

Werewolf by Night

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Based on the Marvel Comics Character

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FADE IN ON:

A SERIES OF IMAGES

A history of werewolves through the ages, told in disturbing drawings, woodcuts, engravings. Ending with:

An old German WOODCUT, unsettling in its primitive simplicity, depicting a pack of wolves taking down a peasant.

We PULL BACK from the image, revealing that it is projected on AN OVERHEAD SCREEN. And we realize where we are:

INT. LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

In front of the screen stands a pudgy, balding man in his 50's in jeans and a corduroy sportcoat, PROFESSOR PHIL DAUGHTRY, speaking to a darkened lecture hall:

DAUGHTRY

... and finally we have this charming little example of Medieval propaganda, the sort of thing which led to the killing of thousands of innocent people - people who were no more "werewolves" than you or I.

Sitting near the back of the hall is JAKE LIGHTMAN, a handsome but anxious-looking man in his 20's, feverishly taking notes. His handwriting is incredibly neat and precise, and his notes are illustrated with his own meticulous drawings. He uses different colored pencils for different sections of the lecture; you could say Jake is a little on the anal-retentive side.

DAUGHTRY (CONT'D)

In the Middle Ages, accusing someone of being a lycanthrope was a quick and easy way to get rid of anyone who got in your way - a romantic rival, a business competitor, you name it.

Standing in the back of the hall are two buff, cocky-looking young men with shaved heads, MICHAEL and ERIC. Eric surveys the room full of mostly bored students - and notices Jake obsessively taking notes.

ERIC

(whispers to Michael; re: Jake)
Look at that guy - he's really into it.

Michael nods.

DAUGHTRY

See you all next week. For those taking the course for credit, your essays on the Canon Episcopi are due next time.

The class breaks up, but Jake is still obsessively finishing up his notes. Michael saunters over to Jake, taps his shoulder:

MICHAEL

Do you believe in werewolves, buddy?

Jake answers without looking up from his notebook:

JAKE

I hate them.

MICHAEL

Then I guess you believe in 'em.

Jake doesn't answer, he just keeps taking meticulous notes. Michael slips a business card into Jake's back pocket.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If you're ever up for chatting about it,
so am I.

Jake pulls the business card from his pocket. It reads:

"SECURITY SOLUTIONS"
1698 West Olympic Blvd.
Santa Monica, CA

Michael Curwen, Sales Manager

Jake studies the business card with puzzlement. After a moment, he turns around to ask Michael a question - but Michael is gone.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

Daughtry walks away from the lecture hall, briefcase in hand.

The night is cold, Daughtry's breath is steamy. He reaches a more deserted part of the campus: a stone walkway beside a field, sprinklers chugging.

Suddenly he stops. Listening.

POV - THROUGH TREES

Something watches Daughtry through a thick growth of trees.

BACK TO SCENE

Daughtry scans the darkness. Then he shakes it off, starts walking a bit faster.

But then he hears it for sure: GROWLING, low and ominous.

Daughtry tries to remain calm, walking briskly toward a parking lot. But the growling gets LOUDER. Daughtry turns around, sees: FOUR DARK SHAPES DARTING OUT OF THE TREES.

In the darkness, the BEASTS can't be seen clearly from a distance - but THEY STAND ON ALL FOURS, and have RAZOR-SHARP TEETH.

Daughtry, panicked, turns and runs. The Beasts come barrelling down the walkway after him, claws SKITTERING on the walkway.

EXT. CAMPUS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Late night deserted; only a few cars in the lot. Daughtry runs to his VOLVO, digs frantically in his jacket for keys.

He sees the four BEASTS charging into the parking lot. Now the street lights give us our first clear look at the Beasts:

ROTTWEILERS. Vicious, trained killers. Daughtry's eyes search the parking lot for some way to escape.

Ten feet away, the vicious animals SUDDENLY STOP.

Daughtry turns. The dogs stand their ground, growling and circling. Daughtry looks up from the dogs and sees...

FIVE MEN approaching, dressed in black: MICHAEL and ERIC, from the lecture, along with VIN, KYLE, and BRENT. All five have shaved heads. Vin reaches the dogs, snaps chain leashes on them. The dogs continue to growl and bare their teeth at Daughtry.

Michael raises a sleek black steel CROSSBOW with a mounted LASER SITE.

MICHAEL

Who's the Alpha?

DAUGHTRY

Who are you? What are you talking about -

MICHAEL

(impatient)

Yeah yeah yeah. We intercepted one of your couriers, alright? We know there's a confirmed Alpha somewhere in L.A. County.

Michael reaches to his thigh and opens a nylon pouch. He pulls out a SILVER BOLT and loads it into the crossbow.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Would you like to enlighten us, Prof, or would you like to die?

Suddenly Daughtry LURCHES AT LIGHTNING SPEED - and Michael FIRES the crossbow.

- and the bolt HITS DAUGHTRY'S THIGH - the impact flings him back against the hood of the car, and he rolls off the far side, OUT OF VIEW.

Michael starts to load another bolt as he walks around the car. He gets to the place where Daughtry's body should have fallen - but finds nothing.

Michael motions to Vin - who allows the Rottweilers to stick their muzzles under the car, BARKING AND SNAPPING at something under there.

Then - a DIFFERENT KIND OF GROWLING from under the car: lower, more primitive and menacing than the Rottweiler's growls.

The Rottweilers back up nervously.

The GROWLING continues from under the car. Michael motions his men forward. They slowly converge on the Volvo.

Eric crouches, leading with the tip of his rifle, trying to get a shot under the car -

- and suddenly SOMETHING LASHES OUT from under the car - MUCH TOO FAST FOR US TO GET A GOOD LOOK - but it sends Eric falling back, CRYING OUT in pain, his LEG WOUNDED.

The other men bring their weapons up -

- but the CAR IS LAUNCHED straight up into the air, forced up from below with tremendous force. The men dive for cover, trying to evade the car as it plummets back down. The car flips and SMASHES AGAINST THE GROUND, showering the men with shattered glass.

Chaos. The dogs pull hard against their chains as *something* bolts away from the wreckage. It's STREAKING AWAY MUCH TOO FAST TO SEE CLEARLY.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Vin, the dogs!

Vin frees the Rottweilers, who take off after their quarry.

The Rottweilers leap on a large grey BEAST as it tries to clamber over a chain link fence. Within seconds, the dogs have completely covered the beast, sinking their fangs into it, tearing at its flesh.

Michael and the other assassins run hard, arrive on scene. Vin pulls the Rottweilers away. As the dogs peel off, they reveal:

DAUGHTRY BACK IN HUMAN FORM. He's very weak, with the silver bolt still stuck in his thigh and numerous wounds from the dogs. He lies naked and bleeding, coated with mud and leaves.

DAUGHTRY

(scared, breathing hard)

Please. We don't feed. We're peaceful -

MICHAEL

Yeah, very touching, whatever. Now, where can we find the Alpha? It's not you by any chance, is it?

DAUGHTRY
(terrified, but firm)
I have nothing to say to you.

Michael reaches into another Velcro'd pocket and pulls out a ROTARY CUTTING TOOL WITH A CRUEL, JAGGED-TOOTHED EDGE.

MICHAEL
(a casual smile)
This little beauty is pure silver. Glides through your flesh like a pizza cutter. We start with your cheeks, then work our way across your lips - which, of course, are rich with nerve endings -

DAUGHTRY
(horrified)
I have nothing to say to you!

MICHAEL
Wanna bet?

Michael's cronies smile in amusement. They hold Daughtry in place while Michael delicately, almost tenderly, begins lacerating Daughtry's left cheek with the cutting tool. Daughtry SCREAMS IN AGONY -

- and with one final burst of strength, Daughtry grabs Michael's hand holding the cutting tool and RAMS THE CUTTING TOOL DEEPLY INTO HIS OWN THROAT, COMMITTING SUICIDE. Blood gushes from Daughtry's throat, and the startled Hunters quickly back away.

As Daughtry's blood-soaked body topples to the pavement, Michael regards the corpse with disappointment.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Shit.

EXT. CAMPUS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Michael and his men, carrying Daughtry's limp form in a body bag, return to the Volvo.

Michael is wearing a streamlined, barely visible headset.

MICHAEL
(into headset)
Target dispatched.

ISAIAH'S VOICE (V.O./HEADSET)
Did he talk?

MICHAEL
Negative. We tried to -

ISAIAH'S VOICE (V.O./HEADSET)
(annoyed)
Never mind. Just clean up the mess.

Vin hands Daughtry's BRIEFCASE to Michael:

VIN

He was carrying this.

Michael opens the briefcase and hurriedly rifles through its contents: all unremarkable academic stuff, except for a PARCHMENT with line after line of GLYPH CODES, like this:

^] ^> ~~/|} ~^/|\| \~` } ^/[

Michael sees that ONE LINE in particular is CIRCLED IN RED PEN.

Meanwhile, Eric has pulled himself up into a sitting position against the car.

As Michael approaches, Eric casts his eyes down. Michael kneels, gently takes Eric's hands away from the wounded leg.

It looks bad. Four parallel rips, lots of blood.

ERIC

(nervous; pleading)

He wasn't the Alpha -

MICHAEL

We don't know that for sure.

Michael stands up, loads a silver bolt into his crossbow.

ERIC

But he probably wasn't - you said so yourself!

Michael aims the laser-sited crossbow at Eric's heart.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Michael - please - you could wait until we know for sure -

MICHAEL

God be with you, brother.

Michael FIRES THE CROSSBOW, and we:

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. "E-Z SELF-STORAGE" - EVENING

Under a freeway overpass. A series of single-story buildings with walkways between them. The place feels eerie, deserted, like a ghost town.

(In b.g. a few blocks away we see a SIGN for "ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL." The sound of ambulance sirens is a regular feature of this neighborhood.)

Jake (the anal-retentive guy from the lecture), now wearing a SECURITY GUARD UNIFORM with the "E-Z Self-Storage" logo, walks into the Security Office.

INT. "E-Z SELF-STORAGE" - SECURITY OFFICE - EVENING

The guard at the security desk, a hulking slob named WALLY, peruses a girlie magazine.

Jake (whose crisp, immaculate uniform contrasts with Wally's food-stained tent of a uniform) approaches the desk.

JAKE
How was your shift?

WALLY
(yawns)
Action-packed.

Wally gathers up his messy belongings and fast food wrappers and stuffs them into a shopping bag. Wally offers Jake the remains of a half-eaten CHILI DOG.

WALLY (CONT'D)
Want the rest of this?

JAKE
You know I'm a vegetarian.

Wally shrugs and heads out of the facility. Jake uses a handkerchief to pick up the Chili Dog without letting it touch his skin and gingerly drops it into a wastebasket.

Jake pulls a small SPRAY BOTTLE of disinfectant from his backpack, sprays the desk and fastidiously wipes it down with his handkerchief.

Jake sits down at the desk and begins reading an illustrated ART BOOK on the drawings of Leonardo Da Vinci.

TIME CUT:

INT. "E-Z SELF-STORAGE" - LATER

Jake, at the security desk, makes meticulous notes in the margins of his Da Vinci book.

Jake's DIGITAL ALARM WATCH begins BEEPING.

He stops the alarm, calmly closes his book, and lays down his pen. From his backpack, Jake pulls out a leather TOILETRY KIT.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

Jake, holding the toiletry kit, strides down a walkway towards the most remote of the storage buildings.

A STRAY CAT happens across Jake's path. The cat, catching Jake's scent, suddenly bristles and SCREECHES menacingly. Jake looks at the cat.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: In Jake's eye, the pupil rapidly constricts.

The cat stares at Jake for a moment, then decides to run away into the darkness.

JAKE

Good choice.

Jake stops in front of Storage Space #1152. He glances back over his shoulder and sees: THE MOON PEEKING UP OVER THE HORIZON - it's going to be a FULL MOON tonight.

He unlocks the door and slides it up. He steps inside, slides the door back down, and switches on a bare light bulb revealing:

A MODIFIED STORAGE SPACE. A few feet inside the doorway is a row of heavy STEEL BARS, making the storage space a makeshift CAGE.

A simple door welded into the bars allows entrance to the cage.

