, are immense. She ends up in his lap, smiling.

EXT. KENYATTA'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Zack and his Gypsy princess step, hand-in-hand, across the compound and are almost to her abode.

ZACK

Why are so many of you named after
Black Americans and know about us?

KENYATTA

Cell phones and satellites. YouTube
keeps us up on things. We feel
inspired by your people in the
battle for equality and survival.

The words cause Zack to smile.

ZACK

Well, we are the home of the brave.
Especially the brothas.

KENYATTA

You must be very proud of your
Black heritage.

ZACK

My admiral hates me for it. But
I'll show him I'm the best warrior
the Navy has seen since JFK. I had
insecurities about being Black
growing up. Maybe it's still with
me a little.

KENYATTA

Really?

Zack stirs, he seems uncomfortable.

ZACK

My mom died on September 11th when
I was a baby. Had to learn about
Black culture the way a white
person would. Watching shows and
reading. It's not ingrained in my
upbringing. Don't even know her
side of the family.

KENYATTA

Sorry to hear that. What about your
father?

ZACK

My Dad is Latino, but refused to
teach me Spanish. He wanted to fit
into American culture. It didn't
work for me. I felt like an
outcast.

(MORE)

ZACK (CONT'D)

Hated that feeling of being seen as a criminal or 'up to no good' by my Latino friend's parents because of my skin color.

KENYATTA

How horrible. Where'd they get that crazy idea?

ZACK

I guess because Catholic bible shows the devil with African features. I wanted to be a good kid, but it led to self-hate. It caused me muscle-up. If anyone tried to make me feel bad about myself again - they knew I'd beat their ass.

Kenyatta rubs his shoulders and gives an empathetic smile.

KENYATTA

With our tribe, you will always be excepted. Especially by me.

Eyes lock. A kiss seems imminent, but...just then, Miles runs up to them with urgency.

MILES

We've got a problem. Soldiers... coming this way.

ZACK

A battle? Count me in.

KENYATTA

You're not ready yet.

ZACK

Fighting bullies? I'm always ready.

EXT. UKRAINE FOREST - NIGHT

Zack, Kenyatta, Miles and others gather in the clearing. The bed used earlier, is still there. Miles climbs a tree.

MILES

I count about 20 of them.

KENYATTA

Watch how we deal with intruders.

ZACK

Watch? Me? The bombero? Yo,
mamasita...listen up. I have a
plan.

EXT. UKRAINE SKIES - NIGHT

Clouds race across the face of the moon.

EXT. UKRAINE FOREST - NIGHT

The enemy platoon arrives into the clearing. They wear night-vision goggles and brandish their weapons, when they see the bed. They sweep the area for combatants.

When no one is found, they speak to each other...but not in Russian, although the uniforms clearly are. It is Korean.

Several gather around the bed. The leader motions for them to flip the bed, to assure no one is hidden. Others train their weapons at the bed.

Before they flip it, hairy paws spring from under the bed and pull eight of them underneath it. Screams are cut short.

Troopers freeze in horror. Blood flows from below the bed in rivulets. The once white sheets, are stained red from below.

Just before they fire on the bloodied bedding...werewolves, including Zack and Kenyatta, jump down on the North Korean troopers from the trees above.

Taken off guard and backs turned around, the bed is launched at them from the werewolves underneath.

Several soldiers are knocked over. Shots are fired as bedlam breaks loose.

North Koreans are attacked from the front and back. Bullets have no effect.

The 'substitute Russians' are gashed, thrown around, heads cracked with their own rifles and necks snapped.

Zack crushes a cranium into a tree and Kenyatta's claws, decapitate a soldier who swings his rifle at her.

Some try to run away in the pitch black night. Werewolves vision is clear. The beasts chase them down...rip them open.

The last soldier, pulls out a grenade and threatens to pull the pin. He backs away.

Kenyatta howls into the night sky. The North Korean freezes as he hears growling behind him. Unmasked, his sweat pours.

He slowly turns to witness a dozen real wolves...saliva dripping from hungry jowls.

Zack notices he is distracted. He launches himself in the air using the bed as a trampoline.

He lands behind the soldier...flings him up to the tree-tops.

As the gun-for-hire flails, the pin is pulled.

BOOM.

Body parts and blood rains down.

Kenyatta howls again. The real wolves devour the corpses. The sound of the feeding frenzy fills the air.

INT. KENYATTA'S TRAILER - MORNING

As Zack awakens in Kenya's bed, his eyes are trained directly on the mysterious ring.

He sniffs, looks over and sees Kenya putting breakfast on the table.

ZACK

Good morning, babe. That sure was some crazy shit last night.

KENYATTA

We supply dinner for our cousins quite often. But North Koreans?

ZACK

A nice exotic treat. We should have bit one and sent him back to chew on Kim Jong Un. Bite his ass off.

Kenyatta puts down a plate as she laughs.

KENYATTA

I'm pretty sure he's already a vampire. Not sure it'd work.

ZACK

Teach him a lesson for being Putin's little bitch.

They both devour the American style breakfast. The couple slurps down the food with some juice and Zack lets out a tremendous belch that scares a passing child. They laugh.

KENYATTA

We haven't had an American join us since Hendrix. It's good to have that vibe here again.

ZACK

Excuse me, do you mean Jimi Hendrix?

KENYATTA

Yeah, he joined up with us in London, right before he went to the Monterey Festival and got famous.

ZACK

Oh please.

KENYATTA

Did you ever notice the way he dressed? Was that typical gear for Black guys in the sixties, huh? Ever hear the song 'Gypsy Eyes'?

(beat)

That was about us. He even named his last group 'Band of Gypsies'. Most people think he's dead. Ha, fooled em all.

Zack's eyes jump straight out of his head, jaw agape.

ZACK

HOLY SHIT! HENDRIX, ALIVE? WHERE IS HE? IS HE HERE? CAN I MEET HIM? HOW DID--

KENYATTA

Hold on Big Poppa, hold on. The brother is out of the country on a mission right now, just relax. Are you a fan?

Zack's VOICE JUMPS THREE OCTAVES.

ZACK

Am I a fan? Come on, you were just kidding, right?

KENYATTA

No, for real. He made us all proud by using his gift in a positive way. He faked his death when the FBI and Hoover tried to kill him. Lived and traveled with us until the Ethiopia famines. He went to Africa then and now only stops back on special occasions.

ZACK

Wow. A werewolf? Explains his howling guitar I guess.

Kenyatta cleans up the kitchen, smiling at him.

KENYATTA

I set aside all day today to teach you our tricks, powers, and weaknesses. You may not be here with us much longer, so we want you to know as much as possible. Are you ready to start?

Zack responds, cautiously.

ZACK

I think...so.

KENYATTA

Forget what you saw in the movies, most of it's crap. The wolf power comes out when intense stress is felt. It's controlled by your mind. Not the moon. Understand?

ZACK

That's cool. Uh...How do I control my stress level?

The teacher joins her student.

KENYATTA

Use the ring, it's like a mood ring, it gauges your anger level. Now it is black. As stress increases the colors get lighter.

Zack studies the ring.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

Right before the final phase, the stone turns clear, and then, the gem fills with blood, and sometimes it sparks.

Zack checks out the ring and makes a face.

ZACK

Dag girl, now that's a bad ring!

EXT. BARN - DAY

The sun, bright as it shines down on the couple near the livestock area. Zack in full Gypsy dress, likewise Kenyatta.

KENYATTA

Really, there are only two things to worry about. Silver, and those full moons.

ZACK

I saw that in the movies, so it's actually a real thing?

