

THE WILDNESS

by
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EXT. SKY - NIGHT

Small snow-flakes crowd the frame, falling gently down to...

EXT. ASPEN - NIGHT

The rich ski-town glows - nestled in its valley and covered with snow.

SWANK BEAUTIFUL TOWNSFOLK of all ages window-shop at night. Snow falls softly around them, lightly dusting their expensive clothes.

Serene - no typical ski-town drunken shenanigans. Tame.

The FULL MOON hovers above...

EXT. RIVER - CONTINUOUS

We pan down from the moon to an isolated stretch of river. Via moonlight we see some detail. Trees. Snow. Rocks. Ice.

A clearing by the river glows under the moonlight. BLOOD stains the snow like an ink blot.

We hear a constant LOW-LEVEL HUM - unwavering in tone. Louder... louder.. LOUDER. It SWELLS to an unbearable volume.

TITLE - **THE WILDNESS**

EXT. BUTTERMILK MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

A ski mountain just outside of town. The runs glow under the moon - snaking their way up the hill.

A Lexus Hybrid pulls up to the base.

TREVIN & MICHELLE (both 17), an impossibly attractive, rosy-cheeked couple hop out and stare up at the mountain.

MICHELLE

Wow, the runs are covered. When does it open?

Trevin takes a hit out of a pipe in the shape of the Phish logo. Michelle pulls a SLED out of the back seat.

TREVIN

Fuck if I know. Two weeks? It's open for us.

He passes her the pipe, she shakes her head.

MICHELLE

Nah, I wanna get up there.

She happily trudges toward the slope as he takes another hit.

EXT. BUTTERMILK MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Trevin and Michelle are pretty far up there now. Utterly alone with a beautiful view.

He pulls a out tiny vial of coke and takes a bump.

She smiles and moves in quick - startling him. He drops the vial! The white powder empties completely onto the slope.

MICHELLE

Damnit Trevin.

She drops to her knees - trying to differentiate the blow from the snow.

ANGLE - *Someone or something's POV, ensconced in the trees - watching them. Deep, quick, rhythmic breaths.*

She takes off one of her gloves, sticks her fingers in the snow.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Maybe I can find it.

TREVIN

This is so embarrassing for you.

Michelle stands up - pissed - puts her gloves back on.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTTERMILK MOUNTAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Trevin's in the back of the sled, his feet anchored in the snow. Michelle hops in the front and scoots back into him.

POV - *They're still being watched from the trees. The breathing more excited... intense...*

Trevin kicks into the snow and LAUNCHES them full speed down the mountain.

TREVIN
 (howling like a wolf)
 Ow ow owwwwwww!

The moon shines high overhead as the sled rockets along.

ROOOOWWWRRRR. A loud shrieking howl.

Michelle cranes her head - sees something behind them. Her smile vanishes.

MICHELLE
 What the fuck is that?

POV - *It's now chasing them. FAST.*

He takes a quick glance and immediately looks away. Ashen.

TREVIN
 Lean back. We have to go faster.

MICHELLE
 If it's bears we're supposed to -

He shakes his head - 'not bears.'

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 (sobbing)
 Well what then?

He shakes his head again - 'no idea.'

They both lean forward to accelerate. Trevin pulls his legs in and holds onto Michelle for dear life.

POV - *Behind them and getting closer by the second. Breathing, snorting and snarling.*

Trevin sees the narrow entrance of a TREE TRAIL approaching.

TREVIN
 Lean left hard. Now. Let's hit that trail. We can lose -

MICHELLE
 No! No we can't!

TREVIN
 Yes we can. Now!

They lean a hard left, steering the sled right into the trail's entrance. Cruising through the trees - dark and claustrophobic - the trail is barely wide enough.

SNAP. A branch SMACKS Michelle - lacerating her cheek.

POV - *avoids the trail's entrance and continues down the main slope at high speed - catching up.*

POV 2 - *there's more than one of these things - running on the other side of trail. Catching up - it sees them through the trees.*

Inside the tree trail Michelle looks dead ahead and SCREAMS.

POV 3 - *stares her down as the sled rushes towards it.*

POV 1 - *dives left and through the trees.*

POV 2 - *dives right, through the trees and into the trail.*

Outside the trail, the trees shake furiously.

The NOISE of hunger and frenzy. Snarling. Screams of fear and agony. The unmistakable sounds of flesh tearing, blood being spilt, and bones snapping.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTTERMILK MOUNTAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Peaceful and silent.

The moon rests calmly overhead as the EMPTY SLED glides out of the tree trail and into the open snow.

It hits the base of the lift and stops. Torn, battered and bloody. Only a few scraps of clothing left behind.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUTTERMILK MOUNTAIN - SUNRISE

Night begins to yield to the sun. A HAND - young and soft - grabs the bloody sled's tether and pulls it out of frame.

EXT. HIGHWAY 82 - DAY

A Jeep crawls through the snowbound mountains.

EXT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

A ski-rack on the back holds a pair each of cross country and downhill skis.

License Plate - YOLO

INT./EXT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

WALSH GRINNAN (35) - a rugged footloose ladykiller with a longish mane and perpetual 2-day beard - is behind the wheel. An intentional relic - his unpolished look is defiant, not clueless.

A bunch of cassettes labeled "Gangaji" are scattered around. In the backseat - a single duffle bag.

A tiny brass Ghanti Bell rests on the dashboard.

GANGAJI'S VOICE, female and serene, fills the Jeep.

GANGAJI (V.O.)

Imagine yourself as God, you are here. Imagine yourself as worthless, superior, nothing at all, you are still here. My suggestion is that you stop all imagining, here. I want to make sure you know you are not who you think you are.

WALSH

Fuckin' A.

EXT. HIGHWAY 82 - CONTINUOUS

Walsh comes up on the Winter Gate to Independence Pass. A RANGER is about to chain it off. Walsh rolls down the window.

WALSH

Oh come on, you're not closed are ya?

RANGER

That's what the chain delineates, sir.

WALSH

Come on, it's barely November.

RANGER

And that's when we close the pass. As of five minutes ago, if you're headed to Aspen you gotta go around.

WALSH

Then let's pretend I got here six minutes ago. The other way's four hours.

The Ranger smirks, steps aside and waves him through.

RANGER

If you call for help, I'm not answering.

WALSH

I don't call for help.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE PASS - DAY

A narrow treacherous road. To one side - tundra. To the other side - a SHEER DROP of several hundred feet.

A peek over the cliff reveals the wrecked remains of several cars, impossible to retrieve.

INT./EXT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Walsh lights another cigarette and laughs. 'Piece of cake'.

CUT TO:

EXT. INDEPENDENCE PASS - LATER

The Jeep is hopelessly stuck. Walsh scoops snow away from the tires in a futile effort to free it.

INT./EXT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Walsh hops back in, restarts it, pumps the gas and sends the car sliding slowly out of control until it SLAMS into the guardrail.

He checks his GPS - 19 miles to go.

INT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

He piles cassettes and clothes in the duffle bag. He grabs a SACK OF WEED - can't forget that - and tosses it in there.

He snags the Ghanti Bell from the dash, kisses it for luck and stuffs it in his jacket pocket.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE PASS - SUNSET

Walsh clicks into his cross-country skis. His downhill skis are tied together and secured in the strap of his duffel bag.

CREAK! The guardrail gives way. The Jeep slips. Walsh JUMPS back as it SLIDES OVER THE EDGE of the cliff.

He stands frozen in disbelief - we hear a faint distant BOOM.

Walsh puts on his sunglasses, pulls his gloves tight and grabs his poles. He skis into the wilderness...

EXT. INDEPENDENCE PASS - NIGHT

The MOON just one day past full. The whole valley glows under its light. Walsh trudges along - cold but determined.

A coyote HOWLS in the distance. Walsh lets out a HOWL in return.

WALSH

Ow..ow..owwwwwwwwwww!

The coyote howls again.

WALSH (CONT'D)

(in awe)

Feral.

Suddenly - a snarling COYOTE darts in front of him. Startled, Walsh veers off the road and down a steep embankment.

An impossibly steep slope - Walsh is thrust downhill with terrifying momentum.

An incoming boulder. SWISH! Walsh avoids it and manages to gain control.

It's official - *this guy can ski.*

He casts a glance uphill and begins criss-crossing his way back to the top.

EXT. INDEPENDENCE PASS - LATER

Walsh - ice in his hair and chilled to the bone - finally has ASPEN in his sights. The lights of the town twinkle below.

EXT. THE RABID GRIZZLY - NIGHT

The sign outside depicts a MONSTROUS GRIZZLY BEAR looming on its hind legs over a tent, foaming at the mouth._

It reads - The Rabid Grizzly Microbrew & Pub

INT. THE RABID GRIZZLY - NIGHT

The biggest dive in Aspen. Totally out of step with the town's slick reputation. In the back - rusty Microbrew vats.

EMMET STAMEY (74) - the leathery proprietor - wipes down the bar with ones hand and eats nachos with the other.

DOOR CHIMES. Walsh enters - dusts himself off, drops his stuff in an empty booth and heads to the bar.

WALSH

What's your most popular beer?

EMMET

Budweiser.

WALSH

(laughs)

Well what's the *best* beer you got?

EMMET

Imperial Stout.

WALSH

Had it. Don't you brew here? I see the vats.

EMMET

Yeah, but it's not all that good.

WALSH

I'll have pint of yours. Keep it local.

EMMET

Says our newest tourist.

WALSH

Hey, I'm here until the snow melts at least.

Emmet fills a glass from the tap - slides it to Walsh.

EMMET

I call this one Uncle Red.

Walsh notices a framed picture behind the bar. Emmet, HUNTER S. THOMPSON and ANOTHER GUY- all holding guns. Engraved on the bottom - Hunter, Emmet, Vaughn "Regulators."

Emmet pours a glass for himself -toasts with Walsh.

EMMET (CONT'D)

To our newest transplant then. I'm Emmet.

WALSH

Name's Walsh. Pleased to meet you.

Walsh takes a big gulp - the beer is fucking terrible.

EMMET

(laughs)

How about I get you that Imperial Stout?

Walsh takes another sip - defiant.

WALSH

Nah man.

Walsh grabs a copy of the Aspen Times from an adjacent stool. Headline - Local Teens Killed In Late Season Bear Attack.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Bears here don't really run around this late in the season, do they?

EMMET

Depends on who you ask.

DOOR CHIMES. AMBER KELLOG (35) - a stunningly confident maneater - strides into the bar.

EMMET (CONT'D)

Hey there Amber. Here for a nightcap?

AMBER

(eyeing Walsh)

Something like that.

EMMET

(whispers to Walsh)

This one's got the wildness.

Amber sits right next to him - gives him a once over.

AMBER

A man born before Top Gun came out.
Buy me a drink?

Walsh nods.

AMBER (CONT'D)

White Russian, Emmet.

WALSH

Hold the cream, Emmet.

AMBER

Excuse me?

WALSH

If you're drinking what I'm buying
you're not drinking milk. I don't
support dairy.

AMBER

Fine. Jack and Diet Coke.

Emmet grabs a glass and gets to work.

WALSH

(to Emmet)

Regular Coke.

(shrugs to Amber)

Aspartame.

AMBER

So. Just blowing through?

WALSH

No, but I blew in too late to pick
up my keys. I don't imagine there's
short term lodging at your house?

AMBER

I don't take home strangers.

WALSH

Well, my name's Walsh. I'm a damn
fine skier and I'm here to spread
the knowledge. And I'm crashing in
the apartments up near Smuggler
'til the snow melts.

(smiles)

Now I'm not a stranger.

AMBER

Indeed. Those are the projects. You
make less than 150K a year.

WALSH
That's the poverty line here?

EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An extravagant place high up on Starwood Mountain.

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Just as extravagant on the inside. Modern and sexy. Expensive everything. When you picture Aspen, you picture this.

Walsh and Amber enter.

AMBER
You know the slopes are open.
They're probably already staffed.

WALSH
I'll make it work. I'm on the hook
for rent and I need a new jeep.

He grabs Amber - pulls her close.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Where's the bed?

She pulls away.

AMBER
There's a lot of beds in this
house. Yours is down the hall.
(smiles)
I said I'd give you a place to
stay.

She pats him on the shoulder.

AMBER (CONT'D)
The sheets are all clean.

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walsh plops his bag down on the bed. Bummed - he stares out the window. The entire valley glows beneath the moonlight.

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Amber wakes. She hears the faint sounds of GANGAJI'S VOICE wafting up from downstairs...

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

CU - *Amber's stereo system. A Gangaji tape spools along in the cassette deck.*

Amber tiptoes in and sees Walsh sitting absolutely still. Meditating. She listens... she's heard this tape before.

AMBER
(whispers to herself)
Gangaji?

He rings the Ghanti Bell. PING. A constant hum.

GANGAJI (V.O.)
Be still and know yourself as the
Truth you have been searching for.

She enters - startling him.

