

PRIMAL

written by
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EXT. BAYOU - DAWN

The first hints of sun warm the dark morning sky. Gnarled cypress trees soar from the still brown water.

A duck decoy floats in the middle of this murky pond.

CLAUDE ARCENEUX, 50s, head to toe camo, sits at water's edge. He hides behind a duck blind, searches the sky.

Next to Claude sits JERRY, a stalwart yellow Lab.

The dog's floppy ears twitch. He turns his head, sensing something...

A flock of ducks flies overhead. Claude quickly aims his shotgun. BOOM!

A single bird plummets from the sky, splashes down.

CLAUDE
That's a good bird. Get 'im,
Jerry.

Jerry peers into the dense wildwood behind him, sniffs the heavy air.

CLAUDE
Get 'im, boy. Go!

Jerry bounds into the trees.

CLAUDE
What are you--

Claude turns back to secure his weapon against the wall of the blind. As he lays down the gun, he hears a high-pitched YELP of pain from the dark forest.

He wheels around, purses his lips.

CLAUDE
Jerry?

Silence. Then, a low, rumbling, throaty GROWL. Too thick and menacing for any dog.

Claude freezes -- lets out a ragged gasp. His eyes dart to the shotgun.

As his hand reaches for the weapon, Claude is snatched away.

Out of frame, the attack commences. Claude's PRIMAL SCREAMS shatter across the bayou. Bones snap, flesh rips.

CLAUDE (O.S.)
 God! Help me! Help--

A savage, relentless SNARLING ROAR drowns out Claude's pleas for divine intervention. Moments later, all that's heard are the sickening sounds of wet organs being devoured.

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

CHRIS DURANCE, (18), runs a hand through his mop of dark brown hair. He wears a New Orleans Saints t-shirt, which hangs off his slim frame.

His hazel eyes focus upon a loose board on the wooden steps leading to his trailer. He holds a nail between his lips as he positions the board.

CHRIS
 Right about there.

He grasps the nail, pushes down the board and proceeds to hammer away.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

WES DURANCE, (46), throws open his bedroom door and walks shirtless toward the kitchen.

He rubs his bleary eyes and grumbles as he inserts his fingers into the window blinds, pulls them apart.

He spots the source of the pounding and watches Chris for a few moments. Then, he closes his eyes tightly, grabs the counter edge, flexes his wiry body.

Behind Wes, an oil-splattered hard hat and tool belt lie on a table -- the wares of a roughneck.

Next to the helmet, a framed photograph of Wes, Chris and CORA DURANCE, a beautiful woman in her early forties.

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Chris finishes nailing in the board. He walks a few steps away to a cheap plastic table and grabs a sandwich. He takes a bite, then spots a crow eyeing him from a low branch.

CHRIS
 Hi, Jethro. Up for some lunch?

He breaks off a corner of bread and tosses it on the ground. The bird caws as it flies over and eats the morsel.

TROY (O.S.)
Hey, Chrissy!

Chris turns to see the chiseled TROY MASTICH, (18), standing there. His cannonball biceps threaten to tear through his undersized t-shirt. He nimbly spins a football on his palm.

CHRIS
Troy.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Wes inserts his fingers back into the blinds, peels them open and watches his son.

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Troy points the football toward Chris.

TROY
Havin' some problems with our plumbing. Need you to pump out our shit tank.

CHRIS
I'll get to it later today.

TROY
Long as you get to it. Catch!

He rifles the ball at Chris' chest. Chris drops his sandwich as he instinctively, but hopelessly, tries to catch the ball. It ricochets off his chest and rolls back to Troy.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Wes studies his son intently for any sign of retaliation. There is none. Wes' disgusted expression tells us he's all too used to this.

He turns away from the blinds, shakes his head, takes a long swig from a bottle of bourbon.

Chris enters, sees his father, who walks to the bedroom.

CHRIS
Hey, Dad. Hope I didn't wake you.
I was--

WES

Headin' up to Moreau today. Job's gonna take at least a week. I'm leavin' you fifty bucks. Make it last.

CHRIS

Okay, I'll--

Wes disappears into the bedroom and shuts the door.

CHRIS

(to himself)

Make it last.

Chris looks to the family photo, stares at his mother, gently runs his finger along the frame.

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

Chris walks down the paved way that runs through the center of the small trailer park. All of the mobile homes here hail from the seventies or eighties.

Next to Chris strides SAM WASHINGTON, a short, stout black man in his fifties.

SAM

Got two move-ins scheduled for today.

CHRIS

Two? That's a lotta action for this place.

SAM

FEMA's footin' the bill. These people are comin' from Catahoula Parish.

CHRIS

Oh, the hurricane.

SAM

Yep. Gonna be lot fourteen and...

Sam looks backward, then points to a trailer that sits diagonally across from Chris' trailer.

SAM

Five.

CHRIS
New neighbor. Cool.

SAM
Want you to take a final run
through both trailers and make sure
everythin's up to snuff.

CHRIS
I'm on it, Sam.

EXT. BAYOU - DAY

Claude Arceneaux's body -- what's left of it -- lies on the soft soil. His ribcage has been crushed and ripped open like a crab shell. His body cavity is an empty vessel.

SHERIFF DOYLE GANT, (45), gazes down at the ghastly corpse, narrows his keen eyes.

Next to Gant stands DEPUTY MARK MUNRO, (27), a twitchy fellow with a beer gut.

MUNRO
God dang. Ate right through him
like a bowl o' gumbo. What coulda--

GANT
Black bear. Cougar, possibly. But
I'm guessing we got one big mean
sumbitch of a bear running through
this bayou. Call up Tyke Rogers.
Tell him to bring his dogs down
here.

Nearby, DEPUTY MELISSA RAYE, 30s, kneels next to the body of Jerry the dog. His throat has been torn out.

She pats his head, then looks to a tree that stands about thirty feet away.

She squints at an object that appears to be attached to the trunk -- a small box with a green plastic casing.

MELISSA
Sheriff?

LATER

The three cops stare at the tree-mounted camera. It bears the logo of the Louisiana Department of Wildlife and Fisheries(LDWF).

GANT

They use these to monitor wildlife populations. Motion activated. Might've caught something. I'll have 'em send an agent down here to retrieve the film.

EXT. HETTIS TRAILER - MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

JAMES HETTIS, 30s, pulls a box from the back of his SUV and sets it on the ground. He has close-cropped black hair and a rugged build.

His dark eyes track Chris as he ambles over from his trailer across the paved path.

CHRIS

Hi, I'm Chris. Live right over there.

Hettis slowly nods an acknowledgment.

CHRIS

I work for the manager, so if you need anything, just let me know.

Another slow, silent tip of the head from Hettis. Chris shifts uncomfortably from the awkward vibe.

CHRIS

So, uh, I hear that hurricane really wiped out--

Hettis thumbs toward the thick woods behind his trailer.

HETTIS

Where does this go?

CHRIS

The woods? Just leads right out into the bayou.

Hettis turns -- stares at the trees for a few moments -- looks back to Chris.

HETTIS

Thanks, kid.

With that, Hettis walks into his trailer and shuts the door.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

A police cruiser passes a greeting sign that reads, "Welcome to Bayou Sauvage. Stay awhile!"

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Sheriff Gant drives and Munro rides shotgun.

MUNRO

I just... I just ain't never seen anything like that.

GANT

Part of the job, Munro. Speaking of which...

Gant points to a man walking along the side of the road. The DRIFTER is a bearded man in his forties. Grizzled as hell. Soiled clothes. Overstuffed backpack.

MUNRO

Bet you twenty dollars he's another refugee outta Catahoula. They all have that look. Like swamprats.

Gant pulls the cruiser to the side of the road. He and Munro step out.

EXT. SHOULDER - ROAD - DAY

Gant and Munro approach the Drifter, who stops walking and eyes both men.

GANT

How do you do, sir?

DRIFTER

Doin' fine. Just walkin.' That still legal?

GANT

Certainly is.

MUNRO

Where you comin' outta?

The Drifter bristles at Munro's tone.

DRIFTER

Catahoula.

Munro looks at Gant and grins.

GANT

Shame what that big wind did to your parish. Seen a lot of you folks passing through. So... are you passing through?

DRIFTER

Hadn't given it too much thought, Sheriff. Any suggestions?

GANT

I'm just saying Bayou Sauvage is a small town. Not many opportunities in the way of employment or lodging.

DRIFTER

Oh, sorry to hear that. Maybe I'll just keep on walkin' to the next small town then.

GANT

Sounds like a plan. You have a good day, sir.

He and Munro walk back to the cruiser. The Drifter watches them drive off, eyes blazing with anger.

EXT. JENSEN TRAILER - MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

Chris uses a screwdriver to tighten a nut on the support arm of an awning.

SWAGGER JENSEN, a plump and ornery 67, sits in a lawn chair and sips from a beer can.

A faded Louisiana state flag lays plastered against the rusty corrugated wall of the trailer.

CHRIS

Good to go, Swagger.

SWAGGER

I do 'preciate it, Chris. Where'd that pa of yours head off to?

CHRIS

Moreau. Guess they just put in a new well.

SWAGGER
Mmm-hmm. He don't stick around
much lately, do he?

Chris shakes his head.

Swagger takes a long pull off his beer, stares at the can.

SWAGGER
Heard 'bout Claude Arceneaux?

CHRIS
Nope.

SWAGGER
Found him dead today. Down at his
duck blind in the bayou. All
torned up.

Chris furrows his brow, sits in the opposite lawn chair.

CHRIS
No.

SWAGGER
Oh yeah. Sheriff Gant tryin' to
say was a bear that done it.
Wasn't no bear I guarantee.

CHRIS
Then what?

Swagger leans in closer.

SWAGGER
Was--

SAM (O.S.)
Chris!!

Chris stands, whirls around to see Sam waving at him from the
other end of the park.

CHRIS
Gotta go, Swagger. I'll drop by
later.

SWAGGER
Sure nuff. And Chris.

Chris turns back to him.

SWAGGER

Come nightfall, watch yourself.
Don't go near that bayou.

Chris thinks about it, nods, walks away.

EXT. LEROUX TRAILER - DAY

Chris approaches a trailer that sits at the end of the pathway. He stops dead in his tracks when he sees:

ANNIE LEROUX, (17), a lissome blonde beauty who wears tight jean shorts and a tank top.

Chris stares at her for a moment, utterly beguiled. Annie notices his gaze and flashes an annoyed look that shakes Chris from his stupor.

SAM

Chris, these are our new tenants,
Annie Leroux and her father.

REMY LEROUX, (55), a human oak tree, exits the trailer.

SAM

Sorry, Mr. Leroux, I forgot your
first name.

Remy strolls by Sam without so much as a word. Pulls a heavy wooden table from the back of an old pickup, lifts it with ease, walks back into the trailer.

ANNIE

Remy. His name's Remy.

SAM

That's a strong ol' fella, huh?
Okay, then. Chris here'll help you
with anything you need. I'll be in
the office.

Sam walks off.

Chris glances back at Annie, who bends over to pick up a box.

CHRIS

Hear you guys are from Catahoula
Parish.

ANNIE

That's right.

CHRIS
Was the damage as bad I heard?

ANNIE
Worse.

CHRIS
Yeah, the other new guy, Mr. Hettis
-- he's also from Catahoula. Was
just helping him get settled.

ANNIE
Great.

CHRIS
I live just down the path here. If
you need anything, I--

TROY (O.S.)
Hey, Chrissy!

Chris grits his teeth, reddens.

Troy saunters over with his equally buff teammate KRYDER.

TROY
Toilet still ain't flushin' right.
I'm startin' to think the job is
just too big for a bitch like--

Troy catches himself when he gets a glimpse of Annie.

TROY
Damn.

He clears his throat, jogs over and tries to take the box
from Annie.

TROY
Let me help--

ANNIE
I've got it.

TROY
Sure. Hey, I'm Troy. This here's
Kryder.

Troy waits for the greeting to be reciprocated. It isn't.

TROY
We play football for Bayou Sauvage.
Tigers. You're goin' there when
classes start up, right?

ANNIE
Hadn't planned on it.

TROY
But aren't you--

The wooden steps outside the trailer door creak. Remy stands there, silently staring into Troy. Instant intimidation.

TROY
Alright, then. Ya'll have a good one. See ya round.

Troy and Kryder walk off, give unnerved glances back at Remy.

ANNIE
Friends of yours?

CHRIS
Oh, yeah. We work out at the gym together all the time. Can't you tell?

Chris flexes his nonexistent bicep as he walks away.

Annie watches him for a few moments, then cracks a grin.