KENYATTA

Best thing to do on a full moon, is a fist full of Valiums. As far as silver goes, stay far away from it. It can burn the skin and just plain kill us if we are exposed too long.

Zack shakes his head in disbelief of the situation. The children of the tribe greet them as they run past.

ZACK

So on full moons, you guys all just, what, self-medicate and pass out for the night? That's crazy.

Zack laughs.

KENYATTA

That Moon isn't playing. It will rip your mind apart. During full moons, we have very little control, of anything. The body is painful and you awaken with total amnesia.

ZACK

Well, it's a drawback, I'll learn to cope with it. At least, I'm alive.

(MORE)

ZACK (CONT'D)

That's something I can't thank you enough for. I'll make you proud of me.

Kenyatta hugs his massive body. He stoops over and kisses her. They smile. She leans against a corral fence in the livestock area, not facing him.

KENYATTA

Zack Ramirez, I could get used to days like this. Please don't forget about me, when you go home. Wolves mate for life you know.

She says this with a shaky voice. Zack smiles widely, picks her up from behind, she laughs like a little girl. She lands.

ZACK

Hey girl, I got feelings for you. We'll be together after I get back and the media settles down. I feel I belong. Finally. No way could I forget you.

Kenyatta grabs his hand, smiles and pulls him tighter as they walk on.

In the distance, SEVERAL FIGURES approach the camp from the main road. They drag along a cow.

As they get closer, a middle aged UKRAINIAN COUPLE AND THEIR TEEN DAUGHTERS are seen.

EXT. GYPSY COURTYARD - DAY

The family approaches Zack and Kenyatta. Garvey, Hannibal and other men, stroll over to the strangers too.

GARVEY

Greetings, how can I help you?

OLAV

My name is Olav, this is my family. We have come a long way and been through much peril in order to sell our cow. Please make an offer.

GARVEY

My name is Garvey Dumas, king of this Gypsy tribe. We travel often, we are not farmers and not in the need of much cattle, I'm sorry.

Disappointment is seen in the stranger.

OLAV

Oh please sir, our lives are in danger. We just want to leave Ukraine alive. This cow is the only thing we have to sell.

GARVEY

I see...okay, we'll buy it, but, you must join us for a meal, you look famished.

OLAV

Well, thank you sir. We've had a long day, I appreciate it.

GARVEY

Good, good. Miles, you pay the man. Kenyatta, let's conjure up some food for our guests.

LATER

Empty plates and bowls line the outdoor tables where the guests have dined. They look refreshed now. The Gypsies gather around them.

HANNIBAL

So, you are in a hurry to leave?

OLAV

This stupid war. I hate it. The evil it has brought out in people...the death. I can't take it anymore, I must leave.

ZACK

Have you seen any war crimes or atrocities?

Olav rubs his pain filled face with his hands. He avoids eye contact and diverts his gaze to the ground.

OLAV

Atrocities, yes, today as a matter of fact...my brother's village. We went there first to sell the cow. It was horrible, a mass grave, dead bodies--

GARVEY

WHAT? We must go there at once,
there could be survivors in hiding.

HANNIBAL

Exactly. Zack, I want you to see
the handy work of this war, up
close, so that when you go home,
you can tell the world what is
going on.

EXT. WILDERNESS TRAIL TO VILLAGE - DAY

Thick clusters of leaves turn colors, as fall approaches.

The family - escorted by Zack, Kenyatta, Garvey, Hannibal,
Miles and several other Gypsy men. The path, narrow but they
can march, two-by-two.

OLAV

Last week was horrible. Those damn
Russian soldiers were everywhere.
They had our whole village
surrounded. Thank God those
fighter planes blew them straight
to hell the other night. We came
outside and cheered them on, we
were so happy.

GARVEY

Yeah, well one of those pilots is
this big fellow here. Take a bow,
Zack.

ZACK

Well, I just---

The teen daughters throw themselves at Zack. The kiss, hug
him and shout with joy.

FEMALES

(broken English)

Oh Zack...Thank you...You're our
hero...What can we do to repay you?

Kenyatta glares at the young, attractive peasant girls that
hug up on her man.

KENYATTA

You can start by shutting the hell
up so we don't get shot by an Army
patrol. The second thing is, he's
taken, clear?

The young girls back-up, off of the pilot. Zack appears embarrassed but loves the attention.

Miles scrunches his eyebrows, something smells strange. He sniffs the air, cups his ear to hear a bit better.

MILES

I think I can hear soldiers
approaching. Quick, behind those
fallen trees.

The entourage dashes away from the main drag and hunkers down behind the natural camouflage of the forest.

Soon a small detachment of soldiers appears on the trail. The soldiers - Russian.

ZACK

I recognize one of those soldiers
from my briefing for this mission.
It's General Ratovich. What's that
war criminal doing out here?

GARVEY

Yes. That's General Ratovich and
his right hand man Uri Grenkov.
They are looking - for you.

The only jeep, carries the grey haired General. RATOVIICH (50s - white, rugged) smokes a cigarette and chats with Uri, his second in command. A bald man with cold eyes.

Russian soldiers who trod behind the jeep have TWO UKRAINIAN WOMEN with them.

The women have on handcuffs and are pulled by a leash around their necks. Their whimpers are heard.

Soldiers taunt them. When they stumble, the invaders yank them by the leash, then scream at in Russian, until they to move faster.

Miles, Kenyatta and Zack have seen enough and are ready to dart out there and fight.

They are ordered to stay-put by Garvey, who signals them not to engage.

Soon, the soldiers pass by and are out of sight. Miles is upset with his father.

MILES

Dad, you should have let us go.

GARVEY

There is a time and place for everything. We have innocent villagers who need us now. We'll get them some other time.

They walk on, but soon stop sniff the air. By the look of upturned noses, something does not smell good.

They face the gates of the forest village.

HANNIBAL

I know this smell.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

They step into the village, it is abandoned. Buildings and houses still burn and smolder from the Russian raid. The Gypsies cover their noses to deflect the pungent odor.

Overstuffed rats run back and forth in a corner of the village. They follow the rats and the stench to the corner.

There, they find...a MASS GRAVE.

When they reach the open pit, they chase off the wild dogs and rodents. One dog flees into the woods...arm in his mouth.

As they mourn around the mound of twisted, bloody bodies there is much weeping...And anger.

ZACK

This is as sick as it gets.

HANNIBAL

The Holocaust should have been the last time, ever, that I see such things. Here we are again!

Olav's family falls to their knees as they grieve. Garvey pats the father on the back with compassion.

Miles stomps over and grabs some shovels, hands one to Zack. They cover the bodies with dirt.

GARVEY

I am very sorry, Olav. Somehow those devils will pay for this.

Olav points to the pile of corpses with tears in his eyes.

OLAV

See that man with the large beard
near the side? That is my cousin,
there is his wife and there,
wait...Did you see that?

Everyone turns. Inches from the father, a girl's fingers
squirm.

The hands try to dig their way from under the dead bodies.
Life!!! The men rush in and help uncover her.

HANNAH (white) is a teenager. Her hair is matted with caked
blood and she has the shakes.

OLAV (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Hannah? Hannah, is that you? Oh my
poor child, come here.

The family goes to her, offering comfort. They put a blanket
around her. Give her water. She weeps.

ZACK

Good God, how did she survive in
there?

OLAV

She comes from good stock. This is
my cousin's daughter, Hannah. We'll
take her back with us.

GARVEY

She looks pretty shook up. Think
she can tell us what went on here?

OLAV

Hannah, what happened?

Shivers and sad eyes, lead to a deep breath is taken by
Hannah.

