

PIECES OF SILVER

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FADE IN:

“For we wrestle not against flesh
and blood, but against
principalities, against powers,
against the rulers of the darkness
of this world.” ~ Ephesians 6:12

EXT. ORSOVA, ROMANIA - DAWN

Racing over black water. The FULL MOON fades in morning haze.
Reflected off the wide Danube River.

A fishing VILLAGE locked in snow. Barges. Medieval Euro-
buildings. A dead forest beyond. And a clearing with--

An ancient, stone FARM HOUSE -- We enter through a window.

INT. FARM HOUSE / PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Fire licks the stone hearth. BLACK & WHITE PHOTOS on the
mantel. We pause on one: A worn-looking MAN and WOMAN. Their
YOUNG BOY -- GYPSIES, astride a hay-laden cart--

The FRONT DOOR bursts open. The boy from the photo, ELI
MALIOVIC (8-10). He slams and locks the door.

Naked. Out of breath. Soaked head-to-toe. Blood and sweat.

INT. FARM HOUSE / WASH ROOM

Eli cleans blood from his face. A door creak. Eli turns.

A bedroom door is ajar.

Eli creeps through.

On the bed, the parents from the photo. The Woman, shot
through the head. Next to her, the Man. Revolver still in his
mouth. Brain matter everywhere.

ELI -- A sob bursts through his hard glare. Then -- DOG
BARKING. Outside. Hounds, hot on a scent.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Torches in the forest. Excited barking. A POSSE approaches.

Eli charges from a back door. A VILLAGER sees Eli. Fires a rifle at him. *Too late.*

A World War II WILLYS JEEP slides to a stop next to Villager. More gather around.

Villager reports in ad-lib ROMANIAN to the Jeep driver, a CONSTABLE (30's). Constable turns to his passenger, IAN DAVENPORT (mid 20's). British army. Staff Sergeant. An ENFIELD RIFLE in his lap.

CONSTABLE
(Romanian accent)
The boy ran through there.

DAVENPORT
(British accent)
To the Danube.

CONSTABLE
A barge, maybe.

DAVENPORT
He can't leave Orsova, Constable.
This must end, here. Now.

Constable hesitates.

DAVENPORT
Drive the fucking Willy.

The Jeep makes a speedy U-turn.

EXT. ORSOVA / TOWN OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Eli tumbles from the forest onto a cobbled street. EURO-SIRENS echo. He runs for his life.

TITLE: "ORSOVA, SOVIET OCCUPIED ROMANIA, 1945"

INT. MOVING JEEP

The Jeep slides around a corner. Euro-siren blazes.

A LOCKET-PHOTO of a beautiful young WOMAN. Davenport tucks it under his collar. He checks the rifle's loaded.

DAVENPORT
Radio your comrades. Tell them to
meet us at the docks.

CONSTABLE
The Russians. We could be shot.

DAVENPORT
I'll bloody shoot you myself if the
boy escapes.

EXT. ORSOVA / SEAPORT DOCK - DAY

ELI approaches a barge. A BARGE CAPTAIN (40s) waits for him.

Eli -- a cold, Damien-esque glance.

Barge Captain fearfully gestures for Eli to board.

INT. JEEP

Racing through a narrow alley. Davenport points.

DAVENPORT
There. Hurry--

EXT. ORSOVA / SEAPORT DOCK

WHAM! Struck by another Jeep. Their Jeep flips end-over-end
onto the pier. It lands upside down.

Davenport crawls from the wreck. He's a bloody mess.

FIRE ERUPTS from the engine.

Constable tries to free himself. He blinks at Davenport.
Davenport reaches into the Jeep.

Constable. Hopeful -- But no. Davenport frees THE RIFLE.

Eli watches from the barge.

Davenport limps toward the barge, dragging one leg. The Jeep
in flames behind.

SOVIET ARMY TRUCKS arrive. SOLDIERS leap out.

The Jeep explodes, taking Soviet soldiers with it.

Davenport takes a knee. He aims--

THROUGH THE SCOPE -- Eli glares back through unsteady
crosshairs. Pure evil.

DAVENPORT

Easy does it Ian. You've got him.

SOVIETS -- take up firing positions. Aim at Davenport. A BULLHORN launches ad-lib warnings in RUSSIAN.

DAVENPORT -- exhales. Blood dribbles into his non-firing eye.

DAVENPORT

I've got him now, Rachael...

A RIFLE SHOT -- Davenport's hip explodes. He goes down.

Soviets rush in.

DAVENPORT

No... Stop that boy. You fucking idiots. That boy must be stopped.

Eli smirks. The BARGE HORN blows as it pulls away--

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / BILLY'S BEDROOM - DAY

ALARM CLOCK BUZZER -- A digital clock. 7:00 AM.

BILLY SILVER (18) jolts from sleep. He looks like young Eli, but with a 1980's two-tone, New Romantic hair style.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / THE KITCHEN

Billy yanks opens the fridge.

ON THE DOOR -- a CALENDAR: December, 1985.

A YELLOW STICKY NOTE -- Hand written:

NOTE

"Billy, I'll be home late again. Don't worry about me for dinner. I promise we'll do something this weekend. Love you, Mom."

Billy closes the fridge. He sees, reads, crumples the note.

He slurps up a bowl of cereal. ROBOTECH on a kitchen TV.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / THE BATHROOM

Billy brushes his teeth.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / THE BEDROOM

Dons socks. The SOUNDS of cloth on skin are loud.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / THE FRONT DOOR

Billy has a backpack and skate board. Locking the door, he looks back into the house.

The living room. Upstairs hall. Master bedroom. Empty. Cold. Lifeless.

Billy closes and locks the door.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE / MISSION VIEJO NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Billy dons headphones. Pushes off on his skateboard. His large, wealthy-looking house looms behind him.

Billy skates. He's thin. Artsy. Weak. PET SHOP BOYS blasts from his WALKMAN headphones.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD -- Wealthy. Manicured. A facade.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL / CLASSROOM - DAY

Cacophony of idle STUDENTS. Billy -- at a desk in back.

He draws a fire-breathing dragon on it.

TEACHER (O.S.)

...Class is almost over. How's about there, next to Billy. I'm sorry, what was your name again?

MARIE (O.S.)

Marie...

Billy looks up at the sound of Marie's voice. Marie returns his stare with a smile.

MARIE

Maria, actually. Maria Vega. I go by Marie.

18 and sexy. A Latina Kim Kardashian. Big hair. Big ass. Eyes to kill for.

She sits at the desk in front of Billy.

MARIE
Hi, Billy.

BILLY
Hi...?

The BELL RINGS.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

Billy and Marie in a sea of students.

BILLY
What do you mean, "Hi"? It's been
like, four years.

MARIE
We transferred back to El Toro.
Papi commands his own wing, now.

Billy avoids eye contact. Pain. She sees it.

MARIE
Everyone deserves to be loved,
Billy. Even you.

Billy winces. She nailed it. Eye contact--

A GIRL'S SCREAM. Two LATINA GIRLS rush Marie. They take turns
hugging her.

GIRL FRIEND #1
Hey girl! Como tu? Come on. We
gotta catch up!

They drag Marie away. She looks back at Billy.

MARIE
I'll find you at lunch!

The period bell rings. The crowds abandon Billy.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL / QUAD - DAY

Lunch time. Billy and Marie sit together in the grass.

MARIE
You get my letters?

Billy nods.

MARIE
Why didn't you write?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Billy rounds a tree. He sees--

A BOY (pre-teens) quickly gets off MARIE (same). Her shirt is open. Both are on the forest floor. Boy runs away. Marie covers up. Shame.

Billy. Shock, hurt, and--

BACK TO SCENE

BILLY
After what happened, I came home to find out my parents had split.

MARIE
Ai, Billy.

BILLY
We moved. Sold the house.

MARIE
How's she doing?

BILLY
She took the... Bar Exam? Joined a law firm. She's busy. Never around.

MARIE
And your pops?

Billy shifts his gaze. An uncomfortable silence.

MARIE
That day. At summer camp--

A SHADOW falls across them. Interrupting--

GREG
Well, well, well...

It's the boy from summer camp, GREG TAYLOR (18), jock asshole. Flat top. Letterman jacket. Not a trope, a serious threat.

He with his two friends, MIKE and BOBBY.

GREG
Oh, don't let me stop you.

MARIE
I was about to ask what smelled
like shit. But it's obvious now.

Billy stands.

GREG
Sit down, fag.

Billy sets his jaw.

GREG
(to Marie)
So, what's up? Couldn't take the
heat in Hawaii, or what?

BILLY
Why don't you move out, Greg.

GREG
Okay, okay big man... But, tell me
something. The fuck you gonna do if
I don't?

A stand-off. Marie looks from Greg to Billy.

Billy extracts a sharp pencil from up his sleeve. Greg smiles
smugly, unaware.

Billy -- Murder in his eyes. Marie sees it. She knows why.
She reaches out to stop him before--

Billy attacks -- But he's standing on his own shoe lace. He
trips. The pencil tip breaks on his leg.

He falls into a steel trash can. It upends on his face.

Greg, Mike, and Bobby burst into laughter.

The trash can rolls away revealing a bloody nose. Billy runs
away, totally humiliated.

Marie picks up the broken pencil. Awe and affection.

EXT. WOODS / JOHN'S HOUSE / BACK YARD - DAY

Billy follows a CREEK through a forest designed to provide
seclusion to the wealthy.

A damaged, wooden property fence. A gap in the slats. Billy slips through to--

A poorly maintained house. A squatter's dream.

A sliding-glass door is unlocked. Billy enters.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Billy surveys the dark interior. It's quiet and creepy.

VOICE

HEY!

Billy spins and--

JOHN SILVER (late 40s) exits a dark doorway. Stubble-faced. Boxers and a wife-beater. Wrapped in a stained, terry cloth robe. He has a slight Romanian accent.

BILLY

Jesus, dad, you scared the crap out of me!

JOHN

Watch your mouth... How do you think I feel?

John steps back into the doorway. A toilet FLUSHES.

BILLY

Why's it so dark?

JOHN

Because I just got my fat ass out of bed. Tasty beverage?

John gets two beers from the fridge. Gives one to Billy.

BILLY

You need a house cleaner.

JOHN

Hah. No more house cleaners, remember?

Billy turns on the TV. He trips on something.

BILLY

Jesus...

JOHN

Billy-- Don't say that.

BILLY
What?

JOHN
The J word?

Billy rolls his eyes.

JOHN
School out early? What are you--

The light of the TV brings out Billy's bruises.

JOHN
What happened to your face?

BILLY
I'm having a bad day.

JOHN
Really.

BILLY
Marie's back. She was at school.

JOHN
She do this?

BILLY
No.

JOHN
Then who?

BILLY
You'd already left, so I never told
you. At summer camp, I caught her
with another dude, Greg Taylor.

JOHN
Who?

BILLY
Greg Taylor, captain of the Super
Friends -- This group of jocks that
think they own the school.

JOHN
Sounds like he needs his ass
kicked.

BILLY

Greg is the kicker of asses, dad.
Him and his crew. He just points
and wham, instant ass-kickage.

JOHN

Heh. Right...

Billy points to his face.

JOHN

Mmm...

BILLY

I feel so stupid. Marie was right
there. Saw the whole thing.

JOHN

Things happen for a reason.

A full length mirror. Billy considers his reflection.

BILLY

I hate you!

He throws the beer bottle at it. The mirror shatters.

JOHN

Hey, what the fuck, Billy.

John grabs him. Billy struggles against his hug until...

BILLY

She is all I've ever wanted.

JOHN

Well that's not gonna get her back.

BILLY

She'll ever look at me the same.

JOHN

You don't know that.

BILLY

You don't understand. Nothing ever
goes my way. It's like a curse. I
wish I was somebody else.

John stares into the past.

ON THE TELEVISION

JESSICA MOLINA (30s) is the attractive studio anchor.

JESSICA

...Orange County Sheriffs are on alert tonight, for what some have dubbed the Hillside Ripper. The body count so far, fifty-one. Mark Shearer has more from El Toro.

BROADCAST CUTS TO --

MARK SHEARER (30s), on location at a construction site.

MARK

Thanks, Jessica. I'm outside El Toro Marine Corps Air Station, overlooking the Irvine Company's latest real estate development, Mesa Grande. It was in a similar environment six years ago, where it all started...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION / OFFICE - DAY

The WALL-MOUNTED TV shuts off. Detective RICK FALORHAN (late 30s) drops the TV remote on his desk.

FALORHAN

I'm sorry. What was your name again, there, FBI?

EDWARDS (EARLY 30'S)

Edwards. Pete Edwards. Special Agent.

FALORHAN

Well, I'm going to lunch, Agent Edwards.

EDWARDS

Mind if I join?

INT. POLICE STATION / HALLWAY - DAY

Walking. Pete studies Falorhan.

FALORHAN
 Fucking press. They think they can
 figure this out. But they don't the
 hair and saliva--

Falorhan cuts himself off.

EXT. POLICE STATION / PARKING LOT - DAY

EDWARDS
 The media's a bitch, Detective
 Falorhan.

FALORHAN
 I'm not big on formal shit, okay?
 Just Falorhan or Rick.

EDWARDS
 Me neither... Pete.

FALORHAN
 People toss blame, Pete, when they
 don't understand.

EDWARDS
 Hypothesizing their own shit.

FALORHAN
 Exactly. And believe you me.
 There's some hum-fuckin'-dingers
 out there.

They arrive at Falorhan's car, a cherry '69 Camaro Z-28.

EDWARDS
 Whew...! Davenport call you yet?

FALORHAN
 Davenport? How you hear about him?

EDWARDS
 He's in the file.

FALORHAN
 (Scoffs)
 Course he is. What'd you here?

EDWARDS
 Only that he's some quack, head-
 shrinker. What's his deal?

I/E. FALORHAN'S CAMARO - MOMENTS LATER

They roar around a corner. Edwards fights the G-force.

FALORHAN

Before this new trouble started four years ago, a Marine over at El Toro shot a man trying to snatch his new-born from her crib.

EDWARDS

Wonderful.

FALORHAN

Dead guy was John Silver, a Vietnam vet.

EDWARDS

Not good for branding.

FALORHAN

The jar-head that shot him had to be committed. Hung himself in his cell a couple days later.

EDWARDS

The hell?

FALORHAN

I saw plenty Marines snap in 'Nam. Point is, whose care he was under.

EDWARDS

Hell, no. Davenport's?

FALORHAN

Sure as shit.

The camaro power-slides into a Taco Shell parking lot, then rips it around back to the drive-thru.

Edwards's death-grip on the door frame relaxes.

FALORHAN

So, this old British guy shows up. He tells the M-Ps that... He demanded to see the body.

EDWARDS

What the fuck--?

FALORHAN

He goes, "to confirm he was dead."

EDWARDS. Disbelief.

They pull up to the drive-thru speaker.

FALORHAN

Then, when little Tabitha was killed four years ago, he shows up again. This time in my office.

TACO SHELL VOICE

(filtered)

Welcome to Taco Shell. Would you like to try one of our combos?

Falorhan looks at Edwards.

EDWARDS

Large Doctor Pepper.

FALORHAN

One large Doctor Pepper and a combo number seven with a large Pepsi. That'll be all.

Falorhan pulls the car forward. Tires squeal.

EDWARDS

What'd he want?

FALORHAN

He wanted me to go with him to the cemetery. To dig up Silver's body.

EDWARDS

Get the fuck outta here.

