

TUSK

by

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SModcast 259:

The Walrus & the Carpenter

by

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INT WINNIPEG PASSPORT CONTROL - DAY

There's a line of about a hundred people. Wallace is directed to an open window to a waiting BORDER AGENT.

BORDER AGENT
What brings you to Manitoba?

WALLACE
A bed and breakfast.

BORDER AGENT
They don't have beds and breakfast in America anymore?

WALLACE
I'm reviewing this one for a podcast.

BORDER AGENT
See, now I've been hearing lots about these *pot-casts* from the younger kids. What is it?

WALLACE
Podcasts? They're like home-grown radio shows. Anyone can do 'em. Mine's called "*Pillow Pants*". It's a travelogue. I go out and see the world then I come home and tell my shut-in friend all about it.

BORDER AGENT
Is he *crippled*?

WALLACE
Uhm... *No*. I mean... *Emotionally*, maybe. He's kind of a 'fraidy-cat.

BORDER AGENT
And you're Mister *Bravey Beaver*, are ya'?

WALLACE
(bemused)
Is *that* what they call it up here?

BORDER AGENT
No.
(hands him back his stuff)
Welcome to Canada.

EXT QUAINT WINNIPEG HOME - DAY

A rental car pulls up and we hear the faint sound of an obnoxious smart phone ring tone ("Aw! Aw! Aw! Ooo-ah! Ooo-ah! C'MON NOW! MORE MARGHARITAS!"). We can see Wallace check his phone, not answer it, and put it in his pocket. Finally, Wallace gets out of the car and approaches the house with his bag in hand, climbing up the porch steps.

EXT PORCH OF QUAINT WINNIPEG HOME - SAME

Wallace knocks on the front door. No answer. He locates the doorbell and rings it. No answer.

INT QUAINT WINNIPEG HOME - SAME

We're looking at Wallace who's peering through the window, knocking.

WALLACE

Hello?

EXT PORCH OF QUAINT WINNIPEG HOME - SAME

Wallace stops knocking. He turn to face the street, perplexed. He leaves his bag on the porch and heads into the street, looking up at the house.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Hello?

VOICE OF NEIGHBOR

Hello there yourself, young fella.

Wallace turns to see a NEIGHBOR exiting his yard, closing his gate behind him, greeting Wallace with an envelope.

NEIGHBOR

They're not home.

WALLACE

Excuse me?

NEIGHBOR

The McKenzies hadda go oot of town.

WALLACE

Are you shittin' me?

NEIGHBOR

Oh, an *American*. Isn't that something? Welcome to Canada.

The Neighbor hands Wallace an envelope.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

Mrs. McKenzie told me to keep an eye out for you and when you got here, I's to give you this.

Wallace opens the envelope and quietly reads the letter.

WALLACE

No! No, no, n'oh... man!

Wallace shakes his head, way too frustrated. He kicks his suit case, pissed off. After a beat, he says to Neighbor...

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Your neighbors are *swingers*, okay? I don't wanna be a *tattle-tale*, but... I only *came* to Canada *just* so I can have a *story* about *swinging with Canadians!* And they *left*. I flew a couple *thousand* miles to have sex with strangers, and now they're not even *home*.
(unable to speak, 'til)
I'm sorry. I'm just *really* pissed off. Where the fuck could they have possibly gone?

NEIGHBOR

Mrs. McKenzie's Mom had a massive heart attack last night. So...

Wallace shuts up, feeling like a dick. The Neighbor stands there for an awkward beat. Then...

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

Anyway, I delivered the letter.

The Neighbor shrugs and lumbers back to his house, leaving Wallace alone in the middle of the street.

INT BAR - NIGHT

ON A LAPTOP SCREEN, we see an Orbitz-type travel web site. LOS ANGELES is typed in a destination window.

Wallace and his suitcase are sitting at the bar. He swigs his beer waiting for travel search results. Older patrons play darts behind him as Wallace selects a number on his smart phone and presses send. He checks the laptop screen again. Then, via the phone, we hear...

PHONE VOICE

A, my name is Ally. L, leave a message.

WALLACE

(after the beep)

Heeeyyy. It's me. I'm in Winnipeg.

In a bar called...

(checks napkin)

"Bar H."

(sighs; then...)

I was thinking about what you said yesterday and... I'm *not* gonna go through with it. I'm not gonna swing with the swingers. I didn't even go to their house. I was on the plane and I realized... This is love. I got a 24 karat case of love. For you. Call me back.

Wallace ends the call. After a beat, he hits another number.

TEDDY MESSAGE V.O.

(voice mail)

This is Teddy. Gimme head-y.

WALLACE

(leaving message)

Hey, man. The swinger thing was an epic fail. I got no sex, no story, just... *nothing*. So pissed right now. Anyway, I'm sitting in a bar, looking for a flight home, but... I feel like I gotta find *something* weird to do while I'm up here, y'know? I can't come all this way and then go home empty-handed. There's gotta be something kooky in Canada - something so fucked up it'll save this trip. If I find it, I'll call you. 'til then, this is me, signing off from the Great White North.

To end the call, he sings the "*Coo loo coo coo, coo coo coo coo!*" of Bob and Doug McKenzie.

INT BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wallace drags his suitcase into the bathroom with him and sidles up to a urinal. Above the urinal is a community corkboard, with all manner of shit pinned to it for the discerning reader taking a leak: the sports page, a few Help Wanted ads, some Rooms For Rent flyers, etc.

As he pisses, Wallace looks up at the cork board, taking it all in. Then, he spies something unique pinned to the board.

WALLACE'S POV: THE HAND-WRITTEN WORD **ADVENTURE**

It's there, hidden under too many postings over postings.

Wallace moves some of the stapled bar theme night ads and newspaper clippings to reveal a **handwritten handbill**.

Different than everything else stuck to the corkboard, it is as if the handbill is from another, better age. Care was put into this document. Across the top of the paper, in larger letters: **A LIFE OF ADVENTURE, WITH STORIES TO TELL!**

Wallace is intrigued. He peers closer at the paper above the urinal, reading the flawless cursive, as we hear a V.O.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE

Hello! I am an old man who has enjoyed a long and storied life at sea. From the Fjords of Norway to the Bering Strait, I am a proud Canadian who has traveled a peculiar path lo' these many years.

Wallace zips up and keeps reading.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE (CONT'D)

And after eons of oceanic adventure, I find myself a land-lubber, with Manitoba as my final port. But as a shipwreck survivor who once spent six months with no human contact, I know I do not wish to spend my remaining years alone in a giant house willed to me by a grandfather I never knew. Not when I have such stories to share!

Wallace takes the ad off the pin-board.

EXT 7-11 - NIGHT

From outside the convenience store, we can see Wallace on his phone as carries a Big Gulp to the counter.

WALLACE

Tonight would be amazing, sir.
Thank you, yes. Where am I going?

Wallace starts miming to the CLERK that he needs a pen and paper. The Clerk obliges while ringing up Wallace's order. Wallace writes down an address, rips off the paper and hands the pad and pen back to the Clerk, asking...

WALLACE (CONT'D)
How far is *Bifrost* from here.

CLERK
Bifrost near Morweena. Two hour.

WALLACE
(into phone)
Guy here says I'm two hours away.
You sure it's not too late for you?
(beat; smiles)
I will. Thank you.

EXT WINNIPEG HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Wallace's rental car tools down the empty highway - no headlights coming at him, none behind him.

TEDDY MESSAGE V.O.
(voice mail)
This is Teddy. Gimme head-y.

INT CAR - SAME

Wallace drives, barking into his cell after the beep.

WALLACE
It's me. I think I got something better than the swingers, dude. But do me a favor: go back into next week's show and pull out that shit I said about Allison being jealous, please. I don't need the headache.

He hangs up and sips on his Big Gulp, glancing at the GPS on the dash which indicates 50 miles from the destination. Beside it is the handbill. We hear the rest of the text.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE AD (V.O.)
So to this end, I'm offering a room for rent in my stately woodland home. This arrangement will be free of charge, providing you perform the simple household chores I can no longer tend to from the confines of this cursed wheelchair: menial tasks I used to do for myself, 'til age robbed me of the simplest pleasures. But though I may be old, I HAVE LIVED! I watched Saigon fall! I made love in an African sex colony! And I will tell you all about my many adventures, in vivid detail.

Wallace smiles at this notion.

EXT MANITOBA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The rental car whips over us, speeding into the night.

EXT RURAL MANITOBA ROAD - LATER

A full moon overhead is about the only light available beyond Wallace's headlights. The rental slows at what looks like a long, dark driveway in the woods.

INT CAR - SAME

The GPS on the dash indicates we've got about another mile. Wallace peers out his windshield at the dark driveway.

EXT RURAL MANITOBA ROAD - SAME

The rental car turns down the dark driveway and darkness swallows all but the vehicle's tail lights.

EXT BIFROST WOODS - SAME

The rental travels a wooded trail that's more path than road.

INT CAR - SAME

Wallace peers into the darkness, looking for his destination. When Wallace sees the house, we hear...

GPS VOICE

You have arrived at destination.

WALLACE'S POV: THE MANSION IN THE WOODS

They don't make 'em like this anymore. A porch light goes on, acting as a beacon in the darkness.

EXT BIFROST WOODS - SAME

The rental car drives past a stone monument overgrown with weeds, but still legible. It reads CHAPEL HILL.

EXT CHAPEL HILL - SAME

We're on the big porch, looking out at Wallace's car as it slowly pulls toward us. Then, in the foreground, a wheelchair rolls into view. We're over the shoulder of an older man.

INT CAR - SAME

Now we're over Wallace's shoulder, looking at the Man in the Wheelchair on the welcoming porch.

EXT CHAPEL HILL - SAME

Push in on the OLD MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR.

Though he's surrounded by trees and forest, he calls to mind (in demeanor and dress) a dignified 19th century sea captain - like Rex Harrison in *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*. He's well-groomed. Effete, almost. But the lines in his face tell a tale of a life lived to the fullest.

Balanced on the arms of his chair is a serving tray, complete with a pot of tea and two tea cups.

The car stops. Wallace climbs out of the car with his Super Big Gulp, smiling up at the Man.

WALLACE
Mister Howe?

HOWE
Howard.

WALLACE
Mister *Howard*?

HOWE
(chuckles)
It's always a French bedroom farce when people get entangled with my name for the first time.
(extending hand)
Howard Howe. And while "*Mister Howe*" is absolutely appropriate, I prefer the intimacy of *Howard*.

WALLACE
Howard.

HOWE
Smashing. And with *that* unpleasantness out of the way, may I welcome you to Chapel Hill.
(extending tea cup)
Would you like some tea?

WALLACE
I would. But first...
(showing empty Big Gulp)
Can I use your *bathroom*?

INT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wallace stands above the toilet, taking a loooooooooooooong piss. He looks around at the bathroom decor.

WALLACE'S POV: THE WATER CLOSET DECOR

It resembles Ye Old Curiosity Shoppe in Seattle.

Bizarre oddities and images of things that shouldn't be are fixed to the walls of the tiny room from floor to ceiling.

Over here, a giant set of shark jaws. Over there, a Zuni fetish doll. There's an antique photo of a man and a native tribe, with a killed native hung upside down beside him.

Wallace looks more closely at this: Yep, the man in the photo shot and killed a native. Wallace raises his eyebrows at this until something else catches his attention.

WALLACE'S POV: THE TOILET PAPER DOLL

There's a knitted toilet paper cozy that's designed to look like a dress being worn by the doll standing in the roll.

The doll's glassy eyes seem to stare back at Wallace - which unnerves him. Since he's standing peeing, the doll's at crotch height, seemingly watching him urinate. Bothered, Wallace turns the doll around to face the wall instead.

EXT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wallace exits the bathroom.

 HOWE
 (from another room)
 In here, Mister Brighton.

Wallace heads toward the fireplace-lit room, passing all manner of dead creatures of the sea mounted on the wall, each kept life-like through taxidermy.

INT STUDY - SAME

Wallace enters to find Mister Howe pulled up to a small table with an empty chair beside it. He sips his tea as the fire crackles behind him. Above the fireplace is what appears to be a long, bone-like branch, mounted with care.

 HOWE (CONT'D)
 All better?

 WALLACE
 Thank you.

HOWE

My second wife used to say "*Rather saint than sin, Better out than in.*" Of course, she was talking about gas.

WALLACE

Ah. Of course.

HOWE

(pouring tea)

Dear Lord, that woman was the most flatulent creature God ever created. And I say that having spent, at one point in my youth, a summer tending *cattle*. It was like living with a tuba player who could only blow one foul note.

(handing him tea)

Did you find the water closet satisfactory?

WALLACE

(takes tea)

Yes, thank you so much. I was holding it for half the ride.

HOWE

Our selection of trees didn't tempt you inner canine?

WALLACE

(looking at the wall art)

I was a little too spooked to get out of the car in the middle of nowhere.

HOWE

Never be ashamed of fear, Mister Brighton. Fear is the unelected governor that keeps our actions *moral*.