FLASHBACK

INT. HANNAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

The teenager awakens to the sound of screams and gunshots.
She springs from bed and stares out of her bedroom window, to
the road.

HANNAH (V.O.)
I woke up and soldiers were
everywhere. The screams, sounds of
beatings and guns.

Russian soldiers run around in the street, they herd her
neighbors outside and abuse them as they line up.

A loud blast is heard behind her. She twirls around. A gloved
hand snatches her.

HANNAH (V.O.)
Soon they grabbed us all and
carried us outside in the night.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT

Uri beats one man after another. He asks the same question
over and over again to them...

URI
Where is the American? Where is he?
I know he's here, who is hiding
him? We found his parachute here,
in your town. For the last
time...WHERE IS HE???

Frustrated, Uri pulls out his .45 and grabs a nearby man. He
puts the gun to his head.

HANNAH
Please, don't hurt him. There is no
American here.

URI
Last chance!
(beat)
Okay then.

CLACK!! The gunshot rings out. The man slumps to the ground.

Next...Uri grabs Hanna's dad. She shrieks...

HANNAH
Noooo!!!

URI
Let's try that again.

Hannah picks up a rock and hurls it at Uri. It hits him just
above the eyebrow, causes bleeding. He charges towards her.

HANNAH
You bastard, leave us alone.

URI
Die bitch!!!

Uri backhands Hannah, full force. She stumbles backwards and loses her balance.

In slow motion, she falls to the ground...as she sees her father rush towards her.

BOOM!

The sound of a loud gunshot...then blackness.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The teenage girl weeps into her hands as her tale concludes. Olav's wife gives her a drink from a flask.

HANNAH
It was horrible. I was so scared.
I will never forget it. NEVER!!

OLAV
Hannah, don't worry, we're here for you. You will stay with us from now on. We'll protect you.

HANNAH
Thank you, I love you all very much. The reality is, no one can protect their family from an army. We're doomed.

Garvey looks over at Zack. He notices all the other Gypsies are staring at him too.

ZACK
All this...is my fault? All this death? I should have known not to follow the orders of the evil man who sent me on this mission.

He hangs his head and looks nauseous.

OLAV
But you saved my village.

ZACK

Russians, North Koreans and even
Nazis followed orders. Orders that
some coward with a higher rank is
too afraid to do. Never again.

Kenyatta comforts him with a hug.

KENYATTA

Zack, this is not your fault.

GARVEY

We will escort you to your village.
You must pack your bags tonight and
meet us at our camp in the morning.
We will help you get to
Switzerland.

OLAV

Thank you, oh thank you so much.
We can only afford to pay you--

GARVEY

Don't worry about money now. Just
be on time.

(To Gypsies)

Let's get these folks home before
dark, move it people, time is
wasting.

LATER

Zack and Miles throw the last shovel full of dirt onto the
mound that covers the mass grave. Hannah, in tears, kisses
the earth and must be helped away.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

Shadows grow long on the country road as night approaches.
Blank stares are on the faces of the Gypsies.

Zack boils with inner rage and guilt. It shows on his face as
he marches beside Kenya.

EXT. MOUNTAIN VILLAGE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The group comes upon the gates of the mountainside hamlet.
The view of the valley below, spectacular. The manicured
lawns and town square, are like golf course turf.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Although the American food lift/bombing raid helped...the people still seem hungry and afraid. Olav greets some of them as they continue.

The crew stops in front of a well kept cottage-type house. Enough room is in the backyard for a small farm.

OLAV

Thank you again for all of your help.

GARVEY

Our pleasure, just pack and meet us tomorrow morning.

Olav nods and smiles. The group turns to head home, but gives the family hugs first.

The hug Miles gives Olav's daughter is more than just brotherly. Their eyes connect and smile at each other. The Gypsies head home.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

The last few minutes of sunlight gasp for breath, as the Gypsies make their way back to camp.

Hannibal falters a little...then stops.

The elderly man leans against a tree and takes a deep breath. Everyone is concerned.

KENYATTA

Grandpa, are you okay?

HANNIBAL

Yes child, I'm fine.

GARVEY

I'm sorry dad, I shouldn't have volunteered us to walk them home.

HANNIBAL

Nonsense, you did the right thing. It's not just the walking. It's that damn mass grave. Shit, I never thought I would have to see that again.

(beat)

During World War II, I saw mass grave after mass grave.

(MORE)

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)

Women, babies, everybody. You never get used to it. I saw enough to last a lifetime.

ZACK

Tell me about it.

HANNIBAL

I'd rather not.

ZACK

Uh, sure. I understand sir.

GARVEY

Tell him dad, let the world know.

HANNIBAL

What does the world care? They continue to let these massacres happen. They never learn.

ZACK

I want to learn, sir. You are part of my heritage now. If you were a hero in WWII, I would like to hear about it.

HANNIBAL

I wasn't a hero. I was blessed by God to have found someone to give me the power to fight back, so I fought. With fury.

ZACK

Maybe I could learn something about surviving genocide that I can share with my brothers when I get back home. Many feel marked for death.

HANNIBAL

Yes, the African American people have suffered greatly too. Fine, listen to my tale. A genocide can happen again, anywhere...with any people.

FLASHBACK - WORLD WAR II

EXT. BLACK FOREST VILLAGE - DAY

A small community in the midst of a densely wooded area. Children laugh and play in the courtyard.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

It was the late 1930s. We lived in a small village outside of Stuttgart, Germany, near the Black Forest. I was a teenager and life was great.

A young shirtless, teen HANNIBAL...chops wood. His muscles do not go unnoticed by the ladies who pass by.

Villagers seem happy and get along great with each other, even though there is great diversity in the population.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

Our village had all the people there that Hitler hated. Jews, Gypsies, Muslims, Communists and even a gay couple.

(beat)

There was no strife between us and we all seemed to coexist in peace. Being so close to the Black Forest, many people there, including my dad Alexandre, were herbalists.

The teenager quiets his axe and basks in glory of his town.

He smiles next to a building. The sign reads, 'DUMAS HERB EMPORIUM'. Other storefronts tout their specialties.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

We began to hear terrible stories about Nazis. One day, the trucks stopped at our village. After that day...things were never the same.

EXT. OUTSIDE HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT

Hannibal climbs to the cabin's roof. He gazes in the direction of his village. Pillars of smoke fill the sky.

In a flash, Hannibal dashes off of the cabin...dagger in his hand.

HANNIBAL

Why God? WHY?

He stumbles over towards the Square. While still near the edge of the woods, his foot slips into a hole and gets stuck.

Hannibal, amid the lightning flashes, spots a horror.

What horrifies him are the twisted, dead bodies of most of his neighbors.

Hannibal scrambles to try to get out of the hole, but the slippery mud sends him hurling down onto the pile of corpses, face first.

He gets himself out of the mass grave by sticking his dagger into the earth and pulling with arm strength. Hannibal turns back to the carnage.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
I couldn't imagine the monsters
that could do something like this.
It still haunts me.

BACK TO SCENE

The older Hannibal looks sad.

ZACK
Good lord. What a nightmare.

GARVEY
Tell him what happened next, Dad.

FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

Hannibal runs as armed Nazis chase him.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
Danm Nazis were close to capturing
me. Then...I saw her.

MADAME LUPINA (80s - German) waves to Hannibal to follow her.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
At my lowest point, I met Madame
Lupina. An old German woman who
hated Nazis as much as me.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

A mural of wolves on the hunt, covers a wall behind Madame Lupina. She hands a goblet to Hannibal. He drinks it.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

I'm not sure if she was a witch. At that point, I didn't care. She had special powers and she graciously gave me...the Spirit of the Warrior Wolf.