FALORHAN

Kicked that fucker right out of my office. Put a man on the cemetery. There was nothing there.

EXT. CEMETERY - WINDY NIGHT

Dirt falls from a BACKHOE SHOVEL onto a fresh mound of earth. A GRAVESTONE -- Half buried. Marked: "JOHN SILVER 1938-1981."

The shovel arm swings around. Rest on the ground.

Wind lashes Falorhan. He approaches Silver's grave.

The backhoe operator, HANK (50s), shuts off the machine.

HANK

That's it Mr. Falorhan. The
casket's exposed.

FALORHAN

Why don't you take ten, Hank.

HANK

You got it. This shit gives me the
creeps.

Falorhan shines a flashlight at the pit. The coffin outline clearly visible in the dirt. Suddenly, the side of the pit gives way. Falorhan falls in. Dirt almost buries him, but he finds a root and pulls himself up. He recovers his flashlight. Clears dirt from the lid. Yanks it open and--

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Darkness. Hands strike a MATCH. It's John. He lights candles around the house.

JOHN

You gonna be alright? It's after
eight.

BILLY

I'll be fine. City curfew's not
'til ten. Plus the full moon's next
week.

JOHN

What about with your mother? You
keeping our secret?

BILLY

Dad. It's been like, four years.
She has no idea you're around.
She's only about work.

JOHN nods.

BILLY

Two words, dad: "light bulbs."

JOHN

Take off, you hoser...

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Trees dance in the wind. The HALF-MOON shows through silver-lined CLOUDS. The creek babbles. Long reeds sway on the bank.

Billy trudges along. HEAVY SPLASHES behind and--
Something crossing the creek. Billy turns and--
He sees it, but tries to remain calm.

BILLY
Whoa. Easy, puppy...

He picks up a stick.

BILLY
Nice doggy...

It steps over us to stalks toward Billy. A deep growl.

BILLY
C'mon boy! Wanna play? Fetch!

He lamely tosses the stick. The beast keeps focus on Billy.

BILLY
Shit.

He points like he's giving a command.

BILLY
Sit, Ubu, sit! Good dog!

Billy does an about face. Marches away.

BILLY
No fear. No fear...

He looks over his shoulder. Empty forest.

Billy scans the rest of the forest. Nothing.

Billy runs.

He stops at a tree, out of breath. He scans again. Nothing.

He bolts. Then he sees it.

A SHAPE dashes behind some brush.

BILLY
What do you want with me!

Billy runs for his life. CRASHING FOLIAGE. Something big
breaks through and -- Heavy, padded feet gallop.

Billy sprints. He trips. He's on his back. The thing is on
him. Can't see it and--

Billy grabs its head. BLACK HAIR. He fights to keep the TEETH away and--

TEETH sink into Billy's forearm. He screams. He's getting mangled.

His other hand searches the ground. A thick BRANCH. He grabs it and--

He smashes it on its head, again and again.

He's gone savage and -- It's gone.

The BRANCH. Broken. Bloody.

Billy cradles his bleeding arm. Goes fetal in the mud.

BILLY
Dad... Help me...

Lightning blasts the forest white. Thunder...

INT. MOVING AMBULANCE - RAINY NIGHT

WAILING AMBULANCE SIREN. I.V. BAG swings. John leans over.

JOHN
(to EMT)
Hey, he's coming around.

BILLY - On a gurney, eyes glazed.

JOHN
You're okay. I'm right here.

BILLY
Dad...

JOHN
Just take it easy.

BILLY
How did you...?

JOHN
Hey, you wanna check him out, or what?

Behind John's ear. A WOUND. Dried blood around it.

BILLY - Realization. *Did I do that?*

An EMT checks the I.V. and bandage.

BILLY
What happened?

JOHN
Just relax. We're almost there.

INT. HOSPITAL / EMERGENCY ROOM - RAINY NIGHT

Emergency room doors burst open. EMTs, wheel Billy in.

EMT
A doctor will be with you soon.
We've given the desk his mother's
number.

JOHN
Thanks...
(to Billy)
Mom's on the way.

John looks around, warily. Behind his left ear. The blood still visible, but the gash is gone.

BILLY - *What the hell...*

BILLY
You better split before she sees
you.

JOHN
Okay, Billy-boy, I'm out. When
you're back on your feet, we need a
face-to-face.

BILLY
I know, I shouldn't have gone--

JOHN
--Just bring your ass over to the
house, ASAP.

John locks eyes with Billy.

JOHN
I love you.

Billy smiles, weakly. John kisses Billy's forehead then walks away, no looking back.

INT. HOSPITAL / EMERGENCY ROOM RECEPTION DESK - LATER

EVE SILVER (late 30s) approaches. She's beautiful, self-aware, cosmopolitan. Currently on the edge of a breakdown.

A DOCTOR (30s) flirts with a NURSE (20s). They straighten up, suddenly aware they're not alone.

DOCTOR
Mrs. Silver?

EVE
(panic)
Yes. Someone called me about my son, William?

DOCTOR
Yes, ma'am, he's fine. He--

EVE
--Where is he? Who brought him? I want to speak to whoever--

DOCTOR
--William is in the recovery room, Mrs. Silver. He's fine.

EVE
Recovery room?

DOCTOR
Right this way.

INT. HOSPITAL / RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

Doctor opens a door. Billy is asleep, his bandaged forearm lies across his stomach.

DOCTOR
The gentleman who found him didn't leave his name. Good thing he did, though. He'd lost a lot of blood. No sign of infection, rabies.
(more to himself)
Not even a fever... He's lucky.

EVE
I don't understand, doctor.

DOCTOR
It's kind of simple, really. It seems William was attacked by a wild dog. We've given him some--
(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
 (She goes white)
 Mrs. Silver?

Eve collapses, taking Nurse with her.

DOCTOR
 My God. Are you all right? Help me
 get her into the chair.

They both struggle. Eve comes around as they get her seated.

DOCTOR
 Can we get some water? Mrs.
 Silver...?

EVE
 Mmmm... Sorry. I'm all right. I'm
 okay. Thank you.

Nurse hands her a DIXIE CUP. Eve loses it with their fussing.

EVE
 I'm... Thank you. Really. I'm fine.
 May I just have a moment?

INT. HOSPITAL / HALLWAY PAY-PHONE - LATER

The phone line RINGS. Eve wipes her eyes. Finally the line
 picks up--

EVE
 I'm at the hospital. It happened
 again. It was Billy, this time...
 You said it was over. You swore.

INT. FALORHAN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

ACROSS THE KITCHEN COUNTER - junk mail, service revolver,
 police badge, the phone...

EVE (FILTERED)
 They said it was a dog. I'm going
 out of my mind. You believe me
 though, don't you honey?

The PHONE CORD leads to the receiver, up to FALORHAN.

FALORHAN
 Yeah. Yeah, I do.

EVE (FILTERED)
(suppressed scream)
Then, what the fuck are you going
to do about it?

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eve and Billy enter from the garage.

EVE
So, I hope you've learned something
from this little incident.

Billy rolls his eyes as he goes upstairs.

Eve -- at the wet bar.

EVE
Do you want me to tuck you in?

BILLY (O.S.)
I got it.

Eve takes a glass off the shelf. It shatters in the sink.

BILLY (O.S.)
You okay?

EVE
Fine, Billy.

Eve grabs another glass, pours a shot, studies it. Slams it.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / BILLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A SOFT KNOCK. Eve enters with a fresh drink.

BILLY. Disapproval.

BILLY
I thought that was for guests only,
from now on.

EVE
What do fifteen stitches feel like?

BILLY
Can't even feel it.

EVE
Billy, the man who found you--

BILLY

--I told you. I was knocked out. I didn't see whoever it was.

She nods her head. Her eyes moisten.

BILLY

What's wrong?

EVE

Billy - and I hate myself already... Tomorrow, I'm flying to San Francisco for the merger. Mr. Royce said when this deal closes he's making me full partner. Do you know what that means?

Billy holds his tongue.

EVE (CONT'D)

It means you can have anything you want. Anything. Okay...? When's Christmas vacation?

BILLY

Today's Friday, so now, I guess.

EVE

Perfect. Four or five days tops. We'll be able to spend Christmas together this year.

BILLY

(sarcastically)
Cool!

EVE

Billy, I don't need that. I'm doing the best I can. Do you have enough space? Are you hungry? There are people in Africa that are so poor--

BILLY

--Do you even *want* to be my mom?

EVE -- Indignant. She grabs her drink. Stops in the doorway.

EVE

You know, I wasn't happy when I was your age, either. I was out, on my own at seventeen. If and when you go, you'd better have a plan. Or at least a fucking job.

SLAM! RAIN pelts the window.

BILLY
Love you too, mom.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy looks into his mother's empty bedroom, the unmade bed.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / BATHROOM

He cuts open the bandage.

BILLY
How about some chicken noodle soup,
mom? Some T-L-C? Where's the love?

Under the gauze: orange, antiseptic-stained skin, suture threads caked in dried blood. But no wound.

He rinses his arm. Stitches through un-scarred skin.

He looks at himself in the mirror.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

Billy walks quickly. POLICE RADIO SQUELCH. He ducks behind a tree.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL / CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

A DEPUTY supervises several FORENSIC SPECIALISTS in "POLICE" windbreakers, at work taking samples.

FALORHAN AND EDWARDS - lean on a squad car. Deputy reports.

DEPUTY
Sir, there are signs of something,
but no club you mentioned. The rain
was pretty heavy last night.

FALORHAN
Get what you can, Brad, okay? If an
ant tracked saliva from the scene,
I need it.

DEPUTY
Yes, sir.

EDWARDS

What tipped you off to this place?

FALORHAN

Anonymous call. Right now, any lead, no matter how paranoid.

EDWARDS

And Davenport?

FALORHAN

Touché. Hey, I was planning to fire up the barbecue tomorrow night. I grill a pretty hellacious steak.

EDWARDS

I can handle anything from hell. As long as the beer's cold.

Falorhan extends his hand. Edwards takes it. In his best Bogart:

FALORHAN

Louie, this looks like the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

A CAR HORN honks. Billy turns and--

An old, beat-up VW VAN at the curb. INSIDE -- JOHN.

Billy breaks cover for the van.

FALORHAN sees Billy climb in. He scrambles for a pen.

INT. JOHN'S VW VAN - CONTINUOUS

Billy closes himself in the VW. Eyes John warily.

JOHN

Hey, buddy.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL / CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

FALORHAN watches the van drive away.

EDWARDS

What's up?

FALORHAN

Nothing.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CAMPSITE - NIGHT

John places a small log -- the bloodied log from the attack -- in a fire. He takes a long swig of beer, then slowly sharpens a huge survival knife.

BILLY

Where'd you learn all this outdoor stuff?

JOHN

Special Forces.

BILLY

You mean, like the Duke?

JOHN

(Scoffs)

No, not like John Wayne.

BILLY

Mom said you were a clerk in the Army.

JOHN

An office job to be sure. But I'd done six tours in 'Nam before then.

BILLY

From hero to zero, huh?

JOHN

They told me I'd seen enough.

That memory still fucks with him, but John's brought Billy out for another reason.

JOHN

Do you believe in God, Billy?

BILLY

I won't use the J word anymore.

JOHN

No, we're past that.

BILLY

Then, what...? I've never really thought about it.

JOHN

Christmas, Easter... You never--

BILLY

--I mean yeah, I've heard the stories, but...

JOHN

God, the Creator. A force for good, looking out for us.

Billy shrugs.

BILLY

Why?

JOHN

Because tonight, I'm going to prove to you He's real.

Billy does the Twilight Zone theme.

JOHN

What do they say in physics? For every action...

BILLY

There's an equal but opposite reaction.

JOHN

Right... Just like a light produces a shadow. It's the same in the spiritual world. If there's a Good, then there must be...

BILLY

Evil?

JOHN

You're on it. But... Evil is everywhere. It's a spiritual force on a different plane of existence. Imagine this world, our plane... Imagine it like a fish bowl. And just outside, the forces that move the heavens are at war.

BILLY

Over what?

JOHN

Why us, Billy. The Fish.

John studies Billy to see if he gets it.

BILLY
You lost me, dude--

JOHN
--Sometimes this... War of the Fish
spills over. Into the fishbowl.
Into our plane.

Billy's gets spooked.

JOHN
Each side has agents, out to win
the hearts of Man. Some agents,
like me, hate their work.

BILLY
Like you? What--?

JOHN
--We're forced, against our will.
We have no choice...

BILLY
Forced how? Forced to do what?

JOHN
To prey on the Fish.

John tosses another log on the fire.

BILLY
I don't understand.

JOHN
God is real, Billy. Because I am
real.

BILLY
What does that even mean?

John lunges at Billy. He slams the KNIFE deep into a log near
his head.

JOHN
I shit you not, Billy-boy. I am not
fucking around.

BILLY
What are you even saying? Are you
back in the jungle? You're not
making any sense, right now.
There's too much shit in my life,
right now. You don't even know.

JOHN

I do know. I do. That's why I did what I did.

BILLY

Did what? Left me and mom, because you're some kind of Jesus freak? Can you get off me?

JOHN

You're not listening. You may not believe me, but I love you very much. You are the only good thing I've ever done. When I see you struggling to deal with the aftermath of my mistakes, it breaks my heart. I hate seeing you suffer. Especially when I can change that.

BILLY

How can you change me?

With superhuman strength, John splits the log as he frees the knife, then grabs Billy's arm.

BILLY - Fear. *What's he gonna do -- with that knife?*

John cuts off Billy's bandage. Reveals his virgin skin coursing with stitches.

JOHN

As Jesus was being arrested, a disciple, Simon Peter, chopped the ear off a high priest's servant.

BILLY

Jesus healed it on the spot. I know. So, you're an angel or something?

JOHN

The opposite of an angel.

BILLY

It was you, wasn't it? I saw your wound.

JOHN

Wanna know how? You wanna feel unlimited power that rests inside you? No one will ever fuck with you again, believe me. But you're gonna have to trust me, and do exactly as I say.

John leaps to his feet and strips off his robe, revealing himself to Billy. Billy looks away, embarrassed and weirded out.

JOHN
Trust me when I tell you. Shit's
about to get primal.

EXT. FOREST / CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

A clearing next to a tree line. A 4-door sedan. Fogged windows. Silhouettes of two people inside.

INT. CAR

KATHY and DAVID (teens) are wasted, and fooling around. Kathy pushes David off of her.

KATHY
C'mon, I want another hit.

Kathy sits back with a bong and lighter.

DAVID
Okay. One more and then you're
mine. It is so past curfew.

KATHY
Man... Fuck curfew, man!

Kathy punctuates her totally stoner statement with a bong hit. David laughs. His laugh makes her laugh. She coughs up smoke.

KATHY
Dick head! Shut up...!

David laughs harder--

SMASH!!! A huge, hairy arm crashes through the car window. David is yanked out the window like a rag doll.

Kathy looks suddenly sober. She isn't. She grabs her cigarettes and lighter from the dash, reaches for the door.

SMASH!!! The roof above her caves in, like something heavy was dropped on it. Safety glass sprays, cutting her face.

She tries to open her door. Jammed shut.

The back of the car lifts. Kathy pitches forward into the windshield as the car is flipped upside down, lengthwise.

She's on hands and knees, now. Something mounts the car. The car tips with the weight. Heavy footsteps. The car rocks like a teeter-totter.

The roof starts to collapse. The side windows shatter. Door frames buckle. Then the rocking stops...

The car begins a slow roll onto its side.