AMBER
I forgot that thing even played
cassettes. Or CD's for that matter.
You don't have an iPod?

WALSH
I like tapes. They're tactile.

AMBER
Ah. Feels more real? I get it.

WALSH
Thanks for letting me stay.

He gets up and gathers his things.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Alright it's off to the projects.
We'll grab dinner when I'm
employed.

Walsh approaches - kisses her on the cheek.

AMBER
Call if you need any help setting
up.

WALSH
I don't call for help.

AMBER
Seriously, I'm a good nester.

Walsh takes in their opulent surroundings.

WALSH
Yeah. I get that.

EXT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

A nice little complex at the base of a secluded hill.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Walsh enters his new place - no furniture, no nothing.

He places a six-pack of IPA in the fridge then sits on the floor in the middle of the room.

ECU - *Ghanti Bell. PING. Hummmmmmmmm.*

He takes a deep breath and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Walsh opens his eyes - in the same spot as we left him.

He grabs a beer, lights a joint, and stares out his back window. The hill glows under the MOON - two days past full.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - DAY

Aspen Mountain. A huge line snakes out of the ski lift. SKIERS and SNOWBOARDERS vie for domination on the lower runs.

Walsh - in full ski regalia - pleads his case with GARY (40), a ski official emblazoned with the Aspen Mountain Logo.

GARY
I told you. We're staffed.

WALSH
I'm telling you, I can give your customers the knowledge.

Behind them - A PACK OF 5 TEENS snowboarding on a halfpipe setup. They can fucking SHRED.

GARY
But you can't do snowboarding?

WALSH

I won't do snowboarding. But I'll
make skiing seem so cool it'll
restore dignity to the mountain.

Back to the kids - the leader of the pack rides a jump out of the halfpipe and flies over the divider onto the main run.

He lands in front of A YOUNG COUPLE ON SKIS - the startled pair swerve and smash into each other - collapsing.

Gary is irate.

GARY

David!

On DAVID (18) - leader of the pack. Intense blue eyes.

GARY (CONT'D)

Tom!

On TOM (17) - super-chill, nonchalant.

GARY (CONT'D)

Marco!

On MARCO (17) - thuggish and ripped.

GARY (CONT'D)

Andy!

On ANDY (14) - out of place in cheap clothes. Gentle and awkward.

GARY (CONT'D)

Jane!

On JANE (18) - the hot cool chick who can hang with the guys.

GARY (CONT'D)

How many times I gotta tell you to
stay behind the rope? Let's go.
You're outta here for the day.
(to Walsh)
That's Aspen for ya. All money, no
guidance.

The gang of kids chuckle, flick Gary off etc... They pick up their boards and depart leisurely.

WALSH

Maybe you should ban snowboarding.

GARY
Are you kidding? We'd lose half our
revenue.

Gary shrugs his shoulders.

GARY (CONT'D)
I hate 'em too though.

WALSH
Look. Watch me take a slope. Just
one. You don't want me after that,
I'll take a hike.

Gary nods.

GARY
One run. Alright.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - DAY

Gary stands at the bottom of the mountain, binoculars at the ready - waiting for the test run to commence.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN (TOP) - CONTINUOUS

Walsh is at the top of the mountain - the tips of his skis dangle over the edge of an intense Double Black Diamond run.

SKI OFFICIAL #2, stands next to him holding a pair of binoculars.

SKI OFFICIAL #2
1...2...3... Go!

Walsh LAUNCHES over the edge. He lands on the run with perfect form and cuts between the moguls effortlessly. He's 100 yards away in the blink of an eye.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN (BOTTOM) - CONTINUOUS

Gary watches through his binoculars. Awestruck.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN (MIDWAY) - CONTINUOUS

Walsh segues from the moguls to a steep downhill black trail. He leans forward - rocketing straight down like a bullet. Without slowing, he zooms through the entrance of a TREE TRAIL. His tracks perfectly aligned in the center.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN (BOTTOM) - CONTINUOUS

Gary anxiously pans his binoculars down to the trail's exit.

Walsh emerges from the trees going even faster than before.

He tackles a huge jump - SOARS high into the air executes a HELICOPTER SPIN and lands perfectly.

Walsh hits the lower slope. A SNOWBOARDING TODDLER wipes out in his path. Walsh deftly jumps over him.

Gary lowers his binoculars as Walsh barrels towards him. He turns into a perfect stop - face to face with Gary.

GARY

You're hired.

Behind them Andy - the awkward kid from the snowboarding pack - watches. He's found a new hero.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Walsh - skis slung over his shoulder - is practically strutting down the street. Andy catches up with him.

ANDY

That was amazing.

WALSH

Thanks.

ANDY

Can you teach me to snowboard like that?

WALSH

At what point during that awesomeness did you see me on a snowboard?

ANDY

(dejected)

Oh.

WALSH

Didn't mean to hurt your feelings there.

ANDY

No, you didn't. I was being stupid.

WALSH

Aw man, don't be like that. You're probably awesome.

ANDY

Okay.

WALSH

Anyway, I don't hang with kids after hours. If you got coin to drop on a lesson come by the mountain and I'll give you the knowledge.

Walsh keeps walking - leaving Andy in the proverbial dust.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Walsh SNOWSHOES up the mountain.

He lights a joint and inhales deeply. He takes in the runs glowing in the moonlight and the lights of the town below.

Satisfied, happy, content. He's arrived.

WALSH

(howls like a wolf)

Ow ow owwwwwww!

INT. THE RABID GRIZZLY - LATER THAT NIGHT

The bar is in full-swing with almost 12 CUSTOMERS.

Walsh celebrates - four empty shot-glasses in front of him - trying to suck down one of Emmet's foul pints.

WALSH

(unconvincing)

Hey, this one's alright Emmet.

EMMET

Don't humor me.

GWEN (24) - a hot wintery redhead - sidles up to Walsh.

GWEN

Mind if I buy you a drink?

WALSH

Hell, you can buy me two.

EXT. THE RABID GRIZZLY - NIGHT

Walsh and Gwen stumble drunkenly outside - bumping into Amber and her hot STUD (19).

Walsh nods politely and carries on. Amber stares after him - then wraps her arms around the Stud and heads inside.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - LATER

In the past few days he's managed to modestly furnish the place with a futon, a bedside table and two chairs.

Walsh and Gwen lay glistening and spent. He pulls his sack of weed from the bedside table and rolls a joint.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

TIME LAPSE - *Moon declines to Waning Crescent.*

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - DAY

Walsh leads a trail of BEGINNER SKIERS down a green trail.

Our 5 snowboard kids chill on the halfpipe. Andy occasionally steals glances at Walsh.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

TIME LAPSE - *Moon swells to Waxing Crescent.*

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - DAY

Walsh shoots fast down a blue trail - followed by a line of INTERMEDIATE STUDENTS.

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

TIME LAPSE - *Moon swells to Waxing Gibbous.*

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - DAY

Walsh leads a pack of ADVANCED SKIERS down a Double-Black Diamond. King of the mountain.

Andy watches enviously.

INT. THE RABID GRIZZLY - NIGHT

Walsh sees Amber leave with STUD #2 (24). Jealous - he looks around for a date - nothing but DRUNK DUDES. Strike-out.

EXT. CORNER STORE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Walsh passes a corner store on his way home. In front, David, Tom, Marco and Jane hang and smoke cigarettes.

David approaches Walsh as he walks up to the entrance.

DAVID

Hey man, think you could buy us
some beer?

WALSH

Now's where you hear my stance on
underage drinking.

(beat)

I heartily endorse it.

EXT. CORNER STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Walsh emerges from the store with two six-packs of IPA. He hands them the beer - Jane hands him cash.

JANE

Thanks.

WALSH

Let me ask you guys something. I
see kids like you around town, all
hours of the day and night. Never
see any parents. Where are they?

David makes the '\$\$\$' gesture with his fingers.

DAVID

Here and there. Works out though.
Snowboards aren't cheap.

WALSH

Snowboards. Why not skis?

DAVID

Why be tied to two sticks when you
only need one?

WALSH

You have more control on two.

DAVID
I'm not interested in control.

Walsh prepares to retort but decides he'd rather look cool.

WALSH
Alrighty. You kids have fun.

The kids start to disperse.

DAVID
Cool. Thanks man for the beer man.

INT. THE RABID GRIZZLY - NIGHT

Walsh sits at the bar with two empty shots and a pint. KAREN (22) - raven black hair - sets her sights on him.

EXT. THE RABID GRIZZLY - LATER

As soon as they step outside - Walsh and Karen bump into Amber and her new boy-toy BRAD (20).

AMBER
Hey. How have you been?

WALSH
(to Karen)
Excuse me for a second.

He pulls Amber aside - leaving Karen and Brad awkwardly facing each other.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Who the hell is that guy?

AMBER
Who the hell is that girl?

WALSH
I'm not sure, but she seems nice.

AMBER
Ditto. Why do you care? We never even slept together.

WALSH
Exactly. What's up with all these dudes you're taking home? They staying in the guest room too?

AMBER

Maybe I saw something *different* in you. Not that you showed any interest in getting to know me.

(sighs)

Look, I never said I didn't have fun. They know the deal. None of them are my boyfriend and none of them care. I don't cheat.

WALSH

So we're the same. Feral. I dig it.

(beat)

Well, give me your number and we can get to know each other.

She hesitates, then digs into her purse and hands him a card.

AMBER

Call if you need help getting settled. I'm a good -

WALSH

Nester, I know. I'll give you a jingle.

AMBER

(nods to Karen)

You still taking her home?

WALSH

Yep. You sticking with Justin Bieber?

AMBER

I guess.

Awkward silence. They both head back to their respective dates. Karen and Brad have been chatting it up.

KAREN

(to Brad)

Oh yeah, I'd love to. Sounds hot.

Walsh takes Karen's arm.

WALSH

(to Amber)

Bye.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(to Brad)

Bye.

AMBER

(to Walsh)

Bye.

BRAD

(to Karen)

Bye.

Walsh and Karen head off into the night.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Man, that guy's old.

AMBER
Shut up. So am I.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Walsh and Karen are glistening and spent. He pulls his bag of weed from the bedside table - empty. 'Shit'.

KAREN
Don't worry. I know a guy.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Walsh leans against a storefront, waiting.

TAD (9), a heavy-lidded kid in expensive winter-wear comes bopping along the sidewalk. He stops at Walsh.

TAD
You Walsh?

WALSH
Yeah.

Tad whips out a QUARTER-BAG and holds it aloft - stepping on his tip-toes to get it in Walsh's sight line.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ! Put that away!

TAD
(looks around)
Why?

WALSH
Because we're in public! What grade are you in?

TAD
4th.

WALSH
4th? Seriously? Get that goddamn bag out of my face.

TAD
Karen said you were cool.

WALSH

Well Karen can get fucked. I don't
buy my dope from 4th graders.

Walsh marches off - Tad calls after him.

TAD

Thanks for wasting my time, dick.

Walsh stops in his tracks. He turns around, rushes Tad and
SNATCHES the quarter-bag.

WALSH

I'm confiscating this.

TAD

Bitch! I will straight up murder
you.

WALSH

Tell your dad. I'll be glad to have
a word with him.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

The FULL MOON has risen again. Along with the same creepy
unwavering HUM.

TITLE - DECEMBER

EXT. SMUGGLER MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

SOURDOUGH BILL (70) - the town drunk - snowshoes along the
base of the hill. He takes a swig from a bottle of Jim Beam.

SOURDOUGH BILL

(singing, slurring)

These visions of Johanna...

RRRRRAAAOOOWRRRRR! The loud shrieking howl - close too.
Sourdough Bill stops - scared. He knows what the score is.

SOURDOUGH BILL (CONT'D)

I suppose you're beyond persuadin'.

Bill peers into the darkness, locks eyes with something.

POV 1 - *locks eyes with him right back. Growls.*

Another growl from a few feet over. Bills eyes dart around
until he finds the source.

POV 2 - *staring him down.*

POV 3 - *inches towards Bill. Snarls.*

POV 4 - *moves even closer.*

SOURDOUGH BILL (CONT'D)

I see you fellas got yourself a pack. That's good. Wish I had a friend about now.

Bill turns and RUNS towards the nearby apartment complex. His snowshoes get tangled - he FALLS face first in the snow.

VARIOUS POV'S - *closing in.*

Bill tries to crawl towards the complex, the snowshoes hold him like an anchor. Ice in his beard and fear in his eyes.

VARIOUS POV'S - *descend upon him. He screams.*

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Walsh and a new girl, RACHEL (26), are sweaty and entwined.

CRASH! Sourdough Bill's body comes crashing through the window. Blood splatters on both of them. Rachel SCREAMS.

WALSH

What the fuck?

Walsh runs over to the corpse. Disemboweled, huge chunks of meat missing from the arms and legs. Countless thick gashes.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Who the hell is this guy?

RACHEL

Fucking bears.

WALSH

Honey, I don't know about this bear bullshit.