INT. BAYOU SAVAUGE POLICE STATION - DAY

Sheriff Gant inserts a memory stick into the computer at his desk. Deputy Munro stands against the wall.

GANT
This is hot off the tree cam.
Let's see what we got.

A series of three photos fills the screen. A deer walks by, looks around, lopes off.

MUNRO
There's your culprit. Bambi.

GANT
Shut up, Munro.

Gant clicks forward. Three more daytime shots of a raccoon scurrying across the ground.

He clicks forward again. Now -- three pics snapped in grainy night vision.

Within the trees, some thirty feet away, a large figure lumbers through the frame -- on two legs.

GANT
What the hell is that?

Munro steps closer.

The darkness and brush obscure the details, but the figure looks to be close to seven feet tall.

MUNRO
Never seen any bear move like that.

Gant zooms the image, narrows his eyes.

THE FIGURE -- hulking.

EXT. BAYOU - DAY

TYKE ROGERS, 30s, leads two other camo clad HUNTERS through the primordial wilds. Each man has a rifle strapped to his back and controls a bloodhound on a leash.

The three dogs swiftly track a scent as they bark and bray.

Then, all three dogs come to a sudden halt. They sniff the surrounding brush, desperate to recapture the scent. They cry in frustration.

TYKE
What the hell? C'mon, girl. You got the scent.

The hounds continue to whimper, unable to track.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Chris plays a cajun ditty on his acoustic guitar as he sits near the kitchen. Next to him, a laptop rests on a table.

One of the featured stories on the Yahoo home page bears the headline, "Louisiana swamp monster caught on film?"

Chris stops playing and clicks on the headline.

A blog entitled "The Skeptic Believer" pops up.

A video of the blogger speaking into his webcam plays.

TOBIN FROMSKI, late 20s, is loud and animated to the point of annoying. He sports a few days of beard growth and a t-shirt that says, "Bigfoot Lover."

FROMSKI

Greetings all, this is Tobin Fromski, the skeptic believer. Let's get right to these pics that have the ol' interwebs a-buzzin.' They come from a place called Bayou Savauge in southwestern Louisiana.

Chris immediately puts down the guitar and edges closer to the screen.

A photo slideshow of the large, dark figure walking through the trees plays. Back to Fromski.

FROMSKI

And there it is. As you can see, it's about as dark and grainy as a loaf of rye bread. But, there is something there. Normally, I wouldn't pay much heed to stuff like this. Standard out of focus cryptid, right? What makes this case unusual is not only how recently it happened, but the fact that there is a confirmed human fatality involved.

A pic of the figure in mid-stride fills the screen. Chris squints, struggles to make anything out of the pixels.

FROMSKI

Now, what is it? Looks to me like something walking on two legs. Official police report claims we're looking at a bear. Unless it escaped from a Russian circus, I'm guessing nuh-uh. So what does that leave us with? Homonid? There've been reports of sasquatch-type creatures running through those swamps for decades.

CHRIS

Oh, please.

FROMSKI

But my sources tell me the victim was found shredded. That would be unheard of for any sasquatch encounter. Whatever it may be... color me intrigued. Time for your intrepid reporter to take a little road trip. Bayou Savauge here I come. Stay tuned.

The video ends.

Chris leans back in his chair, then walks to the window. He opens the blinds, scans the dark woods across the way.

His gaze settles on James Hettis' trailer. He watches Hettis tape sheets of tin foil to the insides of his windows.

Chris gawks, fascinated. Hettis pauses, then makes eye contact with his young neighbor.

Hettis holds his stare, then slaps up a sheet of foil and disappears from view.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Deputies Munro and Raye sit at their desks. Munro munches on a donut.

MUNRO
Mmm-mmm. Boston cream.

The door flies open and Sheriff Gant storms in.

GANT
Which one of you leaked that film?

Deputy Raye slowly looks over at Munro, who swallows down a mouthful of donut.

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Chris walks out into the blazing sunshine. He looks at Hettis' trailer and sees every window has been foiled over.

He stares intently, scratches his chin.

Someone taps his shoulder from behind and Chris jumps. He turns to see Annie.

ANNIE
Sorry. You always that jumpy?

CHRIS
Only when people sneak up on me.

ANNIE
Okay, well, we've got a problem with one of our outlets. Can you take a look?

INT. LEROUX TRAILER - DAY

Chris uses a screwdriver to remove the plastic cover of a power outlet.

Annie sits on a nearby chair and watches him. She crosses her legs and Chris instinctively glances over to catch a flash of thigh.

He quickly looks back to his work, starts to whistle the same Cajun ditty he was playing on his guitar the night before.

ANNIE

I know that song. Big Mamou,
right?

Chris turns back to her, surprised.

CHRIS

That's right.

ANNIE

Link Davis. Been awhile since I
heard that.

CHRIS

Been practicing that on my guitar.

ANNIE

Huh. Don't usually hear too much
guitar in Cajun music.

CHRIS

Yeah, just trying to be...
different. My mom actually got me
into the Cajun stuff.

ANNIE

You live with her?

He uses a sensor to test the wires behind the outlet.

CHRIS

No. She... she died last year.
Car accident.

ANNIE

I'm sorry.

CHRIS

Just me and my dad now. And he's
never around.

ANNIE

That's rough. But hey, maybe some time we can play together.

Chris turns back to her, hopeful.

CHRIS

Huh?

Annie uses her toe to tap a Cajun accordion resting on the floor amid cardboard boxes.

ANNIE

Not saying I'm any good.

CHRIS

Oh. Play together. Yeah, we should do that.

He turns back to the outlet and screws the cover back on.

CHRIS

Outlet should be fine now.

He stands and turns toward Annie.

CHRIS

Just let me know when you wanna--

Chris finds himself face to face with the silent, towering Remy. His ice blue eyes stare sabers into Chris.

CHRIS

Oh, how do you do, sir? Mr. Leroux. Fixed your--

Seeing absolutely no response from the man, Chris sidles past him and walks to the front door.

CHRIS

Yep, I'll be on my way now.

Annie chuckles at Chris' reaction.

EXT. STOP 'N SIP - DAY

Chris holds a brown paper bag and sips from a bottle of soda as he exits the food shop of the small gas station.

An early 70's Cadillac convertible pulls up to the single pump. Out of the Caddy steps Tobin Fromski.

FROMSKI
Scuse me, bro.

Fromski walks over to Chris, rests his aviator shades on top of his head.

FROMSKI
You know where the Starlite Motel is?

CHRIS
Yeah, that's on Abernathy. About two miles down, then make a right.

Chris studies his face.

CHRIS
Hey you're... bigfoot lover. I was just watching you last night.

FROMSKI
Cool. Recognition. I live for that. Name's actually Tobin Fromski.

Fromski extends his hand -- realizes Chris' hands are full. He clenches his hand into a fist.

FROMSKI
Knucks. Make it happen.

Chris taps his knuckles on Fromski's.

FROMSKI
So then you know why I'm here. Can you tell me anything about... anything?

CHRIS
Not really. I mean--

FROMSKI
Have you seen anything unusual lately? Anything suspicious?

CHRIS
Like a yeti in my bathroom?

FROMSKI
Hey, ya got jokes. Nice. But seriously, could I hit you up for an interview later on? I need some local color for my piece.

CHRIS
Sure, I guess.

Fromski reaches into his jeans pocket, takes out a business card and slides it into Chris' shirt pocket.

FROMSKI
That's got my cell.

CHRIS
Okay, I work at the trailer park about a mile down thataway. Just ask for Chris.

FROMSKI
I'll do that. I'll give ya a yodel. Until then, don't get killed, yeah?

Fromski jogs into the store.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Chris walks along the shoulder of the rural road. Wilderness sprawls on either side. The Stop 'N Sip is still visible in the far distance.

He halts and stares at a large pine tree by the side of the road. A large portion of bark has been torn from the trunk, as if by some great impact.

Chris walks over, spots something on the ground. He sets the bag down, picks up the translucent yellow fragment of plastic -- from a car's headlight.

He holds it in the palm of his hand, studies it.

He looks back to the terrible gouge in the tree, then drops the fragment.

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

Chris walks down the paved pathway, bag in hand.

Annie walks toward him -- stops -- waves with both hands like she's signaling a search plane.

ANNIE
Notice I didn't sneak up on you this time.

CHRIS
That's nice of you.

She walks with him.

ANNIE
Didn't have time to thank you for
the fix. You just kinda ran out.

CHRIS
Yeah, I got the feeling your father
didn't like me there.

ANNIE
Just his way.

CHRIS
Mind me asking -- if it's not too
personal -- is he alright?

Annie responds immediately, flashes a bit of anger.

ANNIE
He's fine! He just... doesn't
talk. He was born that way.

CHRIS
Sorry. Didn't mean to get you
upset.

ANNIE
I'm not. It's just, people always
feel the need to judge.

EXT. JENSEN TRAILER - DAY

Chris and Annie walk over to Swagger, who sits in his lawn
chair. Chris hands him the paper bag.

CHRIS
Got your change right here.

He reaches into his pocket.

SWAGGER
Nah, you keep it. Earned it.

CHRIS
Thanks, Swagger. So, uh, what were
you about to tell me yesterday?
About Claude Arceneaux?

Swagger takes a sip of his beer, looks at Annie.

CHRIS
Oh, this is Annie. She just moved
in.

SWAGGER
Bon jour, cher.

ANNIE
Bon jour. Comment vas-tu?

Swagger smiles at her, then looks to Chris.

SWAGGER
Loup garou.

CHRIS
What now?

SWAGGER
The man-wolf. My mama used to tell
me 'bout it when I was a young'un.
Say your prayers or the loup
garou'll getcha.

CHRIS
And you believe that?

SWAGGER
I know it. Ain't hearda one round
these parts before. But it's here
now.

ANNIE
What are we talking about?

CHRIS
Hunter got killed yesterday by some
animal. Swagger here is thinking
it's a werewolf.

SWAGGER
I guarantee.

ANNIE
But... don't werewolves need a full
moon to--

SWAGGER
Hell, no. Change any time they
damn well please.

He thumbs back toward his trailer. Through the open door, a
shotgun stands propped against a wall.

SWAGGER

But one comes knockin' on my door,
I'll blow its filthy, stinkin' head
off.

CHRIS

Just make sure it's not me with a
new light bulb.

Chris and Annie share a chuckle, which Swagger doesn't appreciate.

SWAGGER

Ain't funny! Loup garou been a
scourge on Cajun country since
before the 'ouisiana purchase.
Unholy mongrels, that's all they
are. I'd kill 'em all if I had
half a chance.

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - DAY

Chris and Annie walk together down the pathway.

ANNIE

Believe him?

CHRIS

Of course. Actually, I should've
had Swag tell you his story about
fighting off the aliens who tried
to probe him. It's epic.

Annie laughs.

CHRIS

The old boy's got some good ones, I
tell ya. Anyway, gotta head back
to the office before Sam yells at
me.

ANNIE

I'll see ya around, Chris. Thanks
again.

She gently taps his hand with her fingers as she walks away.
Chris looks down at his hand like he's just felt heaven.

EXT. MASTICH TRAILER - DAY

Troy sits on the front steps of his trailer, cracks his knuckles as he watches Annie stroll away. His lips twist into a scowl as he focuses on Chris.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Tobin Fromski strides in, looks past Deputy Raye, who stands at the reception desk.

He sees Sheriff Gant sitting in his office.

RAYE

Can I help you, sir?

Fromski waves to Gant.

FROMSKI

Sheriff Gant! A minute, please?

Gant gets up and walks over. Fromski extends his hand.

FROMSKI

Tobin Fromski. Run a little site called the skeptic believer.

Gant immediately retracts his hand.

GANT

I know who you are.

FROMSKI

Really? Man, you people in this town are doing wonders for my ego.

GANT

We have nothing to say to you.

FROMSKI

Just a couple questions about the--
(sarcastic coughs)
--bear photos.

GANT

The officer who leaked that film has been suspended without pay. There've been no further developments in this case. And at this point, I'll ask you to leave the property.

FROMSKI
Okay. I can do that.

He walks for the door, then turns to face Gant.

FROMSKI
But as Buddha says, three things
cannot be long hidden: the sun,
the moon... and the truth.

Fromski exits. Gant looks at Raye, shakes his head.

The door opens and Fromski pops his head back in.

FROMSKI
(to Gant)
By the way, niiiice pants.

Fromski zips out of there.

EXT. BACK YARD - MUNRO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Deputy Munro floats on a raft in his above ground pool. He rests a beer bottle on his beer gut, gazes at the starry sky.

Thick forest surrounds the back yard.