The concrete floor inside the cage is scored with heavy SCRATCH MARKS and stained black with dried blood. We will refer to this place as: "THE HOWLING ROOM."

Jake carefully removes his contact lenses, putting them in a storage vial in his toiletry kit. Then Jake removes a dental retainer from his mouth (the "clear-vu" kind, that we couldn't see when it was in his mouth) and stores that in the toiletry kit as well.

Then Jake methodically takes off his clothes (shadow hides everything), neatly folding them on the floor.

He enters a code into an ELECTRONIC LOCK and pulls the cage door open. He enters, and shuts the cage door on himself. The DOOR LOCKS CLOSED, and an ELECTRONIC TIMER ON THE LOCK is activated: it's set to unlock in eight hours.

EXT. "E-Z SELF-STORAGE" - NIGHT

The FULL MOON has almost cleared the horizon.

INT. HOWLING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake picks up two MANACLES (which are anchored in the concrete wall at the back of the cage) and locks them around his ankles - but the manacles seem too large for the size of Jake's legs.

Now Jake simply sits down in the cage... with foreboding in his eyes, as if expecting something terrible to happen any second.

Nothing happens. Jake whistles a casual tune, trying to stay calm.

Suddenly Jake lets out a SCREAM of agony. He is thrown into spasms that leave him crumpled on the floor.

And now A SERIES OF SHOTS show us a gruesome transformation:

-- HIS NECK darkening with fur...

-- HIS EYES bulging with intensity and turning a sickening LUPINE YELLOW...

-- THE MUSCLES AND VEINS OF HIS ARMS tearing, rippling, bulging to gargantuan proportions...

-- HIS FINGERNAILS lengthening and sharpening like claws...

-- HIS TEETH sharpening and protruding like ivory knives with thick strands of drool hanging down...

...until finally we're looking at THE BIGGEST, BADDEST WEREWOLF WE'VE EVER SEEN: NINE FEET TALL AND BUILT TO KILL.

We see that HIS LEGS HAVE THICKENED SO THAT THE MANACLES AROUND HIS ANKLES ARE NOW A PERFECT FIT.

The Werewolf HURLS HIMSELF INTO THE STEEL BARS - and the bars reverberate, but hold. The Wolf glares at the bars, HOWLING in frustration and rage.

EXT. "E-Z SELF-STORAGE" - NIGHT

The Werewolf's anguished howl is barely audible against the noise from the freeway and nearby factories. We hear his distant piercing cry -

- and a flock of PIGEONS on a telephone wire SUDDENLY FLY OFF in front of the rising full moon.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. A BUS STOP - MORNING

We're in the industrial/artsy part of Santa Monica (south of Olympic). Jake (in jeans, T-shirt, and a baseball cap with the "E-Z Self-Storage" logo) gets off a city bus. He's holding the BUSINESS CARD for "Security Solutions" that Michael gave him.

Across the street is an INDUSTRIAL BUILDING (warehouse and storefront office) with a sign that says "SECURITY SOLUTIONS".

Jake is about to cross the street to the building... but then he loses his nerve, and turns to re-board the bus -

- but the bus is already shutting its doors. Jake bangs on the bus's door - but he's too late, the bus drives away.

Jake stands there a moment... then sighs and heads toward the building after all.

INT. "SECURITY SOLUTIONS" STOREFRONT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jake enters. POSTERS on the wall tout various HIGH-TECH SECURITY SYSTEMS. In a sales-display panel, a FLASHING LIGHT replicates a security system signaling a break-in. The flashing light bothers Jake's eyes.

There's a reception desk - but no one's here.

JAKE
(looking around)
Hello?

Then Jake notices a SIGN: "Ring Buzzer For Assistance". He hesitates - once again unsure whether he wants to pursue this.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - SAME

The warehouse has areas devoted to specific functions: one area has COMPUTERS AND ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT, another space houses HI-TECH FIREARMS; another area holds an impressive collection of VERY OLD BOOKS about werewolves and the occult. We also see a little CHRISTIAN SHRINE: votive candles around a statue of St. Hubert, patron saint of hunters.

Some of the Werewolf Hunters whom we saw earlier (now wearing casual clothes) are working at various tasks: troubleshooting electronic equipment, checking and cleaning firearms, etc.

OZ, a geeky young man with thick eyeglasses (definitely not a hunter), enters commands into a computer, trying to decipher the Glyphs from the Professor's briefcase. Michael and Kyle are watching over Oz's shoulder.

OZ
It's totally unlike any Wolf Glyph I've ever seen...

ISAIAH CURWEN, a robust, self-assured man in his 50's, approaches.

ISAIAH
Bottom line, Oz. Is it decipherable?

OZ
No.
(a cocky smile)
But neither were the last three codes I cracked.

Now a BUZZER sounds. They look up at a MONITOR - and see JAKE in the reception area ringing the buzzer (but Jake is not looking directly at the monitor, and his face isn't very recognizable.)

KYLE
I'll take this one.

INT. "SECURITY SOLUTIONS" STOREFRONT OFFICE

Kyle emerges from a door marked "Staff Only." He sees Jake (looking nervous and awkward) standing in the office.

KYLE
May I help you?

JAKE
Yeah, uh... is, um, Michael Curwen here?

KYLE
Is this regarding an existing security system, or are you -

JAKE
No - actually, it's -
(a BEAT)
You can tell him we met at Professor Daughtry's lecture.

This clearly registers on Kyle.

KYLE
Gotcha. It'll be a few minutes.

Jake squints against the annoying flashing light in the sales display.

JAKE
Can I wait outside?

Kyle shrugs: whatever. He picks up a phone to ring Michael.

EXT. "SECURITY SOLUTIONS" - MOMENTS LATER

Jake steps outside. He heads to a SMALL WOODEN BENCH - but just before he sits down, he's struck by the sight of:

LAURA CURWEN, early 20's, in overalls and dusty workboots, stepping out of a Mustang convertible just down the street. Laura is strikingly attractive, but she's got a casual, down-to-earth, breezy manner - as if totally unaware of her own beauty.

Jake is so CAPTIVATED BY HIS FIRST LOOK AT LAURA that when he sits down, he MISSES THE BENCH, falls to the ground on his ass and BUMPS HIS FOREHEAD on the bench.

JAKE
(mortified; murmurs to himself)
Oh Jesus...

Jake quickly scrambles to sit on the bench. Assuming a nonchalant pose, he pulls a Bus Schedule from his pocket and pretends to casually peruse it.

As Laura approaches:

LAURA

Excuse me for asking, but isn't your head bleeding?

Jake touches his forehead, then sees blood on his fingers.

JAKE

Oh, I... guess I sorta... bumped it on the bench.

LAURA

Does that happen to you often?

Before Jake can answer:

LAURA (CONT'D)

Come on, I've got a first aid kit.

She heads up a flight of outside stairs. Jake just stands there.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You coming?

JAKE

Me? Yeah.

INT. "SECURITY SOLUTIONS" STOREFRONT OFFICE - SAME

Kyle, at the front desk, glances through the storefront window and sees Jake following Laura up the stairs.

EXT. THE OUTSIDE STAIRS - SAME

Jake follows Laura up the stairs to a PRIVATE APARTMENT above the office.

JAKE

(clears his throat)

So, you're... connected to this "Security Solutions" thing?

LAURA

(chatty, breezy)

My dad owns it. I'm home for summer break, and I told him no way am I living with him and my brother - forget it. So he's letting me crash up here.

INT. THE APARTMENT - SAME

It's a comfortable, lived-in mess: CD's scattered around, a Newport Jazz Festival poster, a pile of laundry in the corner -
- and a DISSECTED DEAD DOG on the kitchenette table!

LAURA
They live behind the warehouse. At least here I've got a private -

Jake SCREAMS at the sight of the dissected dog.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Oh gee, I'm sorry. I forgot all about Chester.

Jake, hyperventilating, is backing away from the dissected dog.

LAURA (CONT'D)
At the end of the term, they let you take your dissection home. For further study?

Laura puts the dissected dog in a large vinyl bag and stows it in the refrigerator.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I'm in vet school up at UC Davis.
(re: dead dog)
I guess that kind of freaked you out, huh.

Jake is struggling to catch his breath.

LAURA (CONT'D)
(moves a pizza box off a chair)
Here, sit down.

Jake sits down, regaining his composure. Laura gets a FIRST AID KIT from the cabinet.

She kneels down next to Jake's chair, removes his baseball cap, expertly swabs the blood from his forehead and applies an antibacterial ointment.

LAURA (CONT'D)
How about you? Are you an animal person?

JAKE
(a BEAT)
You could say that.

She applies a bandage to his head... Their faces are close together, and we can feel the attraction between them.

LAURA
My name's Laura.

JAKE
Jake. Lightman.

She glances at his baseball cap on the floor and reads the logo:

LAURA
"E-Z Self-Storage."

JAKE
I'm a night guard.
(dryly)
It's a glamorous life.

Laura studies him for a moment.

LAURA
Yeah, but that's not who you really are.

JAKE
(thrown off)
Excuse me?

LAURA
(quiet, pointed)
I know the truth about you, Jake.

JAKE
(nervous)
You do?

Laura nods knowingly.

LAURA
Are you into realism or is your work more abstract?

Jake just stares at her.

LAURA (CONT'D)
The paint. Under your fingernails. Looks like flesh tones, so I'm guessing you're a portrait artist.

Jake is relieved.

EXT. "SECURITY SOLUTIONS" - SAME

Michael and Isaiah emerge from the office, in mid-conversation:

MICHAEL
And when I asked him if he believed in werewolves, he said, "I hate them."

ISAIAH
Interesting.

Michael and Isaiah head up the outside stairs.

MICHAEL
And Dad, the guy is built like a fighter.
He's a natural for wolf-hunting.

ISAIAH
We'll see.

They reach the top of the stairs - and through the window they see Laura still kneeling on the floor next to the chair where Jake is sitting, obviously having an intimate conversation.

Michael is about to enter the apartment, but Isaiah stops him.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
No.

MICHAEL
What - ?

ISAIAH
Under no circumstances is he to be recruited.

MICHAEL
(irritated)
Why? If Laura smiles at a guy, he's off limits - is that the deal?
(shakes his head in disgust)
You know, one of these days you're gonna have to take her off the pedestal -

ISAIAH
(stern)
Enough.

Now Laura glances through the window and notices Isaiah and Michael. She comes to the door and opens it:

LAURA
What, are you guys spying on me?

JAKE
(seeing Michael)
Oh - hi - I asked for you in the office -

LAURA
(surprised; to Jake)
You know my brother?

MICHAEL
(dryly, to Jake)
Didn't take long for Laura to pounce, huh?

LAURA
(annoyed)
I didn't "pounce," okay Mikey? He needed first aid, alright?
(to Isaiah)
(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

See, this is why I hate coming home. He's so judgemental.

ISAIAH

(warm and charming; to Jake)
I'm Isaiah Curwen. Forgive my children's bad manners. This is how they express their mutual love.

MICHAEL

(to Jake)
Come on downstairs.

Isaiah gives Michael a look that says: be careful how you handle this. Michael sighs and nods - he gets Isaiah's message.

INT. "SECURITY SOLUTIONS" STOREFRONT OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

Michael hands Jake a GLOSSY BROCHURE touting the technological virtues of the "XK-3100 MODULAR SECURITY SYSTEM".

JAKE

(confused)
I thought we were gonna talk about...
(lowering his voice)
... you know, werewolves.

Michael responds with hearty LAUGHTER.

MICHAEL

(to Kyle at front desk)
You hear this? Werewolves!

Kyle joins Michael's laughter. Jake is embarrassed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Believe me, Jake, in this job I hear every kind of fear: vampires, warlocks, the ghost of the dead mother-in-law.

He puts a comforting arm around Jake's shoulder.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The world's a dangerous place now. Our anxiety runs so high, we start believing in every kind of dark fantasy.

Michael taps the brochure.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That's where the XK-3100 comes in. If you protect against real danger with a high-end security system, you'd be surprised how fast all those imaginary dangers just fade away.

Jake nods and musters a feeble little smile.

EXT. THE BUS STOP - MINUTES LATER

Jake, waiting impatiently for the next bus to come, crumples the brochure and drops it in a trash can.