RACHEL

(out of breath)

They're out late this year.

Walsh - in shock - pokes at the body.

WALSH

I guess anything's possible.

EXT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - LATER

Two POLICE CARS, an AMBULANCE and the CORONER'S VAN are out front. A couple of EMT WORKERS carry the bodybag out.

Walsh and Rachel speak with SHERIFF LAMB (35), unassuming and genial.

SHERIFF LAMB
So you're saying he just flew in?

WALSH
Yep.

Rachel nods.

SHERIFF LAMB
Well shit these bears are getting serious. You guys call animal control yet?

WALSH
Nope.

SHERIFF LAMB
I'll get on it then.

EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Karen's luxurious pad rests at the top of Starwood Mountain. The rear of the property borders on nothing but wilderness.

EXT. KAREN'S HOUSE - HOT TUB - CONTINUOUS

It's still snowing heavily. Karen steps outside clutching an open bottle of champagne.

RRRRRAOOOWRRRR! That familiar howl. Karen stops and listens... it's pretty far off...

She shrugs, slinks out of her bathrobe, descends into the hot tub and starts to unwind - taking a swig of champagne.

ROOOWWWRRRRRR! Closer. Karen snaps to attention. 'What the fuck?'

POV 1 - eyes her from the nearby bushes. Panting. Waiting.

BAP BAP BAP - the sound of heavy paw pads treading on shingles.

POV 2 - stares down at her from the roof.

Spooked - she sets her champagne bottle aside.

POV 1 - *Rushes out of the bushes. Karen in its sights.*

She SCREAMS and scrambles to get out of the water.

POV 2 - *LEAPS down upon her from the roof.*

SPLASH! The hot tub's a FLURRY of white water. Screams. Flailing limbs. Claws. Teeth. The water turns RED.

POV 1 - *jumps onto the porch and into the FOAMING CARNAGE.*

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - LATER

Rachel's getting dressed to go home. Walsh, already in his ski outfit, grabs a pair of snowshoes off the wall.

RACHEL
Where are you going?

WALSH
I'm gonna see what's going on in my back yard.

RACHEL
What? Are you nuts? Don't go out there.

Walsh ignores her plea, pulls her in for a goodbye kiss.

WALSH
I had a really good time tonight.

RACHEL
Really?

EXT. SMUGGLER MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Walsh snowshoes across the countryside behind his apartment. The FULL MOON still blaring down. Along his path, Sourdough Bill's blood blackens the glowing snow like ink blots.

Walsh follows the trail to the spot where Bill was killed. It looks like a bomb went off. A crater of frozen blood.

He looks back to the hill and hikes toward the base. Something pokes out of the snow - a piece of plastic. He bends down and yanks it free.

The sled Trevin and Michelle were killed in - punctured with bite marks.

WALSH
 (curious)
 Huh.

ROOOOOWWWRRRRR! A deafening howl.

Walsh looks around - startled - sees nothing.

POV 1 - *High above Walsh on the hill. Descends toward him.*

Walsh nods to himself 'time to go'. He heads back to his apartment, dragging the sled with him.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Karen's lifeless torso - stripped of most of its meat - is dragged through the snow. A trail of blood in the moonlight.

EXT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Walsh sits on his porch while REPAIRMEN fix his window. He pulls out an American Spirit - lights it.

A beaten VW station wagon pulls up to the complex. ANDY'S DAD (48) gets out and pulls groceries from the backseat.

Andy - dragging an ancient ANATOLIAN SHEPHERD on a leash - runs out to him. Walsh recognizes him and watches.

ANDY
 You get my almond milk?

ANDY'S DAD
 No. I got you real milk from a real fucking cow.

Andy's Dad carries the groceries up to their apartment. Walsh whistles to Andy, gets his attention.

WALSH
 Hey man. I didn't know you lived here.

ANDY
 Yep.

WALSH
 You don't drink milk?

ANDY
 Nope.

WALSH
Me neither. What about eggs?

ANDY
With that little umbilical thing?
Nasty.

WALSH
Yeah. Fuck dairy.

Andy laughs.

ANDY
You allergic?

WALSH
Nah, I can tolerate lactose. I just
don't.

ANDY
I'm Andy.

WALSH
Walsh. Hey, did you lose a sled out
back?

ANDY
No. Why?

WALSH
Found one that's been chewed on a
little. Figured your buddy there
might've done it.

ANDY
I doubt it.

Andy continues towards his apartment. The poor dog can barely
keep up.

WALSH
Yeah. Looks like he's ready for the
big Iditarod in the sky. When do
you give him the pink stuff?

ANDY
Sorry someone threw a body through
your window.

WALSH
Someone? Don't you mean a bear?

ANDY
Yeah. Bears. Okay.

INT. THE RABID GRIZZLY - NIGHT

It's a slow night. Only 3 CUSTOMERS.

DOOR CHIMES. Walsh comes in to find Emmet drawing a PENTAGRAM next to the dartboard.

WALSH

Well that's interesting. You know what makes me interesting? A dead hobo flying through my window.

(beat)

What's the deal here?

EMMET

(waves it off)

Bah.

WALSH

Look if there's some freaky shit here I'd just as soon go to Vail and take my chances.

EMMET

We had problems a while back-

Emmet points to the picture of him, Thompson and Vaughn.

EMMET (CONT'D)

- but we took care of 'em. The pentagram is just superstition.

WALSH

See, yesterday I'd have believed you. But today I've got people scraping blood off my floor.

Emmet crouches down to the bar - levelling with Walsh.

EMMET

Here's what. Last month the coroner called the same COD on those kids. Why don't you go down there and take a good look at Sourdough Bill. See if you buy the bear thing. Then we'll talk.

WALSH

They're not just gonna let me walk in there.

EMMET

This town let Ted Bundy escape from jail. Twice. You'll manage.

Emmet fills a pint glass - slides it to Walsh.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Been tweakin' the recipe to Uncle
Red.

Walsh takes a sip - it's actually improved a bit.

WALSH
Hey. Gettin' close.

EXT. PITKIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Walsh treks up the steps.

INT. PITKIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

He scans the building directory. Deputy Coroner - *Basement*.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Walsh pushes through the double doors and looks around - no one's there.

Gurneys everywhere. Walsh scans the names on the bodybags until he comes across "Sourdough" Bill Loveshorn.

He unzips the bag and recoils at the stench.

Bill's wounds are gaping and huge. Walsh prods and stretches the bites apart - trying to get a look inside. Blood seeps all over. He spreads open the weeping flesh of a big bite wound and finds a small HUMAN CANINE TOOTH.

We hear someone coming. He pockets the tooth and ducks under the gurneys just as they enter.

Walsh sees their feet, recognizes Sheriff Lamb's voice.

CORONER WHITESIDE (O.C.)
Weird. I thought I closed the bag.

On Walsh - *'shit.'*

SHERIFF LAMB (O.C.)
Where's this going, Whiteside?

CORONER WHITESIDE (O.C.)
Those kids from last month? I think
I should look at them again.

SHERIFF LAMB (O.C.)
That'll take some doing. Why?

CORONER WHITESIDE (O.C.)
Well at first glance a bear is our only option, right? But these bite marks? They don't match.

SHERIFF LAMB (O.C.)
What? In size?

CORONER WHITESIDE (O.C.)
Size and number. Bears usually have about 42 teeth. Some of these bites indicate 32, others indicate 28.

We pull out from under the table and into the room - level with Lamb and CORONER WHITESIDE (50). Lamb gets dead serious.

SHERIFF LAMB
So it must be multiple bears.

CORONER WHITESIDE
The odds of more than one bear missing that many teeth *and* being a part of the same attack? Not high. I've also never seen a bear with teeth this big.

SHERIFF LAMB
Look, these are animal attacks. And the only animals around who can do this are bears. If we dig those kids up? Doesn't look good. People fuck off to Vail. Turns out it's something weird doing this? People fuck off to Vail. Now, I want to stop this. So be honest with your ideas - but to me only. Because if your report doesn't read 'bear attack'... ?

CORONER WHITESIDE
I can fuck off to Vail?

SHERIFF LAMB
You got it.

We pan back down to Walsh under the table - *'What the hell?'*

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - DAY

Walsh runs along the mountain base towards the Office. Gary catches up, stops him.

GARY

You're late. I had to give your batch to Jackson.

Walsh casts a sharp glance up the hill. He sees JACKSON (28) guiding a trail of HOT CHICK SKIERS down the mountain.

GARY (CONT'D)

Look Walsh, you're one of the best I've seen. But the other instructors have cars, they're on time, and they do snowboarding.

WALSH

Hey man, a dead body was thrown through my window!

GARY

Two days ago.
(sighs)
Come back tomorrow ready to ski.

EXT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Walsh shuffles up the parking lot towards his door.

We hear a quick succession of movements. The sound of paws racing towards him.

SNARLLLLLLL! Teeth SINK into his ankle.

WALSH

What the fuck?

Andy's dog - Bopper - has wrapped his jaws around his leg.

ANDY (O.S.)

Bopper stop. BOPPER!

Andy runs up, grabs Bopper by the collar and pulls him off.

Bopper falls to the ground, his arthritic bones creak and pop. He lies there whimpering.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. I don't know why he did that. He never does that.

WALSH

Maybe it's time for that pink shot?

ANDY

Please don't say anything. I'll
keep him away from you forever.

Walsh nods - 'fine.'

ANDY (CONT'D)

I promise I'll make it up to you.

Andy grabs Bopper's collar and leads him away.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT DAY

ECU - *Ghanti Bell*. PING. Hummmmmmmmm.

Walsh - naked - tries to meditate. He's not getting there.
Trying too hard.

His ankle is wrapped in gauze - fresh blood trickles into a
widening stain.

Distracted, he picks something off the floor. Amber's card -
Amber Kellog - Fine Handbags & Fashion Luxuries.

KNOCK KNOCK. 'Fuck'. He gets up, wraps a towel around his
waist and opens the door.

It's Andy. Holding a giant bag of weed.

ANDY

Heard you were dry. Told you I'd
make it up to you.

WALSH

What grade are you in?

ANDY

9th.

WALSH

(nods)
Let me put some pants on.

CUT TO:

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Walsh zips up, opens the door and motions Andy in. He sits on the futon while Andy looks around the apartment.

WALSH
How'd you hear I was dry?

ANDY
Tad says you stole a quarter. He wants to kill you by the way.

WALSH
The toddler?

ANDY
He's not a toddler, he's nine.

WALSH
Yay for parenting.
(beat)
You know I can't smoke with you, right? It'd be creepy.

ANDY
You can still buy though?

WALSH
Oh, and here I thought you were making it up to me. What do you need money for?

ANDY
To buy a ski lesson from you.

WALSH
Oh man. I'll just *give* you a ski lesson. It's groovy you're interested.

ANDY
Thanks. Can I just get a little bit for the rental skis then?

WALSH
You don't own skis?

ANDY
No.

Andy tosses him the sack. Walsh pulls a coffee can from under the futon, reaches in and grabs a handful of bills.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Andy heads for the door - opens it to leave...

WALSH

Oh hey, you're a delinquent. Any ideas on the Sheriff? He doesn't seem too on top of the bear thing.

ANDY

It's Aspen. We let Ted Bundy escape from jail -

WALSH

Twice. I know.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Sheriff Lamb - alone - follows a faint trail of blood through the woods. Paw prints are everywhere but indistinguishable.

Slowly - the blood trail widens in girth and deepens in color. Lamb's gait speeds urgently until...

Tatters of flesh. Deep red snow. A ribcage. A mop of raven black hair... what's left of Karen.

SHERIFF LAMB

Jesus, Karen.

He pulls out his phone.

SHERIFF LAMB (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Whiteside? Yeah I'm gonna need your discretion on something.

EXT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Andy exits Walsh's and heads towards his place.

David, Tom, Marco and Jane EMERGE from behind a snowbank at the edge of the lot. They are not pleased.

David smiles - motions for him to come over. Andy takes a deep breath, steels himself, marches dutifully toward them.

INT. THE RABID GRIZZLY - DAY

Completely empty. Emmet leans against the bar, writing in a notebook and muttering to himself.

EMMET

More hops... less mustard seed...

DOOR CHIMES. Walsh enters, brushes snow off his jacket.

WALSH

Your little field trip made me late to work.

EMMET

Find anything?

WALSH

Coroner's not sold on the bear thing. Sheriff Lamb could give a shit. Told him to lie about the autopsy.

(beat)

And I found this.

Walsh reaches in his pocket and hands Emmet the tooth. Emmet deflates completely - this is what he feared.

EMMET

Tiny little tooth inside a hole made by something ten times its size?

WALSH

Yep.

Emmet grabs a mason jar - drops the tooth inside and screws the lid tight.

EMMET

Get your galoshes motherfucker, it's a field trip.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

The same stretch of river we've been seeing throughout.

Emmet leads Walsh down a sharp decline to the river bank. Once there - they're hit with that creepy LOW LEVEL HUM we've been hearing.