EXT. BLACK FOREST VILLAGE - DAY

A dozen survivors, including his father, Alexandre...gather in a circle. All have the same ring as Hannibal.

Determination on their faces, they show solidarity, as they raise their newly bejeweled fists to the heavens.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

Soon...WE were the predators.

EXT. NAZI CHECKPOINT - DAY

The area is heavily wooded, FOUR SOLDIERS look bored.

Hannibal and Alexandre stroll down the road in human form, as they talk and joke.

They beeline towards the roadblock. The Nazis have a 'bully look' on their faces and approach them aggressively.

The Gypsies laugh. Hannibal whistles.

Huge WOLVES WITH FANGS DRIPPING, lunge out of the woods in seconds. The Germans...stunned.

The wolves are on the Nazis before they can draw weapons.

The huge beasts knock them to the ground and go for the throat... they don't miss.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)

We gave the Nazis a taste of what extermination felt like.

EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

1. Werewolves in various forms of transformation, attack Nazi soldiers marching in the woods. Bodies are ripped apart.

2. Nazis drive people from their homes. On the roof watching, are huge wolves. One wolf howls and they all pounce on the Nazis from above. They rip them to shreds.

3. Two Nazi soldiers push and mock a crippled Gypsy. The Gypsy turns around, it is Hannibal. He grows his long claws in an instant and slashes both of the soldier's throats in one smooth motion. Both claws drip blood.

4. More scenes of werewolves kicking ass, all jumbled together. Scene after scene. Kill after kill.

HANNIBAL (V.O.)
Not one battle was lost.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - NIGHT

Hannibal looks Zack in the eyes in the dark forest.

HANNIBAL
We figured that since the Nazis
were destroyed, we were done. Now
here, in the 2020's. Mass
graves...AGAIN.

Zack listens attentively as Hannibal speaks.

HANNIBAL (CONT'D)
I've dedicated my life to seeing
this type of senseless killing is
stopped. If our powers help you in
some way, use them. By all means.

INT. U.S. NAVAL STRATEGY ROOM - NIGHT

Teams, who wear the uniforms of the rescue squadron, fill the classroom seats.

The recently promoted, Admiral Diano, commands their attention from the front of the room.

DIANO
Now that Admiral Leone has retired,
I have been entrusted by our nation
to take his place.

The teams in the room applaud. Some look relieved about the change.

DIANO (CONT'D)
As our first order of business, we
have a covert mission to finish.

He takes a few steps over towards a digital Ukraine map.

DIANO (CONT'D)
Three pilots went behind enemy
lines. None have returned. If they
are found by Russians, it could
start an international incident.

The computer mouse he uses encircles an area on the screen.

DIANO (CONT'D)
Start looking in this region. This
is a secret mission. Don't get
caught.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - NIGHT

Garvey leads the way, then stops abruptly. Ears perked, he
sniffs the air.

GARVEY
Smell that? Russian troopers...up
ahead.

He points to the side of them. The Gypsies and Zack carefully
move for a closer look through the forest green.

A distance away, on another trail, they are spotted.

Some troopers are in Jeeps, but most march on foot...but they
are not alone.

A dozen Ukrainian children are bound and force-marched in
front of them.

The kids look hungry, tired and traumatized. Zack turns to
Kenyatta in a low decibel voice...

ZACK
What's that all about? Kids?

KENYATTA
Those devils. Yes, they kidnap
Ukrainian kids and take them back
to Russia. The put them in re-
programming camps where they are
forbidden to speak their native
language.

MILES
Some are forced to do fee labor.

GARVEY
Or forced into child sex
trafficking.

ZACK
Oh my God.

KENYATTA
They give the excuse that they are
war orphans, then put up for
adoption to Russian families...but
there parents are alive, still
looking for them.

MILES
They even create fake birth
certificates for them.

GARVEY
If the war stretches out long
enough, they might become Russian
soldiers who are shooting at their
own relatives.

Zack shakes his head in despair.

ZACK
We've got to stop them. We need a
plan.

Garvey nudges Zack.

GARVEY
Plan? I've got one. You might not
like it. The only thing more
valuable than more kids - is to
find an American's involvement in
this war.

Kenyatta's face shows that she can read between the lines.

KENYATTA
Dad, no. If our plan goes wrong and
he's captured...it could start
WWIII. You know how Putin is.

MILES
I say it's time we introduce them
to Zack...and then, to the Grim
Reaper.

All eyes turn towards Zack.

ZACK

I'm the Queso Grande of the Tres Bomberos, baby. Them bitches don't scare me. But...I'm worried that the kids might get injured in the battle.

KENYATTA

Injuries heal. Being exploited in Russia lasts a lifetime.

GARVEY

Protecting the children is a valid concern. Let's figure it out.

They huddle up.

EXT. ALONGSIDE FOREST TRAIL - NIGHT

Russian troopers take a water break.

Their juvenile kidnap victims get no offer to hydrate and the soldiers taunt them. A rope and agony binds them together.

Zack bounces from the bushes, towards the soldiers with no shirt on and all signs of Gypsy-ness removed.

Uri and General Ratovich stare at him, dumbfounded.

ZACK

Help, help. Thank God you guys found me. I'm American, a pilot. Bring me back home, please.

GENERAL

It is you. American scum. I detest your people. After we clean out Europe, you are next. Kill him.

The thick accent of the general makes his threat more menacing. Several soldiers approach the pilot.

ZACK

Hey bro, you got some shitty manners. You need to chill. An old asshole like you needs to watch your blood pressure.

GENERAL

How dare you. You will pay dearly for your words, Yankee dog.

ZACK
Yankee this, tough guy.

A well-positioned, crotch grab, is directed to the Russians.

ZACK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I'm from the hood. Where I come from, our Girls Scouts could whup you and your sissified crew of pussies. Gonna hide behind your guns...Like a bitch?

GENERAL
Yes. Don't waste bullets. I have to leave now, but use my knife. Slit his throat with it, I need to get it broken in. It's made of solid silver.

ZACK
S-silver?

GENERAL
Use it well Captain. I have to alert Moscow that we found an American in the war zone. A dead American.

The General gives the knife to Uri who rushes over and immediately puts it in Zack's face.

EXT. THICK FOLIAGE - NIGHT

Kenyatta's eyes show deep concern from their hidden spot. She then turns her gaze at Garvey.

He uses hand signals...his crew sneaks into position.

EXT. ALONGSIDE FOREST TRAIL - NIGHT

Ratovich takes off in a jeep driven by a soldier. Zack struggles to keep the knife from touching him.

URI
Is the big American scared of a little old knife? Who is punk now?

ZACK
It's not your knife, it's your body funk. Go home and wash that ass.

The captain swings the silver blade. Zack evades the slashes. As the fight progresses, one of Uri's lunges gets through.

The blade barely grazes Zack's neck. As it touches skin, it sizzles and smokes. Zack screams.

URI

What the...

Just then, the armed soldiers are pulled backwards into the forest and out of sight. Their muffled cries do not last long.

It is enough distraction for Uri to be taken off guard by the injured, Zack.

Zack's eyes change and glow. He knocks the knife away from him and grabs Uri's arm.

He snaps it in one move. Bone and tissue are shown. Uri is now the one who screams.

Aretha and Kenyatta gather the children and usher them into the woods.

The Russian lunges for the knife with his good arm. Uri grabs it and is ready to attack.

Zack's fingernails grow eight inches long.

ZACK

Don't play with sharp objects son.
You might get hurt.

Uri faces Zack and snarls. Zack steps back and smiles at him. The sight of his growing, long sharp fangs paralyzes the soldier.