After a moment, a bus pulls up - but before Jake can step aboard:

LAURA (O.S.)
That's alright, he doesn't need a bus.

Jake turns and sees Laura's convertible pulling up. (She's wearing the "E-Z Self-Storage" baseball cap, which Jake inadvertently left in her apartment.)

LAURA (CONT'D)
(to Bus Driver)
Thanks anyway. Have a nice day.

The Bus Driver shakes his head and drives away. Jake is flabbergasted by Laura's breezy assertiveness.

LAURA (CONT'D)
It's much too nice a day to take the bus.

INT. LAURA'S CAR - LATER

Laura bobs her head in time with Reggae music on the radio.

LAURA
... I guess he kinda flipped out after my mom died. Anyway, he sent me away to this boarding school when I was eight, 'cause he didn't think he'd know how to raise a girl on his own?

Jake is in a kind of reverie, just gazing at Laura's face as she speaks.

LAURA (CONT'D)
So, how do you know Michael?

JAKE
Hm? Oh. I don't really. We met at an Adult Ed lecture.

LAURA
(astonished)
My brother did something educational?

Jake reacts to the edge in Laura's voice.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I know I know, it sounds like I hate him.
But I also love him.

He nods with understanding.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You a fellow-member of the dysfunctional family club?

JAKE

(a BEAT; shrugs)

I never knew my parents. A cop found me under a sewer grate when I was a week old. Then it was one foster home after another.

(wryly)

Do I qualify for membership?

LAURA

(deeply struck, sympathetic)

Oh Jake...

JAKE

No, hey, no big deal. I've learned to... adjust.

EXT. RUNDOWN APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Laura's car pulls up in front.

LAURA

This is you, right? La Cienega and Dorban.

JAKE

Thanks again for the ride -

LAURA

Could I use your phone?

Jake looks like the proverbial deer-caught-in-headlights.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Jake and Laura enter the small apartment, which is set up like an artist's studio. The only decoration is JAKE'S ARTWORK - meticulous renderings of PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY: a SKETCH OF AN EAR, a PAINTING OF A SHOULDER, an ENGRAVING OF A THUMB, etc. The work shows amazing anatomical detail: every wrinkle, vein, and pore. There is something impressive, yet unsettling, about seeing so many perfect depictions of human anatomy.

LAURA

(a bit freaked out)

Good God...

Jake looks at her nervously.

JAKE

I know. My stuff's kinda weird.

LAURA

Really disturbing. I love it.

This catches Jake by surprise.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Me, I can't even draw a thumb. What a gift you have.

JAKE
You're wrong.

LAURA
(thrown off)
What?

JAKE
Anyone can draw a thumb.

Jake hands her a sketch pad and a pencil.

LAURA
No no no, I really can't draw -

JAKE
It's not about drawing. It's about seeing. Look at my hand.

She takes his hand in hers.

LAURA
This is a gorgeous hand.

Jake blushes slightly, clears his throat. He guides her hand to the sketch pad, and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

A DISSOLVE MONTAGE: IMAGES OF JAKE TEACHING LAURA TO DRAW

We get the sense that hours are passing... and the intimate texture of this montage conveys a growing comfort and connection between Jake and Laura... As Jake coaches her, Laura goes through various stages of frustration and discovery...

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE SHOT - A GOOD DRAWING OF JAKE'S HAND

WIDEN TO:

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT

Jake and Laura admire her drawing.

LAURA
(quietly)
Wow. An entire human hand.

JAKE
Now you can draw anything.

Laura looks into his eyes.

LAURA
I could draw your eyes. They're just as
gorgeous as your hands.

Jake meets her gaze.

JAKE
You didn't really need to use my phone,
did you?

LAURA
I can't remember.

They're looking into each other's eyes, lost in the moment.
They speak in whispers:

LAURA (CONT'D)
You glad I stayed awhile?

JAKE
Mm-hm.

LAURA
Yeah? So show me.

Their lips slowly drift towards a kiss...

...but Jake, suddenly remembering himself, abruptly pulls away.

LAURA (CONT'D)
What. What's wrong?

JAKE
Nothing. I...
(fumbling for an excuse)
It's very late.

LAURA
(puzzled)
It's 1:30 in the afternoon.

JAKE
Yeah. I know, but see, I work nights -
and I - it's way past my bedtime.

LAURA
(thrown off)
Oh. Alright. Whatever.

He ushers her towards the door.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Listen, are you okay?

JAKE
I'm great. I'm just - I tend to be nervous about getting my sleep.

Jake opens the door for her.

LAURA
Is that all you're nervous about, Jake?

Jake isn't sure what to say.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Right. Okay.

Laura abruptly heads out the door and closes it behind her.

JAKE
(murmurs to himself)
Stupid stupid stupid...

Jake shuffles over to his bed, sets his alarm clock for 6:00 p.m. He starts to unbutton his shirt, getting ready for bed.

Suddenly there's a KNOCK on the door. Jake opens it - and there's Laura again.

LAURA
I often work nights myself.

She hands him a SLIP OF PAPER - and surprises him with a TENDER GOODBYE KISS.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Call anytime.

She exits again, shutting the door. Jake looks at the slip of paper, on which she has written:

Cell: 310.555.6812
Work: Ramsey Veterinary Clinic 323.666.1892

Jake is deeply unsettled.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

It's late; the only person in the warehouse is Oz, who works relentlessly at his computer, trying to de-code the Wolf Glyph.

Oz is fighting sleep, gulping his twentieth cup of coffee. He keeps manipulating the Glyph on the computer screen, over-laying it with Alpha-numeric permutations.

Oz's eyes are tired, bloodshot... but grimly determined.

EXT. "E-Z SELF-STORAGE" - NIGHT

The night is blanketed in DENSE FOG. The door of the main building opens, and Jake (in his security guard uniform) emerges from the building, looking restless and agitated. He unbuttons his collar, loosens his tie, and takes deep breaths of the night air, trying to settle himself down.

But he can't relax. He begins to pace back and forth, wrestling with something in his mind.

EXT. TREE-LINED STREET IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY - NIGHT

The fog is even denser than before, the street-lamps pale and ghostly. A city bus pulls up to a stop, and Jake (still in uniform) gets off. He walks nervously down the fog-shrouded street, until he comes to a one-story cinder-block building. He squints up at a sign, which he can barely read through the fog: "RAMSEY VETERINARY CLINIC".

EXT. BEHIND THE VETERINARY CLINIC - NIGHT

Jake peers through a window into a dimly-lit room, where he sees: Laura, asleep at a desk, having dozed off while reading a textbook. The walls are lined with CAGES OF ANIMALS, most of them slumbering.

Jake goes to the door, tries it... and it opens.

INT. VETERINARY CLINIC - SAME

Jake quietly steps into the dimly-lit room... and the animals begin to wake up, sniffing the air in alarm. The dogs begin to BARK... the cats WAIL... and the other animals make SOUNDS OF ALARM AND DISTRESS.

Laura is startled awake - and sees Jake standing there. She is surprised, speechless. Jake opens his mouth to speak... but doesn't know what to say.

Laura, ignoring the howls of the animals, gets up and slowly walks over to Jake. She gently takes his hand and looks at his fingers.

LAURA

Your gorgeous hand...

She softly kisses the palm of his hand...

JAKE

(a nervous whisper)
I shouldn't be...

LAURA

Shhh...

She kisses his lips. At first, he's nervous and reluctant... but then he can't resist returning her kiss.

They kiss with growing urgency, and she slowly lowers him down to the desk.

The ANIMALS CONTINUE TO HOWL... but Jake and Laura, kissing and moving their bodies against each other with growing passion, are oblivious to the animals' cries.

But as Jake grows aroused, HIS SEXUAL EXCITEMENT IS TRIGGERING A TRANSFORMATION: we see that his EARS ARE GROWING POINTED AND DARK, and THE BACK OF HIS NECK IS BRISTLING WITH GROWING FUR...

Laura's eyes are closed as she writhes with passion.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(a whisper)

Touch me with your beautiful hands...

Jake moves his hands across her cheeks and down her neck towards her breasts - and his FINGERNAILS GROW SHARP AND CLAW-LIKE, leaving JAGGED TRACKS OF BLOOD as they RAKE ACROSS HER SOFT FLESH -

- and Laura OPENS HER EYES in horror - and sees that Jake is HALF-TRANSFORMED, he's now a "SEMI-WEREWOLF" - his face furry and contorted, eyes yellowish and lupine -

- and Laura frantically tries to push him off her - hitting his contorted face with her fists -

- and Jake - panicked, confused, and aroused beyond his control - is forcefully holding Laura down by her throat -

- and Laura tries to cry out, but she can't breathe; there is only the TERRIBLE SHRIEKING OF THE CAGED ANIMALS -

- and as the SHRIEKS OF THE ANIMALS reach a horrific crescendo, Jake sees the LIFE DRAIN OUT OF LAURA'S FACE, her skin turning blue-gray, her eyes dull and lifeless -

- and Jake, aghast at what he has done, HOWLS IN ANGUISH, and runs out of the clinic into the foggy night...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

OPEN ON THE WINDOW, which is wide open, the drapes fluttering in the breeze.

CAMERA PANS OVER to reveal that Jake's bed is PERFECTLY MADE and EMPTY...

...and then CAMERA FINDS JAKE ON THE FLOOR, stark naked, lying in a wild tangle of clothes, which we recognize as his Security Guard uniform.

He stirs awake... and then is sickened by what he remembers. He touches his face and looks at his own hands to confirm that he's in completely human form.

He goes to the wide-open window, and for a moment stares at the FIRE ESCAPE leading down to the street.

JAKE
(with mounting horror)
Oh no...

He hurries to his desk and grabs the piece of paper on which Laura wrote her phone numbers.

His anxiety mounting, Jake DIALS Laura's cell phone number with trembling hands... It's RINGING...

JAKE (CONT'D)
(an anguished whisper)
Please please please...

It's RINGING and RINGING... no answer...

Jake closes his eyes in distress, and is about to hang up - but then:

LAURA (V.O./PHONE)
Hello?

Jake is immensely relieved that Laura is alive and okay...

... but he's also embarrassed to be calling: he quietly hangs up the phone.

INT. RAMSEY VETERINARY CLINIC - SAME

IT'S NOT THE SAME PLACE WE SAW IN JAKE'S DREAM. Laura, wearing her cell phone earpiece, is busy bandaging a dog's injured paw.

LAURA
(into cell phone microphone)
Hello?

Laura realizes that whoever called her is no longer on the line. She dials "*69" to re-connect.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Jake's phone begins to ring. He eyes it apprehensively... then answers it:

JAKE
Hello?

LAURA
Hi, it's Laura. You just called me.
Who's this?

JAKE

Oh - yes - I guess I did. Call you.

LAURA

(recognizes his voice)

Oh hi! Jake - wow. It is you, isn't it?

JAKE

I think so. I mean yes, it is.

LAURA

You sound strange. Everything okay?

JAKE (V.O./PHONE)

(awkwardly)

I just, I had this, uh... dream about you, and it made me really need... to hear your voice.

Laura, very touched by his words, is silent for a moment.

JAKE (V.O./PHONE) (CONT'D)

Laura?

LAURA

I can't imagine a more romantic reason for a phone call.

Laura pets the injured dog affectionately.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Did you kiss me? In the dream.

JAKE (V.O./PHONE)

Well, yeah. Yes.

LAURA

(a confidential whisper)

Did we do anything else?

JAKE (V.O./PHONE)

(flustered)

Well, you know, we... did various things.

LAURA

Listen to how embarrassed you are - that's so incredibly sweet.

The dog is starting to squirm, demanding more of Laura's attention.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I gotta go, Jake, I'm at work. But you know what? When I go to sleep, I plan to have the same dream.

JAKE (V.O./PHONE)
 Okay, well...
 (clears his throat)
 See you then, I guess.

LAURA
 (laughs)
 It's a date.

EXT. THE CURWEN COTTAGE - DAY

(A small residence located behind the Security Solutions warehouse.)

Laura KNOCKS on the front door. After a moment, the door opens to reveal Isaiah with shaving cream on his face.

LAURA
 Oh, sorry Dad -

ISAIAH
 No, it's fine. Come on in.