WALLACE

Who said that?

HOWE

I did. Just now.

(sips tea; then...)

So I must say that your phone call *intrigued* me.

WALLACE

Well...

Wallace pulls the bathroom ad from his pocket.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Your *handbill* intrigued me.

HOWE
But did I understand you correctly on the phone? You're not looking for a living arrangement?

WALLACE
No, I live in Los Angeles.

HOWE
Oh my *Lord*. The City of *Angels*.

WALLACE
Well, I've never seen any *myself*. More the opposite, really.

HOWE
Devils are a dime a dozen. My Grandma Mimsy would tell us "*One needn't go very far to find Hell in a hand basket.*"

WALLACE
My Grandma used to say "*Hell is your children.*"

HOWE
How *droll*. What an interesting woman *she* must've been, eh?

WALLACE
Now *she* was flatulent.
(off the wall contents)
She hung lots of stuff on her walls, too - just like you. But nothing as interesting.
(pointing to painting)
What's *this*?

HOWE
(squints to see)
That's the only known eyewitness painting of the Halifax Explosion.

WALLACE
Right on.

HOWE
You haven't the foggiest notion what that *is*, have you?

WALLACE

(smiles, caught)

No.

HOWE

It was the largest man-made explosion on earth before the atomic bomb. The catastrophe happened long before I was even born, on December 6, 1917. A French cargo ship loaded with wartime explosives - the S.S. *Mont-Blanc* - collided with the Norwegian vessel *Imo* in a strait off the Halifax Harbour. The fire on board the French craft ignited her deadly cargo and set off a cataclysmic explosion that devastated the Nova Scotian city. 2,000 people were killed, 9,000 others were injured.

WALLACE

Oh my God...

HOWE

So intense was the blast that the resulting tsunami wiped out the Mi'kmaw First Nations people who'd lived around Tuft's Cove for centuries. A mighty, ancient people incinerated and drowned by a mightier and very modern *boom*. White or dark-skinned, the explosion failed to discriminate. The *Mont-Blanc* was atomized by temperatures of five thousand degrees. White-hot shards of iron rained down on Halifax for ten minutes and the harbour floor was briefly exposed by the sheer *volume* of instantly vaporized water.

WALLACE

And the person who painted this was actually *there* when it happened?

HOWE

I'm afraid *no* one who was there when it happened lived to tell the tale. The artist was a member of the Fire Brigade from neighboring Dartmouth, who was among the first on the scene, one hour after detonation.

Howe points to a detail in the picture.

HOWE (CONT'D)

Look closely at the standing buildings nearest the harbor. Do you see the *windows*?

WALLACE

Are those dead bodies hanging out of the windows?

HOWE

Yes. Some are even *headless*. You see, everyone in town heard that two ships had collided. And nobody knew the *Mont-Blanc* was not only pregnant with a lethal cargo but also moments from ignition - so people were hanging out of their windows staring at the sea when the blast struck. Even my *grandparents*. And my Father *would* have certainly been killed that day along with his parents... had they not sent him to boarding school a week prior.

(off painting)

So every day, I look at this image and think how *close* I came to never even being *born*. And it makes me thankful to still be alive, decrepit though I may be.

WALLACE

Wow. You can spin a helluva yarn, Mister Howe.

HOWE

Please. It's Howard.

Howe rolls his wheelchair along the wall as he orates, allowing better views of his collection.

HOWE (CONT'D)

My *life* lines these walls, Mister Brighton. So every day, I study the walls as a reminder that I have survived the long and treacherous journey to the security of this house and this chair. And while I cannot boast of functioning legs to keep me ambulatory, the Lord has seen fit to at least leave me with a working memory, so that I can relive all of my many adventures.

WALLACE

(sitting)

And it's those adventures I'm interested in, Mister Howe.

HOWE

Howard. On the phone, you said you weren't so much interested in the room as you were *me* personally.

WALLACE

Yes. I saw *this*.

(pulls post from pocket)

I'm only in town for the night and your ad *really* captured my imagination.

HOWE

Oh?

WALLACE

You talked about sharing stories. Well I'm a story-teller by trade.

HOWE

You're a *writer*?

WALLACE

I'm a podcaster.

HOWE

Good Lord, what on earth is that?

WALLACE

It's kinda of a radio show that's not on the radio. It sounds like...

INT PODCAST STUDIO - DAY

Studio is a generous term. The walls are filled with framed posters and artwork promoting a podcasting duo called **PILLOW PANTS**. Each piece depicts the podcast hosts in various comic interpretations, a'la comedy record covers. Some advertise old live appearances, some are framed awards from Stitcher.com, some boast of iTunes podcast chart placement.

WALLACE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

So I'm asleep in my hotel room and I get woke up by this *rumbling* outside my door.

TEDDY (O.C.)

And it was the Rapture.

WALLACE (O.C.)

I *wish*. I'm not religious, but I *wanna* be with Jesus. If he can turn a bottle of wine into a *thousand* bottles of wine, who *knows* what kinda magic he can work with *weed*?

TEDDY (O.C.)

It all comes back to *weed* with you.

Finally reveal WALLACE, wearing headphones, smoking a joint, barking into a microphone.

WALLACE

So I get up and look through the peep-hole and the guy across the hall ordered so much room service, it took *six cockadoody carts* to deliver all that shit.

TEDDY

Was he having a party?

WALLACE

That's what *I* thought. 'cause if he was, I was ready to *crash*!

INT HOTEL ROOM - BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK

Story-Wallace peers through his peephole as Wallace narrates.

WALLACE (V.O.)

So I was trying to see who answered the door, all staring through the peep-hole, watching like a creepy fuckin' podiatrist...

BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK WALLACE'S POV: 6 carts and 6 Bell-Men block our fish-eye view of the hallway through the peephole.

TEDDY (V.O.)

Podiatrist?

WALLACE (V.O.)

Like *TO CATCH A PREDATOR*.

INT PODCAST STUDIO - DAY

Teddy chuckles, correcting the smoking Wallace.

TEDDY

Pederast.

WALLACE
What'd I say?

TEDDY
"Foot doctor."

WALLACE
Well the guy who took out my
planter's wart in high school was
an asshole so motherfuck a
podiatrist, too.

INT HOTEL ROOM - BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK

Story-Wallace peers through his peephole as Wallace narrates.

TEDDY (V.O.)
So who answered the door?

WALLACE
Fucking *midget*.

BLACK&WHITE FLASHBACK WALLACE'S POV: A LITTLE PERSON

He barely sees over the room service cart as he answers the
door, wearing the too-long-for-him complimentary hotel robe.

TEDDY (V.O.)
NO!

WALLACE (V.O.)
One little guy, *six* carts of food.

INT PODCAST STUDIO - DAY

Teddy and Wallace wrap up their recording.

TEDDY
And there it is, folks. *Wallace
Goes Roamin' in Ol' Wyoming*. I'd
like to thank *this* intrepid
motherfucker for going places and
seeing and doing things that lots
of us - me included - would never
do in a million years.

WALLACE
I do it for shut-ins, sir. I do it
for all the legendary *puss-holes*
like you who're too scared to live
the great adventure of life. So
count on me to sniff out the shit
that's more real *than* real and come
back to tell you all about it.

TEDDY

Next week, Mr. More Real Than Real heads up to Canada, eh! Look out, you crazy Canucks: something weird-ass this way comes. A rowdy road trip across the Great White North with Wanderin' Wallace. Until then, this is Teddy Croft...

WALLACE

And this is Wallace Brighton saying it's a big, bad world out there, so put on your *Pillow Pants*.

INT STUDY - NIGHT

Howe is chuckling like he's trading in bawdy humor. Wallace nods, shrugging.

HOWE

You can actually say those things without repercussions?

WALLACE

The audience likes it real and raunchy, so I try to keep it real and raunchy. And real raunchy.

HOWE

The *freedoms* your generation enjoys...

WALLACE

(sips his tea)

Can I just tell you how *good* this tea is? And I'm not a tea person.

HOWE

We are *all* of us tea people. But the secret is to soak the leaves in a bottle of brandy before steeping.

WALLACE

You can't lose with booze.

HOWE

"Always do sober what you'd do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut."

WALLACE

Hemingway said that.

HOWE
Yes he did. To *me*.

 WALLACE
You *knew* Ernest Hemingway?

 HOWE
We met in Normandy.

 WALLACE
You were there for *D-Day*?!

 HOWE
I was there *before* D-Day, when it was just called *Operation Neptune*.

 WALLACE
Holy... You were on the *beach*?!

 HOWE
I was on a *boat*. As was Ernie - who was deemed "*precious cargo*" by those in charge and prohibited from joining the incursion. And this vexed Monsieur Hemingway, to say the least. You see, he *so* enjoyed hunting the big game. The big *deadlies*. And what bigger, deadlier game than a Nazi? Except perhaps a Nazi's nagging wife.

Howard Howe let's out a foppish laugh, as if his comment was the height of impropriety. Wallace dutifully chuckles in response, sipping his tea.

 HOWE (CONT'D)
So, barred from joining the invasion, Hemingway went to the kitchen in search of *alcohol*.

INT SHIP'S KITCHEN - BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK

Close on a young ERNEST HEMINGWAY in the kitchen doorway.

A gangly wide-eyed TEENAGER, alone in the kitchen with mountains of potatoes and a peeler in hand stares at Hemingway as he knocks down empty bowls.

 HOWE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And the only soul in sight to oblige him was a sixteen year old potato peeler on K.P. duty.

WALLACE (V.O.)

Get out of *town!*

The Teenager pulls a secret bottle of Canadian Club from a potato sack and hands it to Hemingway. Hemingway smiles, uncorks, and guzzles, slapping the kid on the back.

HOWE (V.O.)

I proffered for Hemingway a bottle of *Canadian Club* - or C.C. as we called it then. And I'll never forget what he did next: an otherworldly *smile* crawled across the man's face, so slowly it was as if it wasn't a smile so much as a *caterpillar*. Then he slapped me on the back and declared me a "*Kitchen Witch of Only Good Fortune.*"

INT STUDY - NIGHT

Wallace is delighted by Howe's historical tale.

WALLACE

That's just *nuts*, man!

HOWE

We drank C.C. in the kitchen and from her porthole windows, we watched Hell in the surf. And when the reports came back of how many boys died on Omaha that day, Hemingway said to me "*Always do sober what you'd do drunk. It will teach you to keep your mouth shut.*"

WALLACE

That's incredible, sir.

HOWE

No, that's just a *story*. If you look to the left of the fireplace, you'll see the *incredible* aspect.

Wallace gets out of his chair, with just the slightest detectable sway - so slight he doesn't even recognize it himself. He rounds his chair as Howe turns his wheelchair to face the fireplace.

Inside a glass case affixed to the wall is an empty, old bottle of Canadian Club. Wallace peers at it.

WALLACE

This is the coolest thing I've ever
seen...

HOWE

Oh, it's just an empty old bottle.
But when *combined* with the *story*?
Then it's a powerful *talisman* - a
doorway to another time and place.
A drawbridge to *history*.

Wallace eyes the long, bone-like branch mounted above the
fireplace. He turns to Howe and asks...

WALLACE

What's this?

HOWE

(wheeling over)
Ahhhh! Just like me, you've got an
eye for the unfamiliar and the
curiosity of a *cat*. It will take
you very far in life.
(stops chair)
That is the baculum of a *walrus*.
The Alaskans call it an oosik.

WALLACE

(running finger over it)
So it's like a walrus *spine*?

HOWE

More like a walrus *cock*.

Wallace withdraws his hand. Howe chuckles.

HOWE (CONT'D)

Ooo, I am a *dirty boy*, aren't I?

WALLACE

This is a walrus *dick*?

HOWE

No, my dear boy. The baculum is the
bone found in the penis of most
placental mammals but absent in
humans. It is in aid of sexual
intercourse, helping the animal
maintain sufficient... *stiffness*
during coital penetration.

WALLACE

You got something like this between your legs, you don't *need* any help with coital penetration. *Jesus!* Those lucky fuckin' walruses...

HOWE

Canines have baculum as well. Felines, raccoons. In some cultures, the raccoon baculum is worn as a charm for fertility.

WALLACE

A boner-bringer.

Howe giggles like a schoolboy, tickled by the light smut.

HOWE

You are a rapsCALLION of the *highest* order, Mister Brighton.
(off the oosik)
But you are *right* to admire the walrus. It is the most noble of God's creatures - far more evolved than any so-called human being I've ever encountered. Present company excluded, of course. I try to speak ill *only* of those out of ear-shot.

WALLACE

(off oosik)
Where do you *buy* something like this? A *head* shop? *Ba-dum-bum*.

HOWE

I didn't purchase this oosik. One could almost say this oosik purchased *me*.

WALLACE

"The wand chooses the wizard."

HOWE

What a delightful expression. I shall add that to my collection of things to say so as to distract from my woeful stupidity and boring demeanor.

WALLACE

(throwing back tea)
I've met plenty of stupid, Mister Howe...

HOWE

Howard.