EMMET

Nice little tune isn't it?

WALSH

Sounds like a mantra. 'Ommmm.'

EMMET

I've spent all kinds of time trying to find the source. Never did. Might just be wind through the trees. But whatever it is... *they* sure seem to like it.

WALSH

Yeah? Who would that be?

They round a corner and come upon a wide-open patch of snow - covered in huge bloody animal tracks. Gore everywhere.

EMMET

The Werewolves.

Walsh takes it all in. Tattered clothes, flesh, bones etc...

EMMET (CONT'D)

Back in my day they'd come here after a kill. Looks like we got ourselves a new pack.

WALSH

Werewolves? Emmet, c'mon.

EMMET

Those two kids? Full moon.
Sourdough Bill? Full moon.

WALSH

There's such a thing as lunatics Emmet. People, maybe animals, they get a little nuts.

EMMET

Is that how you'd explain it? That squish in your socks is blood. The tooth you found used to be four inches long and sharp like a razor.

Walsh lights a cigarette. Emmet UNZIPS his pants, starts PEEING in the snow.

WALSH

What are you doing?

EMMET

I'm fucking with their territory.

WALSH

Of course you are.

EMMET

Now understand this, I am too old to fight. The only help I can give you is know-how. You gotta take over.

Emmet zips back up.

EMMET (CONT'D)

You gotta kill the werewolves. You got the ingredients. You got the wildness.

WALSH

Gimme a break. I just want to -

EMMET

Ski? Ha. I thought you were keeping it local. Tourist.

WALSH

You're goddamn right I'm a tourist. I'm not exactly getting a lot of reasons to stay. You're telling me you used to be a Werewolf hunter?

EMMET

Yes. Hunter Thompson, me, and Vaughn. Now Hunter's dead and Vaughn's gone upscale. Won't have anything to do with me.

WALSH

If you did such a good job, why are they back?

Emmet looks out over the river.

EMMET

Don't know. I get a feeling it's when the wildness ain't being watched. Then it spreads like a virus.

Walsh rolls his eyes.

EMMET (CONT'D)

Next month's our best shot. Two full moons right in a row. Only happens every 3 years. A nice open window to make shit happen.

On Walsh - he doesn't know what to believe.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - DAY

Walsh leads Andy down an easy slope. Andy's completely lost, constantly breaking in a 'V'.

WALSH

No no no. What's the deal here?

Walsh slices into a stop and notices Andy's cheap, shoddy rentals.

WALSH (CONT'D)

I thought you were putting that money towards the rental.

ANDY

This all I could get long term.

Walsh takes a good long look at the equipment, grimaces.

WALSH

Well, if you get good on those, then you'll really fly once you get some gear. I like your commitment.

Jackson skis by, leading a group of HOT RICH CHICK SKIERS. Walsh's eye trails after them, Andy catches him staring.

ANDY

You'd probably be having more fun teaching them, huh?

Walsh nods in the affirmative - stops himself.

WALSH

Nah, it's just a *different* kind of fun.

EXT. AJAX RESTAURANT - DAY

A restaurant near the lift at the top of the mountain. Walsh and Andy put their trays down on a table outside.

Andy takes off his sunglasses and unzips his jacket. He sports NASTY BRUISES on his neck - one of his eyes is black.

WALSH

Jesus Andy! Your dad do that?

ANDY
No. David and I had a... thing?

WALSH
A thing?

ANDY
An argument. He had Tom punch me in the throat. The eye was Jane.

WALSH
What does your dad say about this?

ANDY
Why do you keep asking about him?

WALSH
Look, my dad wasn't around much either. By senior year he was gone entirely. Practically had my own house.

ANDY
Sounds alright to me.

WALSH
I thought so too at first, but it's actually a raw deal. There are better ways to grow up.
(beat)
Just... if you need help, call me.

Andy lifts his burger up to his mouth - opens wide to bite -
Walsh spots a slice of cheese.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Careful.

Lightning quick - Walsh pulls the cheese out from under the bun and throws it in the snow.

ANDY
Thanks.

EXT. RABID GRIZZLY - DAY

Emmet turns his key in the door - ready to open up the bar.

He spots VAUGHN (65) - we recognize him as the third regulator from the pic - walking past.

EMMET
Vaughn.

Nothing. Vaughn keeps walking.

EMMET (CONT'D)

Vaughn.

Finally he turns around - clad in expensive clothes and well groomed. Aspen proper - he and Emmet are now polar opposites.

VAUGHN

Emmet.

EMMET

It's happening again.

VAUGHN

I don't know what you're talking about. And you should drop it.

EMMET

Oh sure. Bury your head in the snow. Like all your fancy friends.

VAUGHN

The town's moved on. There's a different way of doing things now.

Vaughn turns away and walks off.

EMMET

Hunter always thought you were a pussy.

VAUGHN

(over his shoulder)

And look who took the pussy way out.

EXT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Walsh trudges up the parking lot - balancing TWO LONG BEAMS OF WOOD over his shoulder. In other hand, a sturdy sack JANGLING with the sound of tools, screws, metal parts etc...

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Walsh leans the wood up against the wall, sets the sack down.

An envelope has been slipped underneath the door - To: Walsh, From: Emmet.

He opens it. Inside is a piece of paper, scrawled in Emmet's handwriting - SILVER BULLETS: Fact or Fiction?

EMMET (V.O.)

Pretty much a fact. Like any animal, there's plenty of ways to put 'em down. But getting to a vital organ is not a bet you want to take. Silver bullets are the only sure bet in town. So if -

Emmet is SILENCED as Walsh crumples the piece of paper into a ball and tosses it across the room.

He gets Amber's card - pulls out his phone and dials.

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Walsh and Amber lie in bed. Stars twinkle outside the huge plate glass window. Walsh takes note of the moon - HALF FULL.

AMBER

You know that tape you were playing last time?

WALSH

Gangaji? She's amazing she's -

AMBER

I know who she is. My dad was a lay monk. We listened to her tapes on road trips.

WALSH

So this is why you're interested. Daddy issues?

AMBER

No. I mean he stopped taking me on trips, moved away and disappeared.

(laughs)

But I doubt that has anything to do with it.

(beat)

I do like her though. Her tapes.

She rests her head on his chest. His eyes glance again to the moon.

AMBER (CONT'D)

And you like the moon too, just like me.

WALSH

Hmm?

AMBER
You keep looking at it.

WALSH
It's alright I guess.

AMBER
I love it. All the phases... Our
bodies are tuned to it you know.
All that water. You can feel the
power.

Walsh's eyes widen - uncomfortable.

WALSH
So do you believe in werewolves?

AMBER
(laughing)
No.

He forces a laugh.

WALSH
Just checking.

EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TIME LAPSE - *The half moon SWELLS to a few days shy of full.*

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - DAY

Walsh leads a bevy of HOT CHICK SKIERS down an intermediate trail.

TITLE - **JANUARY**

They come to the bottom of a run and Walsh slices into an immediate stop. His smile vanishes.

David, Tom, Marco and Jane are sitting on the edge of a jump. Walsh motions for his students to stop.

WALSH
Excuse me ladies.

He clicks out of his skis and marches towards the kids. They all stand up - ready for a fight.

MARCO
Is there a problem here?

WALSH
Yeah. Leave Andy alone.

DAVID
He ask you to do this?

WALSH
No. But when you fuck with him
you're fucking with me.

They all laugh. David nods to Tom - who SUCKER-PUNCHES Walsh in the throat. Walsh stumbles back - coughing and gagging.

He falls to the ground - looks up to see his students standing there watching it all happen. Humiliating.

DAVID
You owe Tad money for that sack, by
the way.

Jane struts over and SPITS in his face.

Rattled and scared - Walsh's students ski off. Lesson over.

Tom smiles. Walsh notices his right canine tooth is missing.

WALSH
I thought you rich kids had better
dental plans.

INT. AJAX - STAFF LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Walsh shuts his locker - reveals Gary standing behind it.

GARY
What the fuck dude? You got your
ass kicked in the middle of class?

WALSH
They punched me *once*. Am I supposed
to take them on in public? You know
the kids I'm talking about.

GARY
I know, I know. I have no idea what
to do with the fuckers either.
(deep breath)
But still, another incident and I
gotta let you go. That was pretty
embarrassing.

Gary pats Walsh on the shoulder, walks off.

EXT. PITKIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

The MOON is 2 days shy of full. Snow falls lightly.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Coroner Whiteside is at his desk - going over Sourdough Bill's autopsy. At the bottom of the report - "Bear Attack."

RING. He picks up the phone.

INT. SHERIFF LAMB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Lamb - unnerved and impatient.

SHERIFF LAMB

It's taking too long. How's Karen?

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE/LAMB'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

Whiteside, nervous, swivels in his chair.

CORONER WHITESIDE

I took care of it but people know she's missing.

SHERIFF LAMB

She was flaky. It'll die down.

CORONER WHITESIDE

You know what has 32 teeth? A human. You know what has 28? A human with no wisdom teeth.

SHERIFF LAMB

You know what doesn't have teeth that fucking big? A human.

CORONER WHITESIDE

I just don't know how many of these I can call a 'bear attack'. They're in hibernation for god's sake.

SHERIFF LAMB

Look I want to figure it out too. But we can't have people fucking off to Vail.

CORONER WHITESIDE

I surprised they haven't already.

SHERIFF LAMB

It just has to make sense. That's it. As long as people know what's killing them they're fine. The flu kills 40,000 people a year and no one gives a shit.

(sighs)

Until it makes sense we've gotta play it cool.

CORONER WHITESIDE

I'm sorry, the next time I type a cause of death, it's one I believe. And no more dumping bodies Karen was a one-time favor.

INT. SHERIFF LAMB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lamb takes a deep breath, hangs up.

SHERIFF LAMB

Damnit Whiteside.

He picks up the receiver again and starts dialing...

EXT. PITKIN COUNTY COURTHOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Whiteside exits the courthouse, zips up his jacket and trudges into the parking lot.

INT./EXT. WHITESIDE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Whiteside wipes the snow off his windshield, hops in his car.

TAP! TAP! TAP! Someone knocks on the driver's side window. Startled - Whiteside rolls it down. He recognizes his visitor - smiles in relief.

CORONER WHITESIDE

Hey man. What's going on?

BOOM! A shotgun blast OBLITERATES Whiteside's face.

A lone FIGURE lowers the shotgun and calmly strides away.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Walsh is at work - sanding two long WOODEN BEAMS. Tools are scattered about.

KNOCK KNOCK! Walsh opens the door. It's Andy - eyes red - cheeks stained with tears.

ANDY
It's Bopper. He can't walk.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Walsh and Andy head down the hall towards his bedroom. The place is a mess.

WALSH
Where's your dad?

ANDY
Like you were saying. He's too busy to come home. Ever.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the middle of the floor - Bopper.

He tries to stand but his hips fail and he CRASHES right back to the floor. He whimpers in pain.

ANDY
He's been like this since last night.
(beat)
You said I could call for help.

WALSH
Of course.

Andy opens a drawer and retrieves TWO SYRINGES. One clear - the other pink.

ANDY
The vet dropped these off a month ago. The clear one puts him to sleep and the pink one -

WALSH
I'm familiar.

ANDY
I'll do the first one. But can you-

Walsh shakes his head - gently pries BOTH syringes from him.

WALSH

You just get down there and pet him. Look him in the eye and talk to him a little. Let him know you're his bro while he goes to sleep. Alright?

Andy lays down - eye level with Bopper - and starts stroking his head.

ANDY

Hey buddy.

Walsh kneels down beside Bopper - readies the clear syringe.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I hope I gave you a good life. I hope you had a lot of fun and that you know I spent as much time with you as I could. You're my buddy.

Andy blinks an eyeful of tears - kisses Bopper on the forehead.

Walsh sticks the needle in - the dog trembles, then eases.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Shhh buddy. I love you and I want you to sleep good okay?

Andy strokes Bopper's face. Walsh readies the pink shot.

WALSH

Why don't you go outside for the next part? He's already asleep.

EXT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Walsh exits and sits next to Andy on the porch, gives him a pat on the shoulder. Feels paternal.

WALSH

I'll bury him. You don't have to be there if you don't want to.

ANDY

Thanks.

WALSH

So I counted the bite marks on that sled. Pretty interesting. 28 holes.

(MORE)

WALSH (CONT'D)

That from the 'bear attack' on
Buttermilk? You try to get rid of
it for your friends?

Andy nods.

WALSH (CONT'D)

I want you to stay away from them.
All of them. You got that?

ANDY

It's weird having someone make
rules for me after all these years.

Walsh pats him on the shoulder. He eyes the morning paper on
Andy's porch - 'Local Coroner Found Dead'.

WALSH

Believe me, it's weird *making* them.

INT. THE RABID GRIZZLY - NIGHT

The Grizzly's as full as it ever gets. 20 CUSTOMERS.

Emmet suspiciously eyes the tooth in the mason jar - as if he
expects it to do something.