JOY MUNRO, 30s, an ornery sort, walks out of the one story ranch house. The balmy breeze ripples her nightgown as she approaches the pool.

JOY
So that's all you're gonna do,
Mark? Float in that daggone pool
all day long?

MUNRO
What do you want me to do? It's a
week suspension.

JOY
How 'bout doin' somethin'
productive?

MUNRO
I'm drinkin' beer and stayin' cool.
I call that productive.

Joy gives an exasperated groan -- storms away -- slams the sliding glass door shut behind her -- turns off the lights.

Deputy Munro takes a swig of beer, closes his eyes.

A FOOTFALL makes his eyes snap open. He raises his upper body, balances himself on the raft.

He looks to the sliding door. Shut. Looks around at the dark trees. They sway softly in the wind.

He reclines on the raft, resumes his position of leisure.

Another footfall, accompanied by a breaking branch.

Munro hops off the raft, wades through the shoulder-deep water to the ladder. He climbs to the top of the ladder -- scans the wildwood. Nothing there.

He downs the last of his beer.

MUNRO

Know you're out there. You're
messin' with a cop, just so you
know.

He climbs down, grasps the handle of the bottle like a weapon, approaches the treeline.

MUNRO

You still got the balls, come on
out.

Munro waits for any kind of response, gets none.

MUNRO

Didn't think so. Why don't y'all
run on home to--

From the thick brush, something strikes Munro with such force that it sends him reeling backward into the pool wall.

The impact sends water splashing over the walls and onto the ground. Munro stands wide-eyed, grasps his midsection.

The water settles. But, something still splashes the dirt.

Munro looks down to see four horizontal slashes across his gut. Blood cascades from the wounds in a deluge. Intestines bulge through the gaping fissures like swollen snakes.

More footfalls. Something approaches. Something huge.

Munro's eyes drift from his grisly trauma to the thing that stands in front of him. His eyes continue to rise.

Munro falls to one knee, deathly pale from the massive blood loss. His mouth hangs open and his eyes continue to widen at what he beholds.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

The toilet flushes. The bathroom door opens, sending spears of light throughout the dark trailer.

Chris flicks off the switch and trudges through the kitchen.

As he passes a window, something catches his eye. He leans over, peers through a space in the old blinds.

He spots someone emerging from the woods across the way.

Chris squints his tired eyes, leans closer to the window.

EXT. HETTIS TRAILER - NIGHT

James Hettis walks shirtless from the dark trees. The upper half of his body glistens with sweat.

He wipes his hands on his jeans, scans the trailer park.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Chris moves away from the window, lets out a breath.

EXT. HETTIS TRAILER - NIGHT

Seeing no one around, Hettis heads back to his trailer.

He walks up the steps to the front door, then whips his head toward Chris' trailer. Dark and quiet. Satisfied, Hettis heads inside and shuts the door behind him.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Chris slowly leans back to the window. He gazes through the space in the blinds.

Lights in Hettis' trailer. Moments later, they go off.

Chris turns away from the window, walks back to his makeshift bed, aka the couch.

He lies down, rests his hands behind his head, stares at the ceiling.

EXT. BACK YARD - MUNRO'S HOUSE - DAY

A POOL NET slowly lowers into pink, cloudy water -- snags a severed human arm.

The arm is carefully deposited on a tarp, where it's reunited with the other severed arm, a leg torn off at the knee and Munro's head.

Nearby, flies swarm all over the remains of Munro's torso. Most of it has been eaten.

Sheriff Gant watches as the coroner tech fishes more viscera from the putrid stew of blood, chlorine and gore.

Joy Munro, clad in nightgown and bathrobe, sits in a chair on the porch and weeps uncontrollably. Deputy Raye does her best to console her.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - MUNRO'S HOUSE - DAY

Gant strides toward his cruiser, which is parked on the dirt road that runs next to Munro's house.

He ducks under yellow crime scene tape.

FROMSKI (O.S.)
Sheriff.

Gant recognizes the voice and grimaces.

GANT
(to himself)
Christ.

He turns to see Fromski approaching.

GANT
You didn't waste any time getting here.

FROMSKI
Clerk at the motel told me all about it.

GANT
And what'd she tell you?

FROMSKI
One of your men... killed, right?
I mean devoured.

Gant stares back at him, patience fraying threadbare.

FROMSKI

Look, I'm sorry for your loss,
but...

He tilts his head toward the woodland next to the house.

FROMSKI

There's something out there.
Something that can rip two men to
pieces. I just want to know if
your... prime suspect has changed.

GANT

A hunting party is being organized
as we speak. The bear will be
tracked down and destroyed. That
is all, Mr. Fromski. Make sure you
stay behind the yellow tape.

Gant walks to his cruiser, opens the door.

FROMSKI

Is this gonna be the same hunting
party that couldn't find the bear
the first time?

Gant pauses, then shuts the door, starts the car, pulls away.

Fromski reaches into his pocket, retrieves a camera.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Chris stares at his laptop computer. The monitor displays
the latest entry of TheSkepticBeliever.com.

The headline screams: "Full-blown terror in the bayou as
creature claims another victim."

Chris reads the blog, studies the photos of the Munro crime
scene. Fromski somehow managed to snap a pic of body parts
being bagged by the coroner tech.

Chris lets out a gasp of shock. He reaches over to the
blinds, peels them apart, looks at Hettis' trailer.

The phone rings, causing Chris to jump.

CHRIS

Gaw.

He reaches for the cordless phone on the kitchen counter and
answers it.

CHRIS

Hello?

EXT. MOREAU OIL WELL - DAY

ROY SANDERS, (55), a weathered, bullnecked man, holds a phone to his ear. In the b.g., an oil rig pumps relentlessly into the earth.

SANDERS

Yeah, this is Roy Sanders with Champion Oil. Can I speak with Wes Durance?

INTERCUT

CHRIS

My dad -- Mr. Durance -- isn't here right now. He's off on a work assignment.

SANDERS

Not anymore he ain't.

CHRIS

Excuse me?

SANDERS

Uh, look, I'm the foreman out here at Moreau and... we had some problems with your dad. Had to let him go.

CHRIS

Why? My dad works hard.

SANDERS

Can't afford to have drunks on an oil rig. Hey, I'm sorry. Tell your dad no hard feelings. Tell him to come and talk to me when he dries out. I'm puttin' his check in the mail today. Bye.

Sanders hangs up, as does Chris.

Chris stands, looks around, unsure of what to do.

A knock at the door.

Chris opens it to see Annie standing there holding a covered ceramic dish.

ANNIE
Got some leftover etouffee.
Hungry?

LATER

Chris and Annie sit at the table and munch on shrimp etouffee. Annie looks at the Skeptic Believer homepage and shakes her head.

ANNIE
I can't believe this is all going
on right here.

CHRIS
I know.

ANNIE
So you know this guy? That runs
this blog?

CHRIS
Fromski? I ran into him at the
Stop 'n Sip. Kinda weird, but he
seemed alright. He actually gave
me his card. Wanted me to call him
if I saw anything... unusual.

Chris raises his eyes to the window. He's adjusted the shades so he can see through the slits.

He studies Hettis' trailer. But there's nothing to see.

Annie notices Chris' odd demeanor.

ANNIE
And, uh, have you noticed
anything... unusual?

Chris shovels down a mouthful of etouffee.

He looks at her, darts his eyes to the trailer, then back to Annie. He swallows.

CHRIS
If I tell you something, do you
swear it doesn't leave this
trailer?

ANNIE
Swear. Totally.

CHRIS
That guy Hettis.

Chris points to the trailer across the way.

CHRIS

Saw him coming out of the woods
last night. No shirt. Looked all
sweaty and weird.

Annie glances at Hettis' trailer, then looks back to Chris
and shrugs.

CHRIS

What would he be doing out there?
That time of night? Must've been
two, two-thirty in the morning.

ANNIE

You think he might have something
to do with--

CHRIS

I don't know. I'm just saying.
Something's going on with that guy.
I'm thinking about telling Fromski.

ANNIE

Why not just tell the police?

CHRIS

Tell 'em what? Guy likes taking
night hikes?

ANNIE

Yeah, I see what you mean.

CHRIS

I don't know. Maybe my imagination
is just taking off on this. It's
probably just a bear, like they
say.

EXT. BAYOU - DAY

Tyke Rogers and his two fellow hunters follow their hounds
through the bayou. The dogs howl with excitement as they
track a scent.

TYKE

They got 'im this time.

The dogs descend into a gully.

Then, same as before, the dogs stop cold. They sniff the
surrounding area, but whimper in bewilderment.

TYKE

God damn it! C'mon, girl. Find that scent!

No such luck. Tyke whips off his hat, throws it against a tree. He kneels down, spits on the dirt.

TYKE

Can't believe it. Five hundred pound bear just don't vanish into the wind.

He stands, takes a few steps, scans the wild terrain.

TYKE

It's impossible.

He shakes his head.

TYKE

No, not this time. I ain't goin' back to the Sheriff empty-handed. We stay out here all night if we have to. Come on.

Tyke leads his hound up the other side of the gully and the chase resumes.

Nearby, a pair of dark eyes watches the hunters.

The Drifter crouches, hidden by dense brush. He gazes at the men as they head off deeper into the bayou.

EXT. JENSEN TRAILER - DAY

Tobin Fromski stands in front of Swagger Jensen, who leans back in his lawn chair throne.

Fromski's t-shirt reads, "Area 51 Kitchen Crew." He holds his camera on the old man as he speaks.

SWAGGER

And that's what tearin' through this here bayou.

FROMSKI

Loup garou, huh? Yeah, I've heard the legend. Really nasty form of werewolf. Dates back to ancient France.

SWAGGER

That's right.

Troy Mastich and Kryder stand nearby and spit tobacco juice into paper cups.

TROY

So how many hits you get on that website of yours?

FROMSKI

Last couple days I've been getting around twenty thousand views. Per day.

Troy nods his head -- glances over at Kryder.

TROY

Real nice.

A pick-up truck rolls by.

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

The truck stops in front of the trailer. A bedraggled Wes Durance gets out, hard hat and tool belt in hand.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Chris and Annie stare at the fuzzy image of the "bayou creature" on Fromski's blog.

ANNIE

Kind of looks like a--

Wes walks in.

CHRIS

Dad. Uh, how'd the job go?

WES

Like any other job.

He tosses his hard hat and tool belt on a table, looks over at Annie.

CHRIS

This is my friend Annie. She just moved in with her father.

Wes nods at her.

WES

Welcome to fun city.

He goes straight for a kitchen cupboard, retrieves a bottle of bourbon, pours himself a ridiculously tall glass.

ANNIE

I'm just gonna head out. Nice meeting you, Mr. Durance.

WES

Yep.

Chris waves goodbye to her as she leaves. Then, he turns to his father.

CHRIS

Mr. Sanders called. Said he was gonna mail you your check.

Wes studies his son's face as he guzzles the hooch.

WES

That all he said?

Chris hesitates, swallows nervously.

CHRIS

He said... give him a call when you dry out.

Wes finishes the glass, wipes his lips, nods.

WES

So when you asked me how'd the job go, you knew damn well how the job went.

Chris stands there, unsure of what to say.

WES

No response. Imagine that.

He grabs the bottle and heads for the bedroom.

WES

Keep it quiet.

CHRIS

Dad, things have been happening around here.

WES

I don't care.

He steps into the bedroom and shuts the door.

Chris raises his voice.

CHRIS
Claude Arceneaux is dead.

For a moment -- silence. Then, the door opens. Wes walks out, staring at Chris.

WES
What are you talkin' about?

CHRIS
They found him in the bayou. Eaten up. They're saying it's a bear.

Even in his groggy, hung-over state, the news hits Wes like a cement slab.

WES
Claude? Claude is dead?

CHRIS
His funeral's this afternoon.

Wes looks at the bottle in his hand, sets it down on the kitchen counter.

CHRIS
And Mark Munro was killed last night.

WES
By a bear?

CHRIS
That's what they're saying.

Wes clenches his eyes shut.

WES
Funeral up at Hope Hill?

CHRIS
Yeah.

Wes walks back to the bedroom.

WES
Then get dressed. We're goin.'

EXT. BAYOU - DAY

Tyke and his crew plod their way through a thicket of unforgiving bramble.

HUNTER #1

Tyke, we're just runnin' blind through this damn bayou now.

TYKE

No, it's here. It's close. I feel it. C'mon.

He stomps down a tangle of thorns to blaze a trail.

EXT. HOPE HILL CEMETERY - DAY

A coffin lies suspended over an open grave, held in place by a mechanical lowering machine.

A REVEREND stands at the head of the grave.