ZACK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Are you stupid or can't hear me? I
know...maybe you've got earwax
build up. Let me help.

Zack does a quick move and jams his wolfish index finger, into the RUSSIAN'S ear-hole, long nail and all.

The tip of the nail, sticks out of the other side of his head.

A wet...sick sound is heard, as he pulls his finger back though the inner ears.

Uri's body goes limp and crumples to the ground. Earwax, blood and brain tissue drips off of Zack's finger.

ZACK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Use a Q-tip next time.

Some soldiers open fire, but many run off, hysterical.

Zack uses Uri's body as a landing pad for hot lead, as he advances towards the troopers.

He throws the corpse at the enemy so hard, several are knocked over.

The Gypsies, in various stages of morphing into werewolves, attack the stunned soldiers who are left.

Zack, now fully transformed, takes on several soldiers by himself. He slashes and rips through the troops like a fur-covered shredder.

Kenyatta is fierce as she fights also. Two gang up on her. One soldier has the silver dagger.

Zack's nails dig into the troopers back. Lifted off the ground, Zack rips the spinal chord out of the unfortunate soldier and tosses it on top of Uri's corpse.

All around Zack, body parts of the genocidal battalion, litter the area.

Zack turns back to human. He touches his painful neck wound, it hurts bad and he winces.

His chest...covered in blood. The poison silver can be seen as it spreads in his veins.

Zack stumbles...then collapses.

GARVEY
Miles, quickly. Some of the silver got into his bloodstream. Let's get him back to the camp. We can't let him die.

Kenyatta fights back tears as they load him into a nearby Russian jeep. Miles gets behind the wheel.

GARVEY (CONT'D)
I'll ride with Zack. Aretha, take the other jeep and bring the children to our compound.

She nods, yes...then goes to retrieve the kids.

Garvey and Kenyatta jump into the back with Zack as they speed back to the camp.

INT. U.S. NAVAL STRATEGY ROOM - NIGHT

Admiral Diano, at a desk, surrounded by computers. He broadcasts into a microphone in front of him.

DIANO

Team Alpha. A satellite has picked up a few possible crash sites. Be on stand-by for the coordinates. Over.

EXT. LIMBO - DAY

Zack rubs his eyes and bats them so he can focus. Everything is covered in thick fog.

He lies on his back, confused.

Zack sits up and touches the wound on his neck. It has stopped bleeding. Zack is puzzled but happy.

ZACK

Whoa! That's cool.

LINE (O.C.)

Well...not that cool, partner.
It'll be kicking your ass when you REALLY wake up.

The fog rolls back a bit. Line is propped against a tree, smiling. His body is twisted. Zack can't believe his eyes.

ZACK

What? Line? Is that you?

LINE

Si, amigo. I got that psycho with me too.

ZACK

You mean...

Thriller appears in the fog. He has a head wound. A sharp rock protrudes from his scalp.

Sometimes when he moves his head, a patch of scalp flops to the side and exposes his pulsing brain underneath.

He flops it back. Thriller's body leans against a boulder near the other two.

THRILLER

I know I'm a hard-headed dude, but this is ridiculous.

ZACK

Well alright! My homeys! The Tres Bomberos ride again. How did you find me, yo?

THRILLER

It's like this 'G'. We didn't find you, it's more like this place, found us. All of us.

ZACK

What?

LINE

I don't really know what's going on. I think that we're in between life and death. Some kind of, state of limbo.

Thriller uses a JAMAICAN ACCENT.

THRILLER

Lee-embo? Hey mon, how low can you go?

LINE

Shut up fool! Look Zack, I think that we are all in comas at the present time. Me and stupid got shot down. We're somewhere in the Ukraine woods.

THRILLER

Yeah, we need to be rescued, Fido. Hurry your furry ass up.

Zack reacts to his friends with shock.

ZACK

You mean...YOU KNOW?

Thriller cocks his head back and lets loose a howl.

Not only is his expression comical, but a slice of his scalp flaps open and exposes the pulsing, blood-covered brain underneath again. He pays it no attention this time.

LINE

Yeah man, we've been watching the
'Ramirez Dog and Pony Show', or
should I say 'Wolf and Pony
Show'... ever since they pulled you
out of that tree.

Thriller swings his head so that the flap of scalp meat falls
back into place.

THRILLER

Yo man, you gotta introduce me to
Kenyatta's sisters. I'd be like,
"Yo Princess, I gotta bone for YOU!
Come and get it, Poochie!".

The flap flips forward again as he laughs, and finally goes
back to it's place.

ZACK

You need to shut up...Flip-top!

LINE

Yeah, Thriller...zip it. Look,
Zack...let me tell you something
important before I get rescued and
come out of this here...situation.

THRILLER

I'm gotta get rescued first. Do you
know how many fine, hotties are
missing me now?

Line turns his head in Thriller's direction and gives him a
ice water stare.

LINE

This is the third time I've told
you to SHUT UP! Next time I'm gonna
snatch that skin flap off your head
and stuff it down your throat.

ZACK

Forget his stupid ass. What's up?

LINE

It was the Admiral. Admiral Leone.
He set us up. He tried to kill us.

ZACK

Come again.

LINE

It's true, he tried to off us.

Zack shakes his head in disbelief and anger.

ZACK
I'll KILL HIM!

The death threat growls from deep within his chest.

Zack's ring sparkles, eyes glow and razor sharp claws shoot from his fingers like switchblades.

LINE
Cut them nuts off and feed 'em to his puppy. He's killed off other brothers that didn't fit into his fucked up idea of what Latinos should look like and act like.

THRILLER
It's true, bro. Fuck that hateful punk bitch up, for the team.

ZACK
I won't rest, until I take his last breath.

Zack pounds the ground, hard.

THRILLER
I'm sick of Latino people looking down on us because of dark skin. Instead of Malcolm X, we need a 'Malcolm Equis'. What's your take on things Brother?

ZACK
I'm fighting for Ukrainians, then turn around and see that an ethnic cleansing game is being played on me? To make it worse, it's from my own people?

LINE
He doesn't want us in his tribe. It's called, Colorism. Discrimination within your own race, based on skin color. Can you believe that shit?

Zack buries his face in his hands. Despair and anger find a home in his psyche. He growls...

ZACK

I believe it. And I know where it leads. I ain't having it. I'm done following orders...forever.

LINE

That's my Zack. We need to redefine ourselves for this new millennium and embrace all of our colors. Old shit is done.

ZACK

Amen to that. We can't ever be ashamed of ourselves. Naw, not even a little bit. If he wants to ethnic cleanse me, he can cleanse my nuts while I shit on his face.

(beat)

Then...I kill him.

THRILLER

Wheww! My brother's getting raw up in here. I feel you, Mijo.

The sound of a helicopter gets closer. The fog around Line gets thicker, he smiles.

LINE

God bless Captain Diano. He intervened for us and defied that shit-ass admiral.

THRILLER

Hey, HEY! Pick me up first. I'm prettier. Leave that rough looking Puerto Rican out here in the woods. Nothing will touch his ugly ass.

LINE

Y'all talk shit among yourselves, my limo is waiting. See ya...damn sure wouldn't want to be ya. Zack...Vaya con Dios.

The fog gets thicker, Line disappears in it.

THRILLER

Ain't that a bitch! Good thing we won't be able to remember this shit or I might have an attitude.

ZACK

We won't remember this?

THRILLER

You'll be able to remember because you are 'Wolf Boy from Planet Butt Cheese'. Us normal folks won't remember this though.