WALLACE

(pouring another tea)

You're anything *but* stupid. And like the *polar opposite* of boring.

(off oosik)

Did you used to *hunt* walruses?

HOWE

Oh, good Heavens *no*. That would be as senseless as hunting an Indian *Fakir* or a tribal *Medicine Man*. There is a *souvenir* market for the walrus oosik, of course, where they can fetch anywhere from one hundred to eight thousand dollars apiece, depending on the size and rarity. Utterly *barbaric*. Can you *imagine* another species hawking your John Thomas as a conversation piece.

WALLACE

Not *mine*. But I got a friend who's hung like an oosik. So maybe *his*.

HOWE

(handing Wallace his tea)

You are a *scandal*, Mister Brighton.

Wallace smiles at the compliment and sips his tea anew. Howe wheels closer to the fireplace, eyeing the oosik as Wallace plops down in his chair.

WALLACE

So where'd you come across the walrus dick? Pun *intended*.

Howe blushes, giggling. Wallace chortles, taking a swallow or two of his tea.

HOWE

This particular oosik belonged to a walrus I became acquainted with while lost at sea.

Wallace stares at Howe for a beat. Then...

WALLACE

You're *kidding*.

HOWE

(wheeling back to him)

In 1959, I was back on a boat. This time in the Gulf of Anadyr on the southern coast of the Siberian Chukchi Peninsula.

Wallace finishes his tea. As he leans forward in his seat to listen intently, he appears a touch groggy.

HOWE (CONT'D)

These were perhaps the best years of my life, when my culinary capabilities in small, sea-faring kitchens acted as my passport to the world. And it was my magic with a halibut that earned me the cook's position on the *Anastasia* and her expedition into Soviet waters.

WALLACE

So is this like *Cold War* stuff?

HOWE

We went in search of the legendary *Siberian Great White*.

WALLACE

A GREAT WHITE SHARK?! NO WAY!

HOWE

"*The Whale Eater*" is what the Russians called the hungry god - reputed to be 25 feet in length, with at least three tons on him.

WALLACE

Did you *find* it?

HOWE

(smiles sadly)

We found only *death*. Off the Chukchi Peninsula, in the inky heart of the night, the *Anastasia* collided with an *iceberg*.

EXT THE SEA AT NIGHT - BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK

The slightly older, less gangly Howe bursts from the water, gasping for air. Fading lights flicker across his face.

We're over young Howe's shoulder as he bobs treading water, watching the *Anastasia* sink into the sea in the distance.

HOWE (V.O.)

The ship sank within *minutes*. I know because I watched her disappear into the black Russian sea. I heard the crew's screams *silenced* in the Siberian brine.

INT STUDY - NIGHT

As if on cue, we hear some animal howling in the distance. Wallace raises his eyebrows. Howe chuckles.

HOWE

Delicious timing.

WALLACE

(chuckles nervously; then)
What happened *after* the boat sank?

HOWE

I was *alone*.
(reciting)
*"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."*

WALLACE

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

HOWE

Well-remembered, Mister Brighton. When the screaming stopped, I thought I might be *alone*. Until something *swam* very close to me. Something *fast* and frightening.
(reciting again)
*"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand, thousand slimy
things lived on; and so did I."*

WALLACE

(tired but engaged)
How scared were you when this was all *happening*?

HOWE

I don't mind confessing I was *terrified*. You've likely been scared many times in your life, Mister Brighton, but I'd wager you've never known true *terror*.

Wallace's eyelids droop a bit then go wide, as Wallace tries to stay awake.

HOWE (CONT'D)

We are *scared* of what we don't know. But *terror*? That comes from a sudden and unwanted knowledge of the *unknowable* - even for a moment. And I became *intimately* familiar with terror for *hours* that night, as I swam. I kicked at the water and stroked for I knew not where. It was so pitch black, I could see no eventual purchase on the horizon for my weary, wet bones. Indeed, I did not even see my own hands as they pierced the water, over and over. All I could do was swim deeper into the ebony void and pray that whatever brushed my leg was now feasting upon the rest of the expedition crew instead. And then... I lost consciousness.

WALLACE

Sweet whistling *Christ*...

HOWE

I woke up on the shores of a tiny island, regurgitating sea water, discombobulated beyond belief.

EXT REMOTE BEACH - BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK

Flashback Howe wakes in the surf, the tide lapping at him. He looks around desperate, semi-conscious.

HOWE (V.O.)

But when I finally climbed to my feet, I saw the sweetest sight my orbs have ever taken in: I saw my sweet savior - the *Charon* who'd escorted me across the River Styx.

Then, the younger, soaked Howe goes soft when he sees...

FLASHBACK WALLACE'S POV: A WALRUS WITH TUSKS

He looks at us and snorts non-threateningly.

HOWE (V.O.)

I saw a *walrus*.

INT STUDY - NIGHT

Wallace leans forward in his chair, delighted.

WALLACE

A *walrus*? No fucking *WAY*, pardon my French! A *walrus* saved your *life*?

HOWE

A walrus *made* my life, Mister Brighton. Made it worth *living* again.

Wallace's eyes droop closed and snap back open. Howe's voice is like a hypnotic trance and whatever's in the tea isn't helping matters. Howe pours another cup for Wallace.

HOWE (CONT'D)

This curious fellow loomed over me, with tusks as tall as Scylla and Charibdys, easily a thousand pounds my better. Yet he was as gentle as a milking cow, when he used his blubbery body to keep me *warm* - as if I were a newborn *chick*, you see.

WALLACE

Unbelievable!

HOWE

And while I could never know how he was addressed in his native tongue amongst his marine brethren, I started calling him after the only authority figure I'd ever truly trusted in my life: a janitor at a boy's home where I spent some time whose name was *Mister Tuskegee*.

Howe hands Wallace the cup of tea, smiling.

HOWE (CONT'D)

So I called my walrus friend... *Mister Tusk*.

WALLACE

Mister Tusk? That's cu... cute.

HOWE

Cute is for Chinese *babies*, Mister Brighton. My walrus companion was *beautiful*. Never have I had such a fulfilling *friendship* with anyone - human or otherwise.

Wallace is now noticing something's wrong with him.

WALLACE'S POV: HOWE THROUGH FUCKED-UP EYES

It's a drunk or drugged perspective of Howe speaking.

HOWE (CONT'D)

And for six glorious months of my
life, I was at utter peace - and I
knew the only bliss this wretched
life has ever afforded me.

Wallace drops his tea cup and steadies himself in his chair.
He struggles to stand and falls forward onto the floor.

WALLACE

Wha's... What'd you... do...

WALLACE'S POV: HOWE HAS THE OOSIK IN HIS HANDS NOW

Still in his wheelchair, Howe suddenly has the oosik from the
mantle laying across his lap.

Wallace tries to scream but he can't. And as hard as he
fights it, his body's shutting down. He struggles to get up
but gravity's defeating his drugged system.

Howe extends the oosik to Wallace on the floor, grazing
Wallace's face as he struggles to stay conscious.

WALLACE'S POV: DRUGGED AND DIMMING

The oosik dangles over us. Beyond it, in soft focus that's
getting softer and darker by the second, we see the old man
holding the oosik, comforting us.

The last thing we see is Howe saying softly...

HOWE

There, there. It'll be all right...
(beat)
Mister Tusk.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT PODCAST STUDIO - DAY

Teddy and Wallace wrap up the show.

WALLACE

And this is Wallace Brighton saying
it's a big, bad world out there, so
put on your *Pillow Pants*.

The pair are silent for a beat as Teddy stops the recorder.

TEDDY

Clear.

WALLACE

(standing)

That sucked.

TEDDY

It was *funny*. I'm shocked you got *anything* out of trip to *Wyoming*.

WALLACE

I used to find fucked up shit *anywhere* I went. But after two hundred episodes, it's getting *harder*. And the coattail-riding copycat doesn't help either.

TEDDY

Fuck *him* and his "*AbracaTravel!*"

WALLACE

AbracaTravel. Why's that dick gotta do a travel podcast like us all the sudden anyway? *AbracaTraveling* piece of shit...

TEDDY

Speaking of, when're you leaving?

WALLACE

Tomorrow.

TEDDY

Where is it again? Montreal?

WALLACE

Winnipeg.

TEDDY

What's there?

WALLACE

A B&B run by a *swinger* couple.

TEDDY

Oh, *Canada*. Close your *legs*, eh!

WALLACE

Wanna see a selfie of the happy couple?

Wallace scrolls through some photos on his phone and hands it to Teddy, who promptly goes wide-eyed at what he sees.

TEDDY'S POV: AN ARTY SELFIE OF THE COUPLE

Both are standing and the guy holds the camera high to take a pic of him and his lady. The woman is turned away from camera, looking over her shoulder, jutting her ass a bit. Sticking out of her ass is what looks like a fox tail.

TEDDY
Is that a *tail*?

WALLACE
That's a faux-fox-tail butt-plug.

TEDDY
Wowwww...

WALLACE
She says she's got every kind of animal tail they ever *stuck* on a butt plug: dog, raccoon, *chicken...*

TEDDY
(hands phone back)
People are *weird*.

WALLACE
Weirder'n you *think...*

INT DARK ROOM - PRESENT

NOTE: WE'RE IN WALLACE'S POV FOR THIS WHOLE SECTION.

We FADE UP to a soft focus, dimly lit view of a ceiling. Periodically, a piece of someone comes in and out of the frame as we hear (but don't see) eloquent recitation of a classic poem. It's almost sang, it's so lyrical.

HOWE (O.C.)
*The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might.*

We hear Wallace groaning, as if coming-to. The soft focus gets a little more crisp and we see a giant light from what looks like an operating room overhead. It's on dim.

HOWE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
*He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright.*

WALLACE (O.C.)
 (weakly)
 H-- Hello...?

HOWE (O.C.)
And this was odd, because it was...

The overhead bulbs suddenly go hot, blinding us with light.

HOWE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
The middle of the night.

Our POV tries to look away but we're locked in place.

WALLACE
Uhnnn...!

As a recording winds to life, the sound of seagulls fills the room. Beneath it, we also hear the sounds of the surf.

HOWE (O.C.)
*The sea was wet as wet could be,
 The sands were dry as dry.*

WALLACE
Wh... What's... goin' on...

HOWE (O.C.)
*You could not see a cloud, because
 no cloud was in the sky:
 No birds were flying overhead:
 There were no birds to fly.*

WALLACE
'the fuck... is this...

HOWE (O.C.)
*"The time has come," the Walrus
 said, "To talk of many things.
 Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax,
 of cabbages and kings!"*

WALLACE
*HEY! I can't mo... I CAN'T FUCKIN'
 MOVE!!!*

HOWE (O.C.)
"And why the sea is boiling hot..."

Suddenly, a guy who could be HOWE leans into frame, peering at us. He wears a surgical mask, which rustles as he speaks.

HOWE (CONT'D)
"And whether pigs have wings."

WALLACE

Can you help me? I can't move...

The Howe-ish surgeon snaps a blade onto a power BONE SAW.

HOWE

*"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need!"*

He exits the frame as he punctuates his line with two quick pulls on his power saw. The sound is chilling.

WALLACE

What's *that*? What the fuck's...
H-Hey, man, what's that noi...

HOWE (O.C.)

*"Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed."*

WALLACE

HELP!!! SOMEBODY FUCKIN' HELLLP!!!!

Howe quickly comes back into the shot with a rag that he stuffs below frame, presumably into our mouth. We hear Wallace fighting it.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

NO, DON'T... N-mmmmmmmmm! MMMMMMMM!!!

Howe sticks a very large needle into a bottle, draws a big dose of the solution, extracts and taps the shot a few times.

HOWE

*"Now if you're ready, Oyster
dear..."*

He administers the injection to us, below frame.

WALLACE

MMM! MMMMM!! MMMMMMMM!!!! MMMM!!!

And just as Howe exits the shot again, he says...

HOWE

"We can begin to feed..."

The chilling sound of the bone saw snaps to life again.

WALLACE

MMM! MMM! MMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!

Suddenly, we hear the power saw cutting into meat and bone. Blood splatters our POV shot. The muffled screaming rises to a maniacal crescendo before we HARD CUT TO...

INT ALLISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT FLASHBACK

Wallace is getting blown in bed. We can't see it but we can tell by his expression. He grabs at an OC woman's head.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
STOP! STOP! STOP!

His arms relax. He smiles, satisfied. Then his blissful expression gives way to light disgust.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
Ewwwwwww... Don't just drool it out on my... C'mon!

ALLISON joins Wallace from under the sheets, smiling mischievously as she wipes her mouth.

WALLACE (CONT'D)
I don't want this *shit* all over me.

ALLISON
Now you know how every woman in the world feels about it too.

WALLACE
(squirming; lights joint)
It's running down my *ass*...

ALLISON
I don't want you to go to Canada.

WALLACE
(exhales)
Allyyyyyyy...

ALLISON
I know you don't wanna hear it...