INT. CURWEN COTTAGE - SAME

Laura follows her Dad to the bathroom, where he resumes shaving.

ISAIAH
 Just like when you were little, eh?
 Watching me shave.

Laura smiles warmly.

LAURA
 Dad? When you met Mom, how soon did you
 know you loved her?

At the mention of the word "Mom," Isaiah ACCIDENTALLY CUTS HIMSELF with the razor. He quickly wipes the blood away.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 Was it love at first sight? Do you
 believe in that?

ISAIAH
 (knowingly)
 Who's the lucky boy?

LAURA
 (slight smile)
 That guy who was here yesterday? Jake
 Lightman?

ISAIAH
 Lightman.
 (concerned)
 Is that a... Jewish name?

LAURA
 (rolls her eyes)
 I don't know, Dad, I forgot to interrogate
 him about religion.

We HEAR the front door open...

MICHAEL (O.S.)
 (calling out)
 Dad - he's cracked it! Oz cracked the
 code -

Michael appears - and seeing Laura here, he stops himself in mid-sentence. He swallows hard.

ISAIAH
 (glaring harshly)
 Did you need to speak with me, Michael?

MICHAEL
 (covering his blunder)
 It was, um, about a code for one of our
 new security systems.

Laura, looking at her brother and father, feels the awkward tension in the air.

LAURA
 Know what? I'm gonna let you guys talk
 about.. whatever you need to talk about.

Laura exits. Isaiah and Michael hear the front door shut behind her, then:

MICHAEL
 I'm sorry, Dad - I didn't know she was
 here -

ISAIAH
 Outside of the warehouse, you never
 discuss our True Mission!

MICHAEL
 I said I was sorry -

ISAIAH
 You nearly exposed our Crusade to her!

MICHAEL
 (sullen, defensive)
 Might've been a relief if I'd spilled the
 whole thing.

Isaiah is appalled.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 I mean, Dad, she's not a little girl
 anymore -

ISAIAH

Are you questioning my authority?!

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CURWEN COTTAGE - DAY

Laura, heading away from the cottage, glances back over her shoulder - and through the window she catches a brief glimpse of ISAIAH AND MICHAEL HOTLY ARGUING. She can't make out what they're saying... but she's unsettled by the obvious rancor of their disagreement.

After a moment, she shakes it off and continues on her way.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - LATER

Isaiah and Michael stand at Oz's computer, as Oz excitedly explains:

OZ

If you plug the glyph into a polymetric regression you can generate a series of permutations that -

ISAIAH

Oz. In English.
(impatiently points to glyph)
This entry circled in red, you've translated it?

Oz punches a command into the computer - and the following result appears:

1231 AUTOGENIC LEASH

MANTRAP ET 11

Isaiah and Michael exchange an uneasy glance.

MICHAEL

"Autogenic"?

OZ

Self-creating.

MICHAEL

"Self-creating leash"?

ISAIAH

I'm afraid "mantrap" is less ambiguous.

MICHAEL

What do you think the numbers are about?

Oz shakes his head. Then:

OZ

Date and time?

ISAIAH
(thinks about it)
1231: New Year's Eve. ET 11: 11 Eastern
Time.

MICHAEL
(puzzling over it)
A New Year's Eve mantrap... with a self-
generating leash...
(darkly)
Well, now that we've cleared that up...

Isaiah turns and heads over to the collection of ancient books.

ISAIAH
Let's look at the literature.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Jake sits in front of his easel, which holds an almost-completed painting of a human ear.

But he is not painting. He just stares at the canvas, grimly preoccupied.

There's a KNOCK on the door.

MRS. GUTIERREZ (O.S.)
Jake? You home?

Jake sighs miserably, opens the door to reveal MRS. GUTIERREZ, a frail 70-year-old wearing a Bright-Purple Flower-Print Housecoat that Pic-N-Save would be ashamed to sell.

MRS. GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)
Why aren' you at that silly job of yours?

JAKE
My night off.

MRS. GUTIERREZ
No kind of job for a nice young man.
Workin' all night, sleep all day.

JAKE
(wearily)
You all moved in yet, Mrs. Gutierrez?

MRS. GUTIERREZ
With my arthritis?

JAKE
Let me guess. You need some more help?

MRS. GUTIERREZ
(a melodramatic sigh)
I don' like to ask.

INT. MRS. GUTIERREZ' APARTMENT (NEXT DOOR TO JAKE'S) - EVENING

Half-unpacked boxes everywhere: she is still very much in the process of moving in.

Jake carries a heavy box to the kitchen table. He's about to put it down - but then notices a LADYBUG on the table. Balancing the box on his knee, Jake benevolently moves the ladybug out of harm's way, then sets down the box.

MRS. GUTIERREZ

I was meanin' to buy milk today, but there was so much to do here...

JAKE

Mrs. Gutierrez, would you by any chance like to borrow some milk?

MRS. GUTIERREZ

(innocently)

Only if it's no trouble.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - EVENING

Isaiah and Michael are perusing some of the ancient books in their collection. Then Michael remembers something:

MICHAEL

Wait, hold it. Wasn't there something in the Saint Laurent Parchment... something about Wolves setting a trap for humans under a bridge...?

Isaiah holds up the book he's reading: "ST. LAURENT PARCHMENT."

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, I didn't know that's what you were -

OZ (O.S.)

You won't find it in there.

Isaiah and Michael look up and see Oz approaching, with a piece of paper in hand.

OZ (CONT'D)

First thing I always do is run an anagram check. This one came up empty.

(smiles)

Until I started thinking about what kinds of words wouldn't show up in the lexicon.

He shows them the piece of paper.

OZ (CONT'D)

Street names, for example.

On the piece of paper Oz has written:

1231 AUTOGENIC LEASH = 1231 SOUTH LA CIENEGA

MANTRAP ET 11 = APARTMENT 11

Isaiah and Michael are intrigued.

MICHAEL

Maybe we've found our Alpha?

OZ

Corner of La Cienega and Dorban. Happy hunting.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Mrs. Gutierrez is surveying Jake's paintings of human body parts. Jake has gotten a quart of milk from the refrigerator.

MRS. GUTIERREZ

Couldn't you paint a tree, or a nice sailboat? Somethin' nice?

JAKE

(managing to remain polite)
The milk's getting warm, Mrs. Gutierrez.

MRS. GUTIERREZ

Hm? Oh.

Mrs. Gutierrez takes the milk carton.

MRS. GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)

By the way, she's a beauty - the one I saw leavin' your apartment yesterday.

This catches Jake off-guard.

JAKE

Your interest in my social life is appreciated, but if you don't mind -

MRS. GUTIERREZ

It's time for us to have a talk, Jake. I think I know why you kicked her out.

(quiet, confidential)

I think I know why you're afraid to be with a woman.

Jake looks at her in consternation.

JAKE

Uh... is this a question about my sexual orientation?

Mrs. Gutierrez puts down the milk, steps close to Jake.

MRS. GUTIERREZ
I can help you.

JAKE
(a BEAT; awkwardly)
Mrs. Gutierrez... are you trying to seduce
me?

Mrs. Gutierrez BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

MRS. GUTIERREZ
You're a funny one, muchacho.

JAKE
I mean I think you're a nice person and
all - I mean purely as a friend -

MRS. GUTIERREZ
Shh!

Mrs. Gutierrez's cocks her head, as if listening to something.

MRS. GUTIERREZ (CONT'D)
(apprehensive)
Hear it?

JAKE
What?

Worried, Mrs. Gutierrez hurries to the window. Jake follows.

POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW

Two BLACK SUBURBANS are parked in the narrow alley below. The
TINTED WINDOWS of the Suburbans make it impossible to see
whether they're occupied.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake walks towards Mrs. Gutierrez, about to say something to
her, when -

- SMASH! with lightning speed, Mrs. Gutierrez SHATTERS THE WINDOW
WITH HER FIST, startling the hell out of Jake.

MRS. GUTIERREZ
I'll be in touch. Sorry about this...

Another lightning quick move: with astonishing power, Mrs.
Gutierrez GRABS FLABBERGASTED JAKE AND FLINGS HIM OUT THE BROKEN
WINDOW.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, ALLEY - SAME

Jake hits the brick wall of the building across the alley -
careens off the wall - PLUMMETS three stories down -

- and hits the side of a DUMPSTER. There is a sickening CRACK OF BONES as Jake is poleaxed by the steel edge of the dumpster. Blood oozes from his mouth...

Jake gasps in agony, tries to push himself off the edge of the dumpster and realizes his right arm is broken.

Jake uses his left arm to push himself off the metal edge, sending him plummeting into the trash.

INT. MRS. GUTIERREZ'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Michael and his fellow-hunters, carrying silenced assault rifles, rapidly search Mrs. Gutierrez's apartment - and quickly determine no one is there.

Michael sees that the door to the apartment next door (JAKE'S APARTMENT) is ajar. He dashes into Jake's apartment.

INT. DUMPSTER IN THE ALLEY - SAME

Jake, wracked with pain, weakly looks up at his apartment window.

JAKE'S BLEARY POV - FROM DUMPSTER

Tiny fragments of glass still cling to Jake's window frame.

And then, a SILHOUETTE appears in the window, vaguely human-shaped, but larger. Going in and out of focus.

The shadow rears back from the window, then suddenly LEAPS across the gap between the buildings. For a split second, the thing is clearly outlined by the street lights:

A FEMALE WEREWOLF - still wearing the PURPLE FLOWER-PRINT HOUSECOAT - a sight both comic and horrific - like a nightmare version of Wolf-Dressed-as-Grandma in "Little Red Riding Hood".

She's the first Werewolf we've seen clearly out in the wild, and these things can MOVE LIKE LIGHTNING! All sinew and muscle, unnaturally fast and agile. The Grandma-Wolf hits a drainage pipe, clamps on, starts climbing toward the roof.

ANGLE - AT JAKE'S WINDOW

Michael, now at the window, quickly aims his rifle and squeezes off a VOLLEY OF SHOTS before the Grandma-Wolf makes it to the roof and disappears.

Now Michael hears something in the distance that alarms him: Police SIRENS approaching. Michael quickly turns away from the window.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Michael and the other hunters are returning to base, peeling off their black garb, shelving their weapons, etc.

Isaiah is staring darkly at a PHOTOGRAPH OF MRS. GUTIERREZ STANDING AT JAKE'S APARTMENT WINDOW. (We see that the photo was taken through the tinted windshield of one of the Suburbans, looking up at the apartment window from street level.)

Michael sees the look of somber recognition on his father's face.

MICHAEL
(surprised)
You know her?

ISAIAH
(an agitated murmur)
I thought she was dead.

The hunters fall silent and stare at Isaiah, waiting for an explanation.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
Her name is Marie Padilla. Though I doubt she's still using that name.

KYLE
Who is she, sir?

This is hard for Isaiah to say. He shakes his head.

MICHAEL
Dad?

ISAIAH
(quietly)
The day your Mother died, there were three wolves we were chasing. I got my revenge on the other two.
(voice trembling)
But it looks like this one got away.

Michael absorbs this.

Isaiah turns and walks away, alone with his turbulent feelings.

INT. CURWEN COTTAGE - NIGHT

Isaiah sits in front of a little candle-lit Christian prayer shrine which holds a faded photograph of a YOUNG WOMAN (who vaguely resembles Laura). Isaiah's hands are clasped in front of him in a gesture of prayer, but his eyes are wide open and gleaming with intensity.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Dad? You okay?

Michael, putting on a robe, enters and sits next to his father.

ISAIAH
 Couldn't sleep.

Isaiah stares at the picture of the young woman.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
 The week before we got married, I told her everything.... About the Wolves. About our family being Hunters, going back ten generations.

(a BEAT)
 I told her I'd understand if she didn't want to be with me.

Isaiah's eyes glisten.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
 At our wedding she wore the same dress my mother had worn back in Warsaw.

Isaiah and Michael silently sit side-by-side. After a long moment:

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
 We will avenge her, Michael. We will get Padilla.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND JAKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

In the dumpster, injured Jake is using his last ounce of strength to pull himself out of the dumpster. He is MOANING IN PAIN -

- and loses his grip and falls back into the stinking garbage.