ZACK

If I'm out here killing Russians for wiping out strangers, you best believe that our Admiral is gonna pay out the ass for fucking US up!!

THRILLER

Preach, brother.

ZACK

That sick little racist bitch will be getting a visit from me.

Fog starts to get thicker around Thriller's body. He gets a huge grin across his face.

He comically pats his Afro with his broken, floppy wrist.

THRILLER

You go get him big guy. I think I have an appointment with a sickbay nurse with big titties and a bad attitude. How do I look?

ZACK

Rico Suave, homes. Rico fucking Suave! Viva Los bomberos.

The sound of the helicopter gets closer.

THRILLER

Damn straight. Be careful, Brother. I'll see you on the other side.

The fog covers Thriller's body...he disappears.

The thick vapors make their way over to Zack. He closes his eyes as the mist crawls up his body.

INT. U.S. NAVAL STRATEGY ROOM - NIGHT

Too tense to sit, Diano paces back and forth near his command center. A beep is heard over the speakers.

DIANO

This is the Admiral. Over.

RESCUE TEAM

(over radio)

This is Team Alpha, team leader.
Two subjects have been found and
secured. Prepare sick bay. Over.

DIANO

One is still missing? Which one is
it? Over.

RESCUE TEAM

(over radio)

The Queso Grande. Over.

He pounds the desk with his fist.

DIANO

Keep looking. Over.

RESCUE TEAM

(over radio)

Will do. Over and out.

After the transmission concludes, Diano hangs his head.

DIANO

Come on, Zack. Where the hell are
you?

INT. KENYATTA'S TRAILER - DAY

Kenyatta grinds up a mud-type mixture, then adds in fresh
herbs with it.

She applies it to Zack's throat area which still shows a
nasty wound.

He opens one eye and admires his Gypsy lover.

KENYATTA

Thank God. You're finally awake.
Feeling better?

ZACK

Yeah baby, thanks. I just had the
strangest...Dream? I found I have
another war to fight, but this is
in my backyard.

KENYATTA

What do you mean?

ZACK

After years of being rejected
because of my heritage, the Navy
allowed me to blossom. Now, I find
my Admiral tried to kill me.

Kenyatta rubs his shoulder.

KENYATTA

You will always be accepted by us.

ZACK

I feel it. And I appreciate it.
I've changed. No more following
orders blindly. This betrayal cut
me deep. I'm my own Army now...and
I decide who the enemy is.

KENYATTA

Yea, funny you mentioned that. The
elders just told the real reason
why you appeared to us. They saw
you coming.

Zack is shocked. In pain, he tries to sit up.

ZACK

Come again? You saying that this
was planned?

KENYATTA

I thought you came to just help us
in these battles, but, your destiny
is in your homeland. Using these
powers -- the way we do.

With eyebrow raised, he seems to look right through her eyes,
to the other side.

ZACK

Like against the KKK? Yea,
alright...But my Admiral will get
his, first. Kenyatta...why me?

KENYATTA

You need to know something else.
Your mother's mother...was from our
tribe. Went to America in the
fifties to help fight the racists
that were lynching Black people.

Zack rubs his forehead, confused at first, then the clarity
can be seen in his face.

ZACK

So, I've been chosen? I'm actually
part of your clan? Whoa.
Wait...does that, makes cousins?

She laughs.

KENYATTA

No, silly. Your grandmother was
from Beethoven's African lineage.

ZACK

Hold up. Ludwig's genes are mixed
up with y'all too? Seriously?

KENYATTA

Apparently so.

ZACK

Why am I just learning this now? I
should have been playing piano,
years ago.

She slaps his arm and giggles.

KENYATTA

The elders kept this information
from me until just today. You up to
the fight, soldier?

(beat)

Or do we need to wait for another
brother to fall from the sky?

They have a laugh. Suddenly she excitedly points out the
window.

ZACK

What?

His eyes follow to where she points.

The Ukrainian kids who were just rescued, run into the arms
of their parents. The joyous reunions are marked with tears
and heart-felt hugs.

Touching scene after touching scene brings the waterworks to
Kenyatta's eyes.

KENYATTA

How beautiful. You made that
happen, Zack.

Emotion hits him hard and his face cannot hide it. After
that, he clasps her hands and looks deep into her eyes.

Zack follows her instructions. After a few seconds Kenyatta takes the cards and does Zack's reading.

The first card is the 'PRINCE OF SWORDS'. Next is 'DEATH', 'THE STAR', 'THE MOON', then the 'SIX OF WANDS'.

The 'PRINCE OF SWORDS'...a man with a sword and a book. 'DEATH'...a skeleton with a rising sun behind him. 'THE STAR'...a nude girl by a midnight lake, stars above her.

'THE MOON', features a lunar reflection on water. 'SIX OF WANDS', displays a young man who stands over a prone lion, wearing a crown.

Kenyatta stretches her hands across the spread, eyes closed.

Her ring, similar to Zack's...changes color. A gentle breeze from nowhere...blows through her hair. Eyes still closed, Kenyatta speaks.

KENYATTA (CONT'D)

This is the clearest reading I've ever done in my life. The Prince of Swords is your past. The studious warrior.

ZACK

Direct hit baby. You got me on that one.

KENYATTA

Death represents your transformation, with us. The Star is your future, it is limitless and bright. Your dreams will come true and you will help many on your way.

She points to the next card.

KENYATTA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

The Moon is showing that some secret is being held from you. Possible betrayal. Those that grin most, trust least.

ZACK

My commanding officer. I already feel ya on that, boo.

KENYATTA

Six of Wands shows ultimate victory, success...love.

Zack reaches over to her and caresses her hand. She opens her eyes and smiles at him. Her ring, black again.

Loud thunder is heard from outside. Some blasts make the table the tarot cards are on, shake.

ZACK

It's a sunny morning. A storm? Does that happen often here?

Before Kenyatta can answer, a knock is at the door. Zack swings it open. It is Miles, he is upset about something.

MILES

The Russians are wiping out another village, Olav's village.

KENYATTA

I wondered why they didn't come this morning. Damn Russians. Think it's because we took back the children?

MILES

We sent a spy drone to look at the damage. It was horrible, kids and everyone, dead. Garvey is calling for a retaliation raid. He'd like Zack to come along with us.

KENYATTA

He's still healing, he's not ready.

ZACK

I'm ready enough. I'm still a fighting man. Don't worry about me.

He winces as he turns his head fast. The wound no longer bleeds but is swollen and scabbed over.

ZACK (CONT'D)

I'll show y'all how to give an ass whipping, Buffalo Soldier style.

INT. U.S. NAVAL STRATEGY ROOM - DAY

Diano enters the room...dashes over to the command center when he hears it beep.

DIANO

This is the Admiral. Go with your message. Over.

RESCUE TEAM

(over radio)

Alpha team leader here. A shelling offensive by the Russians has targeted a hilltop village. It's where the humanitarian aid drop happened. Over.

After rubbing his chin in thought, Diano responds...

DIANO

Check that area tomorrow morning after we are sure the fighting is over. Russians cannot know that we have boots on the ground. Zack might be there. Over.

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

The Gypsies all dress in black from head to toe. Including Zack and Kenyatta, there are fifteen Gypsies, no weapons.

Through the fog and smoke, the fifteen silhouettes march powerfully in unison. The sound of each boot landing... reverberates.

They stop in the middle of what once was a beautiful hillside village with a panoramic view of the valley.

Now it looks like a den of the diabolical. Death is everywhere, none...pretty deaths.

Mutilated bodies line the manicured streets. Many seem as though they've been shot in the back while running.

Some obviously killed execution style. Hands tied behind back, shot in the head.