EXT. FOREST / CONSTRUCTION SITE

As the car is rolled over, Kathy slips from a window, to the ground. She breaks for the tree line and -- THUNK! Like a clothes-line maneuver. She hits the ground hard. Unconscious.

MOMENTS LATER - Kathy lies in her own blood on the car hood.

Someone is fucking her. She awakens, still wasted. Vaguely aware what's happening to her. She thinks it's--

KATHY

David, you asshole. Stop...

She likes the sex and starts to respond. She reaches for David to brace herself against the increasingly forceful pounding.

Instead, she grabs hairy forearms. She tries to focus.

KATHY

David...

BLURRY - A man-like shape...

KATHY

David?

BAM! David's mutilated body is dropped next to her. She shrieks, looks back at whoever is raping her. Its pounding gets harder, faster. Kathy screams and--

EXT. NIGHT CITY-SCAPE

Twinkling lights. A DOG BARKS in response to Kathy's scream.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Billy drops next to the fire, wrapped in a towel. He's almost in tears. John dries his hair but sees Billy's shock.

JOHN

That's not why we went out there.
This is not your lot in life. It's
mine.

BILLY

I wasn't me anymore.

JOHN

No. You weren't. You have to
respect and fear the change.
Control it, or it'll control you.

BILLY

You're the Hillside Ripper.

JOHN

I'm a slave, Billy. My oh-so-loving
parents sold my soul so my father's
barren wife could produce an heir.
Ever since I was a boy, every full
moon I have to take a soul to repay
their debt.

BILLY

Can't you stop it?

JOHN

Chains, cages, drugs... Nothing
works. The supernatural in me, the
Evil, is too strong. I can change
at will, which I don't, as a rule.
But when the full moon rises, I
don't have a choice.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / BATHROOM - DAY

Behind frosted glass shower doors, Billy lowers himself into
a tub of steaming water. His pile of clothes lies on the
floor like shed skin. Water drips in the quiet.

JOHN (V.O.)

Tomorrow, you'll feel sore, like
you went to the gym. It's normal.

An exhausted exhale. Then -- a low SNAP of cartilage. A
guttural whimper.

From behind the glass, two legs rise from the bathwater.
Bent. Elongated. Canine. Water pours noisily from the hair.

INSIDE THE TUB -- He places both clawed pads of his feet on the shower wall. He curls a leg to examine where the bone curves the wrong way.

The elongated foot. His fingers tremble. He traces the outline of a dewclaw in place of his big toe.

JOHN (V.O.)

Use only what you need. Upper body strength, speed, sight, smell. Use it only when you have to. There's no need to go all the way--

EXT. MOUNTAIN CAMPSITE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Billy and John, at the fire after the attack.

BILLY

--Go all the way...? I'm never doing this again!

JOHN

Probably best, considering. Just keep it in your back pocket, in case of emergency.

BILLY

And the full moon stuff?

JOHN

You're not like me.

BACK TO SCENE - HIGH ANGLE

The water divides Billy's human and demonic halves. He slides the glass door open. Reaches over to the toilet seat.

JOHN (V.O.)

I feared the worst when Mom got pregnant. What would happen after you were born. Or worse, *while* she was pregnant?

He fumbles for a Gillette Slim Twist razor. Unscrews it. Slowly. Carefully.

JOHN (V.O. CONT'D)

You weren't born with this like I was. Maybe that makes a difference.

Billy's hand trembles as he lifts the blade.

JOHN (V.O. CONT'D)
But keep in mind, I'm alive simply
because people don't believe in the
truth...

He places it over his darkened, hairy wrist.

JOHN (V.O. CONT'D)
I shit you not, Billy. If people
believed, I'd have been hunted down
a long time ago.

Shuts his eyes. Breath catches.

The doorbell shatters the silence. Billy flinches. The blade
slices a shallow cut.

He drops it -- it plops into the tub water.

He looks up -- His face. The blackened skin twitches. One
white eye. His nose and jaw slightly elongated. Teeth too
long to hide. Like an Uruk Hai from Isengard.

The DOORBELL rings again.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / THE KITCHEN - DAY

Marie follows Billy to the fridge.

MARIE
You ran off before giving me your
number.

BILLY
I am so sorry about that thing.

MARIE
Gimme a break, Greg's an A-hole. It
was a good thing in the end. You
had murder in your eyes.

Marie's look pierces his heart.

MARIE
You look fine, now, though.

BILLY
So, how'd you find me?

MARIE
Our old drummer, David, actually.

BILLY
Oh, man. How's he doing?

MARIE
You haven't heard? It's all over
the news...

Billy retreats to--

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

He turns on the TV.

MARIE (CONT'D)
He was killed last night. They
think it was the Hillside Ripper.

Billy looks at Marie -- her eyes wet, her voice cracking --
and realizes. He sinks onto the couch like his spine gave
out. The guilt slams into him like a brick wall.

BILLY
David... But, the full moon's next
week.

MARIE
Word. And everybody's freaking out.
They're even throwing a party for
him at Las Palmeras.

BILLY
The dance club?

MARIE
It's teen night, tonight.

BILLY
And the curfew?

MARIE
They're gonna kick us out at
eleven. So, you wanna go? I haven't
partied in sooo long.

BILLY
I'm saving myself for college.

MARIE
C'mon, it'll be fun. Besides, I owe
you a good time, Billy.

He cocks a smirky eyebrow. Sex?

MARIE (CON'T)

Not like that, ass... It's just that, things were so fucked up when I left. That day you found me and Greg -- I was being raped, Billy. You saved me.

But when you wouldn't talk to me... At first I was like, fuck it. But later, I felt guilty that you got hurt. Isn't that crazy?

Billy slips his arms around her waist. They hug hard, squeezing away the past. Finally, Marie pulls away. She clears her throat.

MARIE

So? We on, or what?

BILLY

Yeah. We're on.

We MOVE past them, INTO THE TV--

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE / CRIME SCENE - DAY

Mark Shearer reports live on location.

SHEARER

Another night of terror in the South Land has authorities scrambling for answers...

Behind Shearer, the destroyed car. On the hood, an arm juts from a plastic tarp. The tarp blows off, revealing David's upper torso and head. COPS scramble to cover him up.

FORENSIC INVESTIGATORS circle Kathy's body near the treeline. CONSTRUCTION WORKERS look on.

Falorhan and Edwards approach. Falorhan with his Big Gulp.

FALORHAN

Might as well call this a double suicide. Goddamn kids...

Falorhan's eyes fix on something.

FALORHAN

Oh, Jesus. I don't need this right now. It's him.

An elderly gentleman. Dapper, tweed hat. Walking stick. Picks his way along the police tape. DR. IAN DAVENPORT (64). Alert. Ready for action, despite the limp.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE / STREET - DAY

Greg Taylor's car stops at an intersection adjacent to the crime scene. Greg absorbs the police activity, including Dr. Davenport, a conspicuous personality.

A CAR HORN snaps Greg back. He drives away flipping the bird.

BACK TO SCENE

Davenport approaches Falorhan and Edwards.

DR. DAVENPORT
Gentlemen.

FALORHAN
Edwards, this is--

DR. DAVENPORT
--Doctor Ian Davenport, Drake
Institute.

EDWARDS
Special Agent Pete Edwards, FBI.

DR. DAVENPORT
Really? I know your work.

Falorhan raises his eyebrows at this.

DR. DAVENPORT
Well... The body count rises, 'ey
detective?

FALORHAN
You can see my plate's pretty full
today, doctor.

DR. DAVENPORT
Any results from INTERPOL yet? I've
asked repeatedly--

FALORHAN
--Sir, rest assured. When we nab
this wacko, you'll be the first to
know.

Falorhan ducks under the police tape to escape. Edwards tries the same, but Dr. Davenport grabs his arm.

EDWARDS

Sir, you'll have to remain here.

DR. DAVENPORT

Please, Agent Edwards. I know of your work in Panama. Your mind seems more... open. Check the military records. August, 1967. Fifth Special Forces Group in Cambodia. Operation Daniel Boone. Sergeant First Class Silver, John Silver, a Romanian immigrant. Got his citizenship by serving in the Army.

EDWARDS

Shot dead by an off-duty Marine four years ago.

DR. DAVENPORT

Only, he's not dead, Mr. Edwards.

Edwards studies him, then turns to catch up with Falorhan.

DR. DAVENPORT

(yelling after him)

Silver's the Hillside Ripper, Mr. Edwards. He'll kill again. Because he has to...!

EXT. FALORHAN'S HOUSE / BACK YARD PATIO - NIGHT

A smoking Weber grill cools next to a table of empty beer bottles and dirty plates. Falorhan hands Edwards another beer and stretches out on a lawn chair next to--

EDWARDS

That was one hellacious steak.

FALORHAN

Not too shabby.

EDWARDS

You know, when you said you were having a barbecue, I thought there'd be more people.

FALORHAN

This is it.

EDWARDS

Which begs the question...

FALORHAN

Why are you here...? Because I know who the Hillside Ripper is?

EDWARDS

Which takes me back to my original question.

FALORHAN

Exactly. There's just one major hurdle... You can't arrest someone that's already dead.

EDWARDS

John Silver. That tip yesterday wasn't anonymous, was it?

FALORHAN

John Silver's widow, Eve. I've been seeing her privately since she buried her husband.

EDWARDS

What'd she tell you?

FALORHAN

That her son had been bitten by a dog.

EDWARDS

What's that have to--

Falorhan's on his feet. It's a risk telling him. He paces.

FALORHAN

The Silvers have had *several* run-ins with dogs... Or wolves.

EXT. BILLY'S OLD HOUSE / POOL DECK (1974) - DAY

In a back yard pool, a DECAPITATED FEMALE BODY floats in a brown cloud of her own blood. Her head lies on the pool deck.

YOUNG FALORHAN (late 20s). A beat cop in a DEPUTY SHERIFF'S uniform, aviator shades, and pork chop sideburns. He surveys the gory scene.

FALORHAN (V.O.)
 Eleven years ago, the Silver's
 house keeper was murdered. Her head
 had been torn off.

Young Falorhan looks from the pool to a second-story window overlooking the backyard. YOUNG BILLY looks back.

FALORHAN (V.O.)
 Their seven-year-old kid saw the
 whole thing. Said a big black wolf
 bit her head off while she was
 sweeping the patio.

INT. FALORHAN'S CAR (1983) - RAINY - NIGHT

Falorhan and Eve, parked in the driveway. Falorhan studies her. She's almost in tears.

FALORHAN (V.O.)
 A couple of years ago, Eve told me
 something else--

EVE
 I thought moving would help erase
 the memories... You should know,
 Rick... I can't have anymore
 children.

EXT. POST HOUSING / DRIVEWAY - FORT BRAGG, NC (1970) - DAY

YOUNG EVE (early 20s), in a B-52 hairdo and WAITRESS UNIFORM, walks past a parked car in the driveway.

INT. POST HOUSING / RESIDENCE

She enters, wearily dropping off her keys and purse at the foyer table.

EVE
 Johnny, baby, don't you have
 formation, today?

She climbs the stairs, hangs a jacket in a hall closet. Closing the closet door reveals -- A GIANT, BLACK, WOLF.

We only get an impression. Eve blocks the view. It's immense, filling the hall. Its deep growl, possessed.

Eve backs away and -- THE STAIRS -- She tumbles violently, shattering a wood baluster with her head. She lands, unconscious.

EXT. FALORHAN'S HOUSE / BACK YARD PATIO - NIGHT

EDWARDS

What kind of dog was it?

FALORHAN

She said it was a wolf, a huge fuckin' wolf.

EDWARDS

And you believe her?

FALORHAN

Of course.

EDWARDS

Fort Bragg, though... You ever hunt? North Carolina had a red wolf. But that sucker's extinct.

FALORHAN

Exactly.

EDWARDS

So... What, then?

FALORHAN

Her son said it was a black wolf that bit their maid's head off. Eve says it was a black wolf that frightened her in her home...

EDWARDS

And?

FALORHAN

And then last night, her son Billy was attacked and bitten, by what the doctor called, a large dog.

EDWARDS

You're thinking the same animal?

FALORHAN

What are the odds?

EDWARDS

We should interview the kid.

FALORHAN

--Look... I'm telling you. Standard police work... It ain't gonna cut it. Not on this one...

(Grabs his beer)

Grab your beer and c'mon.

INT. FALORHAN'S HOUSE / OFFICE - NIGHT

Falorhan grabs an old book from a stack on his desk. Documents fall off the desk. Edwards stoops to pick the stuff up and--

A SCHOOL PHOTO -- YOUNG BILLY -- the kid from the window. On the back. Hand writing: "Billy Silver, 3rd grade."

EDWARDS

What the hell are we talking about, then? The Davenport theory?

FALORHAN

Before you call the loony bin...

EDWARDS

I'll hear you out.

FALORHAN

Many cultures believe in shape shifters--

Edwards rifles through the books. Stops at remarkable art.

EDWARDS

--Skin walkers.

FALORHAN

The wolf being the most common. They're supposed to guard the gates of hell.

EDWARDS

Lucifer's hellhounds...

Falorhan's impressed.

EDWARDS

But those are supernatural beings. That M-P *killed* John Silver.

FALORHAN

(Shakes his head)

I dug up his grave...

(MORE)

FALORHAN (CONT'D)

He wasn't fuckin' in it. But he was dead. I saw him. The wife I-D'd the body.

EDWARDS (CONT'D)

So, how do you stop 'em?

FALORHAN

(shrugs)

Brother, this shit was written in the Middle Ages.

EDWARDS

Pre-firearms.

FALORHAN

Exactly. Back then, they were burned at the stake. Beheaded, or both.

EDWARDS

That story about a man beating a wolf with a silver cane until it died, changing back into his sister.

FALORHAN

Can't trust that. Maybe it depends how badly you fuck it up.

EDWARDS

So, it dies, but...

FALORHAN

It rebuilds...? Silver's body vanished three days after transfer.

EDWARDS

Three days?

FALORHAN

Had to get rough before the coroner admitted to it.

EDWARDS

There's another case, y'know. Another body that went AWOL after three days.

FALORHAN

Who?

EDWARDS

They called Him, Jesus of Nazareth.

FALORHAN -- Hold on... *No fuckin' way--*

EDWARDS

Yeah... This is what Davenport's been claiming all these years?

Falorhan nods.

EDWARDS

Quite a burden. No judge'll buy it.

FALORHAN

Not the D-A, the mayor-- The only witness I had hung himself. The lab tells me hair and saliva are from, none of the above.

EDWARDS

Confession time... I joined the FBI by way of Army Intelligence. In Panama, some soldiers I commanded got involved with voodoo. More than a couple wound up dead.

FALORHAN

Damn...

EDWARDS

My take-away? There's more going on in this world. Behind the scenes. Beyond explanation. People don't know. Or don't want to believe.

FALORHAN

You getting religious on me, man?

EDWARDS

You're the one talking about hellhounds and resurrection. It's staring you right in the face, bro. You gonna deny the implications?

FALORHAN

If it's true, it changes things, doesn't it? Changes reality?

EDWARDS

I think "things" have always been the same. It's us who changed.

(long beat)

Either way, I'm here to close this case. With silver bullets from the Bureau, if need be.

INT. GREG'S CAR / OUTSIDE MARIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg cuts the engine. Makes to exit, but sees:

Marie and her two girlfriends exit the house.

MARIE

(Spanish with subs)

Bitch, I can't believe you told
that fucker where I live. That shit
is classified.

GIRLFRIEND #1

(I thought you liked him, bitch.)