Wes and Chris, dressed in shirt and tie, join a sparse group of mourners. Swagger Jensen sits graveside.

Fromski stands in the back, wears a sport jacket over his t-shirt. He glances at the dark storm clouds on the horizon.

REVEREND

Lord, we pray you grant your servant Claude Arceneaux eternal peace and glory within your kingdom. Forgive him his sins and failings, and allow him to pass through the gates of death to dwell with the blessed in your loving light.

Wes glances at the Reverend. Those words just rang familiar.

REVEREND

We ask this through Christ our Lord. Amen.

MOURNERS

Amen.

With that, Claude's coffin is slowly lowered into its final resting place.

Chris watches it disappear into the earth.

LATER

The crowd disperses. Fromski walks over to Chris.

FROMSKI

Hey, I know this isn't the happiest place, but do you have time to talk now?

CHRIS

I guess.

FROMSKI

Curious how many people in town are buying this bear cover story.

CHRIS

I don't know what to think. Not after what happened to Munro.

FROMSKI

Yeah that was, uh, messy. But it won't be the last. Something tells me the grave digger in this joint is gonna need a new set of shovels.

(beat)

Sorry, that was too soon. So, have you seen anything?

CHRIS

I...

Fromski arches his thick eyebrows.

CHRIS

Maybe. But it's probably nothing. I saw...

Chris looks to his left, sees his father standing in front of a headstone about a hundred feet away.

CHRIS

I'll call you.

FROMSKI

But...

Chris walks toward his father.

WES

drops to one knee. Tears roll down his cheeks as he stares at the headstone.

The headstone reads, "Cora Jane Durance. 1968-2011. Beloved Wife and Mother."

Chris walks up behind his father. Wes continues to stare at the epitaph.

WES

Did you hear the Reverend? "Dwell with the blessed in your loving light." Used the same damn words at Cora's funeral. Like he's readin' off cue cards.

Chris lays a hand on his father's shoulder.

WES

Shoulda been me in that car, Chris.

CHRIS

No. No, it was an accident, Dad.

WES

The hell it was. She asked me to go to the store for her. But not me. Too damn tired after a day of workin' in the sun. That's what I told her, anyway. Truth is I was just lazy.

He wipes the tears from his face.

CHRIS

She wouldn't want you blaming yourself. And I know she wouldn't want you--

Wes turns to him.

WES

What? Drinkin'?

Chris looks away.

CHRIS

She'd want you to keep living is all.

WES

I stopped livin' the moment she left this Earth.

He stands.

WES

C'mon, lets go home.

Wes strides away. Chris stares at his mother's grave for a few moments, then follows him.

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Chris softly plays Big Mamou on his guitar as he sits outside the trailer.

Annie walks up.

ANNIE
You're not bad.

Chris forces a smile.

CHRIS
Compared to what, I guess is the question.

From inside the trailer, the sound of a chair being thrown. Wes' slurry words boom from within the walls.

WES (O.S.)
Buncha stupid bastards! Fire me?!
You can't fire me!!

Chris looks away, embarrassed.

ANNIE
You know, if my father wasn't such a light sleeper, I'd invite you over to my trailer and we could jam out a little zydeco.

Chris listens to his father's incoherent, drunken mumblings, then turns to Annie.

CHRIS
I know somewhere we can go.

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - NIGHT

Chris and Annie follow a dirt path that leads off the paved way. Chris holds his guitar and a lit flashlight. Annie holds her accordion.

The trail leads into a grove of trees.

ANNIE
You want to go in the woods? Sure that's a good idea?

CHRIS
You'll see.

EXT. TRAILER GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The narrow grove of trees gives way to an open field, littered with the rusting remains of dozens of mobile homes.

CHRIS
I call this the trailer graveyard.
These things have been piling up
here for years.

The sprawling collection of decrepit trailers and double-wides has the eerie feel of an abandoned city.

A light mist begins to fall. Chris jogs toward a thirty foot aluminum-clad trailer resting at the far end of the field.

CHRIS
C'mon.

Annie jogs with him.

INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

Chris and Annie walk into the gutted old Airstream trailer. Most everything has been stripped out. A lone chair sits on the bare floor.

Chris rests his flashlight on the broken frame of a counter.

ANNIE
Nice place.

CHRIS
I like this one because of the
acoustics. Aluminum walls.

He looks to the far end of the trailer.

CHRIS
I think there's another chair.

He walks into what used to be a bedroom, steps around an old metal bed frame and a night stand.

A wooden chair rests on its side next to a shattered floor length mirror that hangs crooked on the wall. He grabs the chair, hauls it out.

He dusts off the seat, offers it to Annie. She sits down, fixes her fingers on the accordion. Chris takes his seat, readies his guitar.

CHRIS
Shall we begin?

Their instrumental version of Big Mamou plays over MONTAGE:

- 1) Tyke Rogers, flashlight attached to his cap, leads the tracking party through the deep bayou country.
- 2) Chris and Annie smile as they begin to syncopate their musical timing.
- 3) Tyke's fellow hunters struggle to keep up with him.
- 4) Chris and Annie, really feeling the vibe now.
- 5) Tyke's fellow hunters angrily waving him off, taking their dogs with them. Tyke stands there with his hound, bound and determined to keep going.

END MONTAGE

Chris and Annie end the song. They smile at each other, the chemistry evident.

EXT. TRAILER GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

From behind the derelict husk of an ancient trailer, a LARGE FIGURE moves silently. It walks on two legs.

It stays in the shadows, but dark, matted hair can be seen across its broad back.

INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

Chris and Annie smile shyly at each other, listen to the soft patter of the light rain pelting the trailer.

A gust of wind creates a low howl.

Annie's smile disappears.

ANNIE
Every time I hear the wind now, I
think of that night. The
hurricane.

She gazes through the open doorway.

ANNIE

We had a nice little place, Remy
and me. Just a little shack, but
it was right on the river. Whiskey
Chitto. Not another soul for miles
around.

EXT. TRAILER GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The large figure stalks through the junked trailers, makes
its way toward the Airstream.

INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

Annie crosses her arms, slowly shakes her head.

ANNIE

Never heard anything like the wind
that night. Sounded like some kind
of monster. Coming for your soul.
Felt like the whole world was
blowing apart.

EXT. TRAILER GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The dark, hulking figure enters the open field, lurches
forward as it closes in on the Airstream.

INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

Annie rests the accordion on the floor, looks to Chris.

ANNIE

Still don't know how we lived
through it.

Chris rests his guitar against the wall, pulls his chair next
to Annie's. He leans over, kisses her softly.

She hesitates at first, then pulls Chris closer.

EXT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

The figure crouches low, tenses as it skulks toward the
doorway.

INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

Annie and Chris deepen their kiss. She rubs Chris' hand, then slides it over her breast.

The figure bursts into the trailer with a terrifying roar.

Annie screams and falls back in her chair.

The flashlight drops to the floor and spins, sending dizzying glares of light reflecting off the bare metal walls.

A mass of wet, matted hair, the figure wraps its hands around Chris' arms and slams him into the wall.

Chris screams and struggles to get free.

Laughter. Muffled laughter.

The creature backs away, removes its head.

Troy Mastich laughs wildly at Chris as he holds his werewolf mask. A full body werewolf suit completes his ensemble.

TROY

Oh my god, Chrissy! Your face!
Holy shit!

Troy doubles over laughing. Kryder enters the trailer, grinning as he holds his smartphone and records everything.

TROY

Kryder, tell me you got that.

KRYDER

Got it all.

Annie picks up her accordion, glares at Troy.

ANNIE

You're an asshole!

She runs out of the trailer.

TROY

Come back, Annie! Finish what you started! Don't leave poor Chrissy with blue balls!

Chris clenches his hands into fists as he glowers at Troy.

TROY

What? What are you gonna do?

Chris' hands shake from the mixture of adrenaline, fury and humiliation. He picks up his guitar and flashlight and rushes past Troy and Kryder.

TROY

That's what I thought. Nothin.'

Troy watches Chris storm off into the rain, looks to Kryder.

TROY

Alright, let's hit the woods. Get some good footage for Fromski.

KRYDER

You really think he'll buy it?

TROY

Hell yeah. That dumb ass'll buy anything. You wear the suit this time, though.

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - NIGHT

Chris exits the woods, then turns around and smashes his guitar into a tree. He swings again and again until the instrument is reduced to splinters.

The rain picks up. Heaving with anger, Chris throws the neck of the guitar into the woods and runs for his trailer.

EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT

Tyke leads his bloodhound through the dense wetlands. Rain soaks him to the bone.

A thick fog begins to rise.

The bloodhound suddenly stands stock still, transfixed on something out in the misty darkness.

TYKE

What is it, girl? You got 'im again?

In the blackness of the bayou, branches snap. Water splashes. Something lurks ahead.

Tyke lets go of the leash, drops to one knee. He switches the rifle safety off -- secures the buttstock into his shoulder -- squints into the thickening fog.

Then, from the darkness -- a HOWL to freeze the soul.

The sheer intensity of the primal cry makes Tyke shrink back.

TYKE

A wolf. It's a god damn wolf.

The bloodhound flees in the other direction. Tyke pays her no heed. He prepares to kill whatever emerges from the fog.

TYKE

C'mon.

The rain lightens. The bayou remains dark and still.

As the drizzle rolls off Tyke's waterlogged cap, three glistening bands of thick drool drop and settle along his right cheek.

Tyke senses the warm goo on his face -- turns slowly.

The MASSIVE, HIRSUTE HAND swipes across the side of Tyke's face before he can even see his attacker.

The blow launches Tyke into a shallow ditch, where he rolls to a stop.

When he struggles semi-conscious to his knees, the full horror of his condition is revealed.

The skin of the right half of his face has been sheared off and dangles from his jaw like a fluttering sheet. His right eyeball hangs from its socket.

Emitting primitive grunts, Tyke attempts to crawl.

The Werewolf will have none of it. It pounces on Tyke, flattening him stomach-first to the ground.

It digs both hands into the center of his back, the two-inch claws piercing right through fabric and flesh.

The Werewolf then pulls its hands apart, as if it were opening a curtain. Tyke screams as the skin of his back rips and spreads, exposing red muscle and spine.

The creature buries its snout into the back, its jaws clamping on the spinal column. It pulls up, and the spine begins to peel away from the body.

Tyke yelps out a final shriek of agony before the Werewolf snaps its jaws -- crushing the vertebrae and splitting the spine in half.

It feeds in a frenzy for several moments, gouging out huge portions of meat with its hideous fangs.

Momentarily satiated, it backs away from its kill, its massive chest rising with each excited breath.

It picks Tyke's body up, flings him through the air. He lands in an algae-covered pond. The green slime swallows Tyke's corpse as he disappears below the surface.

The Werewolf turns -- bounds into the trees.

INT. JENSEN TRAILER - NIGHT

Swagger Jensen snores soundly in his bed.

His shotgun -- still propped by the front door.

The trailer shakes slightly, just for a moment. Not enough to wake the old man.

Another jostle. Something outside is powerful enough to shake the entire mobile home.

Swagger groans, flutters his eyes open.

He turns on a bedside lamp, looks around the trailer. Nothing seems out of sorts.

TEN BLOOD-STAINED CLAWS

push up through the bedroom floor.

Swagger watches in stupefied terror as the claws rip jagged tracks across the dirty carpet.

A moment later, the Werewolf smashes its upper body through the newly created entrance.

Its blood red eyes narrow as they focus on the old man.

Black lips retract, crinkling the fur on its massive snout. Lethal teeth drip saliva and leftover slivers of Tyke-meat.

Swagger -- closes his eyes, clasps his hands together -- silently mouths some old prayer.

The Werewolf surges into the trailer.

EXT. BAYOU - MORNING

Tyke's bloodhound scurries through the thick underbrush, its leash trailing on the ground.

It enters into a small clearing -- a campsite.

The blackened remnants of a campfire still smolder. A crude lean-to made of branches and plastic sheeting provides shelter for:

The Drifter. He lies shirtless, asleep on the ground.

The hound sniffs her way through the camp, then ambles over to the Drifter and sticks her nose in his face.

He awakens, pushes the dog away, staggers to his feet.

Getting his bearings, he looks around the wilderness, then gazes down at the dog.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - MORNING

Squares of choux paste sizzle, deep fry in cottonseed oil.

Chris uses a spatula to remove the six beignets from the cast iron pan. He sprinkles them with powdered sugar.

EXT. JENSEN TRAILER - MORNING

Chris knocks on the door, holds the beignets on a plate.

CHRIS
Swagger, you up?

No response.

CHRIS
Made some beignets. Extra greasy.