Three dark haired teenage girls lay near each other, spread-eagle, and dead. Pools of blood glimmer under them.

Eyes blank, mouth twisted in horror. On closer look, they are Olav's daughters.

MILES

Oh no. God, why? They were innocent little girls!

The Gypsies walk up to a half-burnt school. In front is something familiar to Zack.

It is the remains of the rations box that had parachuted down to them, last mission.

Olav and his wife lay dead near the school. Zack growls with hatred and outrage. His ring changes color.

At the end of the path, the Gypsies have a clear view of the Russian defenses in the valley below. The ninja like figures huddle and conjure a plan.

EXT. RUSSIAN OUTPOST - NIGHT

Ten of Putin's boys are gathered in forest. One of them tries to assault a young girl as others drink, laugh, and wait their turn.

A strange sound is heard in the background. It is women... singing.

The soldiers freeze in place when they glance over to behold three Gypsy ladies as they gather firewood. The women run.

Six soldiers who think they just hit the lottery, scramble after them.

They are too excited to notice Miles and Zack behind them, moving with stealth.

Four soldiers are left to desecrate the poor peasant girl.

All Of A Sudden, the top branches of the trees above the soldiers shakes with fury.

The three Gypsy girls reappear in front of the four soldiers. The troopers are perplexed why they are smiling.

Before the soldiers can react, the bodies of their six comrades fall from the trees above them.

They hang suspended in the air, from the high tree branches...by their intestines.

Zack suddenly appears in front of them.

ZACK

Your friends said they'd rather
just hang out, instead of fight.
But it's okay. You'll join them
soon.

One by one the Gypsies jump from the trees and surround the soldiers. Zack is first to draw blood...with a decapitation.

The three ladies, who are Aretha, Zora and another, morph... then attack the two soldiers who try to shoot at them.

Seven inch claws, rip limbs from torsos and flesh from bone.
Kenyatta leaps to a soldier...frozen in place from fear.
She smiles...punches him in chest with her razor sharp claws.
It slices through his skin. She then pulls out his heart...
and smashes it in his face.

EXT. RUSSIAN BASE CAMP - NIGHT

Fresh craters from Zack's earlier aerial mission...dot the
landscape of the base.

Jeeps, rocket launchers and armored vehicles which did not
survive Zack's air assault, lay about - burned and twisted.

The wolf clan is undetected among the scattered debris.

INT. MILITARY MESS HALL - NIGHT

The largest building on the base...the dining hall.

Tonight it is packed in celebration.

They celebrate the 'cleansing' of that pesky Ukrainian
village on the hill...a full party is on.

General Ratovich...the master of ceremonies.

Inside, the war-pigs of the power laugh and drink to excess.
Mean, rugged faces...stick up above the camouflage collars.

One local girl who soldiers torture and tease, makes an
unsuccessful break for the door.

Her screams bring laughter to the soldiers. It is Hannah.

The one hundred soldiers, laugh so hard, that they don't
notice the fifteen four-legged shadows that slip into the
mess hall.

The last one through, Zack...transforms to human unnoticed.

He bars the one exit in the whole building with wood planks.
The others hide themselves.

ZACK
(quietly)
Just like the Roach Motel. Nobody
gets out alive.

Six cuddly little puppies work their way past the angry men and affectionately play at the feet of the petrified teenager. She stops crying long enough to pet one.

A slap crashes down across her face...she recoils in pain.

The puppies bark in protest and protectively encircle the wounded, girl with torn clothes.

The soldier that slapped her laughs and un-does his belt.

A puppy jumps on the Russian's foot...bites him on the shin.

The tough guy yells like a punk and hops around on one leg as his comrades chuckle loudly.

He kicks the puppy.

A painful sounding yelp is heard when it is punted.

Whimpers are heard...as the puppy lands.

The whimper in the dark distance gets louder and deeper. Soon the whimper...is now a growl.

The growl which is loud...gets even louder, when the music mysteriously stops.

Suddenly..the menacing growls, cease. Complete quiet.

The soldiers inch over to where the sounds came from, stretching their necks to try to get a clearer view.

Out of the silence comes a huge dark figure. It hurdles through the air with a roar.

BEAST
AARRRRRGGGGRRR!!!!

An eight footlong shadow, with gnashing teeth lands on the soldier who slapped the girl.

The cowardly soldier lands on his belly with the beast's claws, dug into his back.

The huge animal almost smiles as the terrified bully mimes a pitiful request for mercy. None given.

The beast...feeds on the back of his head.

Amidst the screams, some soldiers try to pull their weapons.

As they aim at the huge hound...another growl is heard.

The guttural utterance...many times louder than the first one, comes from directly behind them.

Shocked soldiers fire their guns towards it.

They turn to see FIVE FIGURES...just as large as the one who is now using a Russian skull as an ALPO filled dog bowl.

Several battle-worn heads are whacked off in unison, by razor sharp claws as the beasts wade through the scared crowd.

A soldier sneaks up from behind and pumps all six rounds from his pistol into the back of one monster.

The target falls down, then...turns around to face the marksman.

The exit wounds...heal in an instant.

Terrified, the soldier pulls the trigger of his empty gun in disbelief.

The wolf takes the gun from him...then caves in his head with the barrel of it.

Panic filled survivors rush towards the lone door. Eight more gigantic figures block the exit.

General Ratovich almost gets through the barricaded door. The largest of all the wolves grabs him from behind, it is Zack.

GENERAL

Don't. I was just following orders.

The American growls out a message to him through fangs.

ZACK

Fuck you and your orders. Putin
played you. Now you pay.

Zack suspends him in mid air by one hand, while gouges are added to his torso with his claws...again and again.

The remains of the General are discarded like an eaten Buffalo Wing.

Body parts fly through the air as the warm blood of one hundred war criminals, soaks through floorboards and baptizes the sin-soaked Ukrainian soil.

EXT. OUTSIDE MESS HALL - NIGHT

A stream of blood runs from under the hall.

The night is now eerie...quiet. The stars...brighter than ever.

The door to the mess hall slowly swings open. Hannah emerges, covered in blood and trance-like.

One by one, the dog-sized wolves gather around her and escort her away. Mission complete.

INT. INSIDE GYPSY COUNCIL ROOM - NIGHT

As Zack and Kenyatta enter the council room door, they are greeted with a party already in session.

The music, very loud, whips the dancing Gypsies into a frenzy. Even Hannah, now with the tribe, forces out a smile.

ZACK

Go Hannah, it's your birthday. Go
Hannah, it's your birthday.

Garvey and Miles make sure Zack's wine glass is always full.

The big man gets a little wobbly. Kenyatta escorts him outside and into the forest.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Zack stretches out on the makeshift bed that he and Kenyatta first made love on. Kenyatta can't help but smile.

KENYATTA

Hey, you. Wake up, sleepy - it's
only 4 AM...

Zack squints at her with one eye. His voice...hoarse, dry and groggy.

ZACK

I think I'm paralyzed...From the
nipples, down. I love this place. I
really feel like I belong. Can I
stay forever?

KENYATTA

Let's not talk about that now. Take
my hand pretty boy. Take it!

Zack hesitates, but takes her hand...they instantly transform into young wolves.

EXT. OPEN COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

In the distance two wild canines run, full stride, over rolling hills on a half moon night.

They run past a moonlit lake and up a mountain to behold a glorious natural landscape.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Two young wolves scamper into the manger. They find a corner with lots of hay and play in it.

They transform back to human...just in time for love making.

KENYATTA

That first time was your
initiation. This time--

ZACK

This time...it's love. Come here.

They are obscured by the hay as passion explodes.