MARIE

(He tried to rape me, dumb ass!)

They pile in to Marie's car and drive away.

Greg follows them.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

MARIE'S CAR pulls into Billy's drive way.

GREG'S CAR pulls to the curb across the street.

INT. MARIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MARIE

Bitches, be nice, okay? He's
really sweet.

Her girlfriends trade eye rolls.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Billy readies himself in a mirror. A HORN honks outside.

Billy opens the door. Marie looks Billy up and down.

MARIE

DANG...! Ready?

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - SAME

Marie leads Billy out. Billy is dressed '80s alternative
chic. Rockabilly-punk. Spiked hair, creepers, slacks,
untucked dress shirt, suit vest, and broach pin.

Marie smiles at her girlfriends.

GREG frowns.

INT. MARIE'S CAR

Billy squeezes in the back seat, face-to-face with Girlfriend #2, who gives him the evil eye. Billy smiles back.

THROUGH BINOCULARS - ON BILLY'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Marie's car backs out. Drives away.

Greg's car roars to life. Follows them.

INT. FALORHAN'S CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Falorhan lowers his binoculars. Fires up his Camaro.

EXT. DOWNTOWN / LAS PALMERAS DISCO - NIGHT

Bumper-to-bumper traffic. Cruising speed. Blasting music. This is pre-hip hop, folks. FREESTYLE, the name of the game.

FALORHAN cruises by the club.

A line of CLUBGOERS wait outside. Billy, Marie, Girlfriends #1 and #2, in line near the door.

Greg exits his car.

Falorhan pulls over to park.

INT. LAS PALMERAS DISCO - NIGHT

The 1980s FREESTYLE MUSIC thumps. It's all TWEENAGERS, as was the thing back in the day. Alcohol free.

Billy's group occupy a table overlooking the dance floor. Sparks radiate between Billy and Marie.

The Girlfriends -- *Get a room already.*

Tired of their shade, Marie motions Billy. Get up. He balks. The girlfriends laugh. Marie pulls Billy from his seat.

GREG -- Stalks through the club. Other clubgoers notice him. He's a high school celebrity. He scans the club from the bar.

BILLY AND MARIE -- Onto the empty dance floor. The song is "DON'T STOP THE ROCK" by FREESTYLE. Marie dances immediately. She shakes her phat booty like a pro, what we used to call, *freaking*.

Billy awkwardly watches her, then begins. Suddenly, he's interrupted. A BREAK DANCER cuts in. Billy physically pulls him aside -- then it's on.

GIRLFRIEND #1 AND #2 -- shriek with laughter.

FALORHAN -- climbs the steps from the club entrance revealing the vastness of the sunken dance floor.

BREAK DANCER -- defies Billy. He starts break dancing in front of him. Shining him on. A challenge. *You're not worthy*.

A crowd gathers. They cheer his killer moves and his finale.

MARIE

Do it!

In a completely shocking display of athleticism and rhythm, Billy outperforms Break Dancer, besting his every move.

GIRLFRIEND #1 AND #2 -- Aren't laughing anymore. They watch in amazement.

ON THE FLOOR -- Billy's "dismount" is perfect. In a single move, he swipes Marie around the waist. Dips her in front of Break Dancer. Elegant, extended arms. Pirouette hands.

Then both flip Break Dancer off. The crowd cheers.

Break Dancer moonwalks from the floor. Head down.

GIRLFRIEND #1 AND #2 -- Look at each other: *Unbelievable!*

ACROSS THE CLUB -- LATINO THUG #1 AND #2 (early 20's) look on. Anger. Envy.

GREG -- Sees it all.

BILLY -- Escorts Marie back to the table.

GIRLFRIEND #1 AND #2 -- Stare, unbelieving, as Billy sits Marie down.

BILLY

You guys thirsty?

Walking away, he smiles to himself.

Girlfriend #1 and #2 look at Marie. *What the fuck?*

MARIE
 (laughing)
 Nope! I told you, bitches!

BILLY -- Pulled to the side by Latino Thug #1 and #2.

LATINO THUG #1
 Oye, guerro! Who da fuck you think
 you is?

LATINO THUG #2
 You some kinda faggot or something?

LATINO THUG #1
 You come in here with that hair and
 three of our bitches...?

LATINO THUG #2
 What's up with that, joto?

BILLY
 Uh, you guys should probably get
 off me.

LATINO THUG #1
 What? What you say to me, joto!

LATINO THUG #2
 Oh shit! It's on like Donkey Kong!

Billy dismisses them, tries to go around. Latino Thug #1 and #2 immediately, force him through the nearby door of the men's room.

GREG -- sees this and follows.

FALORHAN -- sees Billy muscled into the men's room, Greg moving quickly after them. He follows from across the club.

INT. LAS PALMERAS DISCO / MEN'S ROOM STALL

Billy is forced to the floor. In the large handicap stall.

LATINO THUG #1
 We out your way now, puto?

LATINO THUG #2
 He a fag. Don't he look like a fag?

LATINO THUG #1
 You like it up the ass don't you?

LATINO THUG #2
You like big dicks?

LATINO THUG #1
You want dat dick, don't you?

BILLY
I don't want to hurt you.

LATINO THUG #1
Don't worry, bitch. You won't.
Now, turn your ass around.

LATINO THUG #2
Yeah. Juvie-style.

Latino Thug #1 pulls a switchblade, flicks it open.

Billy resists as #2 grabs him up from the floor. A punch in the face drops Billy back down.

Billy uses the handicap railing to pick himself up, but they're on him. Forces his trousers down.

BILLY
Please stop. I can't control it.

OUTSIDE THE STALL -- Greg creeps toward the noise.

Latino Thugs laugh. Cloth tears. Laughs turn to SCREAMS. YELLING turns to LIQUID GURLING. SQUISHY. WET.

Confused, Greg moves closes in.

A LOW GROWL. Greg stops to peer through the door crack.

ON THE FLOOR -- Blood flows around Greg's shoes and--

SMASH!!! The door blasts off the stall. Greg's knocked unconscious into a piss trough. His body is hidden by the door and debris -- and what's left of Latino Thug #2.

FALORHAN -- storms into the men's room. Whips out his revolver at the carnage.

A MAN WHO NEEDS TO PISS (20s) follows Falorhan in. Sees the mess. Retreats. Quick.

WEREWOLF -- exits the stall. Our first really good look. It's huge. 7 feet, at least. It walks upright on rear canine legs.

It drags Latino Thug #1 with him. Werewolf's human-like hand actually inside Thug #1's burst neck. Werewolf drops the body on the pile of debris, including Greg and--

Fixes on Falorhan.

FALORHAN
Jesus-Lord protect me.

INT. LAS PALMERAS DISCO

Man Who Needs To Piss runs to BOUNCER.

MAN WHO NEEDS TO PISS
Mira! En el Baño! Mueve te! Mueve
te...!

SIX GUNSHOTS. Bouncer grabs his headset.

BOUNCER
Shots fired! Shots fired in the
latrine! Cruz, Medina, I'm enroute.
Crystal, dial nine-one-one, baby,
nine-one-one...!

CRUZ and MEDINA, two other bouncers, are at the men's room door when Bouncer arrives. We HEAR Falorhan being mauled inside the door. Falorhan's SCREAMING stops.

Bouncer counts down three fingers. Leads them in--

INT. LAS PALMERAS DISCO / MEN'S ROOM

Gun smoke hangs low. Shattered mirrors. Blood streaked floor.

The two thugs lie dead -- mauled beyond recognition. Greg still buried.

Werewolf, now a full canine, sniffs Falorhan's gored body.

THE THREE BOUNCERS -- Frozen. CRUZ pisses his pants.

Werewolf sees them, stands upright. Its body changes to accommodate a two-legged stance.

BOUNCER
Ai, Dios mio...

INT. LAS PALMERAS DISCO

BOOM! -- The men's room door explodes into the club. Falorhan's body. A projectile. Crashes all four men through the door. Like flying bowling pins.

The werewolf follows. Jaws wide. Body twitches with animal rage.

SCREAMS. MASS HYSTERIA. Clubgoers see the giant wolf, the gore.

People run -- Trample each other.

Marie and Girlfriends #1 and #2. Caught in the pandemonium. Girlfriend #1 is trampled.

Werewolf has a MALE VICTIM (teens) by the calf, his whole lower leg in its mouth. With one brutal swipe, it strips the meat from the bone like a flesh sock.

Greg stumbles from the men's room. He finds Marie struggling in the fleeing crowd. Girlfriend #2 is torn from her.

Greg vaults the rail. Runs across the dance floor. He fights the crowd to get to Marie. He grabs her arm. Surprises her.

GREG

C'mon!

MARIE

I'd rather die, asshole!

She shakes him off. Slips away into the chaos.

INT. LAS PALMERAS DISCO / KITCHEN

Werewolf crashes through. Knocks over plate racks. Scares the shit out of the COOK. It finally slams through an emergency exit--

EXT. LAS PALMERAS DISCO / ALLEY - NIGHT

--and gallops into the night. Greg bursts through the doors.

EXT. LAS PALMERAS DISCO - NIGHT

Greg runs to the front of the club. Few clubgoers remain.

He ducks into the club entrance. Comes back out. Frantic.

TIRES SCREECH -- MARIE'S CAR speeds away with the three girls. SIRENS as police arrive.

EXT. LAS PALMERAS DISCO / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The aftermath. Onlookers. Police. Fire equipment and personnel. Ambulances. Clusters of clubgoers.

GREG -- watches from the his car hood.

EDWARDS -- ducks under the police tape on his way inside.

INT. LAS PALMERAS DISCO / FLOOR RAILING

Edwards enters. He's surprised to see paramedics working on--

EDWARDS

Rick. Jesus... Hold on.

He kneels at Falorhan's side.

FALORHAN

(pained whisper)

Tell me you saw it.

EDWARDS

Too late.

FALORHAN

It was the boy. It's... Billy.

Falorhan grabs his hand.

FALORHAN

I thought I'd be the last man standing... But it's you.

Falorhan fades. His grip on Edwards relaxes.

EDWARDS

Rick? Rick!

PARAMEDIC #1

I've lost the pulse. Step back please... CLEAR!

Edwards gains his feet as the paramedic team tries to revive Falorhan with CPR and defibrillator. As he looks on, Edwards' composure collapses. We hear the chest compressions--

PARAMEDIC #2

One and, two and, three and, four and, five and, six and, seven and--

EXT. LAS PALMERAS DISCO - NIGHT

Dr. Davenport is in the crowd. Tries to gain access. Greg, bloodied and dazed, approaches him.

DR. DAVENPORT
May I help you, young man?

GREG
I saw you today. Where they're building those houses.

DR. DAVENPORT
The two murdered kids.

Edwards escorts a sheet-covered gurney from the club. Photo flashes from PRESS in the crowd.

Edwards and Davenport trade glances. The irony.

GREG
I know who did this.

DR. DAVENPORT
is that a fact? What no one seems to believe is--

They say it together:

DR. DAVENPORT
It's not human.

GREG
It's not human.

INT. FALORHAN'S HOUSE - ON THE FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Someone fiddles with the lock. BAM! The door's kicked in. The silhouette at the door flicks on the light.

It's Edwards. He's takes a drink from a bottle in a paper bag. Thinks better of it. Turns the light out.

INT. FALORHAN'S HOUSE / OFFICE - NIGHT

Edwards shines a penlight. Flips through Falorhan's desk: case photos, werewolf books, John Silver's service record, a morgue photo labeled, "John Silver - deceased."

Frustrated, he sweeps everything off the desk.

Drinks. Pauses. Considers the mess.

An open atlas catches his eye.

He picks it up. A red circle marks "ORSOVA", on the Danube in Romania.

A piece of paper slips out.

He picks it up.

Billy's old school portrait.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Billy's at the window. Wet hair. Reflective. That same hollow expression in the photo.

CAMERA PULLS AWAY from him, MOVING THROUGH THE GLASS--

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

--and out into the night. We DISSOLVE as moonlight fades.

The light changes. Shadows shift.

MORNING.

A PAPERBOY pedals by. Flings a newspaper onto the driveway. He bunny hops off the curb in front of a black, 1986 LAND ROVER DEFENDER.

INT. LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS

DR. DAVENPORT
You're quite sure this is it?

GREG
I followed her here last night.

Davenport raises a set of binoculars.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

BILLY steps out to collect the paper.

GREG (O.S.)
That's him. That's Billy Silver.

DR. DAVENPORT
Good God...

BACK TO SCENE

Davenport lowers the binoculars. He rifles through a leather folder. Sketches, autopsies. Finally, a worn photo.

DR. DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
Orsova, 1945. Romania. Before the
curtain fell.

Greg leans in.

GREG
That... that's Billy.

DR. DAVENPORT
No. But it might as well be.

Greg goes quiet.

GREG
What now?

DR. DAVENPORT
We stop it.

GREG
How?

DR. DAVENPORT
I'll show you.
(Starts the car)
But first, a story... An ill-fated
honeymoon in a place that still
remembers what the world chose to
forget.

INT. LAND ROVER - MOVING - DAY

Davenport pulls from the curb. The smooth TIRE HUM SHIFTS...

IT DISSOLVES into the chugging rattle of a WWII Army jeep.

DAVENPORT'S weathered face SLOWLY MORPHS into his younger self. Uniformed. Alert. But already haunted.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. ORSOVA, ROMANIA (1945) - MOVING - RAINY DAY

YOUNG DAVENPORT — wind in his hair, hands on the wheel. A woman's LAUGHTER.

PULLING BACK now, we reveal a topless Army jeep careening down a twisting road along the Danube River. Painted on the spare tire: JUST MARRIED.

RACHAEL (early 20s), a luminous force of life, clutches her hat and grips his arm.

RACHAEL
(French accent)
Faster, Ian, FASTER!

DAVENPORT
Hold on, love...

He downshifts. The jeep surges forward. Rachael squeals, joyful, wind-whipped.

DR. DAVENPORT (V.O.)
It was just after the war.
I was part of the occupation in
West Germany. She crossed half a
continent to meet me in Romania.

We'd met in Paris after the
liberation. Desperate times... and
I fell for her, completely.

The jeep winds past river cliffs and thick forest.

DR. DAVENPORT (V.O.)
We drove down the Danube River,
hoping to find a resort. Instead,
we found hell...

INT. ORSOVA / HOTEL (1945) - RAINING - NIGHT

Davenport and Rachael stumble in from the rain -- soaked, breathless, laughing.

RACHAEL
If we don't make it, promise
they'll say it was romantic.

DAVENPORT
They'll bloody write songs about
us.

She laughs -- warm, full of life. They smooch and turn to the desk.

The HOTEL MANAGER (40s) watches in grim silence. His eyes pause on Ian's uniform. Then on Rachael.

DAVENPORT

Yes. Good evening, my good man. We have a reservation. The name's *Smythenmump!*

Rachael snorts -- instantly tries to hide it.

The Hotel Manager's eyes narrow.

DAVENPORT

Quite right. We're absolutely mad for old castles and bad plumbing.

INT. ORSOVA / HOTEL ROOM (1945) - NIGHT

Rachael and Davenport burst in, hysterical with laughter, throwing their suitcases on the floor, themselves on the bed. Rachael wipes the matted hair from her eyes.

RACHAEL

I love you, Ian.

DAVENPORT

I love you, Mrs. Smithenmump--

Rachael cackles and tries to roll on top of him, instead they both roll off the bed. THUMP.

DAVENPORT

Oww...

They laugh again. We MOVE THROUGH the window into the night.