Sheriff Lamb sits alone at a table, morose.

DOOR CHIMES. Walsh heads to the bar - notices Sheriff Lamb -
changes course and grabs a seat at his table.

SHERIFF LAMB

Walsh, I'd prefer to be alone. I
lost a friend last night.

WALSH

Really? I wasn't sure you guys saw
eye to eye.

SHERIFF LAMB

Excuse me?

WALSH

Why aren't you out looking for the
killer? Too many forensic
disagreements? Tell me, how many
teeth were blown out the back of
his head? 28 or 32? I guess you
need another coroner to count that.

Lamb's eyes widen, he leans in - quiet and dead serious.

SHERIFF LAMB

I don't know what you think or what he told you. But you are in way over your head. I can assure you that he did not deserve what he got. And if you ask me another goddamn question I'll throw you in the slammer until the snow melts.

WALSH

Nice talk, Lamb.

He gets up and heads to the bar - and grabs a seat next to Gwen (his redhead tryst from earlier).

GWEN

Hey stranger. Want to keep a girl company tonight for old times sake?

WALSH

Sorry, I'm uh... I'm getting adult with someone else.

Walsh pats the bar - gets up and heads over to Emmet.

EMMET

"Hey stranger." It's been a while.

WALSH

It's a lot to digest, Emmet.

Walsh leans over the bar, gets quiet - conspiratorial.

WALSH (CONT'D)

But these snowboarding kids? Total pack. And get this, one of them's missing a tooth. Canine. If you're a rich kid your teeth don't just start falling out.

EMMET

These wouldn't be the ones that beat you up, would they?

(off Walsh's glare)

Small town.

WALSH

There's also this kid Tad. Feral little fucker. I guarantee you he's one of them. And he wants me out of the picture.

EMMET

Nope. Wolves don't got vendettas. They're attracted to booze, dope, blood and sex. 'Wildness.' No grudges. You just happen to be a prime candidate.

WALSH

It's them. I'm telling you. And Tad's the leader.

EMMET

(like he's calling a bluff)
Fine. Kill them tonight.

WALSH

I can't just kill 5 kids. And after the coroner I think the Sheriff's in on it too.

EMMET

Those two full moons are comin'. We need to be on the *second* they turn.

Emmet grabs a cigar box from under the bar - reaches into it.

EMMET (CONT'D)

I only got two of these left.

He places TWO SILVER BULLETS on the bar.

EMMET (CONT'D)

Made by the great gonzo himself Hunter S. Thompson. Had to use most of 'em back when. But, I scrounged enough silver in the back for four more. Stick around.

Emmet pours a pint of Uncle Red and slides it to Walsh. He takes a sip - smiles. It's finally good!

WALSH

Hey!

EMMET

I know. Almost there.

INT. RABID GRIZZLY - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The lights flicker on - a storage room/tool shed. Emmet leads Walsh to a workbench in the corner.

EMMET

Now, Hunter left the instructions for silver slugs right before he offed himself. Rule number one?

He SLAMS a bottle of Maker's Mark down on the bench.

EMMET (CONT'D)

Makin' bullets is thirsty work.

INSERTS - *Bourbon is poured. Four casings are placed on the workbench. Bourbon is poured.*

WALSH (O.C.)

What do you think of Amber? She's got the wildness. Think she's one of them?

INSERTS - *New Primers are HAMMERED into the casings. More bourbon. Gun powder is funneled into the casings.*

EMMET (O.C.)

Nah. Known her for years.

INSERTS - *More Bourbon. Silver MELTED and Poured into molds.*

ECU - *A hot bullet is dipped in water. SZZZZZZ.*

INT. RABID GRIZZLY - BACK ROOM - LATER

Walsh stumbles as he puts on his jacket.

EMMET

Whoa boy!

WALSH

I mean what kind of VD do you get from a werewolf? That's gotta be some special shit.

EMMET

Is this Amber again?

WALSH

She's wild, Emmet. And she talks about the moon a lot.

EMMET

I highly doubt it. And do me a favor - do not ask her if she's a werewolf, okay? You're hammered. It will not go well.

(MORE)

EMMET (CONT'D)

In the morning, if you still think so... I'll look into it.

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Amber's on the couch - waiting up with a glass of wine. She looks at the clock and sighs. He's late.

Walsh - totally hammered - lets himself in.

AMBER

What took you so long?

WALSH

Guy stuff at the Grizzly.

AMBER

Oh really? Pick up any new diseases?

WALSH

New ones? No. What's this about? Was I not clear on how I roll?

AMBER

What are we? And don't say feral.

WALSH

Consenting adults?

AMBER

Monogamous?

WALSH

Monogamy... pending? I thought you didn't want a boyfriend.

AMBER

No. I said I didn't have one.

Walsh stares and shuffles toward her drunkenly.

WALSH

But you are feral. Yeah. I see it in your eyes. I'm gonna ask you something - be honest.

AMBER

Of course.

WALSH

Are you a werewolf?

AMBER

Again with the werewolves? No.

WALSH

What about all that moon talk?
Always going on about it.

AMBER

My new age bullshit does not make
my a lycanthrope.

WALSH

That's an awful big word for
werewolf. How'd you learn it?

AMBER

Maybe I'm just not stupid. Maybe
I'm a big reader. Maybe I had an
entire life before you came along.

WALSH

Maybe you're the goddamn den
mother.

Amber points to the door.

AMBER

That's it. Get out.

WALSH

You know, for a second I thought I
might make a go of it here after
ski season.

Walsh reaches into her fridge - grabs a bottle of champagne.

WALSH (CONT'D)

But here's to Vail.

POP! The cork flies across the room - cracks a mirror.

WALSH (CONT'D)

One for the road.

He guzzles from the bottle and SLAMS the door on his way out.
On Amber - angry and upset. Tears welling.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Walsh stumbles in - places SIX SILVER BULLETS and a 44 on his
bedside table. He crashes into the futon.

CUT TO:

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

The alarm is going non-stop. 5:30 PM. Walsh finally stirs awake - brutally hungover.

WALSH
Motherfucker.

He grabs the Ghanti Bell. PING. Kisses it for luck, stuffs it in his jacket pocket and crashes on the futon.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The FULL MOON hovers.

A BMW SUV winds its way up the hill. Mansions are scattered around sparsely - half residential, half wilderness.

INT./EXT. BMW SUV - CONTINUOUS

TAD'S MOM (42) - a well moisturized divorcé in fur - is behind the wheel.

Tad sits in the front seat, texting.

EXT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The richest house on the mountain - a truly palatial estate.

The BMW pulls up into the driveway. There's nine or so FANCY CARS clogging up the path to the house.

INT./EXT. BMW SUV - CONTINUOUS

Tad checks out the cars - looks back to his mom.

TAD
Am I supposed to be here tonight?

TAD'S MOM
It'll be a nice surprise for him.

TAD
I don't like it when he's got friends over.

TAD'S MOM
You'll manage.

TAD

He makes me do stupid tricks for them. I'm not a dog.

Tad's Mom reaches across him and opens his door.

TAD'S MOM

Out boy.

She gives him a push - he reluctantly obliges and hops out.

EXT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tad's Mom throws the SUV into reverse. He looks up to the FULL MOON.

Anxious, he runs through the maze of cars to the front door.

Tad KNOCKS fast and hard. He runs away from the front door and darts back and forth between the GIANT PLATE GLASS WINDOWS on either side of it.

Through the window he sees his DAD (50) - an amazing sleazeball - entertaining NINE BUSINESS GUESTS. Off to the side - Andy's Dad. Alone. The new guy.

Tad's Dad is giving a development/real estate presentation, complete with models of the town, powerpoint etc...

Vaughn is among the guests. He taps Tad's Dad worriedly on the shoulder and motions towards another room. Tad's Dad excuses himself - both he and Vaughn disappear.

Tad WRAPS repeatedly on the glass. No one hears.

INT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Tad's Dad and Vaughn enter the office - closing the door behind them.

TAD'S DAD

This is not the time, Vaughn.

VAUGHN

What the hell did you do?

TAD'S DAD

I blasted him. Whatever. Until we figure this out there's no reason to shut the whole damn town down.

EXT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tad BANGS urgently on the glass. Finally - some of the guests look up from their cocktails and plates.

INT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vaughn gets his finger right up in Tad's Dad's face.

VAUGHN

You know *what* it is. Same damn thing it was 30 years ago.

TAD'S DAD

Fine. Until we figure out *who* it is then.

VAUGHN

Well there's a full moon tonight, but you're having a cocktail party.

INT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

BUSINESS GUEST 1 (42) taps back on the window - looks at the scared kid on the other side of the glass.

BUSINESS GUEST 1

Aww. It's Tad. He does tricks for us sometimes. Little dances. What do you say guys? How about a little Jimmy Durante?

EXT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hyperventilating - Tad's breath fogs against the glass. He can barely hear the guests inside.

BUSINESS GUEST 1

Do Jimmy Durante!

TAD

Who the fuck is Jimmy Durante?

BUSINESS GUEST 2

(impersonating)

'Ah cha cha'!

INT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vaughn guzzles his drink.

VAUGHN

Of course Lamb's pissed. He kept his end of the deal. He made the calls. And what did you do? You shot his friend in the face. We can't keep him in the dark and expect him to go along. We may have already lost him!

TAD'S DAD

Tell him what's going on? Vaughn, what the hell is he supposed to do about it?

INT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Business Guest 1 turns back to the Guests.

BUSINESS GUEST 1

He doesn't know Jimmy Durante.

BUSINESS GUEST 3

He's a kid. You gotta give him something more relevant.

BUSINESS GUEST 2

Shit. What do kids like?

On Tad - wanting desperately to be inside.

EXT. WOODS NEARBY - CONTINUOUS

Walsh - ensconced in the TREES - watches Tad through a pair of binoculars.

INT. THE RABID GRIZZLY - NIGHT

The place is deserted. Only Amber sits at the bar - an empty pint in front of her.

AMBER

Seriously. I don't even drink beer and I like this.

EMMET

Me too. Walsh liked the last batch, but this... *this* is perfection. He'll love it.

Amber smiles at the thought of him - Emmet takes notice.

EMMET (CONT'D)
Darlin' from what I seen you've got
him close to tamed.

AMBER
He thinks I'm a werewolf, Emmet.
It's a deal breaker.

CRINK! SMASH! The sound of a small glass breaking behind
them. Emmet's eyes widen.

AMBER (CONT'D)
What was that?

Emmet turns - zeroes in on the mason jar on the shelf - it's
shattered. The tooth is now a RAZOR SHARP 4 INCH CANINE.

EMMET
I'll let him know you're clean.

AMBER
Did that jar just grow a tooth?

EMMET
You drive straight home *now* and get
deep inside. Don't dilly dally on
the way.

On Emmet. He means business.

EXT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tad is still outside - pressed against the window - his eyes
welling up in tears.

INT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Business Guests confer. Andy's Dad pipes up.

ANDY'S DAD
Glee?

BUSINESS GUEST 1
Nice.

EXT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Business Guest 1 turns back to the window.

BUSINESS GUEST 1
Take off your shirt and do Glee.

RRRRROOOOWWRRRRRR! The shrieking howl. Tad jumps. Backs up hard against the window.

TAD
(choking on tears)
Get my Daddy please!

EXT. WOODS NEARBY - CONTINUOUS

Walsh is startled by the howl.

WALSH
Holy shit!

He pulls the binoculars away from his face - looks around trying to place the source.

He looks back into the binoculars. There's a moon, howling - the werewolves have turned... and Tad's not one of them.

He's just a scared little boy.

INT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Vaughn, tired of arguing, sets his empty glass on the table.

VAUGHN
After this is over I can't protect you on the coroner. You're on your own on that one.

TAD'S DAD
Fine. Let Lamb find some fucking evidence and do something about it. I'd like to see him try. Now can we go back to the party?

EXT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Tad's Dad and Vaughn emerge from the office. Tad sees them.

TAD
DADDY!

INT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tad's Dad turns to the guests.

TAD'S DAD

Oh hey, it's Tad. He do a dance for you guys?

EXT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

POV 1 - *lurking behind the last car in the driveway*

Tad sees it.

POV 1 - *rushes towards him. Darting between cars effortlessly.*

OVERHEAD - *a glimpse of SOMETHING BIG on all-fours weaving through the cars quick as lightning.*

POV 1 - *rounds past the last car and lunges at Tad.*

A flurry of black and grey fur. TEETH. CLAWS.

BANG! Tad is SPATTERED IN BLOOD. The creature falls to the ground.

Walsh tackles Tad sending them both CRASHING through the plate glass window and into the living room.

INT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone SCREAMS as Walsh flies through the window. He lands on his back - shielding Tad from impact. Tad leaps up immediately and runs to his room.

Walsh stands up slowly - brushing glass and snow off of his jacket.

TAD'S DAD

Who are you? What are you doing with my son?

WALSH

Name's Walsh.