Afterwards...Zack falls straight back, fast asleep.

Amid the farm animals and hay piled-high, Kenyatta grabs a homemade Gypsy blanket and cuddles next to her lover.

She kisses his sleeping face, as a tear runs down her cheek.

INT. BARN - DAY

Zack's face, asleep.

A drop of liquid hits his face and makes it twitch. Then another and another.

He finally awakens and wipes his face. Rain?

He sits up and sees that he is completely alone. No Kenyatta, no animals...no Gypsy campground.

The place is now abandoned and empty.

Confusion and a small flash of fear forms on his face.

ZACK

What the fuck? This is crazy.

Next to him are two bundles. The first bundle is his flight suit...washed and patched.

He is almost nude so he puts it on right away.

The other mound contains an old Gypsy style box. It is colored red, black, green, and gold.

Inside the small box is are a few Polaroids Miles took.

INSERT - PHOTOS

Some pics show Zack after the crash, some are at the ring ceremony, and some of himself and Kenyatta at the compound.

BACK TO SCENE

As the rain picks up, Zack wraps the bundle up in the Gypsy blanket. The sky dark...the wind, whips.

EXT. MOUNTAIN AREA - DAY

Zack climbs a ridge to see if he can spot the caravan.

Just as he reaches the summit, a US NAVY helicopter pops up on the opposite side of the mountain at the same time.

Both pilots scare the shit out of each other. They cannot believe their eyes.

Zack smiles wide...elated.

They lower a rope ladder to him.

He climbs it halfway and holds on. He gazes down lovingly, at his old home.

Howls are heard from below, many of them. Zack waves to their unseen source.

His ring, sparkles...his eyes, glow.

Zack Ramirez and the chopper disappear over the horizon.

INT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER, MESS HALL - DAY

Home-made 'Welcome Back' signs, a few balloons and cake... line the background as the rescue crew and Admiral Diano clap for Zack, who smiles.

ZACK
(sarcastically)
I see you guys went all out.
(MORE)

ZACK (CONT'D)

(beat)

But, for real, thanks for rescuing me and my team.

DIANO

Covert mission. Only we know about this. You want a red carpet? Go to Hollywood.

ZACK

Right. It's good to be back, especially with you as the Admiral now. But...I would like to have word with your predecessor.

DIANO

I bet you would. Look, I heard you didn't want to re-enlist. You'll miss all the fun.

ZACK

Thanks...but...

SICK BAY

Zack makes wild hand gestures like an umpire calling the third strike.

ZACK

...I'm out.

Getting a kick out of it are Line and Thriller, both heavily bandaged and bed-ridden.

LINE

I hear you, bro. I'm just glad you didn't get all jacked up like us.

THRILLER

Maybe you're jacked up. I'm nice. My nurse got bazookas big enough to sink a battleship. Yo, dude. I think I'm in love.

LINE

Don't listen to him. I think a roach crawled into his head wound.

(beat)

Civilian now? What 'cha gonna do with yourself, Queso Grande?

ZACK

There's an Admiral I need to
whisper sweet nothings to. I'll be
sure to send him your love.

SUPER - ONE MONTH LATER

INT. ADMIRAL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Admiral Leone has his feet up as he talks on the phone.

The white-haired officer's den is filled with expensive
Spanish art and elegant furniture.

ADMIRAL

Yeah, I know...Those monkeys
survived this time, sucks.

(beat)

Sure, sure. If I had my way, I'd
rather have all three dead. They're
nothing but an embarrassment.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

A black Doberman barks towards the roof of the house.

Zack's face peers over the roof's edge. He locks eyes with
the dog...barking stops. Zack smiles.

INT. ADMIRAL'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Leone hears a commotion in the patio area. The Admiral stands
up and peers over. He picks up a large, sharp letter opener.

Dog sounds and scratching are heard.

ADMIRAL

I've got to go now. That stupid dog
of mine is acting up. Alright, see
you later.

The Admiral hangs up the phone and stomps over to the sliding
doors that lead to the patio.

A fancy door that leads to the backyard pool shows very deep
claw marks. The Admiral's face explodes with anger.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

DIABLO! You fucking mongrel. Oh,
your ass is mine, hound.

The Admiral rolls up a magazine...steps through the door.
Leone reaches around the wall to turn on the outside light.
He flicks the switch several times, but no light comes on.

EXT. PATIO - NIGHT

The Admiral curls his lip in rage, as he goes over to the old wooden, mission-style door.

He runs his fingers over the deep, gouged out claw marks that are now prominent on its surface.

He barks out the dog's name again with rage.

ADMIRAL

DIABLO! You goddam canine
cockroach! You know how hard it was
to steal that door from that church
in Panama? You'll pay dearly my
friend. Where are you?

A black Doberman with sad eyes slinks out from underneath some lawn furniture.

As soon as he tilts his face up, he is whacked across the nose with the rolled up magazine. The dog whimpers.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You stupid ass dog. I ought to beat
you to death right now. If you ever
do that again, I'll kill you!

The Admiral winds up and it is implied that he kicks the dog in the hindquarters with all of his strength.

The dog cries and whimpers louder. It runs back underneath the lawn furniture.

Suddenly, the dog is silent.

ADMIRAL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You fucking dog. I should have
bought a poodle. Come out here and
take your whipping like a man.

Instead of a whimper, the Doberman growls from its soul...as he exits from his hideaway this time.

His eyes...glossed over....hair on his back stands up...sharp teeth, drip with drool.

The Admiral backs up.

ZACK (O.C.)
You're right. You should have
bought a poodle.

ADMIRAL
WHAT? WHAT? Who said that?

While keeping one eye on the dog, the Admiral scans the patio. He spots nothing.

Diablo prepares to spring at him. Fear overcomes his face.

ZACK
The last person to see you alive.

Zack, mostly human, hangs upside down from the roof of the patio. He winks at his ex-boss.

Fangs sparkle in the moonlight as he grins.

ZACK (CONT'D)
Remember me?

The Admiral's mouth moves...but no sound comes out.

The dog barks loudler. The Admiral cringes.

A wet stain forms down the front of his trousers. A small puddle appears around his ankles.

Zack laughs so hard he almost falls off the roof. The C.O.'s once strong voice...crackles with fear.

ADMIRAL
What do you want from me?

Zack's eyes turn red and start to glow. He smiles and answers...mock military style.

ZACK
Sir...your last breath, sir.

The Doberman's eyes...glow red like Zack's.

Saliva drips from the abused dog's mouth.

ADMIRAL
No! I order you to stop!

ZACK
I don't follow orders. I follow
justice.

(MORE)

ZACK (CONT'D)

(beat)

You think I could let you live
after what you did to me? To my
crew? You must be muy loco en la
Cabeza. Huh doggie?

Zack and Diablo lock eyes...Zack howls.

ZACK (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Diablo. Hey cousin. How do you
think we should handle this?

The muscular Doberman with glowing eyes, jumps on the old
hate monger...knocks him to the ground.

The sound of screams and flesh...being ripped apart, resounds
through the air.

Soon the screams stop, but the sound of chewing doesn't.

Zack gives him a military salute, followed by a Bronx cheer.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

Zack stands by a street light...whistles. Diablo gallops over
and Zack pets and plays with him.

ZACK

What a good boy, look at you.
You're my doggie now. Like that?

The Doberman wags his tail with ferocity and licks Zack's
face as he laughs.

ZACK (CONT'D)

Cool. I need a new wing man.

They walk side by side, down the quiet street.

ZACK (CONT'D)

You worked up quite an appetite.
How about some steak?

Diablo barks in agreement.

THE END