CUT TO BLACK.

CLICK. A PULL-CHAIN LIGHTBULB SNAPS ON.

INT. DAVENPORT MANSION / BASEMENT STAIRWELL (1985) - DAY

Davenport leads Greg down a castle-like stairwell.

DR. DAVENPORT

We stayed in our room two straight days. I left once to cable my whereabouts. After that it was room service, bad caviar, and her eyes.

INT. ORSOVA / HOTEL ROOM (1945) - DAY

Rachael eyes stare dreamily. Davenport stares back. A KNOCK at the door. Davenport rolls over to crush out a cigarette.

HOTEL MANAGER
 (Slavic accent)
 Monsieur... Monsieur Smythenmump?

Rachael snorts.

DAVENPORT
 Yes?

HOTEL MANAGER
 Sir, wire office rang. A cable for
 you.

DAVENPORT
 Very good, Jeeves!

Rachael claps a hand over her mouth.

HOTEL MANAGER (O.S.)
 Pardon...?

DAVENPORT
 On my way... Thank you.

Rachael pouts.

DAVENPORT
 I won't be long.

RACHAEL
 But the sun set...

DAVENPORT
 I'll just be a minute.

EXT. ORSOVA / HOTEL (1945) - SUNSET

The Danube glows beneath a fiery sky. Villagers close
 shutters, pull children inside.

RACHAEL steps out of the hotel, drawn by the view.

The HOTEL MANAGER'S WIFE grabs her arm, frantic, speaking
 Romanian.

HOTEL MANAGER rushes out. Eyes wide with panic.

HOTEL MANAGER
 (in French, subtitled)
 Stay inside! Too dangerous...

RACHAEL
 (in French, subtitled)
 After the Nazis, one sunset won't
 kill me. Please...!

She smiles. Gently brushes them off. Hastens to the river.
 The Manager's Wife. Hands on hips. Urges him to go after Ian.

EXT. TELEGRAPH OFFICE - DUSK

Davenport exits with a CABLEGRAM. The door LOCKS behind him.
 The Hotel Manager sprints up, breathless.

HOTEL MANAGER
 Sir! Your wife... She left hotel!

Davenport checks his watch and groans.

DAVENPORT
 Bollocks.

Hotel Manager grabs him. Panic.

HOTEL MANAGER
 Danger after dark A-ni-mal--

DAVENPORT
 Danger?

HOTEL MANAGER
 Volf. Volf!

DAVENPORT
 Wolf? *Wolf*???

HOTEL MANAGER
 Da! Yes. Big. Evil.

DAVENPORT
 Christ. My rifle's in the room.

EXT. ORSOVA / HOTEL LOBBY - TWILIGHT

The sun is down. Davenport exits the lobby. He slams the
 ENFIELD RIFLE bolt forward. Loaded.

DAVENPORT
 Which way?

Hotel Manager and Wife fearfully point from inside the lobby.

DAVENPORT
You're not coming?

He shames him with a look-- Then charges from the platform.
Hotel Manager and Wife lock themselves inside.

EXT. ORSOVA / FOREST - TWILIGHT

Rachael -- at the river's edge. Purple light on the water.

RACHAEL
You missed it, Ian...

A twig SNAPS behind her.

RACHAEL
Ian...?

IN THE WOODS -- Davenport runs. A soldier, now. A killer.
A WOMAN'S SCREAM. He stops. Bending all his will--

DAVENPORT
Tell me where you are--

ANOTHER SCREAM. He sprints. Tearing through branches.
RACHAEL lands. Hard. Bloodied, she scrambles away and--
Davenport drops to a crawl. Crests high ground.
Rifle up. Scans.

THROUGH THE SCOPE. A hairy mass crouches over--

RACHAEL'S CORPSE -- Open chest. Ribs. Torn neck. A
desecration.

Davenport lowers the rifle. Stunned. Grips the weapon.
Choking it. Then remembers what it's for. He sights again.

THROUGH THE SCOPE -- Rachael's lone body. A SHADOW blocks--

THE WEREWOLF, full form--upright, massive. Stands over him.

DAVENPORT rolls backward, firing. HOWLS.

He's up. Fires from the hip. Moves. Works. Fires. Until--

He trips. Rolls downhill, toward Rachael.

He's up fast. Rifle aimed.

THE WEREWOLF -- approaches, upright. Then drops to all fours, its shape, shifting fluidly. A full wolf.

Davenport. Unsure what he's seeing.

Werewolf stalks forward. Slow. Terrifying.

Davenport regains his wits. He fires twice. The beast drops.

Reloading, Davenport approaches. Aims at the head -- Stops.

DR. DAVENPORT (V.O.)
That was when I first saw him.
It was just a boy. Eli Maliovic.

Eli lies face-down. Naked. Bloodied. Exit wounds in his back.

Davenport checks his pulse. Nothing.

DAVENPORT
Help... HELP!

He crawls to Rachael's body. He breaks down.

DAVENPORT
Rachael! Rachael, what have I done?

A RUSTLE.

Davenport turns.

Eli sits up. His bullet holes close. His expression shifts from sorrow to rage.

He stands -- then transforms. His head, last. Tall. Grotesque. Half-human. A defiant HOWL.

DAVENPORT
Eat this!

CLICK. Empty. He works the bolt. Another CLICK.

The Werewolf throws its head back. Laughs. But then--

Batter UP! Davenport swings the rifle.

CRACK! The beast's head snaps back.

He swings again. But the Werewolf catches it. Rips it free--

It clubs Davenport with it. He goes down hard. Helpless.

The Werewolf drops to all fours again. It creeps toward him--

A BRIGHT LIGHT shines across the clearing. The beast stops.
GUNSHOTS. HOWLING.

FADE TO WHITE:

INT. DR. DAVENPORT'S HOUSE / STUDY - DAY

We PULL BACK from a lamp.

DR. DAVENPORT
...The hotel manager and the cable
operator had come to my rescue.

GREG
Did you kill it?

DR. DAVENPORT
It can't die, lad. Not by natural
means. It's not of this earth. But
there is a way.

Dr. Davenport presses a button under his desk. A large
section of bookshelves slide away, revealing a small arsenal
of various assault rifles and pistols.

GREG
Damn...

Greg moves to the rack, fascinated.

GREG
Will these work?

DR. DAVENPORT
On a werewolf?

Greg pauses. *There. He's said it out in the open...*

GREG
That's what it is, isn't it?

DR. DAVENPORT
Sounds funny, out loud.

GREG
It was no joke last night.

Dr. Davenport presses another button. Another compartment
opens, filled with hundreds of cardboard boxes.

Greg opens one. SILVER BULLETS.

DR. DAVENPORT
One hundred percent pure.

GREG
That's a lot of money.

DR. DAVENPORT
I've spent my family fortune and
burned precious bridges preparing
for this moment.

GREG
Will they work?

DR. DAVENPORT
My research tells me silver or fire
should destroy it.

GREG
But you don't know.

DR. DAVENPORT
I know one thing... Regular bullets
don't.

GREG
Why is that? Why silver?

DR. DAVENPORT
A reminder. Of the Trinity. Of
faith.

GREG. Confusion.

DR. DAVENPORT
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost?
You ever read the Bible?
(Beat)
I imagine the Lord gets a little
kick whenever the Adversary's
agents are killed with silver.

GREG
Agents, plural?

DR. DAVENPORT
I pray the totality of this sinks
in sooner rather than later. It's
not an anomaly, lad. If one exists,
you bet your arse there's more. And
who knows what else?

(beat)
This is real, Greg.

(MORE)

DR. DAVENPORT (CONT'D)
 This is happening. Right now. To
 us. Folks need to snap out of it.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO / HOTEL BALCONY - SUNSET

Eve Silver sips champagne, eyes on a 747 slicing over the Golden Gate.

Sam Royce (40s) steps out from the hotel suite. Voice warm.

SAM
 There she is. Woman of the Year...

EVE
 (scoffs)
 Mr. Royce--

SAM
 --Sam. Please. You should be
 celebrating with us.

She looks down, to her glass.

SAM (CONT'D)
 What is it?

EVE
 I'm going home tomorrow.

SAM
 The signing's tomorrow.

EVE
 There's a family emergency I've
 neglected. It can't wait anymore.

SAM
 Sorry to hear that. So will the
 board.

EVE
 If I lose my son, what was this all
 for?

SAM
 I lost my family to this business.
 I don't want that for you.

Eve hugs him. He holds her a moment too long.

EVE
 Thank you, Sam.

She exits. Sam watches her go. Another jet cuts the sky above.

INT. JETLINER - DAY

Edwards is asleep. A STEWARDESS with a European accent gently shakes his shoulder.

STEWARDESS

Sir? We're about to land. Please bring your seat upright, and make sure your seat belt is fastened.

EDWARDS

Thanks.

INT. ROMANIAN AIRPORT - DAY

Edwards meets two ROMANIAN OFFICIALS (30s) in suits. He holds up his FBI identification. They exchange handshakes.

JOHN (V.O.)

They're going to find out about us.
What the fuck were you thinking?

INT. JOHN SILVER'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy looks defensive.

BILLY

You weren't there!

JOHN

You don't massacre an entire nightclub. And a the head of the Hillside Ripper case? Genius!

BILLY

He had a goddamn gun!

JOHN

(Slaps him, sharp)
Respect...! For Him. For the truth.
For what we are. There are rules,
Billy. Sacred rules.

BILLY

Sacred? This is sacred to *you*... I begged those pricks to walk away. They didn't. So don't put that on me. You made me.

JOHN

I made you a survivor.

BILLY

And here I am... *I survived.*
Thanks. And now? I'm unstoppable. I
can do what I want. Because no one
believes in monsters...

JOHN

No, Billy. There is an end to all
of this. And it's coming soon.

BILLY

Now what?

JOHN

Judgment. The Master's lies won't
last. His house will fall with the
coming of the King. And as his
conscript... I fall with him.

BILLY

Don't I have the same curse?

JOHN

You have a choice. You don't have
to use it... Don't.

(beat)

What happened-- Those kids. Now
this... It's not who you are.

BILLY

How do I suppress it?

JOHN

Renounce it. See a holy man. Beg
forgiveness.

BILLY

You said a holy man could kill me.

JOHN

If he believes. If he chooses
confrontation, not absolution.
It'll be hard. But you can walk
away free--

BILLY

--Or die. Great choice... So that's
it. Either kill everyone I love or
spend the rest of my life alone.

(Tears well up.)

Thank you... So. Much.

Billy storms out.

JOHN
Billy wait. Billy...!

SLAM.

John grabs his head, overwhelmed. *This is a fucking disaster.*

INT. LAND ROVER / OUTSIDE JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

Billy stomps away from the front of his dad's house. Dr. Davenport and Greg are watching.

GREG
There he goes.

DR. DAVENPORT
Right. Follow him. I'll stick with the creepy, old house.

GREG
You're convinced?

The leather folder again. He indicates something.

DR. DAVENPORT
Silver's army service photo. He's an adult. This is my guy. His son's your problem. And he's getting away.

GREG
I'm on it.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dr. Davenport humorously fights sleep as he uses his rear view mirror to monitor John's house behind him.

The garage door opens. John's VW bus drives away. Dr. Davenport starts his engine.

EXT. ORSOVA / FOREST - DAY

Two Soviet jeeps rumble down a narrow forest trail.

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Branches slap across the windshield. Edwards winces.

ROMANIAN OFFICIAL
 (Romanian accent)
 Sorry. After what happened, hardly
 anyone comes out here anymore.

EDWARDS
 Hardly?

ROMANIAN OFFICIAL
 There is one gentleman. An
 Englishman, I believe--

EDWARDS
 --Davenport.

ROMANIAN OFFICIAL
 You know him?

EDWARDS
 Indirectly.

The jeeps break through the treeline.

EXT. FARM RUINS - CONTINUOUS

Only a stone chimney remains. The rest, swallowed by forest.
 The jeeps stop. Edwards and his escorts get out.
 He approaches the ruins alone. The soldiers stay back.
 Edwards inspects the chimney. Prods the ash with his shoe.

ROMANIAN OFFICIAL
 Agent Edwards... We must return
 before nightfall.

Edwards nods. Heads back.

INT. ORSOVA / PUB - NIGHT

A candle flickers. Edwards stares into the flame, sipping his
 drink. He refocuses on a wall--

BEHIND THE BAR - Faded photographs from long ago: Fishermen.
 World War II Partisans --

A burning farmhouse surrounded by locals including Young Ian
 Davenport and the Hotel Manager.

Next to it, the same photo from the farmhouse mantel. The
 gypsy family. The same photo Dr. Davenport has.

Edwards pulls out Billy Silver's school photo. Compares them.

The boy in the farmhouse photo... is Young Billy Silver.

A shadow blocks his light. An Orthodox priest, FATHER TOMA (30s), black robe, large cross, cradles his own drink.

Edwards gestures the bearded priest to join him.

FATHER TOMA
(Romanian accent)
Sorry to intrude. It is seldom we
have foreign visitors. American?

EDWARDS
This is a very small town.

FATHER TOMA
(chuckling)
I'm Father Toma.

EDWARDS
Pete Edwards.

FATHER TOMA
Please excuse my rudeness but,
what... are you doing here?

EDWARDS
Back home, I'm investigating a
series of crimes.

FATHER TOMA
Policeman? Leading here?

EDWARDS
To this boy.

FATHER TOMA
As you say, we are a small
community. Word travels. You
visited a place... You'll pardon an
antiquated phrase...Is cursed land.

Edwards points to the photos behind the bar. The burning
farmhouse.

EDWARDS
That the same spot, Father? Looks
like *someone* was damned.

Color drains from Father Toma's face. He drinks from his cup.

FATHER TOMA

The Maliovic farm. Ancient history.

EDWARDS

I imagine you're well versed.

FATHER TOMA

The name still carries fear. Even for those too young to remember.

EDWARDS

But you know. Don't you.

Toma doesn't answer. Just watches the candle flicker.

EDWARDS

What was he, that kid. Born a monster?

FATHER TOMA

No. Born like any other child. But he was never supposed to be... The mother was barren. For years... Cast out of their Romani clan. Shamed. Isolated. And it is this desperation... that opens doors.

EDWARDS

What kind of doors?

FATHER TOMA

Old ones. Ritual magic. The kind that predates... even the Torah. That lives in the blood... She made an offering. Not of goats or grain, but of blood. She offered Eli's soul. Before he ever took breath.

Edwards. A sponge.

FATHER TOMA (CONT'D)

The child came. Healthy... But something else came with him.

EDWARDS

So he was... possessed?

FATHER TOMA

No. Possession implies something foreign inside. The boy was born empty. With room for something else to take root... They sealed the ritual with silver coins. Not as currency, but as symbolic consent.

EDWARDS

The Judas connection.

FATHER TOMA

Yes. What bought the death of Christ... now bought life. A life with no soul.

EDWARDS

So he was never human?

FATHER TOMA

Once. But his life was built on betrayal. T'was betrayal that cast Lucifer down. Betrayal that nailed the Son of God to the Cross.

(beat)

The silver didn't *make* him what he is. But it's the one thing that reminds him of the cost. The one thing that will kill him.

THE BURNING FARMHOUSE PHOTO. Davenport's grim, haunted eyes.

INT. LAND ROVER - MOVING - RAINY NIGHT

Those same eyes. Davenport. Focused--

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD -- John's VW VAN. A few cars ahead.

EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE / THE FRONT DOOR - RAINY NIGHT

DING-DONG... Nothing.