Walsh slips the 44 into his shoulder holster.

WALSH (CONT'D)

And he's not your son. You might have bust the nut but you're not a father. You would've let him in. You people are throwing your kids to the wolves. Literally. How many of you have kids at home?

8 of the 9 Guests sheepishly raise their hands. Andy's Dad doesn't. Walsh strides over and SLAPS him in the face.

WALSH (CONT'D)
You're my next door neighbor dumb
shit. I give your kid ski lessons.

Walsh SLAPS him again.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Buy him some fucking Almond Milk.

He turns to the rest of them.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Now listen up moneybags. I see your
spawn all over town but I never
fucking see you. That shit changes
tonight. I want all of you to go
home and check on your kids.

Silence - they all stare past Walsh out the broken window.

BUSINESS GUEST 2
*Our parenting? You just murdered an
18 year old girl.*

Walsh turns and there she is - The Werewolf is now JANE.
Dead, naked and bloody in the snow.

WALSH
Oh fuck me.

Walsh jumps out of the broken window and takes off running.
Vaughn puts his hand on Tad's Dad's shoulder.

VAUGHN
(quietly)
I'm gonna go have a word with Lamb
before the whole town knows. Shoot
me if you want.

EXT. WOODS NEARBY - CONTINUOUS

Walsh grabs his cross-country skis - throws them in the snow
and jumps into them. He speeds downhill and into the night.

INT. THE RABID GRIZZLY - NIGHT

Emmet pulls the 12 Gauge Shotgun from underneath the bar. He
checks the chamber - two shells.

He stuffs extras in his shirt pocket. He stops, looks around his bar, wistfully taking in every inch. Sighs.

EXT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - LATER

Emmet knocks on Walsh's door. Waits. Nothing.

EMMET
Good boy. TCB.

He slides an envelope under the door and heads for his truck.

RRROOOWWWWRRRRR! He stops dead in his tracks. They're close.

He double checks the barrels - loaded. He snaps it shut and makes a run for his truck.

POV 1 - *coming down from the hill behind Emmet. Catching up.*

POV 2 - *speeding towards him from the parking lot.*

Emmet reaches his truck - he jumps in and turns the ignition.

POV 3 - *approaching right behind the truck. It keeps up as Emmet kicks into drive and speeds off.*

POV 1/POV 2 - *fall in line and chase the truck from behind.*

INT./EXT. EMMET'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Emmet speeds ahead. He turns - the road is icy and the truck spins out a bit but he's able to correct it.

He looks in the rearview mirror - we catch a fleeting glimpse of the WOLVES rounding the corner behind him. He guns the accelerator and looks again - they're gaining.

A hard left. The tires lock on the ice. The truck spins out of control and FLIPS over SMASHING the windshield. It SKIDS to a halt as the roof shreds against concrete.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

ALL POV'S - *descend on the truck.*

INT./EXT. EMMET'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Emmet - crumpled and bloody - steadies his shotgun.

A SNARL from behind. TEETH sink into his ankle. He screams. Looks up - sees a flash of fur - FIRES. YELP. Blood flies as buckshot BLASTS into a hindquarter.

A set of JAWS clamps down on his ankle. He's pulled out of the window - broken glass slicing his hands as he tries to hang on.

EMMET

I hope I give you punks the shits.

INSERTS - *Clothes ripped. Flesh torn. Teeth bared. Claws furiously digging into meat.*

One final SCREAM.

INT. GWEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Gwen is RIDING Brad (Amber's boy-toy from earlier) on the couch. She grinds into him hard - they're getting close.

BRAD

Seriously, you didn't hear that?

She keeps going.

GWEN

I'm trying to focus.

BRAD

It sounded like a crash. I think I heard a gun shot.

She stops.

GWEN

Are you serious?

She sighs and dismounts. Gestures to the door - 'go check it out.'

BRAD

Can you go? It's cold.

GWEN

(incredulous)

Can I go? Sure. I'll go. Would you like some cocoa while I'm out?

She stands up - loosely buttons up in Brad's flannel shirt and heads out the door - SLAMMING it behind her.

Brad pulls a sheet off the couch and wraps himself in it like a total pussy.

EXT. GWEN'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Barefoot - she steps onto the porch wearing nothing but the flannel shirt. Freezing.

She glances down the street - not a soul in sight. A block and a half down she sees Emmet's overturned truck.

GWEN
Shit, Emmet.

She walks towards the truck.

GWEN (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Hello? Emmet are you okay?

Nothing.

POV 1 - *watching her from the nearby woods.*

She's less than halfway to the truck when she sees a trail of BLOOD dotting the icy street. Her gaze follows the blood trail into the nearby woods. She calls out in that direction.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Hello?

POV 1 - *she's looking right in its direction but can't see anything, it backs up a little...*

Gwen follows the blood off the road and over the snowbank. The trail widens - she sees HUGE BLOODY PAWPRINTS.

POV 1 - *LUNGES at her.*

She's knocked to the ground. CLAWS tear at her. The flannel shirt reduced to tatters in seconds. TEETH sink into her.

GWEN (CONT'D)
Please! Help! Someone help!

CUT TO:

INT. GWEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brad sits on the couch - cowering in his sheet - listening to her agonizing screams.

GWEN (O.S.)
Fucking help please!

He buries his head in his hands.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. GWEN'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

CU - *The wolf's jaws SINK into Gwen's throat and RIP it out.*

Silenced - she stares up at the Full Moon. Her eyes go dead and she's dragged out of sight.

EXT. WOODS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Walsh glides along on his cross-country skis - silent - listening for any sign of danger.

Then... the sound of water. That LOW LEVEL HUM. Walsh stops. He's in their territory. He stands for a moment listening.

Curious - he pulls the Ghanti Bell out of his jacket pocket and strikes it. PING. It hums the EXACT SAME NOTE.

WALSH
That *is* some OM shit.

Walsh gets out of his skis - crawls through the snow. He reaches a ledge above the riverbank. He stops, watches in awe...

In the bloody clearing by the river - a WEREWOLF. Our first real look. Not a wolf-man, but a massive four legged creature. Big as a bear. Bright eyes, huge razor sharp teeth dripping blood. Claws like giant talons dripping with flesh.

It sits in the moonlight - attuned to the hum - its ears cocking gently.

Walsh notices some blood pooling near the Wolf's right hindquarter (where Emmet blasted it).

He pulls the 44 and cocks the trigger - ready to move in. Then - THREE OTHER WEREWOLVES slowly move into the clearing.

The four of them HOWL in unison. It's deafening. Walsh covers his ears. We notice something - the howls are the same pitch as both the hum and the Ghanti bell.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Nice mantra.

He looks back at his cross-country skis.

WALSH (CONT'D)
And shitty odds. I'll see you
bastards downhill.

He un-cocks the trigger, holsters the gun, and crawls away as quietly as he can.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Walsh is crashed out on the futon. An ALARM beeps loudly.

Leaning against the wall of his makeshift workspace - the PAIR OF DOWNHILL SKIS he's been fashioning out of the wood.

The 44 has been unloaded. It and the 5 remaining silver bullets rest on the bedside table.

EXT. RIVER - MORNING

Andy is asleep in the clearing. Naked in the bloody slush. He wakes, confused.

Next to him is Gwen - torn to pieces. Bone, gristle and gore smeared over a wide swath of snow. Only recognizable by her mop of red hair and the tatters of her freckled skin.

Andy stares in shock.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Walsh's phone RINGS - startling him awake. He answers.

INT. AJAX - STAFF LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Gary's on the phone - pissed.

GARY
Wanted for murder? You've got to be
fucking kidding me.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT/LOCKER ROOM - INTERCUT

WALSH
It's complicated.

GARY

I don't give a shit. Lamb just left. The cops are looking for you.

WALSH

Well, he hasn't come by here.

GARY

Typical Aspen. Fuckers couldn't even keep Bundy in jail more than -

WALSH

Yeah, I know.

GARY

Look, the point is, parents don't want their fuckin' kids skiing with you man. Not after this. You've gotta get out of town.

WALSH

I can't. I've got things to take care of here. Responsibilities.

GARY

You killed a girl. With witnesses. I'm sure you're upset about Emmet but that is not ski instructor behavior.

WALSH

Wait a minute, what about Emmet? What do you mean?

GARY

You didn't know? He flipped his truck last night. Bears got him.

Walsh tries to speak - nothing comes. He hangs up.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Walsh stares blankly around the room - in shock.

He notices Emmet's letter on the ground and opens it - The deed to The Rabid Grizzly. Behind it is a handwritten note.

EMMET (V.O.)

Seeing as I gave you the last of my silver bullets I imagine I won't last long after I get into this. Remember, those are no-brainers.

(MORE)

EMMET (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Hit 'em just about anywhere and
 it's a nice painless lights out.
 Regular bullets, knives, and what-
 not is way more difficult. They got
 thick skin and they heal quick. You
 should also know that Amber is *not*
 a werewolf so don't go shooting
 her. Down to business - it would be
 an honor to have you run the
 Grizzly. Enclosed is the new recipe
 for 'Uncle Red'. It's awesome.
 Don't fuck it up. One more thing -
 (beat)
Keep it local. Don't be a tourist.

KNOCK KNOCK! Walsh gets up and opens the door.

It's Andy - pale and scared. His hands covered in blood.

ANDY
 I've got problems.

EXT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Walsh and Andy stand outside. Andy paces.

WALSH
 Why the blood Andy?

ANDY
 I think I turned.

Andy opens the door. Walsh takes a look inside.

WALSH
 I think you might be right.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The place is smeared in GORE. Blood everywhere. Tatters of
 flesh and clothing. In the middle of it - Andy's Dad's HEAD.

WALSH
 Jesus.

ANDY
 Yeah, I'm not used to seeing this
 much of him either.

Walsh looks around - the entire apartment is destroyed. Claw
 marks on the walls and door. The rear window broken.

WALSH

Are you *sure* you did this?

ANDY

I woke up naked. Next to a body.

Andy pulls down his jeans a bit - exposing his right hip, riddled with buckshot - *the wound from Emmet's shotgun blast.*

ANDY (CONT'D)

And this seems to be healing pretty fast.

It hits Walsh.

WALSH

I saw you.

ANDY

You did?

WALSH

Yeah, you were bleeding right from that spot. I had my gun on you, then your pals showed up.

ANDY

I think I might have killed your lady friend too.

WALSH

Amber?

ANDY

Redhead?

WALSH

(relieved)

Oh that one. Yeah, that sucks. Man, I'm glad I didn't shoot you.

ANDY

Maybe you should have.

WALSH

What happened? I thought you were gonna stay away from them.

ANDY

I got bit last month when they were turning. The night Bill crashed through your window. That's why they're being so hard on me. They thought I told you.

(MORE)

ANDY (CONT'D)

I've been hoping I wouldn't change
but...

(beat)

You have to kill me. You can do it
right. Like you did Jane.

WALSH

No can do. We'll have to figure
something else out.

Andy nods - pulls a carton of Almond Milk out of the fridge.

ANDY

Weird. Last night was the first
time he brought this home.

Walsh gives the blood spattered scene another once-over.

WALSH

I think my place would be a
healthier environment.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Walsh leads Andy in then picks up his phone and dials.

INT. SHERIFF LAMB'S OFFICE - DAY

RING. Lamb picks up.

SHERIFF LAMB

Lamb here.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT/SHERIFF LAMB'S OFFICE - INTERCUT

WALSH

Lamb. Walsh.

SHERIFF LAMB

Your ears must be burning. Get in
here now.

WALSH

I need to be out tonight man. How
do I know you won't arrest me?

SHERIFF LAMB

Because you're not in jail already.
I know where you live.

(beat)

Look, we need to talk.

WALSH
Alright, let's do it before sunset.
Be there when I can.

Walsh hangs up.

INT. SHERIFF LAMB'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

We pull away from Lamb to reveal Vaughn sitting across from him.

SHERIFF LAMB
This is all a little much.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Walsh goes through his bedside table - scrounging for bills and coins.

WALSH
You know how much a cab to Starwood
is?

Something catches Andy's eye - the pair of Downhill Skis that Walsh built.

ANDY
Where did you get those?

WALSH
I made 'em for you. Late Christmas
present. No more janky rentals.

ANDY
Are you serious?

WALSH
Yeah, I'm serious. Another reason
not to take the pink shot.

Andy is moved. No one's ever done anything like this for him.

ANDY
You're not mad at me for killing
your friend?

WALSH
That wasn't you. That was the wolf.
Plus I'm killing all your friends
tonight, so that makes us even.

Walsh stuffs some cash in his pocket, heads for the door.

WALSH (CONT'D)
I'll be back in a few.

The door slams shut. Andy sees the 44 and Silver Bullets on the bedside table - tries to ignore them.

EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - DAY

Walsh RINGS the doorbell. Amber answers - she's been crying.

AMBER
Hey.

WALSH
You heard about Emmet?