Jake gives in to the pain, his eyes closing...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM (ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL) - DUSK

JAKE'S EYE shoots open. He tries to sit up in his hospital bed - but he lets out a SHARP CRY, falls back.

Around Jake's neck is a cervical compression collar, connected by steel rods to a plastic head band. His left leg-and-hip and his right arm-and-shoulder are confined by casts as well.

OLD MAN
 Gonna rip your stitches out, you're not careful.

Jake, totally disoriented, groggily looks around the room trying to figure out where he is and how he got here.

Jake sees an OLD MAN lying in the other bed, watching TV.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
You're in Saint Luke's Hospital. We get
104 cable channels.

Jake is still trying to get his bearings.

JAKE
How long... have I...?

OLD MAN
(shrugs)
You were here when I got here last week.

JAKE
What day is it?

OLD MAN
Wednesday. The 28th.

Jake's eyes widen... realizing something terrible. He looks out
the window: NIGHT IS FALLING.

Jake's PUPIL SUDDENLY CONSTRICTS - just as it did when he was
heading to his howling cage for the last full moon.

JAKE
Oh God no...

Jake snaps into action. With his one good arm, he yanks hard on
his cervical collar, winces in pain as he pulls the collar free.

OLD MAN
What the hell...?

Jake yanks out his IV, then grabs his elevated leg and snaps
loose the traction. His leg falls to the bed - and Jake SCREAMS
in agony. Fighting excruciating pain, he swings the leg over
the edge of the bed.

Jake puts his injured foot on the ground, tests it for weight.
He clenches his teeth and pushes himself off the bed.

Almost passing out from pain, Jake struggles to his feet,
staggers to the window and jerks the drapes open, to reveal:

A FULL MOON on the horizon, peeking over the nearby buildings.

Jake spins from the window and goes for the door.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)
I'm calling the nurse.

Jake turns furiously on the Old Man. Jake powerfully clenches
the Old Man's Wrist. The Old Man winces in pain.

In mere moments, JAKE HAS CHANGED FROM AN INVALID TO SOMETHING FIERCE. He is now SEMI-TRANSFORMED. Teeth longer, sharper; eyes GLINTING YELLOW.

JAKE

Don't.

The Old Man is terrified. Jake sniffs an odor; he looks down and sees: a GROWING SPOT OF URINE on the Old Man's blanket.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jake pulls himself along the corridor, using everything for leverage. A NURSE looks up from the front desk.

NURSE

Mr. Lightman?

The Nurse grabs him - but he jerks free, shoving her back. Jake disappears into a STAIRWAY EXIT.

INT. HOSPITAL - FIRST FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The door bursts open, Jake runs into the lobby. PATIENTS in the waiting area look up at his loud entrance.

Jake, sweat soaking through his hospital gown, runs on one leg, dragging the broken limb behind him. Teeth clenched in agony, he hits the automatic doors.

A DOCTOR rushes over and grabs Jake's arm.

DOCTOR

Excuse me, sir, you can't -

JAKE

(shoves him)

Get away!

Something about Jake's voice and the look in his eyes so fierce, so bestial, that the doctor steps back.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Jake drags himself out of the hospital. NIGHT has fallen.

He looks around in despair - then spots something in the distance: the NEON SIGN for "E-Z SELF-STORAGE."

He takes off, paying no attention to traffic. Brakes SQUEAL, cars swerve as Jake runs/limps across the street.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Jake rushes into an alley, still pulling his bad leg behind him.

Fed up with his own stymied pace, he SLAMS HIS BROKEN ARM AGAINST THE BRICK WALL and SCREAMS in pain!

CRACK! He hits the wall again, the fiberglass cast SHATTERS - his broken arm is free. He reaches down, grabs both sides of the steel framework around his leg and pulls! Another SCREAM, louder. Jake is on the verge of blacking out.

A HOMELESS MAN lying in the alley wakes up - and sees Jake start KICKING THE WALL WITH HIS BROKEN LEG. The CAST BREAKS AND FALLS AWAY, revealing a nasty break, with PINS stuck in his leg.

And the PINS ARE STARTING TO WORK THEIR WAY OUT OF HIS LEG, AS IF BEING PUSHED FROM THE INSIDE.

The Homeless Man runs away in alarm.

Jake runs to the other end of the alley, his foot catches on something and he flails forward, landing on his hands and knees. Now he's crawling/running toward the end of the alley.

EXT. BUILDING, NEAR "E-Z SELF-STORAGE" - NIGHT

The alley lets out right across from "E-Z Self-Storage." Jake should come running out of the alley at any minute.

Then... something does come out of the alley. But it's not Jake.

It emerges tentatively, revealing itself by small increments, like a caged animal who has finally been released into the wild.

First a snout, then a hairy claw. Finally, it emerges completely: on all fours, snarling, eyes blazing. Not just a werewolf, but the same gigantic beast we saw in the Howling Room: we'll call it "Jake-Wolf."

(NOTE: Our werewolves can walk either on two legs or all four - but they move fastest when they're on all four like real wolves.)

EXT. HOWLING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake-Wolf stalks down the deserted walkway to the Howling Room. For a moment, it seems as if he's still intent on locking himself up, but then:

Jake-Wolf ATTACKS THE DOOR OF THE HOWLING ROOM, a released prisoner attacking his jail.

Jake-Wolf RIPS THE METAL DOOR FROM ITS TRACK. He HOWLS IN TRIUMPH at the full moon above.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Oz hunches in front of COMPUTER SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT. Suddenly he jolts forward.

A SOUND WAVE MONITOR shows a WAVY LINE that has just SPIKED. Oz backs the cursor over the spike, hits PLAYBACK - and we recognize Jake-Wolf's triumphant HOWLING.

OZ

We got one. Definitely lupine frequency.
It's right near St. Luke's.

Michael looks to Isaiah.

MICHAEL

Think it's Padilla? It's that part of town.

ISAIAH

Bring me the corpse and I'll let you know.

OZ

No - from the looks of that sound spike,
it's a male.

(a BEAT; significantly:)
Possibly Alpha.

EXT. A FREEWAY - NIGHT

A steady flow of traffic on the freeway.

INT. TOYOTA MINI-VAN - SAME

A MOM and DAD are arguing with their 11-YEAR OLD SON over whether he can use the car's built-in DVD player:

SON

(holding up DVD)
It's PG-13! It's not that violent -

DAD

The answer is no!

The son's LITTLE SISTER, sitting next to him, holds a "CLIFFORD THE BIG RED DOG" TALKING STORYBOOK.

LITTLE SISTER

Be quiet! I can't hear Clifford.

TALKING STORYBOOK

Woof woof.

SON

I'm so bored -

MOM

Your father said no. Give me the DVD.

SON

No.

MOM
Put it in my hand. Now.

SON
I don't want to.

Suddenly, a LARGE MONSTROUS SHAPE darts across the freeway in front of the car - causing Dad to SWERVE the car violently - and the cars in other lanes swerve as well, some of them COLLIDING -

- but the monstrous shape moves at such LIGHTNING SPEED that it avoids getting hit by any of the cars - and in the blink of an eye, it DISAPPEARS INTO THE TREES.

The panicked Dad pulls the car over to the road shoulder.

DAD
What the hell... ?

LITTLE SISTER
(gleefully)
Clifford!

The Son, shaking with terror, puts the DVD in Mom's hand.

EXT. IN THE TREES - NIGHT

Jake-Wolf darts and weaves through the trees at incredible speed, racing up a mountainside. He lets out an exhilarated HOWL. Then he stops and SNIFFS THE AIR, catching a scent...

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE BENEATH CURWEN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Michael and the other hunters throw gear bags into the Black Suburbans as Vin gets the Rottweilers from their cages.

Michael hears Isaiah's voice on his headset:

ISAIAH (V.O./THRU HEADSET)
Oz just picked up another howl. Stand by for the coordinates.

INT. AN UPSCALE HORSE STABLE - NIGHT

A deeply tanned EQUESTRIAN, in her crisp riding outfit, finishes getting the HORSES settled in for the night, then leaves the stable.

EXT. THE STABLE - NIGHT

The Equestrian pushes the stable door shut and padlocks it. She gets into her BMW and drives off down the mountain road.

INT. THE BMW - NIGHT

EQUESTRIAN
 (into her cell phone)
 ... I'm just gonna stop at Whole Foods for
 some Arugula and -

In her REARVIEW MIRROR, the Equestrian catches a SPLIT-SECOND GLIMPSE of a FURRY ANIMAL SHAPE darting across the dirt road.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O. / PHONE)
 Daphne? You still there?

EQUESTRIAN
 Jesus. I think I just saw...

The Equestrian blinks her eyes as if doubting her own vision.

EQUESTRIAN (CONT'D)
 I don't know... it looked awfully big to
 be a coyote.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O. / PHONE)
 Well, did you lock up the stable?

EQUESTRIAN
 Of course I did.

INT. THE STABLE - NIGHT

The horses are quiet and serene.

Then one-by-one the horses become AGITATED as they seem to become aware of a menacing presence outside the stable -

- and suddenly the stable door is SMASHED OPEN, the heavy wood splintering like matchsticks, and:

EXT. THE STABLE - SAME

Now we're looking at the stable from outside, and we see the walls of the stable literally shake as we hear the sounds of violence and mayhem and the nightmarish SHRIEKS of the horses... and Jake-Wolf's FIERCE HOWLING.

EXT. THE MOUNTAIN ROAD LEADING TO THE STABLE - LATER

The Black Suburbans of the werewolf hunters speed up the bumpy dirt road.

INT. THE LEAD SUBURBAN - SAME

Michael is at the wheel with Brent and Kyle in back. As they approach the stable, they see that the door has been shattered - and several horses, SPATTERED WITH BLOOD, are RUNNING WILD outside the stable.

BRENT

My God...

Michael pulls to a stop next to the stable, and he and the other hunters leap out of the vehicle.

INT. THE STABLE - SAME

Michael and the other hunters, their weapons at the ready, cautiously enter the stable with the Rottweilers.

The stable is dark, quiet, eerie... With hand signals, Michael silently directs the hunters in their careful search.

The Rottweilers begin straining at their leashes, pulling Vin toward one of the horse stalls. And then Vin sees what the Rottweilers are trying to get at...

VIN

(sickened)

Michael... come over here...

Michael hurries over to see what the dogs have found:

Inside the stall, A HORSE HAS BEEN RIPPED TO SHREDS AND PARTIALLY EATEN.

Vin looks sick to his stomach - but the Rottweilers are pulling at their leashes, hungrily trying to get at the fresh, blood-soaked horse meat.

Michael turns away in disgust - and through the shattered stable door he catches a FLEETING GLIMPSE of a HUGE CREATURE darting through the trees outside.

EXT. THE STABLE - SAME

Michael and the other hunters race out of the stable. Michael points up into the trees:

MICHAEL

Up there.

BRENT

The trucks are useless. What can we -

Michael runs to one of the horses outside the stable, leaps onto the horse's back, and gallops up into the woods.

The other hunters, following suit, run after the other horses, trying to mount them.

EXT. THE DENSELY WOODED MOUNTAINSIDE - NIGHT

Michael races through the woods on horseback - and catches another GLIMPSE of Jake-Wolf darting and weaving through the trees. Michael spurs his horse in pursuit.

MICHAEL
 (into his headset)
 Dad - this one is huge.

ISAIAH (V.O./ THRU HEADSET)
 We've got our Alpha?

MICHAEL
 It's gotta be.

And the other hunters, now all on horseback, are fanning out in a galloping posse in pursuit of the elusive Jake-Wolf.

A DIZZYING, QUICK-CUTTING SERIES OF SHOTS

shows us the hunters' frantic horseback pursuit of Jake-Wolf, who moves through the trees with unbelievable speed and agility. He leaps across streams, jumps onto tree branches, leaps from one tree to another, jumps up onto boulders and across gullies.

The hunters repeatedly try to aim their laser-sited crossbows at Jake-Wolf - but Jake-Wolf's quick movements are making it impossible for any of them to line up a good shot.

And one-by-one Jake-Wolf picks off the hunters:

-- Jake-Wolf leaps down from a tree and **KNOCKS VIN OFF HIS HORSE, GASHING VIN'S NECK** in the process...