WALLACE
I really *don't*. I just had me a 24 Karat case o' cum - *okay*? And now I'm smoking my *Gretzky*, so this is like... a *perfect* moment in life. You only get maybe *ten* of these. *Ever*. A month. So *please* - don't *harsh my buzz* with this middle America bullshit *again*, right before I'm *leaving*. On a jet plane. I gotta take a Canadeuce. *Right*?

ALLISON

Can you *try* to be more sensitive about my "*middle America bullshit*"? Please? Okay? It's always *hard* for me when you do the shows about *sex*.

WALLACE

(hands her joint)
I'm *sorry*. I *know*. I love you, *right*? It's just for the *podcast*. You *know* that.

ALLISON

(nods; takes hit)
I wanna go *with* you this trip.

WALLACE

NO.

ALLISON

Why?

WALLACE

(takes joint)
They're *swingers*. If you come along, they'll try to fuck you *too*.

ALLISON

(hits it)
So? You might fuck someone else this weekend...

WALLACE

I'm *definitely* fucking someone else this weekend: Swinger-dude's wife.

ALLISON

(storms out of bed)
Asshole...

WALLACE

(calling after her)
What'd I *say*? C'mon, *Ally* - why do we gotta do this *every time*? You knew the deal when we got together. I said from the jump that if we're gonna do this relationship thing, I still gotta be able to do *weird shit* - just so I can have stories to tell on the *show*. That's how I earn my *living*, okay? Doing fucked up shit for the podcast is my *career*. You *know* this: you started out as a fan.

ALLISON
 (passing through frame)
 I *was* a fan.

WALLACE
 (trying again)
 I'm gonna stop doing the shows
 about sex, okay? But right now,
 that AbracaTravel asshole who stole
 my whole act? He's getting better
ads than us.

ALLISON
 (grabbing clothes)
 So *what?!*

WALLACE
 (as she exits)
 We're losing sponsors to this
 AbracaTravelin' piece of shit! So I
 gotta be able to do *more* fucked up
 shit or the show's over.

ALLISON (O.C.)
 It's *just...* a *FUCKING...* *PODCAST!*

WALLACE
 That's *bullshit*, man. I made a
 hundred grand on ads *alone* last
 year - *before* the live shows and t-
 shirts - and I've got NBC coming to
 see my showcase. *Why?* Because of an
agent? Because of auditioning over
 and over like I'm a fuckin' *jerk?*
No - I got all that from doing...
 (doing Allison)
 "*Just... a fucking... podcast!*"
 (hits joint)
 Fuck *AbracaTravel*. I'm gonna do
 whatever kinda fucked up shows it
 takes to beat their downloads and
 be number one again.
 (no response, so)
 Cut me some slack, okay? I'm
 fighting for my *life* out there!

INT BED ROOM - DAY

ECU on WALLACE'S EYES. They snap open and look around.

Wallace is in a large wheelchair, tucked under blankets.
 There's music playing on a small radio. Wallace groggily
 looks around.

His eyes fall on Howe, who sits in his wheelchair smoothing what looks like a walrus tusk with a piece of sandpaper. He looks up to see Wallace awake.

HOWE

Well look who's back.

Howe puts down his project and wheels over to Wallace.

HOWE (CONT'D)

You gave me quite a *scare*.

Wallace looks at Howe, unable to speak he's so groggy.

HOWE (CONT'D)

Heavens! What kind of nurse am I?

Howe pours a cup of water and puts a straw in it. He holds it to Wallace's mouth and let's him sip. Wallace struggles to do do, sipping slowly. Howe smiles with each swallow.

HOWE (CONT'D)

There you go. Wet your whistle, my dry little thistle.

Wallace stops sipping from the straw and tries to come out of his haze, looking around.

WALLACE

Wha... Wha...

HOWE

What *happened?* Oh, dear boy - you *collapsed* right in front of me. One minute, I'm waxing lyrically about my many ocean voyages, and the next? You're falling out of your chair *unconscious*. I had no idea what was going on until I saw a rather intimidating *spider* crawl from your pant leg.

WALLACE

Ssspider?

HOWE

A Brown Recluse. A rather toxic little insect. These woods are *crawling* with them.

WALLACE

A spider *bit* me?
(looking around)
Where's my phone...?

HOWE

Yes. *That*. Well... the Doctor stepped on it and broke the phone, I am afraid. It lies in pieces.

WALLACE

There was a Doctor?

HOWE

Doctor *Mosier* lives a mere eight miles on. He was here within a half an hour of your episode.

WALLACE

I can't feel my legs...

HOWE

That would be the *spinal* injection. The Brown Recluse sank her fangs into your leg and pumped you full of so much poison that your poor ankle was as big around as an *elephant's* leg.

Wallace looks down at his legs for the first time, noticing something strange about the shape under the blankets.

HOWE (CONT'D)

The only problem, you see, was the spider *venom*. It was traveling to your *heart*. So the Doctor was forced to take necessarily... drastic measures to save your life.

Wallace pulls his blanket aside to see one of his legs has been amputated above the knee.

WALLACE

Oh my God...

HOWE

(back to his tusk project)
I know. I'm so, so sorry.

WALLACE

WHAT THE *FUCK?!?*

HOWE

(polishing the tusk)
Just let it out, my boy...

WALLACE

A *FUCKING SPIDER* DID THIS?!?

HOWE

Nature can be so very *red* in tooth
and claw.

WALLACE

WHAT?!

HOWE

Tennyson.

WALLACE

What the fuck are you *talking*
about?!

(looking around)

Why am I still *here*? Why didn't we
go to the *hospital*?

HOWE

Hospitals carry *diseases*. This room
is completely sanitized, so the
Doctor felt you'd be better off to
convalesce *here*.

WALLACE

That makes no *sense*!

HOWE

(thinks; then...)

Doesn't it?

WALLACE

I wanna talk to the *Doctor*. Where
is he?

HOWE

Oh, well he's making his *rounds*.

WALLACE

Rounds? What *rounds*? We're in the
middle of *nowhere*!

HOWE

(looking toward window)

No, Mister Brighton - I've *been* to
the middle of nowhere. And it is a
ghastly place.

Wallace looks at Howe and the tusk he sands over and over
again, saying nothing now. Wallace tries to get out of his
chair but he can't. He pulls his covers off to reveal that
he's belted in at the waist, with no buckle in sight.

WALLACE

What the fuck's *this?!*

Howe turns his attention back to Wallace in a lazy, "Hmmm?"-kinda raised-eyebrow glance.

HOWE

Oh. *That*. The belt is to keep you from falling over until the *spinal* wears off and you have *full control* of all your faculties again.

(off stump)

Almost all your faculties.

WALLACE

I need a phone, okay? *Please?* I gotta call my family.

HOWE

Doctor Mosier *removed* all the phones, so you would remain *undisturbed*. But I'll ask him if you can call home after *supper*.

Howe wheels toward the door.

HOWE (CONT'D)

Until then, you're still heavily *tranquilized*. So get some rest.

(stopping and turning)

I am truly sorry for your *loss*.

Howe exits. Alone in the room, Wallace looks down at his amputated leg and the tears come.

EXT CHAPEL HILL - NIGHT

We see the moon rise over the Chapel Hill estate. We can see the dining room lit up inside.

INT DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Seated in his wheelchair at one end of a dining table is Howe, fully dressed. A heavily sedated Wallace's wheelchair is pulled up to the other end of the table. Howe delicately cuts his meal. Wallace doesn't touch his.

HOWE (CONT'D)

You're not *eating*?

WALLACE

I can't move my arms.

HOWE

That would be the *morphine*. It is *capitol* for the leg pain, and dare I say the only thing keeping you from howling in agony. However, it tends to leave one a bit *sleepy*.

WALLACE

I'm not sleepy. I'm... *immobilized*.

HOWE

The melancholy that accompanies losing a limb *must* be akin to that of mourning a close friend you too often took for *granted*.

WALLACE

(beat)

There *was* no spider. *Was* there?

Howe looks at Wallace confused, though he's still chewing.

HOWE

Of course there was. A Brown Recluse. Colloquially known as the *Hobo Spider*.

WALLACE

And you *saw* it?

HOWE

Yes.

WALLACE

(beat)

You saw the spider.

HOWE

I only wish I had spied the beast *before* he attacked.

WALLACE

What'd it *look* like?

HOWE

The arachnid *assailant*? Well... A typical *spider*: a *legion* of legs, very small. One might be tempted to describe it as... *itsy bitsy*.

Wallace cocks his head at this. Howe starts singing.

HOWE (CONT'D)
The Itsy, Bitsy Spiiiiiiiii-der
went up the water spout!

 WALLACE
 Holy shit...

 HOWE
Down came the rain and washed the
spider out! Up come...

 WALLACE
LEMME OUT OF THIS CHAIR, YOU
FUCKING PSYCHO! LEMME OUT! HELP!
SOMEBODY HELLLLLLLPPPP!!!

As Wallace screams, Howe angrily pushes back from the table, gets out of his wheelchair, marches briskly to Wallace and slaps him across the face hard. He then marches back to his wheelchair, sits, and continues eating. Wallace stares, wide-eyed. He now realizes how fucked he is.

 HOWE
 (cuts food vigorously)
 Now. Let us eliminate the *chuffa* - shall we, Mister Brighton? Perhaps it would be best, at *this* stage in our *burgeoning* relationship, to reveal our true hearts with absolute *candor*.

Howe stops cutting his meat and looks up at Wallace. Here comes the trailer moment, as Howe says...

 HOWE (CONT'D)
 I have, over the last few months, been constructing... a *realistic* walrus costume.

Holy. Fucking. Shit. A tear runs down Wallace's cheek.

Howe stabs a piece of steak and eyes it for a moment.

 HOWE (CONT'D)
 With minor *modifications*... I believe it will fit you *perfectly*.

Howe sticks the steak in his mouth and chews. Wallace silently cries.

 WALLACE
Oh Jesus, what the fuck, man...

HOWE

Now, naturally, whilst *in* the walrus suit you must *be* a walrus. There must be no speaking in a *human* voice. Do you *understand*? Any communication must be done *strictly* as a walrus.

WALLACE

(crying, bereft)
Please...

HOWE

Be not vexed or heavy of heart. We two are embarking on an expedition not unlike that of the doomed *Anastasia*. You see, their mistake was looking for monsters out *there*. They needn't have left the *dock*. The beast has always lied *within*.

Howe tapes his heart. Wallace cries like a child...

WALLACE

WHYYYYYYYYYY....?!?

HOWE

"Why"? To solve a riddle older than the *Sphinx*. To answer the question that has *plagued* us since we first crawled from the *surf* and stood erect in the *sun*.

(stands; raises glass)

Is man, *indeed*, a *walrus* at *heart*?

Wallace musters enough energy to bellow but whatever he was injected with makes it come out more like an animal's howl.

Howe is delighted by this. He starts howling back in return.

We go out on a wide shot of captor and captive at either end of the table, howling - one in agony, one in mockery. The sound is not unlike that of warring walruses.

EXT CHAPEL HILL - NIGHT

The howling continues. What does it matter? They're in the middle of the woods.

EXT WOODS - SAME

A deer in the wild reacts to the howling in the distance.

INT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wallace is sleeping sitting up in his wheelchair. Suddnely, we hear the faint sound of an obnoxious smart phone ring tone ("Aw! Aw! Aw! Ooo-ah! Ooo-ah! C'MON NOW! MORE MARGHARITAS!"). Push in on Wallace and as we land in a close-up, his eyes snap open. Somewhere, the smart phone continues ringing.

EXT QUAINY WINNIPEG HOME - DAY FLASHBACK

Wallace's rental car is outside the swinger house. We hear the same faint sound of an obnoxious smart phone ring tone ("Aw! Aw! Aw! Ooo-ah! Ooo-ah! C'MON NOW! MORE MARGHARITAS!").

INT RENTAL CAR - SAME

CLOSE ON THE PHONE. It's a picture of Allison making a goofy face. The phone rings, unanswered.

Wallace stares at the phone for a beat, then clicks ignore and stuffs it in his pocket as he gets out of the car and heads up the walkway of the swinger house.

INT HALLWAY - NIGHT

A door opens and Wallace wheels out into the hallway. The faint sound of the obnoxious smart phone ring tone ("Aw! Aw! Aw! Ooo-ah! Ooo-ah! C'MON NOW! MORE MARGHARITAS!") is louder now. Wallace wheels as quietly as he can, searching for the source. Just as he gets closer and it gets louder, it stops.

INT STUDY - NIGHT

Wallace wheels into the room where he had sat with Howe before the madness. It's dark but the moonlight through the window reveals enough detail for him to maneuver. From the confines of his chair, he looks for the phone.

Wallace is a five feet from us. In the severe foreground, his cell phone ignites in the darkness, letting him know he has just missed a call from Allison. Wallace desperately turns his chair and wheels over to us.

Wallace punches recall and keeps looking over his shoulder to see if Howe is anywhere nearby.

INT ALLISON'S BATHROOM - SAME

Allison's smart phone is plugged into a charger on the sink. It's also on vibrate so there's no ring alerting her to Wallace's incoming call. There's another phone charging beside it on the basin, face down.