AMBER
Yeah. I was just at the bar last night. And there was this thing with a tooth and this jar and he got all weird and -

WALSH
You don't still think it was bears?

Amber shakes her head 'no'.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Good. I need your help.

AMBER
I thought you didn't call for help.

WALSH
I've been surprising myself lately.

INT./EXT. AMBER'S CAR - DAY

Amber drives them down Starwood Mountain and into town.

WALSH
So we're gonna hit up the police station real quick. Then I need you to watch my friend while I'm out tonight. He's a werewolf.

On Amber - confused but game.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Andy puts Walsh's handmade skis on the floor. He plants his feet lightly on top of them. He pantomimes his ski moves a bit - 'Swish.'

It hits him again - 'this will never happen.'

He eyes the Silver Bullets.

EXT. ASPEN POLICE DEPT. - DAY

Amber's car pulls up out front, Walsh hops out.

INT. SHERIFF LAMB'S OFFICE - DAY

Walsh enters, sees Sheriff Lamb and Vaughn.

SHERIFF LAMB

Walsh, Vaughn. Vaughn, Walsh.

WALSH

Oh yeah. Emmet's fancy friend.
How's the trade-up working out?

VAUGHN

I made my choices and Emmet made his. He could never accept that. He's dead to me.

WALSH

Well now he's dead to everybody, fuckface.

SHERIFF LAMB

Walsh, Vaughn here's been filling me in. A little *late* I might add.

VAUGHN

Just trying to help the town.

SHERIFF LAMB

Vaughn and his pals tipped me off that something might be going on. Although they wouldn't say *what*.

VAUGHN

Would you have believed us?

SHERIFF LAMB

In the town's interest I tried to keep a lid on it until I could figure it out.

(to Vaughn - pissed)

And I might have been a bit too trusting of our agreement.

VAUGHN

I had nothing to do with the coroner.

SHERIFF LAMB

Which is why you get to leave on two feet. The other guy? Not gonna happen.

(to Walsh)

Vaughn says you killed a Werewolf last night. That girl Jane.

WALSH

He's right. You believe him?

SHERIFF LAMB

I mean I don't know what else could be doing this, but I'd like to see some goddamn proof.

(beat)

But if it is real.. I'm not about to take the one guy off the streets who can kill the others.

Vaughn stands up - smooths down his expensive suit.

VAUGHN

That being that gentlemen, I think it's time I move on to Vail.

SHERIFF LAMB

Just know if this is bullshit both you guys are fucked. Vaughn, don't think I won't head down there.

Vaughn salutes Lamb and heads out the door.

WALSH

You want proof? Head up to Ajax tonight. It's gonna be a bloodbath.

INT./EXT. AMBER'S CAR - DAY

Walsh runs out and hops back in Amber's car.

WALSH

Alright. Let's get the kid.

INT. WALSH'S APARTMENT - DAY

ECU - *A silver bullet in the chamber. The chamber SNAPS into the gun.*

Andy thrusts the barrel into his mouth.

Walsh barges in - sees Andy with his finger on the trigger. Walsh eases towards him slowly, hands up...

WALSH

Are you really going to do this in front of me? That's a dick move.

Andy pulls the gun out of his mouth, sighs. Walsh GRABS the gun from him it goes off - BANG! A hole in the ceiling.

ANDY

What are you doing? You just wasted one.

WALSH

Well you don't get to have one! You are *my* responsibility. I'm not going to let you fuck that up.

ANDY

You don't get it.

WALSH

You haven't seen my plan.

INT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL - DAY

CRACK. The tip of an axe breaks through the door, knocking the deadbolt loose. Outside light trickles in.

BANG. Walsh kicks the door open. He, Andy and Amber step inside. Amber flicks on the lights.

Walsh throws his ax to the ground.

WALSH

Don't worry, this is just for the night.

Walsh finds the biggest, strongest looking CAGE in the room. Walsh pats it. Sturdy.

ANDY

This is your plan?

WALSH

Worst case we get you one of these.
You spend one night a month in it.

Andy shakes his head - 'it will never work'. Walsh grabs Amber's hand and leads her towards the supply closet.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Hang tight for a minute buddy I've got to borrow my friend here for a second.

INT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL - SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY

Walsh shuts the door behind them. It's a tight, cramped space.

WALSH

You can watch him right? You might have to tranq him.

AMBER

Yeah, of course. Got it.

Walsh pulls her close and kisses her. She pushes him away.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Not the time.

WALSH

I might die tonight. It's the best time.

AMBER

I'm... it's that time of the month.

WALSH

Even better.

AMBER

What?

WALSH

I need to make sure they come to me and stay out of town. Emmet says they're attracted to certain smells. Booze, dope, blood, sex. I gotta get stank.

AMBER

Are we still 'monogamy pending'?

WALSH

Shit, I've been turning ladies down left and right. I just didn't tell you because we were fighting.

AMBER

And you can stay at my place?

WALSH

Totally. If we live through this can we keep the kid for a little bit? Til he gets on his feet?

Amber pulls him close and kisses him hard.

AMBER

Okay. A family thing? Sure.

INT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL - LATER

Walsh and Amber - throwing each other cute glances - are back with Andy and the cage. Walsh pulls a tranquilizer gun and darts off a nearby counter.

WALSH

You know how to use this?

She nods.

WALSH (CONT'D)

If it looks like he's gonna bust through, use as many as it takes. Stop once he's down though, we don't wanna lose him.

Walsh zips up a GIANT LEATHER BAG and slings it over his shoulder.

WALSH (CONT'D)

That should do it.

He turns to Andy.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Sun's going down soon. You should get in the cage.

Andy makes his way into the giant enclosure. He sits and stares at them - scared.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Hey man, we're gonna fix this you know. You're gonna stay with us. It's gonna be fine.

ANDY

No, it's not.

Walsh kneels down by the cage.

WALSH

It has to be. You're my friend.

Walsh throws the bag over his shoulder, gets up and heads for the door. Amber grabs him - kisses him goodbye.

AMBER

You're coming back right?

WALSH

Yeah, I told you I'd give it a shot.

AMBER

No, I mean you're going to live, right?

WALSH

(unconvincing)
Oh. Yeah.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - SUNSET

Walsh stands at the foot of the mountain. Downhill skis and poles strapped to his back under the big leather bag. Snowshoes on his feet.

As the sky darkens - he begins the climb.

FADE TO:

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - TWILIGHT

Walsh is a quarter way up the mountain - the sky darkening.

FADE TO:

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Still trudging, halfway up.

FADE TO:

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Three quarters of the way up. Almost out of breath.

FADE TO:

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Walsh finally reaches the top of the mountain. The FULL MOON shines overhead.

He kicks off his snowshoes and secures himself in his ski boots.

He unzips the leather bag and pulls out his supplies - a bloody tri-tip STEAK. A bottle of WHISKEY. A JOINT. TWINE. His 44. A CROSSBOW. A 12 gauge SHOTGUN with slugs.

He screws the joint between his lips, lights it. He RUBS the bloody meat all over his pants, jacket and hair - stuffing cuts into various pockets. He takes the last cut, ties the twine around it and hangs it from his neck like a medallion.

He opens the Jameson and POURS it all over himself. He chugs down the last few ounces and HURLS the bottle into the trees.

He loads two slugs into the barrel of the shotgun.

He uses the twine to tie the crossbow to one ski pole and the shotgun to the other - barrel parallel to the pole shaft.

He raises the poles in the air - looks down the shafts as if aiming - then lowers and STABS his new weapons into the snow.

Finally - he looks up at the moon and lets out a fierce primal HOWL.

WALSH

RRROOOWWWRRRRRRRRRRRR!

INT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Amber paces around while Andy sits quietly in the cage.

AMBER
 You comfortable? Can I get you
 anything?

 ANDY
 I'm really hot. Water?

She heads for the sink.

 AMBER
 Yeah, of course.

Andy SCREAMS. Falls down flat to the floor of the cage.

 AMBER (CONT'D)
 Andy? Andy, what can I do?

 ANDY
 It really hurts. It really hurts.
 Oh fuck.

Andy closes his eyes in pain and re-opens them - completely wild. Glowing and sinister.

He SCREAMS again. Reaches out towards Amber, tries to speak - but that part of him is gone. 4-inch razor-sharp CANINES jut out of his gums. His FINGERNAILS lengthen and curve into huge talon-like claws.

His shoes burst open. His jacket and pants split at the seams. Underneath - coarse black hair and rippling muscles. His legs and arms BREAK and SNAP into a four legged stance. His face contorts and stretches into a wolf's mask - thick black hair grows rapidly over it.

Amber clutches the tranq gun. ROOOOOWWWRRRRRR. The shrieking howl is unbearable in the confines of the shelter.

Andy is now a full-tilt WEREWOLF. Pacing back and forth, eyes on her. It snaps its jaws menacingly.

 AMBER
 Hey there Andy.

Andy SLAMS himself against the cage. Hard. The steel bends under the force of his body.

THWACK. Amber fires a tranq dart into his hide. He pulls back and SLAMS against the cage even harder. One of the bars buckles completely, breaking away from the roof of the cage.

THWACK. THWACK. THWACK. Three more darts. Andy wobbles a bit, lies down - weakened but still very much awake.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

Walsh - covered in blood, steak and booze - stands at the ready. He screws an American Spirit between his lips.

He pulls the Ghanti Bell out of a jacket pocket. PING. The constant humming tone fills the air.

RRRROOOOOWWWRRRRR! Three different howls surround him. They're close.

WALSH

Hello boys! You're about to get the knowledge. Never fuck with me on the slopes

He checks the 44 cylinder. 4 silver bullets. Getting cocky - he flicks his wrist to shut it - sending three of the bullets flying into the snow.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Goddamnit.

He bends over to search for the bullets...

WEREWOLF 1 LEAPS out of the trees, lands 20 feet away. Walsh SLAMS the 44 cylinder shut and HURLS himself down the slope leaving the bullets behind.

Werewolf 1 bounds after him.

POV 1 - *snarling and snapping inches behind Walsh's skis.*

Walsh picks up the pace, leans into the mountain. Putting distance between himself and the wolf.

He eyes a mogul dead ahead - aims right for it. WHOOSH. He LAUNCHES himself high and does a half turn - flying through the air while facing the oncoming Werewolf.

He slides his hand an inch up one of the poles and nestles his finger against the crossbow's trigger. PING. The arrow strikes the Werewolf in the neck. It YELPS but doesn't slow. Walsh lands - looks over his shoulder - 'Fuck.'

Walsh looks back ahead. WEREWOLF 2 bounds uphill towards him.

But Werewolf 1 is closer - he raises the other ski pole - fires the shotgun - BOOM. The slug SLAMS right into Werewolf 1's chest. It YELPS and falls to the snow - then gets up and starts after Walsh again.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Yep. Not as good as silver.

Walsh considers the approaching Wolves on either side, makes a sharp break and heads for the entrance to a TREE TRAIL on the side of the slope. He glides into it no problem, ducking down to avoid the branches. The two Werewolves fall in line behind him and enter the trail.

POV 1 - *trying to catch up - thwarted by turns and branches.*

Walsh looks over his shoulder and smiles, he's gaining ground. He makes a few nice turns and exits the Trail. He turns to face the exit - loads an arrow in the crossbow and a slug into the shotgun's empty slot and raises his poles.

They exit single file - the first one out is Werewolf 1.

BOOM! BOOM! Two more slugs hit. One in the chest, one right between the eyes. Werewolf 1 drops like a sack of potatoes - MARCO lies dead in the snow.

Werewolf 2 leaps over the body at Walsh. PING. The crossbow arrow strikes it in the chest. Not enough.

Walsh YANKS the steak medallion off his neck and throws it aside - the Wolf lunges for the beef. Walsh loads two more slugs into the shotgun and snaps it shut - but the Wolf is already back upon him. He SLAMS the tip of a ski pole into Werewolf 2's right eye. YELP.

WEREWOLF 3 emerges from the trail. Walsh pulls the pole from the Werewolf 2's eye socket and takes off fast downhill. Below - he sees a set of bright lights slowly making its way up - a SNOWCAT.

Walsh spins into reverse, skiing backwards without losing any speed. The Werewolves chase after him. He takes aim at Werewolf 2 - BOOM. He misses. He aims the crossbow at Werewolf 3 - PING. The arrow strikes it in the jaw.

Walsh turns back into the mountain - skis fast towards the Snowcat - gaining ground.

Once he's gained some distance he SPINS around and fires - BOOM. The slug slams into the gut of Werewolf 2. It FALLS, YELPS, then gets right back up. Walsh looks over his shoulder, he's getting close to the Snowcat.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Not... just... yet. Don't need *both* these guys alive.

Walsh makes another break for the trees. He SLICES into a stop. Takes aim - BOOM. Miss.

He digs in his shirt pocket - only one slug left. Both Werewolves cruise across the snow towards him... getting way too close.