-- Jake-Wolf bounds over a fallen tree trunk and trips Brent's horse, and **BRENT TUMBLES OFF THE HORSE** to the ground. Brent crawls to his crossbow and tries to pick it up, but Jake-Wolf fiercely shoves Brent away - and in doing so, **RAKES BRENT'S FOREARM** with his claws...

-- Jake-Wolf ricochets off a vertical rock face and **KNOCKS KYLE OFF HIS HORSE FROM BEHIND, GASHING KYLE'S BACK** with his claws...

Michael is horrified to see that all his comrades have fallen to the huge lightning-fast Alpha Wolf.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (panicked, into headset)
 Dad... they're all down... I'm the only one left...

ISAIAH (V.O./HEADSET)
 Oh God.

MICHAEL
 Should I come back? I don't think I can take it down by myself -

ISAIAH (V.O./HEADSET)
 Focus, Michael. You can do this.

MICHAEL
It's so big, so fast -

ISAIAH (V.O./HEADSET)
You've been training for this your whole
life! How many years have you been
waiting for a shot at an Alpha?

Michael takes deep breaths, trying to ease his own panic.

He catches another GLIMPSE of Jake-Wolf - darting across a clearing up ahead.

Michael, working up his courage, spurs his horse and races over towards the clearing.

Michael is galloping at top speed across the clearing - but now he sees no sign of the elusive Jake-Wolf...

...until suddenly Michael notices that JAKE-WOLF IS NOW RIGHT NEXT TO HIM - RUNNING ON ALL FOURS ALONGSIDE MICHAEL'S GALLOPING HORSE.

- and Jake-Wolf, utterly unafraid, ROARS FIERCELY at Michael as he races alongside Michael's horse, easily keeping pace with the fast-galloping horse -

- and now Michael rides one-handed as he AIMS his laser-sited crossbow at Jake-Wolf -

- Michael struggles to draw a bead - and finally manages to get the laser site POINTED AT JAKE-WOLF'S HEART -

- but with a GLEEFUL ROAR - almost a laugh - Jake-Wolf leaps up and lashes out with alarming speed to GASH MICHAEL'S ARM with his claws, forcing Michael to MISS HIS SHOT with the crossbow.

The Jake-Wolf stops running and ROARS VICTORIOUSLY at horrified Michael - who is galloping away, clutching at his gashed arm.

EXT. THE STABLE - NIGHT

Michael reaches the stable on horseback. He dismounts and enters one of the Suburbans.

INT. SUBURBAN - SAME

Michael peels back his torn sweater sleeve to inspect the place where Jake-Wolf wounded his arm. The CLAW MARKS ARE BLEEDING.

ISAIAH (V.O./THRU HEADSET)
Michael, do you read me?

Michael is fighting back tears.

ISAIAH (V.O./THRU HEADSET) (CONT'D)
Michael?

MICHAEL
I tried, Dad, but it got away. It's gone.
(a BEAT)
Sorry.

ISAIAH (V.O./HEADSET)
Okay. I understand. Are you alright?

Michael swallows hard.

MICHAEL
Yeah... yeah, I'm fine.

ISAIAH (V.O./HEADSET)
(a BEAT)
And the others. They were all infected?
Did you... ?

Michael struggles to maintain enough composure to continue lying to this father:

MICHAEL
Yeah. Made sure they were all dead.

ISAIAH (V.O./HEADSET)
It must have been difficult for you to do.
I'm proud of you for that, Michael.

MICHAEL
Yeah. Thanks.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Michael, wearing a full-sleeved flak jacket, nervously enters. Isaiah hurries over to him.

ISAIAH
How are you holding up?

MICHAEL
(averting his eyes)
Fine. I'll be fine.

Michael skittishly moves away from Isaiah and heads over to the Arsenal Area with his gear bag. He unpacks the crossbow from the gear bag, replacing it in the cabinet, then moves down the line, putting back assault rifles in their cabinets.

Isaiah, detecting Michael's skittishness, worriedly studies him.

ISAIAH
You sure you're okay?

MICHAEL
(avoiding Isaiah's gaze)
Yeah. Lucky to be alive.

Michael moves to another cabinet to put more weaponry away. Isaiah is looking with concern at his son - who is still working with his back to Isaiah.

Something is occurring to Isaiah - a thought so upsetting and dreadful that it's hard for him to speak...

ISAIAH
Michael... Son...

Michael - hearing the fearful, plaintive note in Isaiah's voice - momentarily stops what he's doing. But he still doesn't look at Isaiah.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
(barely audible)
It's warm in here, isn't it?

Michael is thrown off: why is his father saying this?

MICHAEL
I... guess so...

Isaiah reaches into a cabinet as if to adjust one of the crossbows.

ISAIAH
(voice trembling)
Forgive me, but... why are you wearing that heavy flak jacket?

Michael now turns to face his father...

...and is stunned to see Isaiah loading a SILVER BOLT into a crossbow he's just taken from the cabinet.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, son... I'll need you to take off the flak jacket.

MICHAEL
Dad...

ISAIAH
(tense, quiet)
I pray to God this is a pointless exercise. Take it off please, son.

Michael hesitates, then takes off the jacket, revealing his wounded arm. The lacerations have healed, now mostly scabbed over, but they are still distinct CLAW MARKS.

MICHAEL
Dad. Please - wait - it's not as deep as it looks. I might not be infected.

Isaiah takes a deep breath. His voice cracks with emotion:

ISAIAH
The Lord is testing us, Michael.

Michael's eyes brim with tears.

MICHAEL
I wanted to turn back. But no - you
wouldn't let me!

Isaiah takes a deep breath, summoning the courage to do what he must.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
This isn't fair! Everything I've ever
done, I've done for you. Please...

He takes a few steps toward his father - but Isaiah shakes his head: a warning. Michael stops.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(his voice trembling)
You wouldn't do this if it were Laura.
That's why you never let her get involved
in any of this. Isn't that right, Dad?

Isaiah's eyes fill with tears as he raises the crossbow.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
So you'd never have to sacrifice your
precious daughter!

Isaiah locks the laser site on Michael's heart.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
This doesn't change who I am. I'm your
son.

ISAIAH
(distracted; a whisper)
Not anymore.

Isaiah FIRES THE CROSSBOW at Michael's heart. Michael dodges, moving sideways with impossible speed, but the bolt still HITS -

- lodging in Michael's right shoulder. Michael CRIES OUT, as much from sorrow as physical pain.

He looks up at his father, disbelief giving way to pure hatred. Isaiah loads another bolt.

Michael darts away and flings open the door with superhuman speed. Isaiah takes off after him.

EXT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Isaiah rushes out, crossbow at the ready - but the street is deserted. Michael is GONE.

EXT. ALLEY - LATER

Michael runs through an alley. He stops briefly, looks at his right shoulder.

Michael readies himself, then yanks the silver bolt out of his shoulder, grimacing in pain.

His deltoid muscle is shredded. But the pain he feels in his soul runs deeper than the wound in his shoulder. He lets out a bitter sound, somewhere between a laugh and a sob.

EXT. THE END OF THE ALLEY - NIGHT

Michael, worriedly looking back over his shoulder to see if Isaiah is in pursuit, comes running out of the alley -

- and a SPEEDING PORSCHE ACCIDENTALLY SLAMS INTO MICHAEL - he's hurled through the air and lands in a heap on the road.

The DRIVER gets out and hurries to Michael, who is writhing on the ground.

DRIVER

Oh my God...

Michael, consumed with pain, lets out a PIERCING SCREAM...

Despite his agony, Michael powerfully springs up from the pavement - to the astonishment of the Driver.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Are you (okay)...?

Michael lets out another AGONIZED SCREAM...

...and his shrill cry is SLOWLY, WEIRDLY TRANSFORMING into THE DISTINCTIVE, ANGUISHED HOWL OF A WOLF.

The Driver is bewildered by Michael's bizarre, animalistic howling.

Again Michael looks behind him to see if Isaiah is coming - and we notice that Michael's eyes are LUPINE YELLOW.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

What's...?

MICHAEL'S HAND SHOOTS UP WITH UNNATURAL SPEED AND GRABS THE DRIVER BY THE THROAT.

When Michael's hand comes back, it's wet with blood.

The man looks at Michael, then understands what he's seeing. He reaches up to his throat, realizes HIS JUGULAR HAS BEEN TORN OUT.

For a moment, Michael is just as shocked as his victim...

...then Michael hurriedly leaps into the Porsche and speeds away.

INT. THE PORSCHE - NIGHT

As Michael drives, he seems disturbed by what he's just done... yet also strangely exhilarated, pumped up with a sense of his own power. He takes stock of his own arms and legs, realizing that he has miraculously recovered from being hit by the car!

In this heightened state of excitement, Michael finds himself nervously fiddling with the small crucifix he has always worn around his neck...

The feel of the crucifix in his fingers creates deeply conflicting emotions within Michael... But after a long moment, Michael seems to come to some inner resolve: he yanks off the crucifix and throws it out the window.

With a new-found sense of freedom, Michael fishes through the pockets of a jacket that lies on the passenger seat - and finds a WALLET. He glances at the DRIVER'S LICENSE: "James N. Fletcher," the guy Michael just killed.

EXT. FREEWAY ON-RAMP - NIGHT

The Porsche, doing 90, streaks onto the deserted freeway.

EXT. FLETCHER RESIDENCE - SILVERLAKE - NIGHT

The Porsche pulls into the driveway of a high-end home.

INT. FLETCHER RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Uber chic. Designer couch, pristine white carpet, expensive art.

LISA FLETCHER (late 20's) parts the blinds and sees the Porsche arrive. She goes to the front door in her nightgown. She's all smiles as she opens the door. Until she sees...

A bleeding, feral Michael on her front doorstep.

MICHAEL

Or I'll huff, and I'll puff. And I'll
blow your house in.

He smiles, revealing UNNATURALLY SHARP TEETH and YELLOW EYES.

Lisa doesn't even get the chance to scream, as Michael HURTLES THROUGH THE DOOR...

EXT. WOODED HILLSIDE - MORNING

A DOE nibbles at some wild berries. But then she stops and turns her head, becoming aware of something: JAKE (now in human form) lies naked and motionless on the ground fifty feet away.

Jake is asleep... yet the Doe, sensing danger, turns tail and runs away.

Jake begins to stir awake. Becoming aware of his own nakedness, he impulsively reaches for some leaves and hides them in front of his crotch - a ridiculous gesture of propriety in the middle of these woods.

Jake scrambles to his feet and runs across a clearing to a ridge.

Jake peers over the ridge - and in the far distance he sees a FREEWAY. And suddenly Jake experiences:

A VERY QUICK FLASHBACK:

From the POV of Jake-Wolf - DARTING ACROSS THE FREEWAY through heavy traffic, causing cars to SWERVE and COLLIDE.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake, rattled by this fragment of memory, turns back from the ridge looking uncertain and troubled.

Jake walks unsteadily through the trees... and then notices something lying on the ground nearby: A TORN BLACK SWEATER.

ANOTHER QUICK FLASHBACK:

From the POV of Jake-Wolf - RICOCHETING OFF A VERTICAL ROCK-FACE, KNOCKING KYLE OFF HIS HORSE AND RIPPING KYLE'S BLACK SWEATER RIGHT OFF HIS BACK.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake is deeply shaken, sickened by the knowledge that he must have done some horrible things last night...

Pale and unsteady, he picks up the torn black sweater and puts it on - but it doesn't really solve the problem of his nakedness. He tries pulling the sweater down to cover his ass... but it doesn't stretch that far.

He begins walking towards the city, still idly tugging down the sweater, acutely aware of his nakedness...

INT. "SECURITY SOLUTIONS" STOREFRONT OFFICE - MORNING

Laura enters the office. She wrinkles her nose at the syrupy muzak that's playing. Seeing the sign that says "Ring Buzzer for Assistance," Laura presses the buzzer.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - SAME

Isaiah is feverishly at work, installing something in one of the weaponry cabinets - but we DON'T YET SEE what he's installing.

He hears the BUZZER, looks up at the closed-circuit monitor and SEES LAURA ringing the buzzer in the office.

Isaiah hesitates... he's not sure he can handle talking to Laura right now. He resumes his work.