Reflected in the mirror, we can see the bathroom door is half open. Allison sits on her bed in the next room, wearing just a t-shirt and underwear. She's talking to someone in her bedroom that we can't see.

ALLISON

He calls me and he says he's *not* gonna fuck the swingers and he's coming home. And now he doesn't answer my calls for three days.

On the sink, the smart phone stops vibrating and indicates a missed call on the screen.

INT STUDY - SAME

Wallace quietly barks a desperate plea for help into his smart phone.

WALLACE

Help me, Allison! I was *abducted* and, I shit you not, I lost a *leg!* This guy's talking about making me an *animal* or something! He's fucking *nuts!* You gotta *save* me, baby! I swear I'll never fuck anybody but you ever *again!* *Please! Please! Please!* Come *find* me! I'm two hours outside *Winnipeg* in the woods of Manitoba! Call the *cops!* Please *save* me! I'm so *scared,* Allison! I'm so scared I'm never gonna see you again...

(he silently cries)

I don't wanna hang up... Oh God, *please* be there, Ally! Please *hear* this! Please, God! Please, Jesus! *Please, please, please* hear me...

Wallace tries to muffle his whimpering as he hangs up the phone. He holds it to his forehead, crying for a beat before he tries to pull himself together. He looks over his shoulder and dials another number.

INT ALLISON'S BATHROOM - SAME

The face-down phone charging beside Allison's on the basin rattles around vibrating with an incoming call

Reflected in the mirror, we can see the half-open bathroom door and Ally on her bed, listening to someone we can't see.

MAN'S VOICE

I don't wanna *talk* about him
anymore, okay? *He's* not here. *I am*.
And I wanna fuck you like crazy.
You - not some swingers in Canada.

Allison smiles. She pulls her shirt off and lays down.

ALLISON

Go brush your teeth.

In the mirror, we see the half open bathroom door swing wide, revealing a naked TEDDY entering the bathroom. He grabs a toothbrush and notices his phone vibrating.

Teddy looks at his phone to see WALLACE is calling.

He presses ignore, puts the phone down and looks at himself in the mirror as he brushes his teeth.

INT HALLWAY - SAME

Wallace rolls out of the study, the smart phone between his shoulder and ear.

TEDDY MESSAGE

This is Teddy. Gimme head-y.

WALLACE

It's me! I'm being held captive in
Manitoba! A crazy fucker called
Howard Howe cut off my leg!

Wallace's wheelchair clears the study doorway. We rack focus to the fireplace mantle, where the walrus oosik *used* to be.

INT BEDROOM - SAME

Mid S.O.S.-call, Wallace wheels back into his bedroom.

WALLACE (CONT'D)

Seriously, man, this crazy fucker
says he's gonna turn me into a...

WHAM! Wallace is struck on the head hard by the walrus oosik, his phone clattering to the floor. Reveal Howe in his nightgown and nightcap, panting, holding the oosik.

HOWE

Your life as you knew it is *over*,
Mister Brighton! If you want to
continue living, you will only do
so as a *walrus*! The *tusk* will be
your only salvation.

His head lolling, struggling to stay conscious, Wallace bleeds from his skull, crying and screaming at Howe.

HOWE (CONT'D)

You'll be a *walrus*... or you'll no longer be at *all*.

And Howe brings the oosik down hard on Wallace again, knocking him out in his wheelchair.

EXT LOS ANGELES APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

We see joggers and people walking dogs.

INT ALLISON'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Allison shuffles in and sits on the toilet, sleepily peeing.

At the sink, she grabs a tooth brush, pastes it and go to work. As she brushes, she activates her smart phone. It shows the message from Wallace. Allison stops brushing.

ALLISON

(brush in mouth)

Asshole...

She presses the voice mail button and puts the phone to her ear, resuming her teeth brushing. She listens for a beat, then goes wide-eyed.

INT ALLISON'S BEDROOM - SAME

Allison jumps on the bed, phone in hand, shaking Teddy awake.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Teddy, wake up!

TEDDY

Huh?

ALLISON

(panic)

Get the fuck up and listen to this message! I think Wallace is in trouble...

She presses the speaker button and Wallace's message plays. Teddy's grogginess wears off as he listens. Allison runs to the bathroom and grabs Teddy's phone.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

He called you *too*! Oh my *God*... Oh my *God*, oh my *God*, oh my *God*...

She hits the voice mail and speaker buttons on Teddy's phone.

TEDDY
(off Allison's phone)
That can't be *real*. He's just
fuckin' with you, Ally...

We hear the message Wallace left for Teddy, which is interrupted by the sound of Wallace getting whacked across the skull with the oosik. Then the phone goes dead.

Teddy and Allison look at one another, deeply concerned. Teddy dials Wallace's number on his phone and waits for an answer that's not coming.

INT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wallace's smart phone vibrates on the floor. Nobody's there to pick it up. In the distance, the sound of Pinky Tomlin's *The Object of My Affection* plays.

HOWE (O.C.)
*Uh-oh! Someone's looking for
Walllllllll-accce!*

INT OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Wallace's phone ringing in the other room is drowned out by an old Victrola, which provides the scratchy 1926 ditty. In the background, an out-of-focus Howe is hunched over a table.

HOWE (CONT'D)
It must feel nice knowing there's
someone out there who cares about
you.

We're close on Howe now. He pulls a suture into the frame, then brings it below the frame, sewing something we can't see. During his monologue, we'll slowly circle him, never revealing what he's sewing.

HOWE (CONT'D)
That's how I felt on the *island* -
with dear, sweet *Tusk*. He was the
only living thing that ever had my
best interests at heart. Even in my
childhood, I was not cared for so
much as... *filed away* - like a
document. A document fed into
shredding machine that was fueled
by the blood of the innocent.
(beat)
You see, I am a *Duplessis Orphan*...

INSERT NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

File footage of Maurice Duplessis, Quebec Premier from 30's, 40's and 50's.

HOWE (V.O.)

Maurice Duplessis was the Premier of Quebec in those days - the head of the conservative party *Union Nationale*. He was an advocate for rural Canadians - a union-busting anti-Communist crusading for provincial rights, with strong ties to the Catholic Church. And it was in secret collusion with these charlatans of the Lord that Duplessis brought upon Quebec *La Grande Noirceur*.

INT OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Howe stares ruefully at nothing, lost in thought.

HOWE

"The Great Darkness."

He shakes it off and goes back to sewing what we can't see.

HOWE (CONT'D)

They say there are *three* subjects one must always avoid at a dinner party, so as not to make people feel... *uncomfortable*: religion, politics and sex. And yet it was these same sinister forces - this infernal triumvirate - that destroyed my childhood and made it so very... *uncomfortable*.

EXT MONTREAL IN THE 40's - DAY FLASHBACK

Holding the hands of his PARENTS, a 10 year old HOWE looks up at the tall buildings of the city, thrilled.

HOWE (V.O.)

When I was just a boy, my Mother and Father took me to *Montreal*. As a child of the plains, I had never seen anything so big and beautiful in my entire life.

INT MONTREAL BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

High overhead on a mugging scene.

Two thugs hold Howe's parents at knife point while the boy looks on terrified. The Father hands over his wallet and is knifed viciously. The Mother's throat is slashed and the attackers flee, leaving Howe with his dying parents.

HOWE (V.O.)

But when night falls in Montreal... the *horrors* come out to play. As we walked to dinner, we found ourselves accosted by brigands in a back alley. My Father was stabbed repeatedly by a mugger's knife. My Mother's throat was slashed, as if she were cattle.

INT OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Howe stops sewing to reflect.

HOWE

The police called it a miracle that I was *spared*. Yet in the years of nights that followed, I would wish I, too, had been dispatched with my beloved parents, and spared an eventual fate worse than death.

EXT QUEBEC ORPHANAGE - DAY FLASHBACK

A TEN YEAR OLD HOWE sits on a bench outside an office.

HOWE (V.O.)

At ten years old with no known living relatives, I was placed in a Quebec home for abandoned boys.

Inside the office, we can see two priests and a nun argue, pointing to the young Howe on the other side of the door.

HOWE (V.O.)

I was a true orphan: robbed of both my parents by the dirty blades of French Canadian sociopaths.

INT QUEBEC ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Close on the dirty, sad faces of 1940's Canadian orphans, all staring at us blankly, hollow.

HOWE (V.O.)

However, many of my fellow orphans were not orphans at all - they were only categorized as such following *forced separation* from their unwed mothers at the behest of the powerful Catholic Church.

INT HOSPITAL - DAY FLASHBACK

A young, bed-ridden Mother screams, pinned by orderlies. A nun exits the room, holding a newborn.

HOWE (V.O.)

The church of that era destroyed generations of Canadian families with her divine license to yank bastard children from the arms of their Mothers.

INT ORPHANAGE - DAY FLASHBACK

Wide shot: way too many orphans in a room.

HOWE (V.O.)

But *hungry* babies are *costly* babies. And as the budgets of the state-financed orphanages soared, so too did the *imagination*s of Duplessis and the heads of the Catholic Church in Quebec.

INT OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Howe continues his tale, slowly sewing.

HOWE

You see, the orphanages were the financial responsibility of the *provinces* - in this case, the very Catholic province of *Quebec*. But the *mental institutions*... *They* were paid for by the Canadian *government*. And so in an effort to secure more money from Canada, Duplessis and the Church developed a scheme to obtain federal funding by reclassifying the orphanages... as mental health-care facilities. If that didn't work, they simply *closed* the orphanage and shipped children to *insane asylums*. Thousands of children died and were reborn as *lunatics* on *paper*.

INT INSANE ASYLUM - DAY FLASHBACK

Ten year old Howe is marched by a priest down a hallway filled with cells from which the insane reach for him.

HOWE (V.O.)

And this is what happened to *me*. A priest I never met falsified my records and labelled me mentally *deficient* - all so Quebec and the church could gorge themselves on the government *teat*.

INT INSANE ASYLUM CELL CORRIDOR - NIGHT FLASHBACK

A bloody, terrified, ten year old Howe runs down the hallway in tears, pursued by two giggling mental patients.

HOWE (V.O.)

And for the next five years, I was *raped*. Beaten. *Tortured*. One night, I was even *filleted* for experimentation - like a dead *frog*. All to feed the greed of monsters I would never even *meet*.

INT ASYLUM OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT FLASHBACK

Young Howe is out on a table.

Doctors have opened his skull to examine his brain.

HOWE (V.O.)

My humanity was *peeled* away like the shell of a peanut as I endured *unnecessary surgeries* at the hands of the *aberrant*. I was not a *person* to them - I was something to be *used*. And use me they *did*. But I used *them* as well. As they worked, I *watched*. I *adapted*. I *learned*.

INT OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Howe takes a break from sewing to remember the horror.

HOWE

One needn't curse the Lord to know of *Hell* - simply ask an *orphan*. You see, an orphan *has* no *advocate* - nobody to fight for them. And with no one to answer to for their horrid crimes, these devils ran amuck with my *innocence*.

Howe goes back to sewing.

HOWE (CONT'D)

I have had things in my mouth that no human being should be forced to *taste*. I have had... *instruments*... shoved inside of me that no human being should ever have to *endure*. Priests, politicians, pederasts, nuns, nurses and night watchmen - all of them witches, satisfying their most base physical and financial desires... through the *lips* and *sphincter* of a *child*.

EXT SECURITY FENCE NEAR WOODS - NIGHT FLASHBACK

The young Howe we saw in the ship's kitchen scales a barbed-wire fence, escaping into the night.

HOWE (V.O.)

At age 15, I managed to *escape* - at which time I *fled* from Canada. I joined the American *military*, got on a *boat* and never looked back.

INT OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Howe uses his teeth to cut the suture from the needle.

HOWE

Until *now*.

Off-camera, Howe ties the suture closed. We come around to reveal an unconscious Wallace, a bite guard in his mouth.

HOWE (CONT'D)

Man is a *savage* animal, Mister Brighton.

Pull back to reveal Howe has Wallace splayed out on an operating table and the old man is stitching Wallace's underarms to the sides of his body, creating a crucified a sort of T-Rex-Jesus looking affair. We can also see his other leg has been amputated now as well. Behind this Canadian Frankenstein and his monster-in-the-making, we can see TWO old-timey pull-down medial maps of the HUMAN body and the WALRUS body hanging from the ceiling, as well as a third, newer medial map between them detailing how the two can be fused as one. It gruesomely reveals Wallace's fate.

HOWE (CONT'D)

Better to be a walrus *instead*.

As we pull back further, we see Wallace's amputated leg resting on a table in a bucket of ice, beside an intimidating array of surgical instruments. In the shadows, we can make out a realistic, oversized walrus suit hanging from a rack.

EXT LA CIENEGA BLVD - DAY

Allison's car speeds down La Cienega toward the airport.