He knocks again. Hearing nothing, he tries the door and it opens. First thing he sees is the shotgun propped against the wall.

He steps in.

INT. JENSEN TRAILER - MORNING

Chris turns toward the bedroom.

CHRIS
Hey, Swag I said I--

He stiffens. Backs away. Drops the plate.

He nearly trips over the shotgun as he backs into the wall.

Inside the bedroom -- it looks like a bucket of red paint has exploded. Swagger's mutilated corpse lies on the bed.

Chris summons his nerve, steps forward.

He stops at the bedroom doorway, sees the gaping hole torn through the floor.

Swagger's face has been bitten off. His remaining entrails lay strewn around the room.

EXT. JENSEN TRAILER - DAY

Deputy Raye keeps a gathering crowd away from the trailer.

RAYE

Let's just keep back now, people.

Wes stands with his arms crossed, so hung over he can barely stay upright.

He looks over to Chris, who sits by himself on a milk crate, head slumped into his hands.

He takes a step toward his son, but his throbbing pain overrides his paternal instincts. He trudges away.

Fromski pulls up in his Cadillac.

He gets out, spots Chris and walks over to him.

FROMSKI

Chris.

Chris gazes up at Fromski with red, mournful eyes.

Fromski looks taken aback by Chris' appearance. He looks to Swagger's trailer, back to Chris.

FROMSKI

Not the old man?

INT. JENSEN TRAILER - DAY

Sheriff Gant stands within the trailer... stares speechless at what he beholds.

Gant's calm facade finally breaks. He slumps into a chair, wipes his lips.

GANT

Jesus Lord.

EXT. JENSEN TRAILER - DAY

Chris stands, looks down the way to Hettis' trailer.

He sees the front door cracked open, a shadow standing within. A moment later, the door shuts.

Chris' expression sours. He turns to Fromski.

CHRIS

You want your suspect? Right there.

He points to Hettis' trailer.

CHRIS

His name is James Hettis. Moved in right when the killings started. Saw him walking out of the woods the night Mark Munro was killed.

Fromski jots all this down in a notepad.

FROMSKI

Hettis. I got it.

Fromski jogs back to his car, shakes his head.

FROMSKI

Can't believe this shit.

Annie moves through the crowd. Remy trails behind her.

She runs up to Chris, touches his arm. He turns, looks to her, then hugs her tightly, whispers into her ear.

CHRIS

The werewolf. I think it's all true.

Annie embraces him back.

Remy watches the two youngsters hold each other, obviously displeased with what he sees. He turns and walks away.

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Chris and Annie sit in front of the trailer.

They watch as one vehicle after another passes by. Some tow trailers behind them. An exodus.

Chris waves to one of the cars.

CHRIS
Can't blame 'em.

EXT. HETTIS TRAILER - DAY

Fromski climbs the steps, knocks on the front door. He glances at the foil covered windows.

Hettis answers from behind the closed door.

HETTIS (O.S.)
Yeah?

FROMSKI
Mr. Hettis? James Hettis?

HETTIS (O.S.)
What do you want?

FROMSKI
My name's Tobin Fromski. I run an investigative website. I wonder if I could talk to you about the uh, unusual happenings going on around here.

HETTIS (O.S.)
Not interested. Go away.

FROMSKI
I have to admit, Mr. Hettis, I did a little digging on you. I'm kinda good with this internet stuff. There's not a single record of you anywhere from Catahoula Parish. Doesn't that seem strange?

The door cracks open, enough for Hettis to take one step out. Fromski takes a step back.

HETTIS
What the fuck do you want?

FROMSKI
I have a report you were seen wandering out of these woods in the middle of the night. The same night that Deputy Munro was... disassembled.

Hettis clenches his teeth, flexes his fingers.

HETTIS

That right? Now who coulda told ya
a whopper like that?

Hettis flashes a glare over at the Durance trailer.

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Annie and Chris see Hettis staring at them.

ANNIE

Maybe we should go inside.

Chris thinks about -- then stares right back at Hettis.

CHRIS

No.

EXT. HETTIS TRAILER - DAY

Hettis looks back at Fromski.

HETTIS

Here's a little free advice Mister
Internet.

He moves to within inches of Fromski.

HETTIS

Don't fuck with another man's
world.

He steps back in his trailer and slams the door.

FROMSKI

Should I take that as a no comment?

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Fromski walks over to Chris and Annie.

FROMSKI

You were right about Hettis. He's
definitely hiding something. Look,
uh, I'm heading back to the motel.
Gonna do a little more excavation
on this guy.

CHRIS

Fromski. What are we dealing with
here?

Fromski looks at both of them, runs a hand through his hair.

FROMSKI

If this is... what I think it is.
Le loup garou. Like any folk
legend there are dozens of origin
theories. Satanic curse, genetic
mutation, some kind of blood
infection that gets passed along.

CHRIS

Are we gonna need silver bullets or
something?

FROMSKI

No, that's all bullshit. Just like
the full moon stuff. It's a
shapeshifter. Can change anywhere,
anytime.

ANNIE

So how can we tell if someone is...

FROMSKI

There's no way to tell if someone's
actually a loup garou. Not unless
you see the fucker changing right
in front of you. Unfortunately by
that time, you're shit outta luck.
Every piece of literature I've read
on these things describe them as
pretty much the ultimate killing
machine. With a real affinity for
inflicting pain before they finish
you off.

Remy walks to within twenty feet of Chris' trailer. He
beckons Annie with several swipes of his hand.

Fromski tilts his head at the odd behavior.

ANNIE

I have to go.

CHRIS

Be careful.

Annie squeezes Chris' arm, then jogs off toward Remy and they
walk back to their trailer.

FROMSKI

Who's the conversationalist?

CHRIS
That's her father.

Fromski nods, then darts a glance back at Hettis' trailer.

FROMSKI
Watch yourself, Chris. This guy
knows we're up in his business now.
Be in touch.

He slaps Chris on the arm, then jogs to his car.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Sheriff Gant drives and Deputy Raye rides shotgun. They pass the road sign welcoming visitors to Bayou Sauvage.

Someone has crossed out the word "Sauvage" with red spray paint and scrawled the word "BLOOD" above Bayou.

Gant seethes at the vandalism.

RAYE
I got my own mother calling me up,
asking if we got a loup garou
running loose. Now I'm not sure
what to tell her.

GANT
Tell her it's the Loch Ness monster
for all I care. Fact is, this is
nothing but a bear that's got a
taste for human flesh. Maneater.
Seen it before.

The radio crackles to life with the voice of the DISPATCHER.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Sheriff, be advised we've received
multiple calls from the Rogers
family. They say Tyke Rogers never
returned from the bayou last night.

Gant clenches the steering wheel, lets out an angry sigh.

GANT
I do believe God is testing me.

RAYE
I think God might be staying out of
this one.

He looks at her, then grabs the receiver.

GANT
(into receiver)
Copy.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Chris walks to the closed bedroom door -- hesitates --
knocks. He hears movement within.

WES (O.S.)
What you want?

CHRIS
Dad, you've been in there all day.
Are you alright? Can I get you
something?

WES (O.S.)
Get me some peace and quiet. And
some bourbon.

CHRIS
We're out. Of the bourbon.

Chris walks away from the door, which flies open a moment
later. Wes staggers out.

WES
Can't be out. Just bought some the
other day.

Wes searches through the cupboards.

CHRIS
You drank all that, Dad.

Wes continues his futile search, then steadies himself before
he pukes in the sink. He runs the faucet and splashes the
water on his face.

He lets out a chuckle.

WES
Good thing your mom ain't here to
see this. She'd have my hide.
She'd--

He looks to the framed photograph of himself, Chris and Cora.
He grabs it, holds it to his chest, stumbles back to the
bedroom and shuts the door.

Chris struggles to contain his emotions, but can't. He wipes
a tear from his eye.

The window air conditioning unit sputters to silence.

Chris uses his shirt to rub the remaining moisture from his cheeks, then walks to the A/C. He presses a few buttons, but gets no response.

CHRIS

Great.

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Chris walks to the rear of the trailer, tool belt slung around his waist.

He examines the unit, immediately spots a loose wire.

CHRIS

How did that--

Chris slams into the aluminum trailer wall. He turns to see Hettis lunging from the shadows.

He grabs Chris around the throat with one hand, presses his wrist against the wall with the other.

Chris gasps for oxygen.

HETTIS

You don't know what you're messin' with. Do you, boy?

Chris' face turns purple. His eyes bulge.

Hettis shifts his iron grip from the boy's throat to his jaw.

Chris frantically sucks in air. But now Hettis' huge hand squeezes the moisture from Chris' mouth. Powerful fingers dig into cheek.

HETTIS

Would anyone even miss you if I killed you right here and now? Huh? That drunk old man of yours? That little blonde slut? Huh?

Absolute fury glows in Hettis' dark eyes.

HETTIS

Truth is, burnin' a piece of trash like you is just a little more work than I feel like doin' right now. But that can change. Anytime.

He thumps the back of Chris' head against the wall and walks away. Chris slumps to the ground -- coughs -- sputters.

EXT. STARLITE MOTEL - NIGHT

A 1950's era fleatrap with about twenty units. The blue neon star on the road sign flickers and buzzes.

Three or four cars sit in the parking lot, including Fromski's Caddy.

INT. FROMSKI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Fromski adjusts the webcam on his notebook computer as he sits at a rickety table. He taps a button on the keyboard.

FROMSKI

Me again. Still in Bayou Savauge, or as some local taggers have renamed it, Blood Bayou. Normally, I'd be laughing right along with you if I heard that, but not this time.

Fromski looks to his notepad, back to the cam.

FROMSKI

One more confirmed death. Excuse me, kill. This was an individual I interviewed just yesterday. He was found inside his trailer, his face gnawed off. Something... something tore its way right up through the floor. Now, as far as so-called mythical monsters go, our list of suspects has dwindled down to one.

Fromski leans into the cam.

FROMSKI

The loup--

A knock at the door. Fromski can't hide his surprise. He looks at the computer, frowns.

FROMSKI

Damn it.

He taps a button to shut off the webcam, then gets up and walks to the door.

He turns the knob, then hesitates.

FROMSKI

Yeah?

TROY (O.S.)

Hey, it's Troy Mastich. Met you at the trailer park. I've got somethin' you have to see.

Fromski opens the door to see Troy standing there. He holds up a smartphone.

TROY

I got it. On video.

Fromski steps aside and Troy walks in.

TROY

Nearly got my ass killed, but I got it.

FROMSKI

When and where?

TROY

Last night. The woods right behind our trailer. Just after the storm let up. I heard somethin' in the trees. Ran out there. Saw this.

Troy plays the dark, shaky footage:

A large, hairy, two-legged figure walks along the treeline. Troy can be heard as the camera nears the lurking beast.

TROY (O.S.)

What the fuck is--

The figure turns its head to Troy. A lupine snout and ears are visible. It SNARLS.

TROY (O.S.)

Oh my God!! Oh my God!!

The phone cam jerks wildly as Troy runs for the safety of his trailer. Once inside, the footage ends.

TROY

There it is. I couldn't believe it, man.

FROMSKI

Yeah, that is, that is wild stuff.

TROY

So, like, how much would you be willing to pay for this? I was gonna take it to the networks, but I figured I'd come to you first.

FROMSKI

I appreciate that, Troy. Really do. But as far as price, first I'd have to factor in the cost of my laser treatment.

TROY

Your laser...

FROMSKI

Because apparently I have "dipshit" tattooed on my forehead. Are you fucking kidding me with this?

TROY

What are you... I nearly got killed!

FROMSKI

Next time tell your buddy in the costume to zip all the way up. And work on his growling. I mean, make an effort, dude. Now get the hell outta here.

TROY

I'm tellin' you it's real!

Fromski leads Troy to the door and opens it.

FROMSKI

You boys have fun with your dress-up.

TROY

But--

Fromski shoves him out the door, then slams it. He shakes his head, walks back to the computer.

EXT. STARLITE MOTEL - NIGHT

Across the narrow, two-lane road that runs by the old motel, a figure watches from the trees.

Hettis steps from the shadows, observes Troy as he gets into his car and tears out of the parking lot.

He settles his gaze on Fromski's room -- grips the trunk of the tree -- inhales deeply.

EXT. REAR OF STARLITE MOTEL - NIGHT

Hettis walks along a narrow strip of grass behind the motel.

The dark woods loom to his left. A weak exterior light provides dim, flickering illumination.

He silently approaches the window leading to Fromski's room.

A rising shadow on the wall is his only warning.

The Werewolf attacks with lightning ferocity. Within a moment, it has its jaws clamped around Hettis' right thigh.