But Laura rings the buzzer again and again... until finally Isaiah, sighing in misery, turns and heads for the office.

INT. "SECURITY SOLUTIONS" STOREFRONT OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Laura, still ringing the buzzer repeatedly, now sees Isaiah enter through the security door.

LAURA

I am so pissed. Michael's been saying all week he'd fix my cable box, and he totally promised to come by last night...

But Laura's voice trails off as she notices the dazed, distraught look in her father's eyes.

ISAIAH

Michael's... not here.

LAURA

Dad - what's wrong?

ISAIAH

(a BEAT)

It's, um... a work problem. Nothing for you to be concerned about -

LAURA

Dad - for godsake - a "work problem"? You look like you're -

ISAIAH

I can't really talk now.

(suddenly turns away)

There are things I need to do in the warehouse -

LAURA

Dad - stop it! This isn't fair.

Isaiah is struggling to think of what he can possibly say to Laura...

LAURA (CONT'D)

You guys've always been so damn closed-mouthed about the business -

ISAIAH
 (abruptly; almost an accusation)
 - and you preferred it that way, didn't
 you.

This catches Laura off-guard. Then:

LAURA
 I'm not your little princess anymore,
 okay? I'm all grown up - no need to
 protect me.

ISAIAH
 Be careful what you wish for, Laura.

LAURA
 I'm not leaving this spot until you tell
 me what's going on. Whatever it is, Dad,
 I can handle it!

Isaiah just gazes sadly at his beloved daughter. He's deeply
 pained by the prospect of her loss of innocence...

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Isaiah grimly leads Laura through the small "public" section of
 the warehouse (i.e., the section that houses Isaiah's legitimate
 business: security alarm equipment). Laura follows Isaiah to a
 heavy steel security door marked "ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE".

INT. CURWEN "PRIVATE" WAREHOUSE - SAME

This is the larger, secret part of the warehouse we've seen
 before. Isaiah leads Laura in. She looks around at all the
 strange equipment, the ancient books, the Christian shrine - and
 is utterly confused.

LAURA
 I don't... This is...

She sees the HIGH-TECH WEAPONS - and is stunned to her very
 core.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 Weapons...?

Isaiah nods.

ISAIAH
 A Crusade.

She looks at her father in utter disbelief.

LAURA
 Against... who?

Isaiah leads her to the steel door of a WALK-IN REFRIGERATION UNIT. He pulls back the heavy lever which opens the door, and:

INT. REFRIGERATION UNIT - SAME

Isaiah beckons Laura into the tiny room, which is dimly lit by BLUE LIGHT, giving it a grim, arctic aura. Laura GASPS IN HORROR at what she sees:

Lying on raised concrete slabs are TWO FROZEN CORPSES: the first is a WEREWOLF, the second is a SEMI-WEREWOLF (i.e., frozen while in the process of changing back into human form; some of its human features are recognizable). The Semi-Werewolf appears to have been a boy about 12 years old.

ISAIAH

(quietly)

We used to freeze them at the moment of death - just before they go back to human form. So we could study them.

Laura looks like she might faint. Her breath, rapid and shallow, steams from her mouth in the frigid air.

LAURA

(bewildered)

What... who...?

ISAIAH

I never wanted you to see this. Never wanted this to touch your life.

Laura is speechless. Isaiah swallows hard.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

But now... Now that your brother...

Isaiah shakes his head; he just can't bring himself to tell her.

LAURA

Dad...?

Isaiah embraces his daughter, hugs her tight.

ISAIAH

We've been fighting them for years. Monsters like these.

(barely audible)

And now they've killed him. They've killed Michael.

Laura, in Isaiah's tight embrace, reacts with shock and confusion.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

My Laura. My darling Laura. You're all I have left.

EXT. A LAUNDROMAT IN A FUNKY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The Laundromat door opens, and Jake emerges wearing TOO-TIGHT PURPLE JEANS and a MARILYN MANSON T-SHIRT. Trying to hide the fact that he feels silly in these clothes, Jake walks down the street with a bit too much nonchalance.

INT. HALLWAY OF JAKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jake warily approaches MRS. GUTIERREZ'S APARTMENT and knocks on the door.

The door opens to REVEAL A MAN IN AN A-SHIRT holding a Budweiser.

JAKE
Oh. I'm looking for Mrs. Gutierrez -

MAN IN A-SHIRT
She don't live here no more.

JAKE
Did she leave a forwarding -

MAN IN A-SHIRT
Nope.

The man shuts the door in Jake's face.

Jake sighs. He turns to his own apartment.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - SAME

Jake enters - and is startled to see LAURA there, hurrying to him with dazed desperation in her eyes.

LAURA
Thank God!

JAKE
(amazed)
Laura...

LAURA
I just - oh Jake, I needed someone to talk to and I was praying you'd...

She urgently embraces him.

Jake is still very thrown off that she's here - he's both delighted and troubled.

LAURA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to... the door was open and I thought...
(her voice breaking)
Jake, my brother is dead.

Jake is stunned.

LAURA (CONT'D)
He was killed by a... a... This is gonna sound so mental... You're gonna think I've lost it.

JAKE
You're shaking. Your hands are like ice. You need to sit down, I'll get you something hot to -

LAURA
He was killed by a werewolf.

At the word "werewolf," Jake goes pale.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Don't look at me like that. I'm not crazy, okay? It's real, Jake. My dad, my brother - they've been hunting these monsters for years!

Now Jake experiences:

ANOTHER QUICK FLASHBACK:

We are once again in Jake-Wolf's POV - running next to Michael's galloping horse as Michael tries to aim his laser-sited crossbow at us...

BACK TO SCENE

Jake is shaken to the core by the realization that he probably killed Laura's brother.

LAURA (CONT'D)
It's like, there's this war going on, and last night Michael... he...

ANOTHER QUICK FLASHBACK:

Jake-Wolf's POV - running next to the galloping horse, Jake-Wolf lashing out to GASH MICHAEL'S ARM with his claws...

BACK TO SCENE

Jake is struggling to hide his inner panic.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Jake? I wish you'd say something.

JAKE
I...

Jake, deeply upset, tries to think of something to say... but he's between a rock and a hard place.

LAURA
You don't believe a word I've said.

JAKE
(stammering)
No - no - it's not - I think you -

Jake, without even realizing it, is slowly backing away from Laura.

LAURA
No - don't go.

JAKE
I... think I have to.

Now Jake is edging out the door.

LAURA
Jake, please -

JAKE
(distressed; apologetic)
Stay here as long as you need to.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY IN JAKE'S NEIGHBORHOOD - MINUTES LATER

Jake, overwhelmed by the emotional shock, is vomiting into a trash can.

When he finishes, he backs away, trembling, wiping his mouth on his sleeve... and then he notices: A YOUNG MAN LURKING IN A SHADOWY DOORWAY (wearing a woolen cap, wraparound sunglasses, and a black leather jacket) at the other end of the alley.

Jake, feeling rather paranoid now, strides briskly away from the shadowy figure and out of the alley.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

showing Jake walking across the street, around a corner, through a public park, etc. - and he repeatedly catches brief glimpses of the YOUNG MAN in the black leather jacket, who is following Jake at a discreet distance.

Jake anxiously looks around, trying to find a way to give his pursuer the slip. Then Jake spots a TEENAGE GIRL being buzzed in the security door of an apartment building.

JAKE
(to Teenage Girl)
Hold the door, please?

Jake slips into the building behind the Teenage Girl, and the security door clicks shut behind him.

ANGLE - THE YOUNG MAN IN THE LEATHER JACKET

is miffed to see that Jake has slipped into the apartment building. The Young Man goes to the door and rings the top buzzer.

WOMAN'S VOICE FROM SPEAKER (V.O.)

Yeah?

YOUNG MAN IN LEATHER JACKET

United Parcel, ma'am. I've got a delivery for -

The BUZZER sounds, releasing the door before the Young Man can even finish his sentence. The Young Man opens the door and:

INT. FRONT HALLWAY OF THE APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME

The Young Man enters - and BAM! - HE IS WHACKED UPSIDE THE HEAD by a FIRE EXTINGUISHER. The Young Man falls, clutching his head. Jake stands over him holding the fire extinguisher.

YOUNG MAN IN LEATHER JACKET

Owww! Aw, dude - that hurts!

The Young Man, taking off his wool cap and sunglasses, rubs his head in pain. He's in his LATE TEENS - just a skinny, dorky kid (whom we'll come to know as SEYMOUR).

JAKE

I don't want to fight you!

SEYMOUR

Shit, Mr. Lightman...
(starts to get up)
...I just wanna -

JAKE

Don't move!

SEYMOUR

Hey put that shit down, a'right, before somebody really gets hurt -

JAKE

I'm warning you -

Seymour stands up - and Jake fearfully SWINGS THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER at Seymour -

- and Seymour's EYES INSTANTLY TURN LUPINE YELLOW, and WITH SUPERNATURAL SPEED HE GRABS THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER AND BONKS JAKE ON THE HEAD, knocking him out cold.

SEYMOUR
 (annoyed with himself)
 Damn.

CUT TO:

EXT. AN ABANDONED PRE-SCHOOL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The windows are boarded up, and the cheerfully-colored paint is rusted and peeling. A faded sign reads: "NEW BEGINNINGS PRE-SCHOOL".

INT. A CLASSROOM IN THE SCHOOL - SAME

The walls are still festooned with sprightly children's drawings, yellowed with age. Because the windows are boarded up, the room is dark, sepulchral. Dust hangs in the air.

Jake, with an ice pack on his head, wakes up - and sees Seymour leaning over him with grave concern.

SEYMOUR
 He's coming to.

Jake looks over and sees Marie Padilla (AKA Mrs. Gutierrez) silently STANDING ON HER HEAD against a blackboard. She's taking deep, tranquil breaths.

Jake tries to sit up, and winces in pain.

MARIE
 Give us a minute, Seymour.

Seymour dutifully exits.

JAKE
 (to Marie)
 What's your game? You move in next door to me, and for two whole days you don't tell me -

MARIE
 Had to check you out first. You passed the test, Jake: You're not an asshole.

JAKE
 (dryly)
 I'm flattered.

Marie offers her hand to help Jake up - but Jake refuses, getting up on his own.

MARIE
 Had to make sure you wouldn't screw up the gift we're about to give you.
 (quietly)
 Ready to be a Conscious Wolf?

Jake stares at her, slowly realizing what she's offering:

JAKE
That trick you pulled at the apartment...
Changing without the moon...

MARIE
(nods)
And bein' in control. Not a wild animal.
Conscious.

Jake thinks about this. Then:

JAKE
But... what about when the moon is full?

MARIE
(shakes her head)
That's the wild time. Nothin' you can do
'bout that.

JAKE
(bitterly)
Then life still sucks.

Marie studies him.

MARIE
Musta been lonely for you. Your whole
life, not knowin' if you were the only -

JAKE
(sharply)
You had no right to push me out that
window. I didn't make it back to my cage
in time. Last night I killed someone!

MARIE
So, instead of blamin' the hunters, you're
pissed at me for savin' your life?

JAKE
(bitterly)
If you haven't got a cure for this disease
of ours, then my life's not worth saving.

Marie shakes her head sadly, wisely.

MARIE
First thing we gotta work on is your
attitude. If you learn to embrace what
you are, then -

JAKE
Oh my God - Werewolf Self-Esteem Therapy?
I'm sorry, this is a little too L.A. for
me.

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)
 (turns away from her)
 I was better off on my own.

MARIE
 Stubborn pup. Just like your mom.

Bull's-eye. Jake, amazed, slowly turns to face her again.

Marie opens a purse and pulls out a PHOTOGRAPH.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 Have a look.

Jake stares at the photo: a grainy snapshot of a young MAN AND WOMAN (WILLIE and SARAH) in the HIPPIE GARB AND HAIRSTYLES OF THE 1960's. Standing in front of an AFRICAN GRASS HUT. Willie playfully growls at the camera, pretending to be a wild animal; Sarah is laughing at his antics.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 Your folks, workin' in the Peace Corps.