TEDDY

...his last name is Brighton. *B-R-I-G-H-T-O-N.*

INT ALLISON'S CAR - SAME

Allison drives like a mad-woman. Teddy is on the phone with his laptop open.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

He said he was two hours outside of Winnipeg. We know he rented a car, but we don't know where he rented it *from*. So as soon as we land, we'll go to every car rental desk at the airport to see if anyone remembers Wallace. We find where he rented his car, we can track him through the car's recovery system.

(listens; then...)

Recent pictures? Yes, on our web site. It's called PillowPants.com.

On the laptop screen, we see a video clip of Wallace and Teddy doing their podcast live at a comedy club. A close-up shows a happy, smiling Wallace.

EXT AIRPORT - DAY

An AIR CANADA plane takes off, hurling itself into the sky.

INT THE ENCLAVE

Close on an old speaker from which echoes the sounds of seagulls and surf. Over that, we hear inhuman howls of anguish, not seeing their source.

Projected onto dirty old sheets hung from the wall is a looping reel of seagulls on a beach, the surf rolling behind them in the background. It's as if the projected reel is intended to be a habitat *background*.

HOWE (O.C.)

*The sun was shining on the sea.
Shining with all his might.*

The howls turn into sobbing now. The recording of the sounds of the surf still blares. We dolly down a small drawbridge, to reveal what looks like carved earth, man-made to look like a small rock island.

HOWE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
*He did his very best to make the
 billows smooth and bright.*

The drawbridge acts as a walkway over a moat that surrounds the rock island. We get the idea it goes deep. The water is dark. A festive beach ball floats along the surface until it's disturbed by ripples.

HOWE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
*And this was odd because it was,
 the middle of the night.*

FROM UNDER WATER, we see one of Howe's leg dangling in the pool from the fake rock platform above. He wades it back and forth, creating the rippling waves that move the ball. We hear a sudden, dulled screaming howl from under water.

Close on a WALRUS TAIL on the platform as the howl turns into sobbing. We hold the walrus tail sharp in the foreground to see it's creepy texture but soft in the background? Howe's bare, right leg, very near what looks like the large body connected to the tail. The tail is chained to the platform.

HOWE (CONT'D)
 (soothingly)
 There, there, Mister Tusk...

Close on a walrus flipper - or the mockery of one - built from the pelt of a dead walrus with fresh, broadly grotesque stitching marks in evidence. The flipper has a small metal hole with a chain attached to it. The chain is mounted to the platform. Howe's arm wraps around it, hugging.

HOWE (CONT'D)
 (as if talking to a dog)
 I know, Mister Tusk... I know...
 (singing now)
*Sometimes it's so very hard to be,
 the elephant of the deep blue sea!*

Close on the large tusk we saw Howe polishing earlier in the film, after Wallace lost his first leg. It has a twin now. We see the tips of both but not the mouth from which they jut. The sickly, sucking breathing is loudest here.

HOWE (CONT'D)

(still singing)

*With mustache made for finding food
and a heart of gold that's made of
goooooooooooood!*

Close on Howe - on his back on the platform, laying under the blubber of what looks like a walrus belly. He's naked but the blubber covers his pelvis. One of his legs dangles in the water below, the other rests on the platform. Mesmerized, Howe hugs a flipper with one arm and with his other hand, he caresses the tip of a tusk that pokes in and out of the frame. The blubber blanket moves ever so slightly atop him in sync with the throaty sobbing and whimpering.

Finally, Howe rolls his eyes, frustrated - his buzz harshed.

HOWE (CONT'D)

*The blubber of a walrus is the most
comfort I've ever known outside the
womb. But the blubbering of a
walrus? Excruciating.*

We hear more sobbing. Then he bellows ferociously.

HOWE (CONT'D)

STOP! CRYING! WALRUSES NEVER CRY!

The sobbing turns to whimpering. Howe closes his eyes, as if trying to get back to that magical place.

HOWE (CONT'D)

(back to singing)

*The walrus swims with mermaids deep
and eats and plays and loves and
sleeeeeeeeps!*

We boom up from Howe and up the long tusks implanted in the butchered mouth of the WALLACE-RUS.

REVEAL WALLACE-RUS. It's a freakish, Frankensteinian affair: a giant walrus pelt sewn onto the body of the altered Wallace. The surgically implanted tusks puff out his cheeks in a walrus-like fashion. The front ball of his nose has been removed, to give a more snouty appearance. His ears have been trimmed to nubbish little ear-holes. His head is shaved bald, the top of the walrus pelt sewn to his scalp, the bottom sewn to his chin. A big, fake mustache creepily and comically completes the effect. Wallace-Rus whimpers in utter despair.

HOWE (CONT'D)
 (singing still)
*Walrus is friend to all the world,
 beloved by both boys and
 giiiiiiiiiiiiirls!*

Howe goes from singing to cackling. He's blissful.

 HOWE (CONT'D)
 Oh how I've *missed* you, Mister
 Tusk! How I've missed our merry
 times together on Ponder Rock!

EXT CAR RENTAL JOINT - NIGHT

Through the window, we see Teddy and Ally talking to a clerk at a car rental counter. The clerk shakes his head no.

 HOWE (V.O.)
 I've regretted every day my return
 to this *wretched* civilization.

INT ANOTHER CAR RENTAL JOINT - NIGHT

Close on a picture of Wallace on an iPad.

Teddy and Ally hold up the iPad for another car rental clerk. She shakes her head no.

 HOWE (V.O.)
 This western world, with all the
banality of a *breakfast* cereal.

EXT AIRPORT TAXI CAB STAND - NIGHT

Same deal for the guy running the cab stand. Same reaction.

 HOWE (V.O.)
 This writhing nest of two legged
vipers, each *devouring* the next to
 stay alive.

INT BAR - NIGHT

The same bar where Wallace found the handbill. The same bartender. He looks at the iPad Teddy holds up and shrugs. Ally holds back tears as the bartender shrugs an apology.

 HOWE (V.O.)
 The worst of man has long been
fetid with greed and indifference.

INT BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

Teddy takes a leak at the same urinal where Wallace found the handbill. The space where the handbill was is now covered over by newer newspaper clippings and GARAGE SALE notices.

 HOWE (V.O.)
 The best of man has been
 lobotomized by reality television.

Teddy flushes the toilet and heads off.

EXT HIGHWAY NEAR MANITOBA WOODS - NIGHT

A rental car crawls down the highway alone, two flashlight beams shooting out both side windows into the treeline.

 HOWE (V.O.)
 I *never* should have left the
 wilderness, Mister Tusk.

INT RENTAL CAR - SAME

Close on Ally, peering into the woods, shining a powerful flashlight. Behind her, Teddy drives.

 HOWE (V.O.)
 I *never* should have left *you*.

Close on Teddy's face, as he drives slowly and shines his flashlight into the treeline on the other side of the road, looking from the road ahead to the woods beside him.

 HOWE (V.O.)
 And I betrayed you for *what*?

EXT THE CITY OF WINNIPEG - NIGHT

The citiest part of Manitoba. It's a tiny metropolis.

 HOWE
 Man's world?

EXT WINNIPEG POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

An establishing shot.

 HOWE (CONT'D)
 An immoral *cesspool*, pregnant with
 the *wayward* and the *destitute*...

We hear Wallace's desperate call to Teddy again.

WALLACE (V.O.)
 (from phone speaker)
I'm being held captive in Manitoba!

INT DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - SAME

Close on the cell phone on the desk.

WALLACE (V.O.)
*A crazy fucker called Howard Howe
 cut off my leg!*

The DETECTIVE goes wide-eyed at this. Teddy and Ally look at him, nodding.

WALLACE (V.O.)
*Seriously, man, this crazy fucker
 says he's gonna turn me into a...*

The message ends. The Detective stares at the phone for a long beat. Then...

DETECTIVE
 That's *it*?

ALLISON
 It just *ends*.

DETECTIVE
 And you're *sure* he's not pullin'
 yer legs, eh? Gettin' upto some
 good ol' American *monkey shines*?

TEDDY
 That doesn't sound like monkey
 shines. And he's not that guy.

DETECTIVE
 (off laptop)
 Well I did some *checking*, and we
 don't have a Howard Howe anywhere
in Manitoba. I asked Border Patrol
 if they got a record of your friend
 leaving the country yet. They says
 he come into Winnipeg. That's it.

ALLISON
Fuck...

DETECTIVE
 But I'm putting a Missing Persons
 out on 'em, so don't you two *worry*.
 (nods to phone)
 That leg bit is *something*, eh.

TEDDY

It's creepy, right?

DETECTIVE

No, it's *something*.

(digs through drawer)

I had a fella from Quebec in here two days ago, askin' about any legless bodies might'a turned up. Used to be a cop. Says he's tracking some kinda serial killer. I told him Canada doesn't get serial killers. We barely get *occasional* killers, how they gonna keep up with the demanding pace of a *serial* killer? Anyway...

(holds up paper)

He left his number.

EXT MANITOBA MOTOR LODGE - NIGHT

An establishing shot. We see the rental car parked in the near-empty lot, beside a car with Quebec plates.

EXT MANITOBA MOTOR LODGE ROOM 37 - SAME

Teddy and Allison knock on a door. They door opens.

A French Canadian in boxers and a tank top looks at us. He steps out of the room and closes the door slightly, saying calmly, in an extremely French Canadian accent...

GUY LAPOINTE

I am Guy Lapointe.

Guy Lapointe nods to a BAR across the street.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT'D)

Can we meet there in five minutes?
I just... 'ow you say?... *Moved my bowels*. So the room, she *stinks*.

INT THE ENCLAVE

Close on Howe removing the chains from Wallace-Rus' flipper.

HOWE

It occurs to me, Tusk, that if you are to fulfill your *destiny*...

Close on Howe removing the chain around the Wallace-Rus tail.

HOWE (CONT'D)

If you are to be a *true walrus*...

Seeing his own eventual fate, the Wallace-Rus bellows, bubbles bursting from his mouth under the water.

From under the surface, we see Howe looking down at us.

GUY LAPOINTE (V.O.)

I have been 'unting this man for
the last thirteen years of my life.

INT BAR - NIGHT

Close on crime scene pictures of dead bodies, all with legs amputated below the knee and arms sewn to their sides.

GUY LAPOINTE (O.C.)

For thirteen years, 'e brought the
blood and terror to the True North.

Guy Lapointe eyes the six shot glasses lined up before him.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT'D)

And for the first time, I can
almost *smell* this piece of shit.
(throws back shot; then)
Pardon my French.

TEDDY

(off pictures)
I count twenty three different dead
bodies here.

GUY LAPOINTE

If your friend 'as been abducted by
the same monster I am 'unting, it
will be twenty *four* very soon.
(picks up next shot)
'is M.O. is always the same: two
weeks after a disappearance, we
find a body. The legs? Always
amputated at the knees. The arms?
Always fused to the body - like a
crucified T-Rex-Jesus.

Ally looks to Teddy as Lapointe takes his second shot, marking the weird-ass visual the French man chose.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT'D)

And always, the mouth and teeth
'ave been... *disturbed*.

ALLISON

Disturbed how?

GUY LAPOINTE
 (off pictures)
 In every case, the tongues are
 ripped out.

Ally grips Teddy's arm, as if suddenly shot.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT'D)
 (off her reaction)
 Oh yes, madame. It *is* repugnant.

ALLISON
 (afraid to ask)
 Were any of them... *sexually*...

GUY LAPOINTE
 No. 'e doesn't touch them like
 that. 'e *butchers* them. Amputates
 limbs, cuts out tongues. But 'e
 don't do nothing sexual with them.

TEDDY
 You say you don't have any leads
 but you keep saying *he*.

GUY LAPOINTE
 'oo else could it be *but* a fucking
man? A woman, she *makes* life. But a
 man? angry 'e *cannot* make life? 'e
 only know 'ow to *take* life.
 (off pictures)
 The boys on the force nicknamed our
 mystery killer *The First Wife*.

Teddy and Ally exchange confused looks with Guy.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT'D)
 Because *The First Wife* doesn't let
 you *talk*, doesn't let you *go*
anywhere, and doesn't *fuck* you.
 (of their non-reaction)
 It's funnier if you've been married
 a few times.

Ally and Teddy watch as Guy Lapointe throws back another shot
 and slams his empty shot glass on the bar.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT'D)
 You wanna know *my* theory? The
 theory that got me... *excused*...
 from the Quebec City Metropolitan
 Police Department?

ALLISON

Please.

GUY LAPOINTE

(pointing to pictures)

All of them 'ave 'oles this big...

(holds up circled fingers)

...in the mouth, *no?* 'e puts something in their mouths that we don't get to see. Some cops say it is meat hooks. Like '*dis*...

Guy Lapointe mimes a person being hung up by hooks.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT'D)

'ung up like meat. They say this is the reason for the 'oles in the victims' mouths.

TEDDY

What do *you* say?

Guy pulls one photo out and taps it.

GUY LAPOINTE

This is Victim Number 2. 'e go missing eight, nine year ago but 'is body we are only finding last year, badly decomposed. Just like all the rest, 'e 'ad the missing legs, the missing tongue, the missing teeth, the 'oles in the roof of 'is mouth. But the medical examiner *found* something *inside* one of the 'oles in his mouth.