It lifts him into the air, then crunches its teeth together. The bite severs the leg and sends Hettis to the ground, femoral artery shooting blood like a geyser.

Hettis bellows in unimaginable pain and fear.

INT. FROMSKI'S ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Fromski falls out of his chair at the horrible shriek just outside his window.

He stumbles to the window, only to realize the glass is frosted. He hears the butchery continue without mercy.

Fromski balks, then grabs an iron from atop the dresser and runs for the door.

EXT. STARLITE MOTEL - NIGHT

Screaming like a wild man, Fromski sprints down the walkway, power cord nearly tripping him.

EXT. REAR OF STARLITE MOTEL - NIGHT

He turns the corner, halts in his tracks.

Hettis lays on the grass, blood still squirting from his leg stump. The fingers of both hands have been chewed off. His scalp hangs off his skull, attached only by a ribbon of skin.

Barely alive, Hettis casts his eyes towards Fromski. Unable to speak, the dying man looks now to the trees.

Slowly, Fromski follows his gaze.

Within the dark timber, a massive silhouette crouches on all fours. It feeds. Masticating jaws CRUNCH on flesh and bone.

Fromski instinctively backs up to the wall -- holds the iron as if it were some sort of shield against this horror.

Shadows obscure the beast, but moonlight reflects off a pair of blood red eyes. They study Fromski. A low, threatening rumble escapes its throat.

Fromski drops the iron -- backs away -- bolts.

EXT. STARLITE MOTEL - NIGHT

A few PATRONS and the MOTEL CLERK stand outside their doors. They see Fromski running down the walkway.

MOTEL CLERK
What's going on back--

FROMSKI
Get back in your rooms! Call the
police!

The panic pulsing through Fromski's voice convinces them all to follow his commands. They retreat back into the motel.

INT. FROMSKI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Fromski slams the door shut, drops to the floor, gasps for air. He braces his back against the flimsy door, wipes the glistening sweat from his brow.

EXT. REAR OF STARLITE MOTEL - NIGHT

Sheriff Gant and Deputy Raye scan the treeline with their flashlights, guns drawn.

Fromski and the Motel Clerk stand by the edge of the building, looking for any sign of movement in the woods.

GANT
It's gone now.

Gant shines his light on Hettis' mangled corpse.

GANT
You say you saw what did this?

FROMSKI
I saw... parts of it. I saw the eyes.

GANT
But you can't tell me one way or another?

Fromski shakes his head in frustration.

GANT
You know this man?

FROMSKI
James Hettis. Lives at the trailer park. Lived.

GANT
So what the hell was he was doing outside your motel window?

EXT. HETTIS TRAILER - NIGHT

Sheriff Gant kicks in the door.

Chris, Annie and Fromski watch from the paved way. Troy and Kryder stand in the b.g., along with a group of remaining residents.

Wes watches from the Durance trailer doorway.

INT. HETTIS TRAILER - NIGHT

Gant steps inside, turns on the light, takes a whiff, nods.

GANT
Think I know what your loup garou was up to.

He walks into the kitchen, stares at the set-up.

Boxes of Sudafed and batteries line the kitchen counter. Containers of acetone, drain cleaner and rock salt litter the trailer floor.

Large buckets and metal pots covered with tin foil and tubing stand along the walls.

GANT
This boy was cookin' up a storm.

EXT. HETTIS TRAILER - NIGHT

Deputy Raye walks out of the woods behind the trailer. She calls out to Gant.

RAYE

He had a whole stash of chemicals
back there.

Gant nods, looks to Chris.

GANT

Your good neighbor was making
enough meth for the whole parish.

Chris looks to Fromski, completely confused.

Gant shuffles through four different ID cards in his hands.

GANT

Four driver's licenses, four
different names. No wonder you
couldn't find any background on
this guy.

FROMSKI

It's just, I thought he was...

GANT

Uh-huh. You boys leave the
sleuthing to the folks with the
badges.

Gant shuts the door to the trailer and seals it off with yellow crime scene tape.

LATER

Chris and Fromski watch the police cruiser drive away.

CHRIS

I was so sure.

FROMSKI

Yeah... me too.

ANNIE

(to Fromski)

So what did you see?

Fromski shakes his head.

FROMSKI

Happened so fast. Never... never seen that much blood in my life. I looked in the woods -- saw these red eyes staring back at me. And I'm telling you, man, I could see the intelligence. I could feel it. Then I ran.

Fromski looks away, disappointment in himself evident.

ANNIE

I would've done the same. Anyone would've.

FROMSKI

Yeah, but I'm not anyone. I've been searching for proof of creatures like this my whole life. And when I have one standing right in front of me... I run.

He walks back to his car.

FROMSKI

I'll be at the motel.

CHRIS

Sure it's safe?

FROMSKI

Is anywhere around here?

Fromski gets in his car and drives off.

TROY (O.S.)

Hey, Chrissy.

Chris and Annie look over to Troy and Kryder.

TROY

Could you ask your girlfriend to stop by my trailer later on? I got a monster in my pants I want to show her.

Chris stares at Troy, rage welling in his eyes. He looks to his trailer, where his father still stands in the doorway.

Wes silently stares back at his son.

Chris breathes deeply, strides over to Troy.

CHRIS

Hey Troy, you dropped this.

Chris reaches into his jeans pocket with his left hand, then pulls out his still empty hand and extends his middle finger into Troy's face.

Chris then lands a right cross to Troy's mouth. It staggers him back a couple steps.

Troy looks stunned. As does Wes.

Troy delivers his own haymaker to Chris' face and wrestles him to the middle of the paved way.

Wes bolts from the steps and pulls Troy off his son.

TROY

You're fuckin' crazy! You must be
outta your mind, Chrissy!

WES

Go home, Mastich.

Wes tosses Troy like a rag doll. Kryder pulls his friend away as he continues to taunt Chris.

TROY

I'll see you again, Chrissy! I'll
see you again!

Wes pats his son on the shoulder, beams with pride.

WES

Where'd that come from?

Chris shrugs, calms himself.

CHRIS

It's been there.

Annie rubs Chris' back, kisses his cheek.

ANNIE

My hero.

She gives Chris a shy wave, heads off to her trailer.

Wes taps a soft punch into Chris' chest.

WES

Got some sand in ya after all.

Wes inhales deeply, runs a hand over his aching head.

WES

Maybe it's time I showed some, too.

INT. BEDROOM - DURANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Wes pulls a gun case from a hidden compartment in a closet. Chris watches him.

WES

If we get that bear tryin' to tear a hole through one of our walls, I want you to be ready.

Wes opens the case, reveals a 9mm pistol with several magazines. He picks it up, clicks off the safety.

WES

Safety on, safety off. You got a hot one in the chamber. Point and shoot. When you run empty, slap in a new mag. Easy as that.

CHRIS

Dad, I don't think it's a bear.

Wes smirks.

WES

Listen, I been hearin' 'bout loup garous, rougarous, cauchemars and Honey Island swamp monsters all my life. It's nothin' but Cajun smoke, trust me.

His grin disappears as he puts the gun back in the case.

WES

If 'ol Swagger'd been able to get his hands on that ten gauge of his, there'd be a new bearskin rug on the floor of his trailer.

Wes puts the case back in the closet, then pulls the framed photograph of the Durance family off the bed. He looks at the photo, then at Chris.

WES

You're lookin' more like her every day. You got her smarts, too. Same gentle nature.

He looks back to the photo.

WES

You know tomorrow makes one year
since the--

CHRIS

I know.

WES

Thinkin' maybe we could stop by the
site. Leave some flowers.

CHRIS

Yeah. We should do that.

Wes nods, smiles, grips his son around the shoulder. He looks to the floor for a few moments, then stares into Chris' eyes.

WES

No more booze. No more mopin.' I
give you my word.

EXT. BAYOU - NIGHT

Sheriff Gant and the two Hunters who accompanied Tyke Rogers make their way through the bayou.

The two bloodhounds keep their noses to the ground and track quickly and silently.

The tracking party enters -- the Drifter's campsite. A small fire crackles within a ring of stones.

Tyke's bloodhound stands tied to a tree. She barks wildly at the sight of the other dogs.

HUNTER #1

That's Juliet! That's Tyke's dog.

The Drifter appears from behind a tree, walks to the center of the campsite. He wears a shirt and jeans, but no shoes.

The Hunters aim their rifles at him. Sheriff Gant moves his hand over his holstered pistol.

GANT

Hold on. Everyone, hold on.

Gant recognizes the man.

GANT

Thought you told me you were moving
on.

DRIFTER
Thought about it. But y'all were
just so welcomin.'

HUNTER #1
What the hell you doin' all the way
out here?

DRIFTER
Gettin' by.

GANT
What about the hound?

The Drifter looks to the dog, smiles back at the Sheriff.

DRIFTER
Just found her way into my camp
this mornin.'

HUNTER #1
And why might that be? Why would a
dog like that track you down?

The Drifter's smile fades. He looks at each man, then to
their weapons.

DRIFTER
Sounds like y'all are accusin' me
of somethin.'

HUNTER #1
Where's Tyke?

The Drifter shrugs.

GANT
Sir, I do believe I'd like to ask
you a few questions down at my
station. Would you be willing to
come with me?

He slowly shakes his head.

GANT
I'm afraid I'm going to have to
insist.

The Drifter takes a slow step back.

Gant unsnaps his holster, wraps his fingers around the grip
of his pistol. The two Hunters clutch their rifles.

GANT
 Whatever you're thinking, friend...
 don't try it.

DRIFTER
 Oh, I really doubt you know what
 I'm thinkin.'

The Drifter's eyes pass over the men, as if selecting the
 weakest of this group.

DRIFTER
 You boys believe you could stop me
 in time?

GANT
 I believe twenty rounds of smokin'
 lead'll stop damn near anything.

The Drifter tenses, muscles flexing.

Gant and the Hunters stand breathless, waiting for the
 slightest twitch.

The Drifter breaks into a wide grin, holds out his hands.

DRIFTER
 Who am I to say no to the law?

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAWN

The sun rises over Bayou Sauvage.

INT. GANT'S OFFICE - DAWN

Gant rubs his bleary eyes as he sits behind his desk.

The Drifter sits on the other side of the desk, unblinking, a
 wry smile on his face.

GANT
 So you say you never saw Tyke
 Rogers?

DRIFTER
 For the tenth time... that is
 correct. Never saw him. Never
 heard of him. Wouldn't know him
 from Adam.

Gant looks him up and down, nods.

GANT

Well, you got no outstanding warrants. I don't like your kind squattin' in my parish, but you haven't broken any laws, far as I can see.

Gant crosses his arms.

GANT

You're free to go.

The Drifter stands.

DRIFTER

Could I get a ride back to my campsite?

GANT

Nope.

The Drifter nods, stares into Gant for several seconds.

DRIFTER

I'll remember your courtesy.

INT. FROMSKI'S ROOM - STARLITE MOTEL - DAY

Fromski sits at the table, side of his head propped up by his hand. Laptop in front of him. Looks like he hasn't slept.

He stares at one of the night vision pics of the large figure moving through the trees.

He taps a button, watches a high-speed slideshow of the three pics. It loops over and over.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Chris awakens on the couch, sits up, rubs his eyes. He sees Wes on the phone.

Freshly shaven and showered, Wes looks and sounds like a new man.

WES

(into phone)

Yes, Mr. Sanders, I promise you I've put that behind me.

(beat)

Absolutely I'm available for that.

Wes glances at Chris, smiles.

WES

That wouldn't be a problem at all.
We can be in Texas by next week.

Chris stops in mid-yawn when he hears that.

WES

Thank you again, Mr. Sanders.
Goodbye.

Wes hangs up the phone, belts out a hoot.

WES

Yes!

CHRIS

What happened?

WES

A job is what happened. A real one. A permanent one. No more of this runnin' back and forth. A refinery outside Houston. Real good pay, too. We can get us a house, Chris.

He walks over, ruffles Chris' hair.

WES

Your mom musta had a hand in this.

Wes claps his hands, walks back to the bedroom.

WES

Next time this week, we'll be in cattle country! Bye-bye trailer park.

As the notion hits Chris, he slumps his shoulders.

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Chris sits at the table in front of the trailer. Annie stands in front of him, head hung low.

He reaches for her hand -- she pulls away.

ANNIE

I'll have nobody.

CHRIS
We can talk. I'll call you every
day.

ANNIE
I thought... I thought we had
something.

She turns and walks away.

CHRIS
Annie.

He stands, follows her for a few steps, then stops.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

The Drifter walks off the road -- strays into the bayou.

INT. WES' PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Wes drives. Chris sits in the passenger seat, watches the
endless trees zip by.