BILLY turns to leave. Deadbolts tumble. Marie yanks open the door in a long, Boy George T-shirt.

MARIE

Oh my God, hi! Come in, come in, come in!

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - SAME

Billy follows her into her room.

BILLY

I hope you don't mind. I needed to see you... No more Sparky?

MARIE

He's out back. Perfect timing,
dork. The folks just left for T-J.
I was gonna call you.

The room is suddenly lit by a lightning flash.

MARIE

Ooh, did you see that?

Billy sits on the edge of her bed, looking at the floor.

MARIE

What's wrong with you?

Billy. Surprised by the directness.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I mean, what's up? You're always so
serious.

BILLY

You ever met my dad?

MARIE

Didn't you say he split?

BILLY

My mom said he left us. I think she
left him to pursue her career.

MARIE

Something must've happened for her
to just leave.

BILLY

Since then, my mom's doing exactly
what he said she'd do, pursue her
career. She says she's doing it for
us but, she's never home, so... She
must like it, being away.

MARIE

Just a couple of latch key kids,
huh? My folks don't ask me to hang
out, and I'm cool with it.

(beat)

Marines are weird.

BILLY

My dad, too.

MARIE

Oh, yeah?

BILLY

Don't get me started...

There is a lull in the conversation. Billy rests his head on Marie's breast. She strokes his hair.

BILLY

You always smell like flowers?

A moment of eye contact. They kiss, as if to quickly fulfill a mutual need. He settles his head back on her breast.

BILLY

Did I ever tell you the story of
the Headless Maid and the Big Black
Wolf?

Marie stops stroking. He grins at her reaction. Then jumps on all fours above her.

BILLY

True story. I know an eye witness.

He kisses her, again. Lingering. After, Marie slowly opens her eyes. Billy is close, his eyes passion filled.

MARIE

(whispering)
You are such a freak.

BILLY

(whispering back)
You don't know the half of it.

They kiss again. His weight on her, now. She lets him. Then reaches for the lamp switch.

EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - RAINY NIGHT

GREG -- in his car, across the street from Marie's. The light in her bedroom window go out.

GREG

Mother fucker. MOTHER FUCKER.

EXT. CATHEDRAL (ROMANIAN ORTHODOX) - RAINY NIGHT

John's VW BUS pulls up to the curb in front of the cathedral.

INT. VAN

John hyper-ventilates. Soaked in sweat. Maybe this ain't a good idea. He tries to exit the van, but burns his hand on the door handle.

JOHN

AAGH... What the...!

STEAM rises from his body. He wraps a rag around his fingers, grasps the door latch, and throws his shoulder against it.

EXT. CATHEDRAL

John spills onto the sidewalk. He kicks the van door closed. His body steaming, he rolls onto all fours.

John's nose begins to bleed. He stands, holding his abdomen.

Doubled over, John climbs the stone steps to the cathedral door. Half-way up he collapses but continues to crawl forward.

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - RAINY NIGHT

Billy and Marie are doing it. A sheet covers them, but we clearly see he's between her raised knees.

Lightening blasts the room. THUNDER follows.

Marie's eyes. Half closed. She looks at him. Passion.

Billy is also enraptured. He raises himself to a kneeling position. The sheet falls away.

Lightening illuminates Billy. As the flashes strobe, Werewolf transposes over him. The two forms replace one another as the lightening oscillates.

MARIE -- Her alarm relaxes as Billy's movement continues. She reaches above to brace herself against the headboard as Billy moves more urgently.

EXT. CATHEDRAL (ROMANIAN ORTHODOX) - RAINY NIGHT

John stumbles across the top landing. Blood runs freely from every cavity. His momentum slams him into the double doors of the cathedral, forcing them open and--

INT. CATHEDRAL

An old, bearded Romanian Orthodox PRIEST and a NUN are at the altar dousing candles. Priest in his bed clothes and Nun in her habit. Startled, they spin towards the noise.

John stumbles toward the altar. Collapses in front of it. Priest and Nun rush to help him. John convulses.

PRIEST
(Romanian accent)
My God...

John reaches for Priest. His hand and arm are hairy, his nails long and black. Muscles writhe like worms under his skin as his body physically reacts to the House of God.

JOHN
(subtitled Romanian)
Bless me Father for I have sinned!

PRIEST
My poor son. What devilry is this?
What has happened to you? Come. We
will call an ambulance.

Priest and Nun kneel to assist and--

DR. DAVENPORT (O.S.)
Stop... Do not touch him.

PRIEST AND NUN -- Dr. Davenport stands over them, one hand on his cane, the other in his coat pocket.

DR. DAVENPORT
Allow me. I'm a doctor. Please,
stand aside.

Priest and Nun move aside. Dr. Davenport casts away his cane and hat. Pulls his other hand from his pocket. Containing a .44 CALIBER DESERT EAGLE HAND GUN.

PRIEST
What is this? What are you doing?

DR. DAVENPORT
Get back, Father. He is not what he
seems.

JOHN
Please Father. Forgive me...

DR. DAVENPORT

You were correct, Father. There is devilry afoot.

PRIEST

Are you insane, man? This is the House of God...

DR. DAVENPORT

Quite the contrary, Father. I have never been more sane.

(to John)

YOU... Do you remember me?

John stares back weakly.

DR. DAVENPORT

You remember, Orsova? Do you remember my Rachael?

JOHN

The dock...

DR. DAVENPORT

You must also know this is the end.

JOHN

Not my fault.

PRIEST

Can you not see this man needs help?

DR. DAVENPORT

I've come to help all mankind, Father. And this time, I brought the right ammunition.

Dr. Davenport aims the pistol at John, cocking the hammer.

Priest and Nun fall over John to shield him.

John springs up. Priest and Nun are flung away. Instantly, bi-pedal Werewolf. His face half-changed.

Nun crashes into Dr. Davenport, who transfers her aside. He turns back with the pistol.

Werewolf slaps it out of his hand, snatches him by the throat, lifts him off his feet.

The House of God erupts in anger. The church TREMBLES as if an earthquake. Paint and plaster tumble from the heights. The monster speaks over the rumbling din:

JOHN
(demonic voice)
Do not force me to kill in His
House. This is NOT why I've come.

Priest and Nun clutch each other.

JOHN
I've come to repent.

Dr. Davenport grasps a MAC-10 MACHINE PISTOL hidden under his coat by a shoulder sling. He raises and cocks it.

The sound alerts Werewolf. It sees the weapon and on reflex, spins to avoid being hit.

Dr. Davenport fires, but the centrifugal force of Werewolf's pivot sends Dr. Davenport's rounds spraying--

Bullets strafe the walls. Shatter glass. Splinter pews -- and knock burning candle stands over.

Tapestries and curtains ignite.

Werewolf slams Dr. Davenport down on a pew. It shatters with his weight.

More debris falls as the quaking continues. The cathedral now on fire from the felled candles.

DR. DAVENPORT -- Broken. Twisted. Lays in pew splinters. He turns to his hand still holding the MAC-10. Concentrates. He screams in frustration.

DR. DAVENPORT
You've broken my back, you FUCK.
I'm paralyzed...

JOHN
Why do you hate those you do not
understand? I will show you, so you
understand.

Nun hides under a table from the falling debris. She watches it happen. We hear Davenport's scream. Nun can't watch.

Werewolf stands, its head now transformed, mouth stained red.

Suddenly, BOOM...! Nun covers her ears as the echo subsides.

Werewolf looks down to the large hole in its chest. BOOM!
Blood sprays as another hole is punched into it and--

PRIEST -- aims the smoking Desert Eagle. He opens his eyes as the earthquake trembling stops.

Werewolf falls. The change regresses.

John lies naked on the floor. He coughs up blood.

Nun joins Priest, who still points the pistol at John. They cautiously approach him.

JOHN

Lord forgive me. Billy...

John's eyes freeze. His head gives a final twitch.

Priest and Nun both make the sign of the Cross.

A flaming wooden FLAG STAND collapses.

Priest and Nun check their burning surroundings -- Fire and destruction.

Water drops fall from the ceiling. They look up.

High cathedral ceiling. No sprinkler system. Yet RAIN.

PRIEST

Witness His power...

Rain in the cathedral. It dowses the fire.

Priest drops the gun. He and Nun walk around John's corpse to the crushed pew.

Dr. Davenport -- a ghastly wound to his neck is motionless.

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy lies panting on Marie's back. Marie looks very satisfied, both soaked. Billy rolls off, exhausted.

MARIE

Be right back.

Marie gets out of bed. She returns with a wash cloth. She cleans him under the sheet.

MARIE

Feels good, huh?

BILLY

Warm.

She drops the wash cloth and snuggles up to him.

BILLY

This wasn't your first time was it?

MARIE

You question everything, huh?

BILLY

Imagine everyone who ever said they loved you, lied... My mom's been lying to me for years. I'm not talking little white lies. I'm talking, huge, life-altering statements about my dad and their relationship.

My dad just totally fucked me over. Even my nanny, when I was little.

Marie's eyebrows raise.

BILLY

Yeah. Rosalinda, our house keeper. Every day after my parents left for work, she would lock me in a closet. Eventually, I got used to the dark and stopped crying... Yep. Every day, all day, for about four months.

(long beat)

My dad came home early and found me in there. He said it was the smell. She never let me out to use the bathroom.

MARIE

Oh my God, Billy. What happened?

EXT. BILLY'S OLD HOUSE / BACKYARD - ON UPSTAIRS BEDROOM WINDOW - DAY

SOUNDS OF A SEVERE ANIMAL MAULING. Seven-year-old, YOUNG BILLY watches from the large window. We HEAR a woman scream. Young Billy starts to cry.

The mauling SOUNDS STOP. A SPLASH as something heavy falls into deep water.

INT. BILLY'S OLD HOUSE / MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Over Young Billy's shoulder. The pool below and--

A large, BLACK WOLF sniffs at ROSALINDA'S SEVERED HEAD on the pool deck.

Blood billows from her sinking body into the pool.

BACK TO SCENE

BILLY

She died before my mom could press charges.

A LIGHTENING FLASH. THUNDER...

MARIE

Damn, Billy... No wonder you're all fucked up.

Billy. *That was kinda insensitive.*

Marie. Serious. Then her smile breaks.

BILLY

Shut up!

Billy pulls the sheet over her head and starts mock-punching her and tickling her. Marie shrieks with laughter.

MARIE

Ai, Billy. Okay, stop. Stop...

EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE / GREG'S PARKED CAR - RAINY NIGHT

Greg slips lower in his seat, blinks sleepily. Suddenly he is awash in white light. He looks in his rear-view mirror.

A POLICE CAR.

A PATROLMAN (30s) gets out. Moves to Greg's car door. Motions him to roll down his window. Greg cracks the window top.

GREG

What did I do?

PATROLMAN

Driver's license?

Greg slips his license from his sun visor, hands it to Patrolman.

GREG

What did I do?

PATROLMAN

Look kid, besides gettin' me out in this rain, it's four and a half hours past curfew. You trying to get yourself killed?

GREG

It ain't the full moon yet. You see that house over there? My girl-friend's got some guy up there.

PATROLMAN

Look, KID...

GREG

Okay. I'm going, I'm going...

PATROLMAN

Address on here correct?

Greg nods.

PATROLMAN

I'll follow you home.

Patrolman moves back to his car. Greg takes a last look at Marie's house. Starts his engine, and drives. Police car follows.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - DAY

GREG -- asleep in bed. A TELEPHONE is ringing. The ringing stops.

GREG'S MOM

Greg? Greg it's for you!

FOOTSTEPS. Then a KNOCK at the door. Greg stirs.

GREG'S MOM

Greg, honey, telephone. It's for you.

GREG

Okay, Mom...

He picks up a phone that's been next to him the whole time.

GREG

I got it!
(to the phone)
Hello...? What! How...?

INT. DR. DAVENPORT'S MANSION / STUDY - DAY

Greg is let into the study by Davenport's butler, HAROLD (70s), a British man servant, older than Davenport.

HAROLD

The remote is on the arm of the chair. Press play.

GREG

Thanks, Harry.

HAROLD

Harold.

Harold leaves. Greg presses play on the remote. The TELEVISION displays a VIDEO of Dr. Davenport.

DR. DAVENPORT

Hello Greg. If you are watching this video recording, it means, frankly... That I have died.

I decided, if chance arises, to go after Maliovic alone-- A poor choice, considering this recording.

You are now alone in this. No one will believe you. And if caught, you will be tried and convicted for murder. You can quit, but imagine your guilt after each new victim.

You have no choice, now, but to continue until they're both dead. I've left you keys to the armory. Good luck. And for your sake... Go with God.

Wall panels slide open. Weapons racks.

A cabinet opens. Stacks of ammo boxes stamped, "SILVER".

A black Kalashnikov AK-47. Dropped onto a desk. A sawed-off, pump-action shotgun next. A box of SILVER 7.62MM AMMO spills.

Silver shells fed into the shotgun. 7.62mm rounds snapped into a banana-clip magazine.

The magazine is locked into the AK-47. The weapon charged.

Greg works the shotgun pump-action. He's ready.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DAY

Billy slurps up another bowl of cereal. He turns on the TV.

THE NEWS -- Mark Shearer on screen in front of the Romanian Orthodox cathedral.

The NEWS CAMERA -- SMASH ZOOM -- CLOSE UP of a CORONER'S GURNEY with a body bag. TWO MEN wheel it to an ambulance.

The gurney passes JOHN'S VW VAN, still parked at the curb.

Billy's eyes tear up. He turns up the volume.

SHEARER

--Two dead in a possible hate crime
at the Romanian Orthodox
Archdiocese in San Pedro--

THE CEREAL BOWL -- shatters on the floor.

INT. PASSENGER AIRLINER / 1ST CLASS SECTION - IN FLIGHT - DUSK

Edwards sits alone.

The old black-and-white photo of the Gypsy Maliovic family.

Edwards considers for a moment, grabs the telephone receiver from the back of the chair in front of him.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - DUSK

On the kitchen table, an envelope labelled, "Billy". Billy opens it. As he reads it, he tears up.

JOHN

Dear Billy, I love you so much.
There is no way to make up for the
wrongs I have done to you and your
mother. What I can do is show you
the way.

I'm leaving tonight to see a
priest, to ask forgiveness for what
I've done, to prove to you that
there's still hope.

You have something I never had. A
choice. You don't have to change.
The moon won't force you like it
forces me.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)
Renounce the change. See a priest
before it's too late. You have my
undying love, Billy. Good bye. Dad.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / FRONT HALL - NIGHT

Dark. The front door opens. Eve Silver with her luggage.
Behind her, a TAXI pulls away.

Eve drags her suit cases into the hall and reaches for the
light switch. The hallway light turns on, but the bulb
immediately shorts out.

EVE
Damn it. Billy? Billy, I'm home.

Eve tries other switches on the wall. Nothing works.

She carefully navigates the hall to--

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM

She stubs her toe into something.

EVE
Ow... What the hell? My shelves.
My shelves are broken and on the
floor...

What we can see in the dark is in ruin. Billy sits on the
couch. His voice is partially changed, like his body. The
dark allows only an impression.

EVE
Billy, is that you?

BILLY
Yes.

EVE
Didn't you hear me just now? What
happened in here?

Billy breathes. An organic Darth Vader. Eve grows uneasy.

EVE
Have you called the police? I'm
calling the police!

BILLY
No police... mother.

EVE
You don't make policy, here. Look
at this place.

EVE hesitates.

EVE
John...? Is that you?

BILLY
(scoffs)
You told me he left us.