(indicates tiny size)

A tiny piece of the victim's own tibia bone. No bigger than *this*.

ALLISON

The tibia's a *leg* bone.

GUY LAPOINTE

(raises shot to her)

You are as smart as your are beautiful.

TEDDY

Why would a piece of his leg bone be... in his *mouth*?

GUY LAPOINTE

This is also what *I* want to know.

Guy Lapointe stares, reflecting, getting emotional.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT'D)

So I go to see the MaMa of Victim Number 2. And I say to 'er "*You are the MaMa. You know things about the child... feel things... no police can know or feel. Tell me: 'ow you think your boy was killed.*" And MaMa... *she is crying.*

(Guy is crying now)

It is as if she is my own MaMa - bereft. 'opeless. And she tell me... MaMa, she say to me...

(as old woman)

"This man... 'e is making a monster."

INT THE ENCLAVE - NIGHT LIGHTING

The Wallace-Rus is raised from the pool, soaked and sobbing.

Howe holds the button that lifts a porous metal platform containing the Wallace-Rus from the water. The engine pulley system that raises the platform operates the same way shark cages are raised and lowered into the ocean from boats.

HOWE

Why do you still cry as if fouled?
You can't possibly be mourning your
lost humanity, can you?
(as the lift stops)

Why?

Howe moves around to the front of the Wallace-Rus and leans on his knees, talking to him like an animal.

HOWE (CONT'D)

Why on earth would you want to be *human*? In all my travels, I've only ever found mankind to be... an ocean of *shit*. And my vessel, she lists, leaking.

Howe sits beside the Wallace-rus, petting him as it sobs.

HOWE (CONT'D)

I am so very *tired*, Mister Tusk - battered by a life of cruel *fate*, poor *decisions* and the terrible consequences of *both*.

Howe gazes into the pool, the weight of the world on him. He closes his eyes and breaks into a very sad, world-weary, a cappella rendition of *The Water is Wide*.

HOWE (CONT'D)

*The water is wide.
I can't cross o'er.
Neither have I
the wings to fly.*

The Wallace-Rus cannot believe where the fuck he is in life right now. He's beyond fear and sadness: he's letting go of his humanity, howling. Howe continues his soulful song, petting the Wallace-Rus.

HOWE (CONT'D)

*Give me a boat
That can carry two.
And both shall row.
My love and I.*

The Wallace-Rus lets out a tortured howl.

INT AIRPLANE - NIGHT

We roll down the aisles of sleeping passengers to find Allison, wide-awake. Beside her is Teddy, also alert.

HOWE (V.O.)

(singing)
*A ship there is
and she sails the sea.
She's loaded deep, as deep can be.
But not as deep as the love I'm in.
I know not if I sink or swim.
Water is wide. I can't cross o'er.
Neither have I the wings to fly.*

INT THE ENCLAVE

Howe sings, getting to his feet now.

HOWE

*Give me a boat
That can carry two.
And both shall row,
My love and I.*

Howe pats the Wallace-Rus and heads to the bridge. He grabs a large bucket, which he hides behind his back.

HOWE (CONT'D)

You must be so hungry by now...

Howe reveals a large, iced mackerel, which he swings and throws on the platform. It slides a foot toward the Wallace-Rus, who snaps to attention as best he can. Howe smiles.

HOWE (CONT'D)

Bon appetit, Monsieur Tusk.

Howe crosses the drawbridge and seemingly exits the enclave. We hear a door. The lights go dim. Then, all we hear is the hum of the pool filter and the breathing of the Wallace-Rus.

Close on the Wallace-Rus in the barely-lit room. He snorts at the fish, six or seven feet from him on the platform - too far for him to reach. He tries to move but merely rolls. Frustrated, he lets out an agonized howl.

In a metal door, we see a slit quietly open at eye-level. We push in on it to see Howe's eyes, watching the Wallace-Rus.

EXT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Howe from the other side of the door. He caresses the oosik, studying the Wallace-Rus in silence 'til he quietly hisses...

HOWE (CONT'D)

Yeeesssss...

INT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

The Wallace-Rus howls, sobbing. It looks to the mackerel on the platform - so close... But in his condition? Miles away.

EXT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Close on Howe through the door slit, willing the outcome.

INT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Close on the face of the Wallace-Rus, suddenly filled with determination. We see his face strain, hear his effort. Suddenly, his whole body moves a few inches.

EXT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Howe's eyes light up as he whispers to himself...

HOWE (CONT'D)

That's it! Now go to the fish!

INT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Oblivious to his secret audience, the Wallace-Rus strains to move another few inches, grunting and snorting each time.

EXT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Extreme close-up on Howe's mouth.

 HOWE (CONT'D)
 Take the mackerel, Mister Tusk!

INT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

In tight focus in the foreground, the mackerel laying on the platform. In the background, flapping toward us slowly at one excruciating bellow at a time, is the Wallace-Rus.

EXT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Extremely close on Howe's hands, tightening around the oosik.

 HOWE (CONT'D)
 Feeeeeeeeed. Unleash the beast...

INT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

The Wallace-Rus is closer now, but he seems exhausted from the effort. With a final howling bellow, he collapses atop the mackerel with his tusks, tearing into as best he can with the giant tusks in his mouth. It's savage and feral and sad.

EXT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Howe smiles widely, delighted with this progress. He opens the door and heads in again, armed with his oosik. We hear...

 HOWE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 WHO SAID YOU COULD EAT THAT FISH!

We hear the Wallace-Rus bellowing back ferociously.

 HOWE (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 DON'T YOU SNAP AT ME! THAT'S MINE!

INT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Against the dirty sheets with the projected beach loop, we see the shadow of Howe wielding the Oosik at the Wallace-Rus as it howls and grunts like a dog protecting a bone.

 HOWE (CONT'D)
 *YOU GET AWAY FROM THAT MACKEREL!
 THAT'S MY MACKEREL!*

WHAM! We see his shadow bring the oosik down hard on the shadow of the Wallace-Rus, silencing it.

EXT WINNIPEG - MORNING

The city is off to work and school. We see Allison and Teddy's rental drive by, with a passenger in the back seat.

GUY LAPOINTE (V.O.)
 If we 'ope to find your friend
 before it is too late, we must re-
 trace 'is every step.

INT CAR - SAME

Allison drives, Teddy is in the passenger seat and Guy Lapointe is in the back, leaning between the front seats.

TEDDY
 We already *did* that. We tried *all*
 the car rental places at the
 airport, we went to Bar H, where he
 said he was when he called Ally...

GUY LAPOINTE
 Which one of you knows 'im *best*?

Allison and Teddy exchange glances. Guy looks to Allison.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT'D)
 'e said 'e was driving two 'ours.
 Is 'e a *smoker*?

ALLISON
 No. Well... *marijuana*. But he'd
 never smoke weed and drive.

GUY LAPOINTE
 Nobody does nothing in a car. What
does 'e do when 'e drives? Some
 'abit you've maybe noticed?

INT 7-11 - DAY

In the foreground: a stack of BIG GULP cups. In the background: at the counter, Allison, Teddy and Guy show a picture to the same Clerk who'd helped Wallace earlier.

CLERK
 I remember this man. He was talking
 to someone on his phone and he
 asked me how far it was to *Bifrost*.
 (thinks)
 Or did he say *Morweena*...?

ALLISON

(to Teddy)

Whoever was on that phone *knows* where Wallace is.

GUY LAPOINTE

Do you remember anything *else*?

CLERK

(thinks; then...)

He borrowed a pad and paper to write down an address.

GUY LAPOINTE

Give this to me. Please.

The Clerk finds the pad and pen and hands it over. Guy Lapointe holds the pad up to the light, pouring over it.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT'D)

Do you have a pencil?

The Clerk finds one. Guy Lapointe brushes the pencil tip over the pad. An impression starts to show.

ALLISON

Wow...

TEDDY

(not as impressed)

They did it in *Lebowski*.

GUY LAPOINTE

This is where I learn it from.

Close on the address now. RURAL ROAD 37, MILE MARKER 9.

EXT 7-11 - NIGHT

The trio exit. Teddy dials his cell phone.

TEDDY

I'm calling the cops. What're the towns? Morweena and... *Bi-frost*?

GUY LAPOINTE

What're you doing? No, no. 'ang up.

TEDDY

Why?

GUY LAPOINTE

These towns are two 'ours away. We're best to go ourselves.

ALLISON
What about the *police*?

GUY LAPOINTE
(shows shoulder holster)
I *am* police.

TEDDY
You said you were kicked off.

GUY LAPOINTE
For 'unting *this man!* And this is the closest I've ever come to 'im in thirteen years. If we call the local police, we risk scaring the killer back into 'iding, or worse? 'e's scared into killing your *friend*. We must go *ourselves* while we have the element of *surprise*.

TEDDY
(to Allison, sternly)
We should call the cops or the *Mounties* or whatever the fuck. But we need *pros*, Ally.
(to Lapointe)
No offense.

GUY LAPOINTE
Go fuck yourself. No offense.

Allison is torn. She looks to Lapointe.

ALLISON
You really think we can find him, Mister Lapointe.

GUY LAPOINTE
Monsieur Lapointe. And yes: if we go now, I believe in my 'eart we can save the man you love from an unimaginable fate.

INT THE ENCLAVE

Howe is in the pool with the semi-conscious Wallace-Rus.
Object of My Affection plays again, with surf and seagulls.

The Wallace-Rus floats on his back, blood running off him into the water as Howe tows the man-beast around the pool like the Wallace-Rus is his baby.

HOWE

Well isn't *this* soothing to the soul? If I close my eyes, I'm almost back at our beloved Ponder Rock - where I knew the most peace in this twisted, hateful world.

Howe closes his eyes and inhales deeply.

HOWE (CONT'D)

Oh, how I miss our tiny paradise, Mister Tusk! This poor facsimile is the best I could do to *recreate* that magical enclave where we first became *such* good friends.

(beat; sadly)

Until that *terrible* day.

EXT ISLAND - NIGHT FLASHBACK

Close on the young, shipwrecked Howe (the cook on the Anastasia plus wild hair and beard and dark tanned skin).

HOWE (CONT'D)

You were not ready for the savagery of man...

He stares out at the night sea, empty and desperate. A small fire lights his face in flickers.

HOWE (V.O.)

The insatiable call for blood that makes us the most... *unpredictable* animal that ever lived.

Howe raises a hunk of meat to his mouth and eats, blood caking his lips. Behind, we can make out the lifeless walrus.

HOWE (V.O.)

You had cared for me better than my biological parents or the province of Quebec, but you were a stranger to the abattoir of the human heart.

Extreme close up on Howe's mouth tearing into the flesh.

HOWE (V.O.)

Man *feeds* on the meat and sinew of the *helpless*. Until we are all alone.

Howe tears at the walrus meat savagely when a light hits his face. Howe looks up suddenly, staring wide-eyed.

HOWE'S POV: A SHIP IS ON THE HORIZON

Someone on the deck is flashing a searchlight at us. This is immediately followed by a long toot of the boat's horn.

HOWE (V.O.)

We survive at all costs only to
butcher and fuck, again and again.

Howe waves frantically. Then, he looks at the meat in his hands and immediately breaks down crying.

HOWE (V.O.)

Until we *ourselves* are, at last,
butchered or fucked in turn.

INT THE ENCLAVE

Close on the Wallace-Rus, almost a docile animal now in Howe's arms, floating in the pool.

HOWE

You were not *prepared* for me last
time, Mister Tusk.

Howe looks down at the Wallace-Rus compassionately.

HOWE (CONT'D)

You stood no chance in the *fight*.
This time, it will be different. It
is why I have *hardened* you - to
show you how both kind *and* how
cruel man can be - *before* that
moment I betrayed you with a Judas-
Kiss-bludgeoning as you slept.

Howe suddenly pushes the Wallace-Rus' head under the water, holding it there. Wallace-Rus tries to struggle but can't.

HOWE (CONT'D)

And if I have *truly* brought out the
walrus in your soul, *this* time...

Howe pulls the Wallace-Rus up for air. It gasps and sputters.

HOWE (CONT'D)

You might just *prevail*.

Howe suddenly hugs the shit out of the Wallace-Rus, like a child with a puppy. He weeps into the wet folds of his skin.

AUDIO NOTE: We hear an adaptation of the Fleetwood Mac *TUSK* drum beat kick in. It will underscore the rest of the film.

EXT MANITOBA WOODS - DAY

Aerial footage of trees, trees and lots more trees.

INT HELICOPTER - SAME

Guy Lapointe rides up front with the pilot. Allison and Teddy are in the back. Lapointe uses binoculars, searching the ground below. Ally and Teddy do so the same without tech aid.

BINOCULARS POV: THE WOODS BELOW

We're searching through the treeline, moving slowly 'til we stop, then move on again. As we scan, we catch a glimpse of something RED in the very green and brown treeline. The POV rushes back to the red blur and tries to focus. We shakily hold on a color that should not be in the wilderness, buried by branches so we can't quite make it out.