A beautiful bouquet of white lilies lays in his lap.

WES
Lilies were always her favorite.

CHRIS
Yep.

Wes looks over to his son, then gazes back at the road.

WES
I know I sprung that news on ya
quick, son. Just believe me it's
all for the best. Fresh start for
both of us. Your mom'd be happy.

Wes slows the truck, pulls it to the side of the road.

He and Chris stare at the thick pine tree with the bark torn
from its trunk.

WES
One year. One whole year.

He looks over to Chris.

WES
Ready?

Chris nods.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DAY

They exit the car and walk down the slight embankment to the edge of the wilderness.

Chris kneels down in front of the tree, lays the flowers against the trunk.

CHRIS

These are for you, Mom.

Wes places a hand on Chris' shoulder.

WES

Love you, Cora. I'll always love you.

Birds chirp softly in the branches overhead.

Gossamer clouds drift across the azure sky.

A gentle wind rustles the leaves in the trees.

The Werewolf emerges with a guttural roar -- engulfs Wes.

He screams as he's throttled into the ground.

A stunned Chris moves toward the Werewolf, but a single kick from one of its powerful legs sends him flying backwards.

Despite Wes' efforts to hold back its head, the Werewolf sinks its fangs into his upper chest and snaps his collarbone.

Wes cries out in agony. Through tears, he sees his son get to his feet.

WES

Chris! Run! Run! Get to the truck!

The Werewolf tears into Wes with wild abandon now. Slabs of skin and splashes of blood fly everywhere.

A burst of crimson splatters the white lilies.

Wes manages a final word as his eyes lock onto his son for the last time.

WES

Run.

Paralyzed by shock, Chris falls backward as he watches the Werewolf bury its face in his father's abdominal cavity, then pull up a mouthful of intestines.

Chris stumbles up the embankment, opens the door to the passenger side, climbs in and shuts the door.

INT. WES' PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Chris crouches down in the front seat, panting, quivering.

He clenches his eyes shut, shakes his head.

CHRIS

No. Dad.

He opens his eyes, spots a tire iron in the back seat. He grabs it, flings open the door and runs out.

The Werewolf is gone.

Chris stands over the remains of his father, who is no longer recognizable.

He begins gulping in air, his shoulders heaving. He looks at Wes, then to the blood-soaked flowers.

Rage takes over. Chris belts out a primal scream.

He runs to the treeline, holds the tire iron over his head.

He screams louder, louder. He won't and can't stop.

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chris sits on a chair in the sterile, institutional hallway. Head hung low, he stares blankly at the tile floor.

Florescent lights buzz above him.

Fromski sits next to Chris, hands folded in front of him. He opens his mouth to say something, but words fail him.

At the end of the hallway, Annie spots Chris. She runs over to him. Remy walks behind her.

She sits next to him, strokes his hair.

ANNIE

We just heard. Oh my God, Chris,
I'm so sorry.

Chris looks numb, barely acknowledging her.

Sheriff Gant steps out of the morgue, which is just down the hallway. He looks at Chris, hesitates, walks over.

GANT

Chris, you've got my deepest sympathies. I truly mean that.

CHRIS

I think I want to see him now.

Gant looks to the morgue, then to Chris.

GANT

Okay.

Chris slowly stands, walks into the morgue.

Fromski walks over to Gant.

FROMSKI

Alright, Sheriff. Now even you can't run from the truth. You heard Chris' story. Werewolf. Broad daylight.

GANT

If you've been in this line of work as long as I have, Fromski, you'd know that in moments of shock the mind can see what it wants to see.

FROMSKI

Oh, for chrissakes, enough with your bear bullshit. Just open your mind and consider the possibility.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Chris stares at the bagged body resting on the gleaming steel table. He walks over to his father, rests a hand on him.

CHRIS

I'll get it, Dad. I promise you.
I'll kill it.

His hand squeezes the bag, crinkling the black plastic.

INT. HALLWAY - HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Chris walks into the hallway.

CHRIS
I'm going home now.

GANT
Think it'd be a good idea if you
didn't drive right now, son.

ANNIE
We'll take him back.

CHRIS
No. I'm fine.

She places her hand on his shoulder. He squeezes her hand.

CHRIS
I just need to be alone for awhile.

He walks away.

They all watch his solitary march down the hallway.

Annie loops her arm around Remy's and they walk down the
hallway together. She looks back and waves to Fromski.

Fromski waves to her, then turns to Gant.

FROMSKI
I understand you don't buy any of
the shit I'm into. No aliens. No
bigfoot. No chupacabra. I get it.
But that doesn't change the fact
you've got something out there
turning your citizens into Spam.

Gant rubs his tired eyes.

GANT
Fromski, I've gotten about three
hours sleep total these last few
days. I'm just not in the right
mind for this conversation.

He starts to walk away.

FROMSKI
Just answer me this -- besides
Hettis, have you come across anyone
from outside Bayou Sauvage?

Gant keeps walking.

FROMSKI
He'd probably be a loner.

Gant stops.

FROMSKI

Not much concern for appearance.
Not much regard for the law.

Gant turns around.

FROMSKI

Werewolves have a tendency to look
down on humans. Like we look down
on sheep. So... any of that ring a
bell?

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Chris parks the pickup truck, walks to the trailer.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Chris walks into the trailer, turns the lights on. He
freezes when he sees his father's hard hat on the table.

He walks over, picks it up, uses a finger to rub some oil
off. He sets it down.

Then, his eyes fall to the framed photograph of his family.
He picks it up, stares at it.

Finally, he breaks. The tears flow. He collapses into a
chair, lays the side of his face on the frame glass.

INT. CRUISER - NIGHT

Gant drives as Fromski sits in the passenger seat and
inspects all the gadgets on the dashboard.

FROMSKI

What does that one do?

GANT

Ejector seat, I wish. I must be
outta my mind giving your whackjob
theories the time of day.

FROMSKI

No stone left unturned, Sheriff.
So, tell me about our alleged
lycanthrope.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Kryder wears the werewolf costume, sans head. Troy zips up the back, hides the zipper by pushing the fur over it.

TROY

There. Nothin' showin' this time.

KRYDER

Dude, I don't like bein' out here. Not with everything that's goin' on.

TROY

You wanna make money? This is gonna be some serious money. With what happened to Wes Durance today, we're gonna have every network crawlin' all over the bayou. And they're gonna need some footage to show. Long as it looks real enough, that's all that matters. It'll sell.

Troy reaches down, grabs the head.

TROY

Alright, let's put your head on, Chompy.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Chris rises from the chair, sets down the photo, wipes his eyes. He walks to his father's bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris goes straight for the closet -- pulls out the gun case. He opens it, stares at the gun, grasps it, feels the weight.

INT. CRUISER - NIGHT

As they travel down the rural road, Gant sees a figure silhouetted by his headlights.

It's the Drifter, walking along the treeline, lugging his backpack.

GANT

I'll be god damned, there he is.

He immediately pulls over, brakes the cruiser to a sudden stop, sending a cloud of dirt into the air.

The Drifter stops in his tracks. Bathed in the headlights, he stares back at them.

Gant takes off his seatbelt.

Fromski grabs his arm, looks into his eyes.

FROMSKI

Be ready.

GANT

I'm always ready.

Fromski's eyes go to the shotgun racked into the console. Gant hesitates, then pulls out the shotgun.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Gant and Fromski exit the cruiser, slowly approach the Drifter, who doesn't even flinch. They stop about fifteen feet away from the man.

GANT

Evening.

DRIFTER

Just how many times you plan on roustin' me, Sheriff? Fillin' some kinda quota?

GANT

Just had a couple more questions for you.

The Drifter looks to the shotgun.

DRIFTER

These questions require the presence of a street sweeper, I notice.

He glances at Fromski, who can't hide his unease.

DRIFTER

And who's your little buddy?

GANT

You just let me ask the questions. Where you heading?

DRIFTER

Outta Dodge. Ain't you heard?
There's a loup garou prowlin' these
parts.

GANT

Yeah... let's talk about that.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - NIGHT

Chris lays the gun on the kitchen table, stuffs extra clips
into his pockets.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Troy directs Kryder, now in full werewolf getup, to the
bottom of a thickly forested hill.

TROY

Start right there. When I say go,
make your way up the hill, then
across these trees. I'm gonna be
right over there.

Troy points to some nearby bushes. Kryder nods, then
disappears behind the hill.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

The Drifter looks to the Sheriff, then to Fromski and shakes
his head.

DRIFTER

So you're the one who got this ol'
boy thinkin' I'm a loup garou. You
some kinda expert, Yankee?

FROMSKI

You tell me. Am I right?

The Drifter grins, looks down.

DRIFTER

Back in Catahoula, everyone knew to
stay outta the deep swamp. Family
of loup garous livin' back there
for... hell, who knows how long?
Occasional fool would try his luck
and head out there. Some came
back, some not. That's just how it
was.

(MORE)

DRIFTER (CONT'D)

But now, this hurricane done
flushed 'em out. Mixin' with the
general populace. It ain't
natural.

SHERIFF

If you got a point, make it.

DRIFTER

It's a disease they carry in their
bones. Gets passed on. Like some
kinda curse.

FROMSKI

I've heard all this before.

DRIFTER

Is that right? Well, here's
somethin' you don't know, bright
boy.

The Drifter takes a step closer, stares into Fromski.

DRIFTER

Le loup garou skips a generation.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Troy stands behind the bushes, angles his smartphone to get
an optimum shot.

TROY

Alright, go!

Troy waits. No movement.

TROY

Come on!

Footfalls. The silhouette of a large crouching figure
appears at the top of the hill.

Troy does his best to feign shock at the sight of the beast.

TROY

Oh my... God. What is that?

The figure skulks forward on all fours, through the trees --
towards Troy. The underbrush cracks beneath its weight.

Cloaked in the shadows, it stops about ten feet from Troy.
He lowers his phone.

TROY

Cut. Perfect. Perfect! You got
that four-legged walk down, man.

The dark figure raises its massive head -- lets out a HOWL of
shuddering power and ferocity.

Troy drops his phone.

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - SAME MOMENT

Chris, gun in hand, walks to the pickup truck as he hears the
nearby howl.

His eyes widen, breathing quickens. He runs across the way
and into the woods.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - SAME MOMENT

Gant, Fromski and the Drifter all hear the howl ring through
the night. The Sheriff looks unwilling to believe what he's
just heard.

Fromski runs back to the cruiser.

FROMSKI

Come on! Come on!

Shaking off his shock, Gant sprints for the car.

DRIFTER

You just gonna leave me out here?!

The cruiser roars to life, wheels spitting dirt as it charges
back onto the road.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

As he hurtles through the woodland, Chris hears the awful
sounds of a human being in his death throes.

INT. CRUISER - NIGHT

Fromski turns to Gant as the cruiser races down the road.

FROMSKI

It's the father. Annie's father.
God, why didn't I see it?

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Chris stumbles upon Kryder's dismembered carcass. The fake fur of his werewolf suit lies in shreds around the ground. His limbs lay scattered like detritus.

Chris clambers up the hill -- spots Troy lying on his back. He runs over to him.

Troy is not long for this world.

His ribcage has been completely torn off, exposing the inner workings of the human respiratory system. With one lung torn out, the other lung struggles to keep Troy alive.

Chris locks eyes with Troy. He raises a hand toward Chris before he vomits blood all over his face. His final breath rattles into the night air.

Chris steps back, sickened.

Then he hears it -- movement in the trees nearby. He runs toward the noise.

Chris pursues with all he has. He dashes through the woods -- leaps over logs, dodges trees, careens through brush.

His quarry stays out of sight, but within earshot.

Finally, Chris reaches the treeline and finds himself back at the trailer park.

He desperately scans the area -- spots the front door to Annie's trailer flapping in the wind.

CHRIS

Annie!

He bolts for the Leroux trailer.

EXT. LEROUX TRAILER - NIGHT

Chris arrives at the front steps, skids to a stop. He sees huge, muddy pawprints leading into the trailer.

He holds the gun in front of him with a trembling hand. He walks up the steps.

INT. LEROUX TRAILER - NIGHT

Chris walks into the dark trailer.

CHRIS

Annie!

He swipes at the wall, finally finds a switch that turns on a weak lamp, casting the interior in a hazy yellow. He looks to the floor, sees mud trails all over.

One of the trails leads directly into a room with a closed door. Chris exhales, approaches the door.

The door... creaks... open.

A towering shadow appears.

Chris readies himself.

Remy steps into the doorway, fills the entire frame. He wears a flannel shirt fastened with one button and a pair of work pants. No shoes.