He loads the last slug into the shotgun just as Werewolf 3 LEAPS into the air and TACKLES him. It opens its jaws - Walsh sees one of the canines is missing - TOM. BOOM! The slug enters under the jaw and EXITS through the top of Tom's head.

Dead - Tom slumps over Walsh and instantly turns back to human form.

Werewolf 2 - one-eyed and bleeding - is still coming.

Walsh grabs the 44 and checks the cylinder - 1 silver bullet. He flicks it shut. He pushes away from the treeline and glides straight towards the Snowcat.

INT. SNOWCAT - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Lamb is behind the wheel. The floodlights on top give him some visibility ahead.

Walsh enters the floodlight zone.

SHERIFF LAMB
Let's see what's what.

Werewolf 2 - David - enters the floodlight zone. Trailing Walsh by 50 yards.

SHERIFF LAMB (CONT'D)
Good God almighty.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Walsh skis up to the Snowcat, slices into a stop. Sheriff Lamb opens the door.

SHERIFF LAMB
That is *not* a bear.

Walsh looks over his shoulder - David is 30 yards away.

WALSH
I'm gonna kill that thing. And when I do it's gonna look like a kid. You onboard with that?

SHERIFF LAMB
Yeah man. Whatever it takes!

Walsh digs his poles down and gives himself a mighty PUSH downhill. He gains some ground - spins around to ski backwards.

He takes aim with the 44 - then grimaces and lowers it. He can't spend the last silver bullet like this.

WALSH
Damnit, Andy.

He reaches for another arrow, loads the crossbow, takes aim... BANG. Walsh SLAMS backwards into a tree.

He's knocked out of his skis, the poles fly out of his hands and he crumples to the ground. Blood trickles down the front of his face.

David runs full steam ahead towards Walsh - right before impact Walsh DIVES out of the way. David SLAMS hard into the tree behind him. The werewolf collapses - stunned.

WALSH (CONT'D)
This is how you like it right? Why
be stuck to two sticks?

Walsh grabs a ski pole with both hands, raises it high above his head...

WALSH (CONT'D)
When you only need to be stuck to
one.

Walsh STABS down hard. At the last second David JUMPS up - the pole misses him and JAMS into the snow.

David - angry and snarling - faces him down. The Werewolf's right eye oozes and blood drips from the arrow in his chest - but he's still got plenty of fight in him.

INT. SNOWCAT - CONTINUOUS

Sheriff Lamb heads down to Walsh and David.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

David turns towards the snowcat - turns to Walsh and looks past him.

The lights of the town glow below the run. David takes off - right past Walsh and into town.

WALSH
Motherfucker's headed in.

Sheriff Lamb pulls up to Walsh in the snowcat.

SHERIFF LAMB
Get in.

WALSH
I'm faster on skis. Follow my
trail. When that ends, follow the
blood.

Walsh digs his poles into the snow and LAUNCHES downhill
towards town - David is way ahead of him.

POV - *David racing downhill - the streets growing closer.*

EXT. ASPEN - CONTINUOUS

Exactly like the our opening scene - MORE SWANK BEAUTIFUL
TOWNSFOLK window-shop at night. The snow falls around them.
They sip cider from paper cups.

Peaceful, unaware. Tame.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

POV - *David reaches the bottom of the mountain and scurries
down the stairs leading into town.*

EXT. ASPEN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

JESSE & EMMA (both 17) make out hot and heavy. Jesse
unbuttons her shirt.

EXT. AJAX MOUNTAIN - CONTINUOUS

Walsh reaches the bottom of the mountain - sees the stairs
ahead and speeds up.

His skis STRIKE HARD against the granite steps. SPARKS fly.
BANG! Walsh is THROWN forward - his skis SNAP - he hits the
pavement face down.

Walsh, his face bashed and bleeding, pulls himself up. He
kicks off his ski-boots - standing only in SOCKS.

He grabs the ski pole with the crossbow and chases after
David.

EXT. ASPEN SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

POV - *David speeds down a desolate side-street and makes a sharp left into -*

EXT. ASPEN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

POV - *the alley. His gait slows as he observes his prey.*

Jesse and Emma keep making out, unaware.

EXT. ASPEN SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

ECU - *Walsh's filthy wet socks running through the snow.*

We pull back - he's frantically chasing David's blood trail.

EXT. ASPEN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

David snarls. Jesse and Emma break away from each other - David charges them. Walsh rounds the corner into the alley and takes aim with the crossbow. David LEAPS at Jesse. Walsh pulls the trigger. PING. The arrow LANDS in David's back just as he tackles Jesse. YELP.

David jumps off Jesse and runs past them down the alley. Walsh follows him.

WALSH
(not slowing down)
You kids alright?

Jesse and Emma nod, Walsh disappears down the alley. She helps him up.

EMMA
Holy shit. Are you okay baby?

Jesse notices a BITE WOUND on his forearm - pulls his coat sleeve over it before Emma sees it.

JESSE
Yeah, I'm fine.

EXT. ASPEN - CONTINUOUS

The idyllic window shopping continues. A LITTLE GIRL gets a refill of cider from an oak barrel VENDOR.

EXT. ASPEN ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Walsh is hot on David's trail - the streak of blood widens the further he runs along - David's slowing down. He follows the trail of blood out of the alley...

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

... and into a small, empty park.

Straight ahead - the Swank Townsfolk window shop. Only a snow covered row of bushes separates them from the park.

Walsh spots David - pacing the parameter of the bushes, eyeing the menu.

POV - David spots Rachel leaning against a storefront, smoking a cigarette and scoping for men. Brad approaches her.

Walsh stalks toward David... hears running footsteps approaching from the alley. Sheriff Lamb rounds the corner.

SHERIFF LAMB

Walsh.

Brad hears Lamb - disengages from Rachel and jogs towards the bushes.

BRAD

Hey Sheriff.

On Walsh - 'Shit'. Lamb keeps running toward them.

SHERIFF LAMB

Not now, Brad.

Brad is almost at the bushes - David hears him and spins around.

BRAD

Sheriff, I think Gwen's missing.

SHERIFF LAMB

Turn around now.

WALSH

He's right. Back off.

BRAD

But Sheriff -

Brad eagerly JUMPS over the bushes. David POUNCES - sinks his teeth into his neck and RIPS his head off.

David sees Walsh and Lamb closing in. He DROPS Brad's body and readies himself to jump over the bushes into the street.

Walsh CHARGES and STABS the Werewolf hard straight through the neck with his ski pole. David is pinned to the ground. Carotid severed, blood pooling. Walsh faces Lamb - puts his finger over his lips.

WALSH

Sshhhhh.

Lamb walks up slowly. David is now another dead teenager.

SHERIFF LAMB

So once they're dead, boom. They just go back to looking like a person?

WALSH

Yep.

They stand for a moment and catch their breath. On the other side of the bushes the Townsfolk window shop, still unaware.

SHERIFF LAMB

There's no way to tell a dead person from a dead werewolf?

Lamb grabs his gun and SHOOTS David's corpse. BANG! BANG! BANG!

The Townsfolk look around - scared - shaken out of their blissful evening.

WALSH

What the fuck are you doing?

SHERIFF LAMB

I can't be fucking killing kids with ski poles.

(beat)

Bullets I can explain.

The Townsfolk tentatively approach the bushes to get a look at the commotion.

SHERIFF LAMB (CONT'D)

Everybody back. This is a perfectly natural crime scene.

The Townsfolk stay back - unable to see the carnage. Lamb pulls out his cell.

SHERIFF LAMB (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 I'm gonna need help off East
 Hopkins. Quick.

WALSH
 Call if you need help. If I don't
 answer, check the slopes.

Walsh starts off in the opposite direction, leaving Lamb to keep the crowd at bay.

INT. ANIMAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Andy has three more tranq darts in his hide - making for a total of seven. Yet he's re-energized and pacing the cage.

Almost all the bars are bent and mangled - he won't be in there for long.

Amber cowers in the corner, exhausted and crying. In her hand - the last three tranq darts.

RRRROOOOWWWWRRRRR! Andy SLAMS against the cage. The steel bars buckle and give even more.

AMBER
 Andy, you don't have to do this.

Walsh enters the room - bloody and tired.

WALSH
 Don't take it personal.

Amber runs over and hugs him tight.

AMBER
 Thank god you're back.

WALSH
 What's the status here?

Andy SLAMS against the bars one more time. The cage twists and GIVES. He's finally free. He LUNGES at Walsh and Amber. They jump away - narrowly avoiding him.

Amber fires. THWACK. THWACK. THWACK. The last three darts stick into his hide. Andy rears back to attack - gets woozy - falls to the ground, panting.

WALSH (CONT'D)
 How long do they last?

AMBER
45 minutes. An hour at the most.

WALSH
Shit.

AMBER
5 hours until the sun.

Walsh looks around.

WALSH
Any cages left can hold him until
morning?

AMBER
Not if that one can't.

Walsh kneels down beside Andy - places his hand on his head.

AMBER (CONT'D)
He's too powerful. We *have* to-

WALSH
I know, goddammit!
(deep breath)
Sorry. It's just... this is my guy
here.

Amber reaches into the fridge - grabs some MILK and pours it
in a bowl.

AMBER
We'll make him comfortable.

Walsh strokes the fur around Andy's head.

WALSH
I don't think he'll like it. Not my
little guy here.

AMBER
Let me try.

She sets the milk down in front of Andy. He scoots his nose
away.

WALSH
No, that's right. You don't like it
do you?

AMBER
I'm sorry.

WALSH

It's okay. Reach into my backpack,
will you?

Amber reaches in, grabs the 44.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Here, I'll take it. Supposed to be
painless.

Tears streak down Amber's face - she moves behind Andy so
only Walsh can see her with the gun.

AMBER

I'll do it.

Walsh's eyes tear up.

WALSH

You can hit him anywhere. It's
instantaneous. Gimme a sec though?

Amber nods. Walsh looks Andy in the eyes, scratches him
behind his ears.

WALSH (CONT'D)

Hey, Andy... it's not your fault.
You got the short end of the stick.
And I'm sorry if I was a dick,
you're a cool kid. I just wish I'd
met you earlier.

Amber crouches down towards Andy's leg - places the barrel
directly against his thigh.

WALSH (CONT'D)

And... buddy... I hope you know
that you're my friend, okay?

Walsh nods to Amber. She closes her eyes and pulls the
trigger.

On Walsh - BANG!

FADE TO:

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Walsh and Amber are on the couch. She holds an ice-pack
against his head while they watch TV. Walsh is on the phone.

On the Flat Screen - Sheriff Lamb's press conference.

Business Guest #1 (from the party) stands up.

BUSINESS GUEST 1

What about the man I saw murder a girl in front of my own eyes?

SHERIFF LAMB

Walsh Grinnan stopped the murder of a nine year old boy. He's a hero as far as I'm concerned. We worked together to bring down this gang. They were high, they were naked, and they were tearing the town apart.

The crowd goes chatty and gossipy.

WALSH

(into phone)

You hear that, Gare? A hero. That's ski instructor behavior right?

(pause)

Great. I'll be in tomorrow.

Walsh hangs up - tosses the phone aside.

SHERIFF LAMB

Look, if you don't like the way I handled this, it's simple. Don't vote for me next year. But you parents out there, if you don't want your kids caught up in this kind of activity, do your job and keep an eye on them. Ignorance only gets us so far. We're still the town that let Ted Bundy escape from jail.

SOMEONE IN CROWD

Twice.

CLICK. Amber turns the TV off. Walsh screws an American Spirit between his lips - lights it.

AMBER

No smoking in the house.

Walsh sighs - gets up - opens the sliding door to the balcony and throws the cigarette off into the trees.

WALSH

I will smoke occasionally.

AMBER
Outside you will.

WALSH
(sheepish)
Okay.

AMBER
So when do you re-open the Grizzly?

WALSH
How do you know I'm even staying in town?

AMBER
I know when someone's had enough.
You've been tamed.

WALSH
I don't know about that but I was thinking about keeping it local, yes.

Amber opens her mouth, wants to say something but stops herself.

Silence.

WALSH (CONT'D)
Go ahead.

AMBER
So, and this is like soooo hypothetical, but if... *if* we ever have kids -

WALSH
Grounded from day one.

She smiles.

AMBER
Good.

CUT TO BLACK:

END CREDITS SEQUENCE:

INT. TAD'S DAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

TITLE - **FEBRUARY**

DING DONG. The doorbell rings repeatedly. Tad's Dad, shaken from his sleep and angry, makes his way through the house in a bathrobe and slippers.

He opens the door - it's Sheriff Lamb.

TAD'S DAD

Do you have any idea what time it is?

SHERIFF LAMB

Pretty late. Full moon too.

TAD'S DAD

(smug)

You ever get that warrant?

Lamb raises his pistol.

SHERIFF LAMB

(smiles)

No. But, you know how everyone looks like a werewolf when they're dead?

BANG.

CUT TO BLACK:

ROOOOOWWRRRRRRR! A shrieking howl echoes through the valley.

THE END.