Guy Lapointe signals the helicopter pilot to take them down.

EXT MANITOBA WOODS - SAME

The helicopter starts circling for a descent.

EXT WOODS - DAY

A BIG GULP CUP sits on the forest floor. Three sets of feet surround it. Tilt up to reveal Lapointe, Allison and Teddy. Lapointe is carrying a long GUN CASE. He looks off-camera and exits the shot.

Guy Lapointe studies the ground, getting lower and lower until he comes across A TIRE TREAD MARK in the earth where none should be. He looks up to the off-camera Ally and Teddy.

EXT SMALL LAKE IN THE WOODS - DAY

The tip of Wallace's rental car's back bumper pokes out of thicket of waterlogged leaves in the marshy body of water. Lapointe, Ally and Teddy are on the opposite shore, seeing the car bumper. Guy Lapointe puts his gun case on the ground, kneels and opens the lid.

GUY LAPOINTE

The path is almost invisible to the naked eye, but it is there.

Close on a silver-plated SHOTGUN and two silver-plated HANDGUNS. There are two cartons of shells as well.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT'D)

We follow it to where it ends, we will find your friend...

Guy Lapointe pulls a handgun from the case.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT'D)
 And the dangerous man who take 'im.
 (holds up handgun)
 This will make *any* dangerous man
 considerably *less* dangerous.

Guy Lapointe tries to hand Teddy the handgun.

TEDDY
Whoa, whoa whoa! I'm not a gun guy.

GUY LAPOINTE
 But you are American, *no?*

TEDDY
 Just because we can *have* guns
 doesn't mean I ever had one *myself*.

Allison puts her hand on the gun. Lapointe offers it freely. Allison takes it. Teddy looks at her, flummoxed for a minute. Then, Guy Lapointe offers him the other gun.

INT THE ENCLAVE

It's dark. We're close on the sleeping Wallace-Rus. Suddenly, we hear a speaker come to life. The Wallace-Rus wakes in a panic, looking for the location of the voice in the dark.

HOWE (O.C.)
 Sixty years ago today I was rescued
 from the island of Ponder Rock, a
 mere hour after I had butchered my
 sweet savior walrus to stay alive.

WALLACE-RUS POV: SOMETHING ELSE IS IN THE DARK

Wallace-Rus can see he's not alone: a large shape is a few yards in the distance.

EXT THE MANITOBA WOODS - DAY

We're tracking across the floor of the woods, seeing evidence of tire tracks.

HOWE (V.O.)
 And for the last fifteen years, I
 have marked this solemn occasion by
 giving my flippered friend the
 fighting chance he never had.

Guy Lapointe, Ally and Teddy, guns in hand, creep through the forest, following the trail left by Wallace's rental car.

INT THE ENCLAVE

Close on Howe's mouth in the dark, covered by something.

HOWE

You have been my *greatest* Tusk to date. And now we will *finally* find out the answer to the riddle...

The LIGHTS snap on, forcing the Wallace-Rus to hide his face with his flipper. Reveal Wallace-Rus is in the empty moat, now drained of water. The Wallace-Rus goes wide-eyed at...

HOWE IN HIS OWN WALRUS SKIN, MADE OF HUMAN FLESH. We know this because we can make out faces in the ripples of the man-made blubber. It's flesh made of those he'd stolen and made into human walruses for this same purpose over the years.

Howe's face pokes out from where the mouth of the walrus would be, so he glares from behind his tusks, which act as a sort of battle-helmet face-guard. As weird as Wallace-Rus has been to look at all this time, Howe in his own walrus get-up might even be a little scarier. He bellows...

HOWE (CONT'D)

Is man, indeed, a walrus at heart!

The Wallace-Rus reacts as surprised as us, as the walrus-wearing Howe rushes at him, flopping forward on a padded belly as only a walrus can.

BOOM! Howe-Rus chest-slams into the Wallace-Rus, as walruses do in the wild atop ice flows, before they tusk wrestle for dominance. The Wallace-Rus howls at us defensively.

HOWE (CONT'D)

FIGHT ME, TUSK! FIGHT ME OR DIE!

Howe-Rus charges Wallace-Rus and gorges him with his tusks, puncturing the blubber prosthesis. Stabbed in his shoulder beneath the walrus skin, Wallace-Rus howls in agony.

EXT THE WOODS - DAY

Guy Lapointe, Ally and Teddy march their trail, guns drawn. Suddenly, we hear the distant howls of Wallace-Rus echo in the forest. They freeze. After a beat, we hear it again.

ALLISON

Wallace...

Ally charges ahead, gun held high. Teddy and Lapointe react.

INT THE ENCLAVE

BOOM! Howe-Rus body slams into Wallace-Rus again, goring him with his tusks again. The Wallace-Rus howls and struggles to move away from the attack, crying.

HOWE

Just as I killed *you* to stay alive on Ponder Rock, *you* have a *terrible* choice to make here, Mister Tusk...

The Howe-Rus shuffles menacingly.

HOWE (CONT'D)

You have to kill *me* if you want to *live*. And *if* you live? It will only be as the walrus *you* almost *are*.

The bleeding, terrified Wallace-Rus is wide-eyed as his bizarre attacker shuffles toward him another foot.

Close on Howe now.

HOWE (CONT'D)

You either go full-walrus... or you go to *Hell*.

Howe-Rus charges Wallace-Rus.

Close on the eyes of the Wallace-Rus, survival instincts kicking in.

The Wallace-Rus rears back just as the Howe-Rus reaches it, and he slams his tusks into the Howe-Rus, puncturing the costume and drawing blood from a howling Howe.

EXT CHAPEL HILL - DAY

A POV RUNNING SHOT reveals the house in the distance, buried by the trees. We hear the howling of Howe echo in the woods.

Allison leads the charge, determined to save her man.

ALLISON

WALLAAAACCCE!!!

INT THE ENCLAVE

The Howe-Rus and the Wallace-Rus belly-buck, viciously slashing at each other with their tusks. We hear the distant call of Allison, yelling Wallace's name. Wallace had the upper-tusk on Howe for a moment but is distracted by Ally's cries. He reacts, wide-eyed with hope for a moment, about to bellow a response, when Howe slashes his face with his tusks.

EXT CHAPEL HILL - DAY

Allison leads Lapointe and Teddy in a race to the front door. When she gets up the front porch steps and to the door, she pounds it, calling out Wallace's name as she tries the knob.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
WALLACE! WALLACE!

INT THE ENCLAVE

The Howe-Rus and the Wallace-Rus fight, barking at one another like beasts, blood and meat flying with every incision their tusks make. Wallace-Rus' tusks come close to Howe-Rus' face and Howe slips his hand out of his costume to punch Wallace-Rus in the face.

HOWE
What a feral kitten *you've* become!

INT CHAPEL HILL FOYER - DAY

The door knob is obliterated by repeated shots from the other side of the door. The gunshots stop and the door is kicked open. Allison leads the charge, followed by the boys.

ALLISON
WALLACE WHERE ARE YOU???

We can see the oosik is gone from the fireplace mantle.

INT THE ENCLAVE

We hear the pounding of feet on the ceiling above us and hear the muffled cries of Allison and Teddy. Wallace-Rus looks from the ceiling to the Howe-Rus.

HOWE
You have lasted longer than any of the others because you have gone full walrus. You are so savagely beautiful in your ferocity. You *will* kill me to stay alive. The amygdala has taken over. Your survival instinct has kicked in.

Howe rips out of his costume, pulling himself out of the blubbery coat, withdrawing the walrus oosik from the blubber.

Wallace-Rus goes wide-eyed as Howe climbs to his feet using the oosik as his crutch. He raises the oosik above his head.

HOWE (CONT'D)
But so has *mine*...

Howe brings the oosik down hard on the Wallace-Rus' head, and Wallace-Rus bellows in excruciating pain in the empty pit.

INT THE BASEMENT

Allison, Lapointe and Teddy charge down a staircase, searching for the source of the howling.

ALLISON

Oh my God, *WALLACE! WALLACE, WHERE ARE YOU?!*

We hear the muffled cries of the Wallace-Rus again.

GUY LAPOINTE

'e is behind this *wall!* Find the *door!* Find the *door!*

All three pour over the walls, looking for an entry.

INT THE ENCLAVE

The Wallace-Rus whimpers, bloody and battered, looking back at the muffled sound of voices and pounding behind him. The oosik strikes him anew.

Howe raises the oosik to strike again, but the Wallace-Rus lets out of roar and attacks Howe, his tusks burying deep in the old man's chest, essentially impaling him from above.

Howe screams and spits blood, releasing the oosik. The Wallace-Rus shakes Howe from side to side like a dog with a toy. When Howe slips off the Wallace-Rus' tusks, he lands with a thud, sputtering blood. He looks up at the Wallace-Rus, and smiling, manages to spit out...

HOWE

You did it, Mister Tusk... You are the walrus...

(he giggles, adding)

Coo-coo ca-choo!

The Wallace-Rus dives atop Howe and gores him anew, howling as he repeatedly stabs the old man to death with his tusks.

INT THE BASEMENT

Allison is tracing a groove in the wall with her finger.

ALLISON

I'VE GOT HINGES!

Guy Lapointe levels his shotgun at the groove in the wall and fires, blasting tiny holes in the hidden door.

INT THE ENCLAVE

Another shotgun blast shreds the door in the back wall.

Allison, Teddy and Lapointe rush into the enclave and stop cold, going wide-eyed at what they see.

In the empty moat below them, the Wallace-Rus is atop the very bloody, very punctured, very dead Howe, repeatedly goring him with his tusks, barking.

Close on the horrified faces of Ally, Teddy and Lapointe, left utterly speechless by what they're seeing. Until...

ALLISON (CONT'D)

WALLACE!!!

The Wallace-Rus yanks its tusks from deep inside the disemboweled Howe and snaps to attention, panting heavily, taking in the sight of the rescue party. The rescue party stares right back, equally as shocked.

Close on Allison, tears welling up in her eyes.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Wallace... Is that you?

Close on the Wallace-Rus, all humanity now gone. Full walrus. The creature bellows ferociously at Allison and her companions, brandishing bloody tusks.

Allison weeps. Teddy puts an arm on her shoulder and she turns into his chest, the sound of the howling Wallace-Rus filling the enclave.

Lapointe looks down at the remains of Howe - his life-long quarry. He squints at the monster bellowing at them, no longer a man.

Guy Lapointe looks to Teddy. Teddy looks away, unable to watch. Guy slowly aims his shotgun at the Wallace-Rus below.

Close on the ferocious Wallace-Rus, bellowing up Guy Lapointe. There is no humanity left in the eyes of the beast.

WALLACE-RUS POV: LAPOINTE AND HIS SHOTGUN AIMED AT US

Lapointe aims his shotgun down the barrel of the lens. Behind him, Teddy comforts the horrified Ally. As Guy Lapointe is about to pull the trigger, we...

CUT TO BLACK

EXT PARKING LOT - DAY

We see a car pull into an empty parking lot. Allison and Teddy emerge and open their trunk. Burn in **SIX MONTHS LATER.**

EXT PARK ENTRYWAY - SAME

Close on a wrapped package in Teddy's arm.

Teddy's free hand is on Ally's back for support. The pair pass a sign that reveals we're at the **ASSINIBOINE PARK ZOO.**

EXT ASSINIBOINE PARK ZOO - SAME

Teddy and Ally walks by the kangaroo habitat. The kangas regard them and go back to their business.

They pass by Hudson the Polar Bear, who dives into his pool.

EXT ASSINIBOINE PARK ZOO BACK STAGE - SAME

Teddy and Ally wave to some zoo employees as they cross over from where the general public is allowed to roam to where only the zoo-keepers dwell. They head for a small structure.

INT THE ROOM - SAME

A door opens. Teddy and Allison enter a dark room. We get the distinct impression they're on a catwalk kind of affair, lit from below, the light shimmering as if reflected on water.

The pair look down at something we can't see because we're looking up at them. And both look sad. Allison looks to Teddy. Teddy nods. He starts opening the package.

Close on the package Teddy unwraps. Reveal a LARGE MACKEREL.

Allison grabs the fish and carefully throws it into the darkness, watching. We hear it hit a platform below, followed by the sound of a walrus snort. Tears fill Allison's eyes as she quietly says...

ALLISON (CONT'D)

I love you, Wallace.

Crying, Allison exits, leaving Teddy standing there alone. He looks down into the darkness, saddened. Then, he heads for the door. We hear the sign-off of the *Pillow Pants* podcast.

WALLACE (V.O.)

...and this is Wallace Brighton
saying it's a big, bad world out
there, so put on your *Pillow Pants*.

Crane down to reveal a new enclave. While it's a better version of what we know, it's still not inspiring any feelings of comfort. We stop on the mackerel.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, tusks gore the mackerel, as the Wallace-Rus savagely feeds. We push in until we're almost on top of the beast. It raises its head slightly to look at us. Then it unleashes a furious bellow as we...

CUT TO BLACK

THE END