He stares at Chris with those ice blue eyes. He steps forward. Chris retreats to the wall.

CHRIS

Get back.

Remy advances two more steps.

CHRIS

Get back!!

He thumbs back the hammer, flexes his finger on the trigger.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Don't shoot him.

Chris whips his head toward the other side of the trailer.

Annie emerges from another doorway. She wears a nightgown.

Chris returns his attention to Remy.

CHRIS

I know what he is.

ANNIE

No, you don't.

She takes a step forward.

ANNIE

I killed Troy for you. Did you see?

Chris tilts his head, narrows his eyes.

CHRIS

What?

He shakes his head, keeps the gun trained on Remy.

CHRIS

No.

Chris shifts his gaze between Annie and Remy, unsure of where to look or what to think.

ANNIE

He needed to die.

She takes another step closer, within five feet of Chris.

CHRIS

Why are you saying this?

He studies her face, desperate for any sign she's lying. She gazes back at him with a warm smile.

CHRIS

You... killed my father.

ANNIE

He was going to take you from me.
Now we can be together.

Chris looks pale, overcome.

Remy rushes forward, grabs the pistol out of Chris' hand. It falls to the floor. Remy kicks it to the far wall.

Chris attempts to fight back, but Remy picks him up and slams him into a chair. He stands over Chris, grips his shoulders tightly as he forces him down.

ANNIE

Careful now, Remy. That's my
boyfriend.

Annie walks in front of Chris.

ANNIE

I know this a bit much to take in.
All I ask is one thing of you.

She gently runs her fingers across his cheek.

ANNIE

Tell me you love me.

Chris focuses his seething gaze into her eyes.

CHRIS
I'm gonna kill you, freak.

Annie's face drops, truly stung by his words.

ANNIE
Freak? Is that what you think of
me?

She takes a step back. Her forlorn expression changes to one of anger.

ANNIE
What did that old man call me?
An... unholy mongrel?

Her lips twist into a grin.

ANNIE
You should have seen his face when
I came through that floor.

Annie's eyes begin to redden, as if blood was being poured into two spheres of clear water. Within moments, her eyes are a deep, shocking crimson.

ANNIE
I thought you were the one.

Annie's voice has thickened and deepened considerably. The words croak out of her throat.

ANNIE
Now you'll see...

She points her index finger at him. It begins to lengthen, along with the other fingers. Bones crack, skin splits and almost instantly reforms. Claws emerge.

Chris' jaw drops at what he sees. His eyes dart to the table next to him. A cast iron pan lays there.

Annie's spine violently expands, nearly puts her head through the ceiling. She hunches over to accommodate her new height.

Her legs suddenly shoot out to nearly twice their normal length. The process sounds like baseball bats cracking.

Annie grunts, shudders in pain.

Now, her skull mutates. As her scalp stretches over her expanding cranium, the lupine snout explodes outward.

Chris looks to the pan.

He snags it with his left hand -- turns -- slams it across Remy's temple. He staggers backward and to the floor.

Chris runs out the front door.

The Werewolf howls in fury, but the transformation is not yet complete. Coarse brown hair sprouts all at once. The teeth augment and sharpen into fangs.

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - NIGHT

Chris bolts down the paved way, adrenaline giving him speed. He spots the dirt path leading toward the trailer graveyard and runs for it.

EXT. TRAILER GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Chris runs from the trees and into the trailer graveyard.

EXT. LEROUX TRAILER - NIGHT

The Werewolf bursts through the front door, shattering the frame. It stands, scans the area, sniffs the air.

Immediately, it turns its huge head toward the trailer graveyard and bounds forward on all fours.

EXT. TRAILER GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Chris weaves through the maze of discarded mobile homes.

Sheets of rusting aluminum, rotting sections of insulation and heaps of broken furniture are among the decades of accumulated junk that stand in his way.

He stops at a tangle of metal scrap, reaches down, picks up a long, hollow steel pipe with a sharp, rusty tip.

The Werewolf springs from the trees and into the field. It pauses, its lips curling up, drool spilling from fangs.

Acquiring the scent, it begins to stalk, silently prowling toward the decrepit trailers.

Chris crouches against the wheel of an old trailer hitch. Drenched in sweat, he uses his shirt to wipe his brow.

He hears a footfall. He stops breathing, looks toward a large junk pile.

The Werewolf creeps over the corroded remains of a car, silently makes its way toward the large junk pile.

The tail of Chris' shirt can be seen poking out among the mountain of debris.

The Werewolf emits a low growl, then charges forward. It sinks its claws and fangs into the shirt -- only to have couch stuffing burst into the air.

The shirt has been wrapped over a large cushion.

Chris appears behind the beast, then lunges forward and skewers it through the gut with the metal pole.

It howls in torment.

Chris backpedals, falls on his ass.

He watches as the Werewolf pulls the offending object from its body.

Chris leaps into the wide open end of a trailer.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

He runs through the ratty metal box.

The Werewolf jumps into the trailer, pursues with an infuriated roar.

The trailers are lined up end to end, allowing Chris to leap through into the next one.

The Werewolf tears down walls, shreds rusted ceilings as it thunders toward Chris.

Chris runs through the next trailer, leaps through the open window of the adjoining mobile home.

He rolls over the floor of the old bedroom, gets to his feet, keeps moving.

The Werewolf doesn't bother with the window -- it creates a new entrance as it smashes through.

Chris reaches the end of the trailer, kicks out the plastic window, finds himself staring at a corrugated wall with a metal rung ladder bolted to it.

He grabs for the ladder and pulls himself up.

EXT. TOP OF TRAILER - NIGHT

Exhausted, Chris rolls onto the roof of the old mobile home.

He staggers to his feet, suddenly realizing the deathly silence around him.

Slowly, he turns around.

The Werewolf stands on the roof of the previous trailer. Its blood red eyes narrow as they focus on Chris. Its muscles tense as it crouches lower.

Chris looks around -- there's nowhere to go.

He takes a couple steps back, nears the edge of the roof. The Werewolf responds with a rising snarl.

It ROARS -- pounces at Chris.

The creature lands a few feet short -- collapses through the roof. Its fragile structural integrity compromised, the entire mobile home caves in on itself.

Chris falls off the roof and slams into the ground.

EXT. LEROUX TRAILER - NIGHT

Lights flashing, the police cruiser pulls up in front of the trailer. Gant and Fromski get out, run toward the front door. They see the damaged frame.

GANT
Stay behind me.

INT. LEROUX TRAILER - NIGHT

Gant enters, shotgun at the ready. Fromski follows him.

They see the muddy tracks, and Annie's ripped nightgown.

GANT
What the hell went on here?

Remy steps from the shadows, pulls the shotgun from the Sheriff's hands, tosses it away.

He picks Gant up off his feet, then rams his head into the wall. The Sheriff drops to the floor, unconscious.

Remy looks now to the terrified Fromski. Before he can bolt from the trailer, Remy flings him across the room.

Fromski slides hard into the far wall. He winces from the impact, then sees Remy advancing on him.

He looks to his right, spots the pistol on the floor. He makes a desperate grab -- pulls it on Remy just in time.

FROMSKI

Don't. Just don't.

Remy stares back at him, lips contorting in fury.

FROMSKI

Don't!

Remy lunges. Fromski fires twice. Remy stumbles back, regains his balance, charges again. Two more shots and Remy drops dead.

EXT. TRAILER GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Shaken, Chris staggers to his feet, moves away from the collapsed heap.

He spots the Airstream, picks up his pace.

The Werewolf explodes out of the twisted metal.

Raging, snarling, it spots Chris and pursues.

INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

Chris runs into the gutted trailer, shuts the door. Streaks of moonlight shine through the windows.

He grabs a chair, wields it like a weapon, waits for the attack. He's met only with silence.

A nudge from outside. The trailer shakes.

Chris clenches the chair, sweat rolling off him, eyes darting to every corner.

Another push. A thick growl vibrates the aluminum walls.

EXT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

A monstrous hand delicately places its five claws on the trailer's metal skin. The hand tracks across the exterior, creating spirals of aluminum shavings.

INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

The SCRAPING sounds like a can being peeled open.

Chris slowly retreats to the back of the trailer. He enters the bedroom.

He looks to the floor, grabs one of the steel rails of the bed frame.

The Werewolf tears the front door off the trailer, jumps in.

It turns its head, makes eye contact with Chris at the other end of the trailer. Chris uses the rail to close the flimsy wooden bedroom door.

He drops to one knee, waits for the imminent assault.

The door detonates into splinters as the creature bursts through. Chris falls to his back, holds the steel rail across his throat with both hands.

The Werewolf lunges at Chris' throat. He crams the rail between the dripping fangs.

The beast's claws rake across Chris' head, splitting open his scalp. Blood pours out.

The Werewolf bites into the rail, bends the steel. Drool rains down on Chris' face as the creature rages over him.

It sinks its claws into his shoulders. He screams.

The Werewolf rams him violently into the wall. Dazed, Chris looks directly above him, where the broken floor-length mirror still hangs.

He sticks the rail deep into the jaws, reaches to the mirror, grabs two large, jagged shards -- impales them into either side of the Werewolf's throat.

Blood sprays out in four different geysers. Chris is completely coated within seconds.

The Werewolf continues its furious attack. But as the moments tick by, it begins to weaken. The deafening roars lose their intensity.

It steps away from Chris, reaches to its throat. Blood continues to blast from the wounds.

Then, it drops to all fours. It looks to Chris, crimson eyes focusing on him. It collapses to the floor, into a pool of its own blood.

Its breathing becomes labored. The huge chest heaves. A final growl escapes its frothing mouth. The Werewolf dies with its gaze locked on Chris.

He sits up, leans back against the wall. Blood spills from the wounds on his head and shoulders.

Chris wipes the blood from his face as the sickening sounds of reshaping bones echo off the walls. He stares, tears welling in his eyes.

ANNIE

lies nude in a lagoon of blood, reflective shards still stuck in her throat. Her blue eyes are open and transfixed, an almost peaceful look on her face.

EXT. HOPE HILL CEMETERY - DAY

A headstone reads, "Wesley John Durance. Beloved Husband and Father. 1968-2012."

Wes' headstone stands next to his wife's.

Chris gazes at both graves with a solemn countenance.

He wears a suit and tie. His boyish mop of hair has been closely shorn, revealing six gruesome suture tracks across his scalp.

FROMSKI (V.O.)
So, what are your plans?

CHRIS (V.O.)
Finish out the school year. Maybe
shoot for college.

Chris holds his hand up -- places it over his heart -- walks away from the graves.

EXT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Still in his suit, Chris exits the pickup truck, steps toward his trailer.

He stops, looks to the former Leroux trailer at the end of the way. A sheet of plywood covers the door.

FROMSKI (V.O.)

You ever need any kind of help,
anything at all, you let me know.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Thanks.

INT. DURANCE TRAILER - DAY

Chris loosens his tie as he sits at the kitchen table. His laptop monitor displays Fromski's visage.

CHRIS

How about you? Any monster hunts
on the horizon?

FROMSKI

Meh, yet another ogopogo sighting
up in Canada. Usually turns out to
be a log in a lake.

CHRIS

Then again, you never know.

Fromski grins.

FROMSKI

Right. Listen, uh, I've been doing
some research into the ancestry of
the fun-loving Leroux clan. I
believe I've identified where the
snarling started. 1792. Two
brothers, Henri and Arnaud, accused
of lycanthropy in France, fled to
the swamps of--

CHRIS

Don't tell me... Catahoula Parish.

FROMSKI

Thereabouts. But apparently they
had a falling out, and Henri took
off. To parts unknown. I think
there might be a separate branch of
the Leroux family out there
somewhere.

CHRIS

So what does that mean to me?

EXT. SOME SWAMP - DAY

A tin shack stands amid the wilds of some Southern swampland. A small motorboat floats on the water, tied to a ramshackle dock. A satellite dish is the lone indicator of technology.

FROMSKI (V.O.)

What it means to you, Chris, is that with the articles I've published on my blog, it makes it abundantly clear that you're the one who took down the werewolf.

INT. TIN SHACK - DAY

A bare bones dwelling, except for a computer. A MAN, thirtyish, with ice blue eyes, stares at the monitor.

FROMSKI (V.O.)

I worry that Annie may have some irate relatives. I mean some scary, hairy kinfolk.

The headline from The Skeptic Believer.com screams, "Louisiana Werewolf Killed! Exclusive Story, Pics!"

Below the headline, a crime scene photo of a dead Annie.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Whatever. I'll be waiting.

The Man clenches his teeth, sets his jaw. Blood begins to pool within his eyes.

FADE OUT.