EVE
He did. He did leave us... When he
died, Billy... He was shot while
committing a crime.

BILLY
More lies, Mother? Even now?

EVE
He was a monster, Billy. He was
killed while trying to kidnap--

BILLY
(normal voice)
--Just stop. Stop the bullshit. Is
that why you just called his name?
Because you think he's dead?

You're a liar. You're all liars! I
went to his house everyday after
school, Mom. He lived five blocks
away!

EVE
I had to I-D the body, Billy. I
buried him, for Chrissakes.

BILLY
He wrote this letter last night.

EVE
Where's the phone? I need to call
someone.

BILLY
Call who? Your cop boyfriend?

Eve. Silence. Guilt.

BILLY
Haven't you seen the news? Your
boyfriend's dead.

EVE
Rick...?

BILLY
No sense in lying anymore, Mom. I
already know everything. Maybe even
more than you... So? What now?

EVE
Look, I'm tired of standing in the
dark. We need to get this house in
order. I need to find the phone,
and I need to see your face.

Eve searches the floor.

EVE
Here. This lamp is still plugged
in.

BILLY
(standing)
You want to see me...?

Eve yanks a shadeless lamp from the debris.

BILLY
(demonic voice)
You want to see what your Billy-boy
has become...?

SHE CLICKS IT ON -- Billy towers in the harsh, sickly-yellow
light of the naked bulb. He already has the arms and legs of
the beast. His torso and head are grotesque, partially
changed and--

EVE SCREAMS.

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT / TARMAC - WINDY - NIGHT

Eve's scream is drowned by a WAILING JET ENGINE as it taxis
the tarmac, revealing--

A line of speeding police cars. They screech to a halt.

Headlights illuminate a man in a billowing trench coat.

Edwards turns to face the line of cars.

BOB (late 20's), a stocky FBI liaison officer, approaches.

EDWARDS

Where's the fucking chopper, Bob?

BOB

Sorry, sir, no-go on the chopper. Everything's grounded due to the winds. Also, the bodies you wanted secured? One's gone missing.

EDWARDS

Silver?

BOB

Davenport. Coroner's looking.

EDWARDS

He won't find it.

BOB

I did get you this...

Bob hands Edwards an M-14 rifle with a scope. Edwards takes it. Locks the bolt to the rear.

BOB

...and these.

Bob produces two magazines for the M-14. Edwards slings the rifle over his shoulder and takes the mags from him. He yanks a silver cartridge from a magazine, holds it up to the light.

BOB

They're real! Forty rounds! Seven-point-six-two, full metal jacket!

EDWARDS

I am in a world of shit...

BOB

Huh?

EDWARDS

Never mind. They're perfect.

Edwards snaps the bullet back into the magazine, feeds it into the rifle, and charges the weapon.

EDWARDS

Which car's mine?

INT. MARIE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marie lies on the couch. A huge black Rottweiler, SPARKY, lays between her legs. Marie strokes his head as it rests between her breasts. Sparky looks content. Relaxed.

MARIE

Sorry we can't play anymore, Sparky.
Your bitch needs a man, now.

Sparky raises his head, looks past Marie. He utters a small bark, then growls. The DOORBELL rings.

Sparky leaps off Marie, barking furiously. Marie follows him to the door.

Marie looks through the peep-hole, steps back, looks again.

MARIE

What the fuck do you want?

GREG

I need to talk to you.

MARIE

That's what you said right before
you tried to rape me!

GREG

I apologized for that. It was
wrong, okay? I was thirteen and
drunk.

MARIE

If Billy hadn't come along--

GREG (O.S.)

--It shouldn't have happened. I was
stupid. Things are different, now.
Like Billy. He's why I'm here.

She goes outside, but closes Sparky inside the house.

MARIE

When he caught you about to rape
me, he thought I was cheating on
him. I love him. There's nothing
you can say or do to stop that.

GREG

I think there is.

MARIE

You're wrong.

GREG
Billy's the Hillside Ripper, Marie.

Marie bursts out laughing.

GREG
It's Billy and his dad. They've
been killing people for years.
I've got proof. It's in the car.
C'mon...

Greg grabs Marie's wrist and tries to force her to his car.

INT. EVE SILVER'S MERCEDES BENZ - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Billy drives. He is naked, covered in blood, crying. He looks left and--

Greg and Marie -- apparently holding hands and smiling -- are walking across her yard together.

Billy drives past. Instant fury and--

EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE / FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Marie shakes her hand free of Greg's grasp.

MARIE
That's what you came to tell me?

GREG
Your welcome! I came to save you,
from making a terrible mistake.
I... I've liked you since the
fourth grade.
(beat)
Marie, I'm in love with you.

MARIE
You're *in love* with me...? Don't
you think I know who Billy is?
Don't you think I know *what* he is?

Greg. Total shock. TIRES SCREECH up the street and--

MARIE
You must be the stupidest white-boy
I ever met. I saw you follow them
in the bathroom at the club. I saw
that thing come out. I know how to
add, mother fucker...! *Do you?*

Greg blinks at her.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Here's a word problem for your dumb-ass: Which is worse, sicking my dog Sparky on you, or my homeboy, Billy? Do the math.

GREG

I've got a hidden variable for his ass.

MARIE

Either way, you'd better get the fuck off my lawn before--

--A SPEEDING ENGINE. HEADLIGHTS blast the teenagers and--

BILLY -- They're standing together. He floors it at them and--

He swerves at the last second. Head-on into the back of Greg's car, parked in the driveway.

BOOM! A huge fireball explosion.

Marie and Greg are thrown to the ground.

GREG

Jesus Christ...! You alright?

From the inferno, TWISTING STEEL. Through shimmering flames and heat. Billy approaches, changing -- The bi-pedal monster.

His head does not change completely. The demonic voice:

BILLY

You betray me, again...!

MARIE

No...

Greg tries to tackle the monster. Billy smashes Greg's head. A backhand slap and he's on the ground. Unconscious.

He snatches Marie by the throat. Lifts her from the ground.

She chokes. Clutches his massive wrist. He pulls her close.

MARIE

(choking)

Please. Billy...

BILLY

True colors revealed again.

MARIE

No... He came to warn me. But I already knew! I love you, Billy. I love you...

He releases her. She drops. Coughing.

Billy glares. A flame-lit demon.

Marie catches her breath.

Billy in human form. Defeated.

BILLY

I don't want to hurt you. I don't wanna hurt anybody. But, I can't control this. Now you say you love me?

No one loves me, Marie. That's the one thing I'm sure of. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters anymore.

MARIE

Wait, Billy. Greg. He knows for sure, now. He wants to kill you.

BILLY

Let him come. I'm done.

MARIE

No... We could go away.

BILLY

It's over, Maria.

He crosses the street. Vanishes into the wood line.

Marie considers for a moment. Her garage is on fire. She runs for her front door and --

EXT. MISSION VIEJO / SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT

Speeding police cars. Sirens and lights ablaze.

EDWARDS

Drives his own car. He picks up the radio hand-mic.

EDWARDS

Edwards...

BOB (FILTERED)

Roger, sir. Just intercepted something on the emergency band. Someone just tried driving their late model Mercedes through a house.

EDWARDS

Tell me why that's important, Bob.

BOB (FILTERED)

The plates on the Benz are matched to one Evelyn Silver--

EDWARDS'S CAR -- drops out of formation and executes a tire-screeching 180-degree power slide.

Edwards punches it. He's back on the hand-mic and--

EDWARDS

Alright. Proceed with local P-D to the Silver house. I want it surrounded. Under no circumstances do you go in. You will wait 'til I get there. Acknowledge.

BOB (FILTERED)

And roger.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Eve's dead face stares, blood spatter on her pale cheek. Her death mask, a look of fear and shock.

Billy kneels at her side. He has a mental breakdown.

BILLY

Oh, Mom, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.
I'm sorry mom. Mommy? I'm sorry,
Mommy, I'm sorry...

He cries furiously. He holds his head. Pulls at his hair. Smashes his fists into his head. It's hard to watch.

EXT. MARIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The entire house is on fire. The garage gutted in flames.

TWO ANIMAL SERVICE DEPUTIES wrestle Sparky in a van.

Greg sits at the back of an ambulance. wrapped in a blanket. He tenderly presses a MASSIVE BRUISE on his face. A SIREN chirp draws Greg's attention.

Edwards confers with a POLICEMAN. Policeman motions towards Greg. Edwards gestures thanks. Approaches Greg.

EDWARDS

Quite a night, huh?

GREG

You're that Fed from the club.

EDWARDS

Special Agent Edwards. Pete.

GREG

Greg Taylor.

EDWARDS

You okay?

Greg nods.

EDWARDS

What happened, here? I was told fire fighters couldn't get close enough to douse the fire because... ammunition was cooking off?

GREG

You wouldn't believe me.

EDWARDS

Anything to do with a kid named Billy Silver?

GREG

You don't know what you're dealing with, man. I've seen it, you understand? It was him at the club. He killed all those people...

(long beat)

It don't matter. There's nothing you can do... Nothing anybody can do, now. Any hope of stopping him just went up in flames.

EDWARDS

Hey. I need you to trust me. I need your help.

GREG
Fuck you. Read me my rights. If
not, then fuck off.

EDWARDS
Calm down. Let me show you
something...

Edwards produces a silver bullet from his pocket.

GREG
That real?

EDWARDS
Silver? Yeah... I only hope it
works. If this was in your car,
that makes the only two people who
know the truth. The way I see it,
we need each other.

GREG
For what?

EDWARDS
To send that thing back to hell.

GREG
Fuckin'-A...!

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Billy. A packed bag. He reads his father's farewell letter. Sensing something, he quickly folds the letter back into the envelope.

BILLY
Come in, Marie.

Marie enters with large sports bag-type suitcase.

MARIE
You knew it was me?

BILLY
Your scent is... specific.

MARIE
I've got this all figured out. One
word: Mexico. I bought a charter.
Daddy's credit card. This
brochure's been on the kitchen
table forever.

She hands it to Billy.

BILLY

My dad knew some people down there.

MARIE

We fly from John Wayne Airport--

BILLY

--Hold on. Wait...

MARIE

What?

BILLY

This. You and me... It can't work. I can't control it. When it happens, I need to be as far away from everyone as possible. I can't risk hurting you.

MARIE

You don't scare me, Billy... You excite me. I love you.

BILLY

You... love me?

MARIE

I guess I've...always loved you.

It's in her eyes. Yes. She kisses him.

BILLY

(relief)

I love you too. But, what if I--

MARIE

--If you bite me, make me like you, the change couldn't hurt me.

BILLY

The consequences are--

MARIE

--I don't care.

BILLY

You don't know what you're saying.

MARIE

Don't. Okay? Just bite me, and we'll never be apart.

She gently stops him, searching his eyes. This isn't lust. It's something deeper.

MARIE (CONT'D)

I know who you are. You're still a good guy. You just forgot.

She kisses him. Slow. Passion builds. He's at her neck. Her collar bone. Marie exposes the top of her breast.

Billy kisses her there, sucking in her flesh like a hickey.

MARIE

Harder. Bite it. Bite my ti--

--Billy does. His head blackened. Half transformed.

Marie sucks in her breath.

MARIE

Ai, shit... That's it.

A slight laugh escapes her. She orgasms under the pain.

Billy pulls back. His lips and chin smeared with blood.

BILLY

You okay?

MARIE

You made me...

(she can't tell him)

We gotta go. We got two hours.

DR. DAVENPORT (O.S.)

Well, well. How touching.

Billy and Marie spin--

Dr. Davenport stands in the doorway. Pump-action shot gun under his arm.

DR. DAVENPORT

Love truly knows no bounds...

BILLY

Who the fuck are you, now?

DR. DAVENPORT

... I know something about that, you know? How love never dies? This is for love.

MARIE
¿Que quieres, cabron?

BILLY
Marie...

MARIE (CONT'D)
Man, you don't know who you dealing
with, viejo mother-fucker.

Marie takes a couple of steps towards Davenport.

DR. DAVENPORT
I would say the same to you.

BILLY
Marie--

DR. DAVENPORT
-- You see, girl, I've faced your
kind before.

MARIE
Yeah? What happened?

DR. DAVENPORT
I died. Then, I was born again.

Davenport laughs at the irony. At his damnation.

BILLY
Marie, don't.

DR. DAVENPORT
Yes, Marie... Don't--

--Davenport quickly chambers a round with the pump-action.
Points the shotgun at Marie.

DR. DAVENPORT
Do as your boyfriend says.

MARIE
(scoffs)
What you gonna to do with that?

DR. DAVENPORT
Do I look like a bloke who comes to
a job without the right tools?

MARIE
Whatever, puto.

She giggles, looks at Billy.

BILLY

No...

Marie turns back towards Davenport. Her face hideous. Changing. She lunges and--

BOOM! SHOTGUN BLAST -- Marie's chest blows open. She flies backward. Lands hard against Billy's bed.

Marie examines her gored chest. Her face now normal. She reaches for the wound only to find her left hand missing at the wrist. She looks up at Davenport--

Dr. Davenport chambers another round.

DR. DAVENPORT

Silver shot, my dear.

MARIE

Billy...?

BILLY

NO, DON'T...

BOOM! Her head vaporizes.

Billy. Covered in blood and bone. He blinks at the mess on his bed. On him. Comprehension escapes.

DR. DAVENPORT

Out of control, that one. Shame, really. A shame on you. What's it like to be responsible for the deaths of all who love you?

Davenport moves into the room, closing the door behind him.

DR. DAVENPORT

Right. Now, here we go. Ready?

DR. DAVENPORT raises the shotgun.

BILLY

Wait a minute, wait a minute! Who are you? Why are you doing this?

DR. DAVENPORT

Stalling won't work. Maybe you should close your eyes.

BILLY

I don't even know you. What have we done?

Davenport lowers the shotgun.

DR. DAVENPORT

What have you done? Ask the souls
of the dead waiting for you and
your father in hell. The bloodline
ends here. Ends now. First your
father--

BILLY

--You...?

DR. DAVENPORT

Yes, yes. First your father. Now
you. Then me... NOW, CLOSE YOUR
FUCKING EYES!

Davenport raises the shotgun. SIRENS approach.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The cops establish a perimeter around the house. A SWAT VAN
pulls up. The doors in the back open. Two, four-man SWAT
TEAMS leap out in full battle-rattle.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - SAME

DR. DAVENPORT

Gotta be quick. Close 'em.

Billy closes his eyes, wincing.

CLICK!

DR. DAVENPORT

Bollocks...

Davenport examines the chamber. STOVE PIPE!

DR. DAVENPORT

Bloody hell.

Dr. Davenport racks the pump-action handle. He raises, but
WEREWOLF--!

It snatches the barrel and punches Davenport to the floor.

DR. DAVENPORT

Not again.

Wolf points the shotgun at Dr. Davenport.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BOOM. BOOM...

COPS scramble for cover. Bob crouches behind a car. He moves to the SWAT van.

INSIDE - the SWAT LIEUTENANT (30s), preps his team.

LIEUTENANT
Roger, Bravo. Lima-Charlie.

BOB
What are you doing, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT
Shots fired, we're going in.

BOB
Not until my commander arrives.

LIEUTENANT
Your commander's not here. I am.

BOB
You breach, you violate
jurisdiction.

LIEUTENANT
Why don't you go file a complaint.
Sergeant, get him outta here.

Bob is led out of the van.

BOB
I'll have your fucking badge--

They close the door on Bob..

LIEUTENANT
Asshole... Okay, people--

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE / SURROUNDING WOOD LINE - NIGHT

A four-man SWAT team secures a circuit breaker box just inside the wood line.

ALPHA 1
This is Alpha-one. Cutting main
breaker, time now.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE / ROOF - NIGHT

The HOUSE LIGHTS go out.

BRAVO TEAM backs up to the edge of the roof, over the second story windows.

LIEUTENANT
(Radio filter)
Bravo. Assault, assault, assault.

BRAVO 1
GO-go-go!

INT. SWAT VAN

Over the radio: Ropes slide. Glass shatters. Live mics.

BRAVO 1
Team one. Sector clear.

BRAVO 2
Team two. Sector clear.

BRAVO 1
Jesus.

BRAVO 3
God damn...

LIEUTENANT
Bravo-one. SITREP.

BRAVO 1
Roger. Contact. Two D-O-A's. Looks like... twelve gauge, point blank. One male, one female... I think.

LIEUTENANT
Bravo-one. Clear the building. Detain everyone.

BRAVO 1
Entering hallway. Approaching doorway. Locked.

BOOM! A shotgun blast.

BRAVO 2
CONTACT. Christ! Open Fire... He's in there.

We HEAR a barrage of MP-5 fire over the radio. A demonic, ROAR. More shotgun blasts. Human screams. Silence.

LIEUTENANT

Bravo-one... Bravo-one, SITREP.
What's happening? Bravo-two...
Bravo-two, Black-six--

BRAVO 2

--Black-six, Bravo-two.

LIEUTENANT

Bravo-two. DILLON. I need a SITREP.
What's your team status?

BRAVO 2

All dead. Kept firing. Won't go
down...

LIEUTENANT

Dillon. Focus, goddammit.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / MASTER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bravo 2 bleeds to death in the bath tub. He aims at the closed door.

BRAVO 2

Holed up in the master bath.
Bleeding. Bad.

He pulls the mag from his weapon. Checks it.

INT. SWAT VAN

BRAVO 2

All ammo expended... It's coming.
Set a cordon. Burn it... BURN THE
HOUSE DOWN!

Bravo 2 fights for his life over the radio.

BRAVO 2

NO! AAAGHH...

The scream, cut off by a wet, gurgle. Radio static.
Lieutenant reconsiders his life choices, then--

LIEUTENANT

Alpha. Status.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE / BACKYARD

Alpha Team. Set behind the house.

ALPHA 1
REDCON one.

LIEUTENANT
You're up. I need to know what
we're dealing with. I need you to
recover our boys.

ALPHA 1
Roger.

LIEUTENANT
There may be a trained guard dog in
there, Jimmy. Use caution.

ALPHA 1
(to the team)
Any dogs, you put 'em down on the
spot. Mostow, you're point, we'll
stack on you. Let's go.

WE FOLLOW THEM -- as they enter the backyard. They move as
one. Night vision on. 360-degree security.

AT THE BACK OF THE BUILDING --

ALPHA 1
At the rear entry. Breach clear.
Going in...

They slowly pick their way in.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

THROUGH NODS -- A GREEN, MONOCULAR CIRCLE. Living room
trashed. Everything over-turned.

ALPHA 1
Living room clear.

LIEUTENANT
Roger.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / DINING ROOM

They burst through a swinging door. Two right. Two left.

ALPHA 1
One, clear.

ALPHA 2
Two, clear.

ALPHA 3
Three, clear.

ALPHA 4
Four, clear.

They miss EVE SILVER'S body in the debris.

THROUGH NODS - The image flared by exterior police lights.

ALPHA 1 -- flips his NVGs up. The rest follow suit except Mostow, who removes them completely. Sets them on the table.

ALPHA 1
Moving upstairs. Time now.

Back in formation. Up the stairs.

AT THE TOP LANDING -- Their footsteps SQUISH.

MOSTOW
(whispering)
What is that?

ALPHA 1
Blood. Keep moving.

They pad into a black hallway. Mostow stops.

MOSTOW
I can't see shit.

ALPHA 1
Go white light.

Mostow turns on his weapon light -- WEREWOLF!!!

INT. SWAT VAN

OVER THE RADIO. More slaughter. Yelling. Machine gun fire. Lieutenant rips his headset off. Runs out of the van.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE / UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Smoky. Flashlight beams. Werewolf beats a ALPHA 1 against a wall. He flails like a rag doll. Blood sprays with every hit.

BILLY COLLAPSES -- out of breath, blood drenched. He cries hoarsely. Horrified at the carnage and--

LIEUTENANT
(from outside)
Let's go! Everyone on me. NOW!

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE

Lieutenant waves POLICEMEN forward from the perimeter.

Bob steps in front of him.

BOB
I can't let you--

Lieutenant tries to go around. Bob grabs his weapon. POP, it goes off and--

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE - LATER

Edwards's car weaves its way through the abandoned police perimeter. They stop at the SWAT command post.

Edwards and Greg jump out. Edwards with the rifle.

EDWARDS
Eyes peeled, okay?

Edwards opens the SWAT van door. Empty.

They head to the house. Suddenly, Edwards rushes forward. Greg follows.

EDWARDS
Bob...!

He kneels. Bob still holds his leg. A pant-belt tourniquet. Ghastly pool of blood.

BOB
(Weakly)
Wouldn't listen...

Those are his last words. Edwards clenches his jaw.

EDWARDS
Stick close. Let's go.

They approach the smoldering house. DEAD COPS litter the yard. Smoke from a small fire upstairs drifts from a shattered window.

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE

It's dark. Quiet. Edwards clicks on his penlight. Bodies.
The house awash in blood.

GREG -- Never seen anything like it. *Never will.*

They pick their way through the dead.

UPSTAIRS -- Edwards pushes open Billy's room door. The weight
of a DEAD SWAT GUY makes it difficult. He sees the massacre.

EDWARDS

God...

ONCE INSIDE -- At the window overlooking the front yard.
They're too late.

EDWARDS

He's gone.

Greg spots Marie's headless corpse sitting against the bed.
Her black choker necklace.

GREG

Oh God. It's Marie...!

He runs outside. Edwards sees Greg in the front yard,
vomiting.

Edwards surveys the room carnage. Davenport. Marie. Two SWAT
officers.

He turns from the window. CRUNCH. Paper under foot.

A MEXICAN TRAVEL BROCHURE...

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Werewolf, wearing a back pack, sneaks from the woods to the
gas station garbage dumpster.

BILLY -- peeks out. Naked. Sweaty. Covered in blood.

INT. SPEEDING POLICE CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The SIREN blazes. The chase is on. Greg looks demoralized.
Edwards, into a hand mic:

EDWARDS

Patch me in to head of security at John Wayne Airport. This is a level-one emergency...

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

Billy exits the bathroom. Dressed. Combed, wet hair. He shoulders the back pack. A TAXI honks.

Billy waves and approaches.

EXT. 405 FREEWAY - MOVING - NIGHT

Traffic parts as Edwards's car speeds through, siren blazing.

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Billy exits the cab. Approaches a baggage handler.

BILLY

Chartered flights?

BAGGAGE HANDLER

Other side. All the way down.

Billy hears a SIREN, looks for the source.

BILLY

Thanks.

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT - LATER

Edwards's screeches to a halt at the curb.

EDWARDS

(to Greg)

Stay out of sight.

He gets out. Several AIRPORT SECURITY OFFICERS (30s) stand by. Even a CANINE UNIT. Edwards shares photos of Billy.

EDWARDS

Gentlemen, this is the mission. Billy Silver. He is considered armed and dangerous. Do not attempt to take him alone. You I-D him, you call me. Captain?

The security CAPTAIN (50s) hands Edwards a hand-held radio.

CAPTAIN
Radio's set. Channel three.

EDWARDS
Channel three.

CAPTAIN
Alright people, remember, this is a federal matter. His matter. We go by his rules. Okay, buddy up, and move out.

The unit disperses in two's.

EDWARDS
Captain, where's chartered flights?

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT / OC CHARTERS CHECK-IN - NIGHT

Billy takes his ticket from the BAGGAGE CHECK GUY, who motions for Billy to proceed.

INT. EDWARDS'S CAR - MOVING FAST

They maneuver through airport traffic.

RADIO
(radio filter)
This is the Captain. Concentrate all patrols towards O-C Charters. The suspect may have a flight--

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT / TARMAC - NIGHT

A SECURITY CAR hits the emergency lights and rips a U-turn.

INT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT - NIGHT

Cops in two-man teams, armed with rifles, surge through the airport on foot. Sparce crowd gawks.

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT / OC CHARTERS TERMINAL TARMAC - NIGHT

LOUD DRONE OF PROPELLER ENGINES -- The passenger door is open on the small, twin-TURBOPROP.

Billy crosses the tarmac.

A STEWARDESS (late 20s) steps into the warm light. A comforting vision.

THE SECURITY CAR -- siren blazing, speeds past a row of passenger jets.

INT. EDWARDS'S CAR - SPEEDING

Edwards's maneuvers through traffic and pedestrians. He kicks on the siren and floors it. Quickly, they're at the end of the terminal.

A chain-link fence with a sign: OC CHARTERS--

GREG

That's it...

Edwards turns through the gate. Speeds up. Skirts the terminal wall. They see the plane. Twin props spinning.

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT / OC CHARTERS TARMAC

They clear the wall. The SECURITY CAR cuts them off--

They strike the rear quarter panel. It spins out of control. Into the Baggage Check Guy--

Edwards's crashes through the center of a BAGGAGE TROLLEY.

THE CAR -- sails through the air. Bounces off its side. Flips. Finally stops upside down.

INT. EDWARDS'S CAR

Greg is bloodied, but alert. He unbuckles his seat belt. Lowers himself to the roof. He checks Edwards--

He's pinned by the wheel. Blood pours from his mouth.

EDWARDS

You gotta end it. Now.

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT / OC CHARTERS TARMAC

Greg kicks his door open, crawls out of the wreck. He pulls Edwards' rifle out. Stumbles towards the plane.

Airport police set a cordon around Edwards' wreck. Take positions. Greg's their target.

Security Captain dismounts his car with a megaphone.

GREG kneels on the tarmac. Aims--

THROUGH THE SCOPE -- The plane's window ports.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
 (Megaphone filter)
 You, with the rifle... Drop your
 weapon. Lay down on the ground, or
 we will open fire...

The scope finds Billy's window. Billy stares back.

GREG -- Rifle safety, "OFF."

CAPTAIN (O.S.)
 LOWER YOUR WEAPON...

Captain grabs his hand-held radio.

CAPTAIN
 Attention all units. We're going
 hot.

He turns to a SHARPSHOOTER. A sniper rifle on the hood.

CAPTAIN
 You got him?

SHARPSHOOTER
 Roger.

CAPTAIN
 Take him.

Sharpshooter fires.

Greg's head explodes. His body drops like a rag doll.

INT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT / TERMINAL

Horrified ONLOOKERS gasp. Shriek.

BACK TO SCENE

Captain looks exasperated.

CAPTAIN
 Goddamn it, Jenkins. Take him down,
 don't take him out.

Sharpshooter looks stunned.

CAPTAIN
Fuck...!

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

LOUD ENGINE DRONE. Billy lowers the window shade.
Other passengers. Elderly, rich couples. All oblivious.
Billy can barely conceal his smile.

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT / TARMAC

Captain speaks on a hand-held radio.

CAPTAIN
--Negative. No reason to hold the
flight. Our guy never got that far.
They're free to take off.

EXT. JOHN WAYNE AIRPORT / RUNWAY - NIGHT

Billy's plane takes off. *He's going to make it!*

INT. AIRPLANE - IN FLIGHT - NIGHT

Stewardess reads a magazine in her jump seat. She hears a
MOAN. Looks up. Nothing. She goes back her magazine. Another
MOAN. She walks the aisle to check passengers.

Everyone is asleep. Finally she reaches Billy. John's letter
in his fist. He's feverish. Sweaty. But asleep.

STEWARDESS
Sir? Young man...

She pokes Billy's shoulder. He awakens.

STEWARDESS
(Gentle smile)
Are you okay, young man?

Billy blinks through his haze. Disoriented.

BILLY
Uh, yeah. Restroom. I'm good.

The Stewardess nods before heading up front.

Billy stands, but falls back. Dizzy. Suddenly, he's flung back involuntarily, his body racked in muscle spasms.

Searching for a hand-hold, he brushes the window shade open.

And there it is -- THE FULL MOON.

Billy sees it. Pupils contract. Tight armrest grip.

SOUND drops out. Just his breath. His heartbeat.

Then, like ghosts rising from memory--

MARIE (V.O.)

You're still a good guy. You just forgot.

JOHN (V.O.)

You have something I never had. A choice.

Billy shuts his eyes. Squeezes tears. He tries to swallow it down. To fight.

BILLY

(whispers)

Then I choose...

He rises. Shaking. Screaming now.

BILLY (CONT'D)

LAND THE PLANE! PLEASE... LAND IT!

STEWARDESS

Sir, please return to your--

BILLY

--I'm serious! It's not safe. I'm not safe...

He claws his way forward. Uses the seats for support.

Passengers recoil. He sounds unhinged.

A PASSENGER (50s) stands up. Tries to calm him.

PASSENGER

Just sit down, okay? We're almost--

BILLY

--You don't understand! If we don't land, I'll KILL YOU. ALL OF YOU. I don't want to. But I will. I... I CAN'T STOP IT!

People scream. Stewardess backs off.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Please... I'm trying to do the
right thing. Before it's too late!

His hands begin to convulse. Fingers elongate under the skin.
Passenger screams.

STEWARDESS
Jesus Christ! He's--!

Billy drops to his knees, gripping the floor.

BILLY
Forgive me...

Stewardess watches, helplessly.

Billy has violent, unnatural spasms. He clings to the walls
and seat. The spasms stop, but he grabs his head. It's the
start of the change, but now it's different.

BILLY
You said I wouldn't change...

His BONES SNAP. Reshape. Skin deforms. Stretches. Tears. The
demon beast emerges from inside. A human cocoon.

Blood-soaked fur. It shakes it off. A blood-wet dog.

Blood sprays the compartment walls. Wet crimson.

Frightened passengers cluster at the back of the plane.
Screaming. Pandemonium.

The beast takes a step forward. CRUNCH--

Its heavy foot lands on something on the floor.

JOHN'S LETTER -- Crushed under a clawed, lupine foot.

Blood smears across the paper. One visible word -- BILLY.

EXT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

The full moon in the background. The plane suddenly teeters.
Out of control. Finally, it dives out of frame.

EXT. MEXICAN JUNGLE - DAY

Thick heat. Humid silence. Even the birds respect the dead.

A small team of MEXICAN CRASH INVESTIGATORS hike through dense undergrowth.

Pieces of a charter plane are strewn through the trees. Fuselage torn. Cargo spilled.

It's been a month. The jungle has already begun to reclaim the wreck.

One INVESTIGATOR (40s), sun-worn, calm. Steps carefully through the debris. Snaps photos.

He stoops. Something half-buried in the mud. Pinned under a twisted seat cushion.

He pulls it free.

A blood-stained envelope.

He turns it over. Wipes the mud with a gloved hand. It smears across a name, handwritten on the front --

"BILLY"

JOHN'S LETTER -- Torn. Wet. Mostly intact.

The Investigator opens it. Reads. His brow furrows.

He glances toward the main wreckage.

Behind him, the other investigators. None of them see what he sees.

He reads again. Slower this time.

Then. A sound deep in the valley.

A distant howl.

He freezes.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END