Jake is dumbfounded.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 West Africa. Rough assignment. Whenever thugs from the militia would come around to make trouble...
 (laughs)
 ...the villagers were real happy to have a couple a werewolves on their side.

Jake just stares at her in astonishment.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 (laughs)
 Oh yeah. In a place like that, sharp teeth can be a political tool.

Marie looks at the photo with fond nostalgia.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 Great people, your folks. Good-hearted people.

JAKE
 I don't think I buy that. Considering they left me under a sewer grate to die.

Marie's smile fades.

MARIE
 (quiet, emotional)
 It wasn' like that.

She shakes her head slowly, her eyes glistening.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Your folks and me, we were comin' home from a day on the beach, up in Santa Barbara? I remember your Mom was just gettin' ready to change your diaper when the Episcopi attacked.

Jake looks at her quizzically.

MARIE (CONT'D)

The Hunters. The Order Of Episcopi.

(A BEAT)

She had to think fast. She hid you in a sewer grate. Thank God you didn' cry, or the Hunters woulda found you. One minute later your folks were dead. And I was left for dead... The silver bolt missed my heart by a quarter-inch.

Jake absorbs this.

MARIE (CONT'D)

It's taken me all these years to find you.

He holds Marie's gaze for a long moment...

MARIE (CONT'D)

I can help you, Jake. If you learn to control your power, it can be a good thing.

(indicates photo)

They woulda taught you, if they'd had the chance.

Jake ponders this, his eyes falling once again to the photo of his parents.

EXT. TOPANGA CANYON, UNDEVELOPED LOT - DAY

A solitary GULFSTREAM TRAILER is obscured by the dense foliage.

One of the hunting Rottweilers lies out in front. The dog starts barking as a car pulls up. A Porsche.

The other three dogs poke their heads out from under the trailer and join the barking. Michael emerges from the Porsche.

Michael has changed. It's not only the Porsche and the swank clothes; it's his relaxed demeanor. He smiles at the lead dog:

MICHAEL

Come on now, Carter. You remember me.

Michael looks up at the Gulfstream's front window, sees the curtain part slightly.

A moment later, the door opens. Vin, his eyes haunted, stands there holding an ASSAULT RIFLE at half mast.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(casually)

Is this how you wanna spend the rest of your life? Hiding in a trailer like a hunted dog?

Vin just stares mistrustfully at Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We need to talk, my man. I've already had a nice little chat with Brent and Kyle. You were harder to find.

(a BEAT)

Vin, I've spent my life learning all there is to know about the Wolf. I figure it's time to use my education.

Michael smiles slightly, pulls up his sleeve to display his scarred arm.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Don't you get it, man? We're not damned. We're blessed.

Vin stares at him... and slowly lowers the rifle.

EXT. YARD BEHIND THE ABANDONED PRE-SCHOOL - NIGHT

Seymour and Jake stand at a corner of the weed-choked back yard - and Jake is URINATING O.S.

SEYMOUR

...and in the Middle Ages, man, the Church blamed us for everything. Every time there was a serial killer or wacko on the loose - guess who took shit for it? We even got blamed for The Plague!

(re: Jake urinating)

Okay, stop.

Jake forces himself to STOP PISSING, and follows Seymour to another corner of the yard.

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

Okay, here.

Jake RESUMES PISSING. He clearly is not enjoying this ritual.

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)

Lycanthropes were peaceful, alright, we had our shit together. We had places to go when the moon got full - places where we wouldn't hurt anybody. Which reminds me, dude: it totally blows me away that you came up with that self-storage cage thing all on your own.

Jake's PISS RUNS OUT. He zips up his pants.

SEYMOUR (CONT'D)
 (re: Jake's urine supply)
 That's all you got?

JAKE
 This whole idea seems idiotic -

SEYMOUR
 No no no - I swear man, at night the
 coyotes around here are a real pain in the
 ass. They get one whiff of that Alpha
 piss of yours, they're outa here.

JAKE
 (deadpan)
 I feel so needed.

Jake follows Seymour back inside.

INT. THE CLASSROOM IN THE ABANDONED PRE-SCHOOL - MINUTES LATER

Seymour is pours cups of a PURPLE TEA that he boiled on a tiny
 camping stove.

SEYMOUR
 But anyway, some a those old 'thropes
 started getting majorly pissed off about
 getting blamed for everything. So they...
 went bad. Became Feeders.

Seymour hands Jake a cup of Purple Tea.

JAKE
 Feeders.

SEYMOUR
 They figured, the humans are gonna blame
 us anyway - so why not go for it? "If you
 can't beat 'em, eat 'em."

Jake takes a sip of the Purple Tea - and grimaces.

JAKE
 What is this stuff?

SEYMOUR
 Carodia tea. From the Galapagos.

MARIE (O.S.)
 To strengthen you for what's next.

Jake looks up, sees that MARIE has entered.

MARIE (CONT'D)
 Once we get you trained, we'll head on out
 to the desert, rejoin the Barstow Pack.

SEYMOUR

Man, we been waiting a long time for a new chief to come along -

JAKE

Wait a minute - hold on - "new chief"?

Jake looks at Marie as if to say: what the hell is this?

MARIE

California's got the biggest 'thrope community in the world, Jake.

JAKE

(dubious)
"Community."

MARIE

Uh-huh. But these are rough times. Hunters goin' high-tech, cracking our codes, ID-ing pack members left and right.

Jake absorbs this. He's about to say something to Marie... but decides not to.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Your dad was one of the last Alphas, Jake. You're one of the few still alive.
(quietly)
The Pack needs a leader.

Jake is trying to get his mind around it. In his eyes we see deep anxiety...

EXT. FLETCHER RESIDENCE - POOL AREA - DUSK

Kyle and Brent DRINK MARTINIS in the poolside JACUZZI. They SING along with a stereo which blares SINATRA singing "MY WAY."

Michael ushers Vin out of the house into the pool area.

VIN

(amazed)
How'd you get this place?

MICHAEL

(a shrug)
I ate the sheep and took their wool.

Michael pours two more martinis from a shaker.

BRENT & KYLE

(SINGING along with stereo)
... bit off more than I could chew.
But through it all, when there was doubt,
I ate it up and spit it out...

VIN
 (to Michael)
 What about your father - aren't you
 worried he's gonna -

MICHAEL
 Hey. Without us my father's a weak man.

Michael hands Vin a martini, and clinks glasses with him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 We're the ones who did all the killing.

BRENT & KYLE
 (SINGING)
 "...I did it My Way!"

INT. MINI-GYM IN BASEMENT OF THE ABANDONED PRE-SCHOOL - NIGHT

The walls of the little gym are padded with exercise mats. Seymour finishes LIGHTING RITUAL CANDLES which LINE THE PERIMETER OF THE GYM. Marie and Jake sit facing each other in the middle of the floor, in ceremonial silence. Then:

JAKE
 (irritably)
 You said you were gonna give me something
 to eat.

MARIE
 Patience, muchacho. Nobody said the
 training was fun.

JAKE
 Hey, I'm starving -

MARIE
 Perfect.

Jake looks at her in confusion.

EXT. FLETCHER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

FLICKERING CANDLELIGHT is faintly visible through the darkened
 back window.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
 When the moon changes you, you're out of
 control, insane.

INT. FLETCHER RESIDENCE - SAME

Michael, Vin, and Brent sit in a circle on the floor. LIGHTED
 CANDLES line the perimeter of the room.

MICHAEL

But if you master the Change without the moon... you're in control.

Now Kyle enters through the front door, carrying a heavy grocery bag.

VIN

(to Kyle)

Well it's about time.

MICHAEL

(to Kyle; re: bag)

Put it over there. We're not eating yet.

VIN

(to Michael)

Maybe you're not, man, but I'm starving to death here -

MICHAEL

(sharply)

Are you questioning my authority?

A tense moment: Michael and Vin staring each other down.

Finally Vin backs down, sullenly looking away from Michael.

INT. MINI-GYM IN THE ABANDONED PRE-SCHOOL - NIGHT

Marie and Jake still sit in silence. Jake fidgets with impatience.

Finally, Marie gives a nod to Seymour - who opens a large styrofoam PICNIC COOLER. He pulls out half a dozen SUPERMARKET PACKAGES OF RAW BEEF. He tears off the cellophane and throws the slabs of raw meat on the floor in front of Jake.

MARIE

(to Jake)

These'll help you focus.

JAKE

Focus?

MARIE

On your desire. Your hunger.

JAKE

(a bit sickened)

Actually... I don't eat meat.

Marie and Seymour share another woeful glance.

SEYMOUR

A vegetarian werewolf.

MARIE
Wouldn't you know it.

JAKE
(sheepish)
For my health.

MARIE
Your health? Look at you - pale as a baboon's ass! You're a wolf, goddammit, you need meat.

Jake gives a timid little shrug.

MARIE (CONT'D)
You're afraid, Jake! You've spent your whole life bein' afraid of the Change. You're scared to death of it.

JAKE
Yeah, no shit.

MARIE
Down on your knees.

JAKE
What?

MARIE
On all fours - now. Move!

Jake reluctantly gets down on all fours.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Smell the meat.

JAKE
I don't want -

MARIE
Do it. Smell it.

JAKE
I can't!

Marie grabs his hair and forcefully SHOVES HIS FACE DOWN INTO THE RAW MEAT.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Oh God...!

Jake holds his breath, desperately trying to avoid the scent of the meat.

MARIE
Smell! Breathe!

She powerfully holds him down, smushing his face into the meat.

Jake, struggling, can't hold his breath any longer - and gets a nose-full of the meat's bloody scent.

JAKE
AAAAAAGH...

...and then - for just a split-second - Jake's strangled cry involuntarily turns into a SLIGHTLY WOLF-ISH SHRIEK -

- and there's a SLIGHT YELLOWISH TINT in his eyes -

- and suddenly JAKE'S HAND SHOOTS UP AT SUPER-SPEED and powerfully shoves Marie away -

- but seconds later the YELLOWISH TINT IS ALREADY GONE - and Jake has tears of self-disgust in his eyes.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Sorry, I didn't mean to push you -

MARIE
(satisfied smile)
Oh yes you did.

Jake is pallid and stricken.

JAKE
Okay. Alright. I'll eat the meat now.

Marie nods at Seymour, who cuts off a TINY CHUNK of the meat and tosses it to Jake - who hungrily eats it, despite himself.

JAKE (CONT'D)
I get more than that, don't I?

MARIE
Not yet you don't. The more you Change,
the more you eat.

Jake closes his eyes in misery.

DISSOLVE TO:

A MONTAGE which INTERCUTS between MICHAEL TRAINING HIS CRONIES and JAKE BEING TRAINED BY MARIE AND SEYMOUR. (This Montage is taking place over a substantial period of time; some of the shots take place at night, others during the day.)

The Montage shows Marie repeatedly baiting Jake with the raw meat... but over time, he is MAKING VERY LITTLE PROGRESS - managing to HOWL for only a few seconds at a time and mustering only a SLIGHT YELLOWISH TINT in his eyes...

By contrast, the Montage shows Michael's guys making FASTER PROGRESS as Michael baits them with slabs of raw meat;

over time, these guys are increasingly HOWLING with wolf-like desire, their eyes GLOWING YELLOW... and each time we cut back to them, they're hairier and scarier...

... until finally all of them have FULLY TRANSFORMED INTO WEREWOLVES, hungrily EATING FULL SLABS OF RAW MEAT - and joyfully TRASHING THE LIVING ROOM as they eagerly test their newfound speed and power...

AND THE MONTAGE ENDS ON:

Jake managing TO CHANGE ONLY SLIGHTLY - his eyes yellow and a meager growth of fur only on his knuckles -

- but after a few seconds he totally reverts back to HUMAN FORM.

Seymour clicks a stopwatch. Jake lies panting and sickened on the floor.

SEYMOUR

Four point two seconds.

MARIE

And still nowhere close to a full Change.

Marie shakes her head unhappily.

MARIE (CONT'D)

Better than nothin', I guess.

(to Jake)

How do you feel?

Jake is too sickened to speak. He lets out a weak little BELCH.

EXT. FLETCHER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

We hear the intermittent WHIRRING OF A POWER TOOL.

INT. FLETCHER GARAGE - SAME

Michael, wearing safety goggles and work gloves, is using a LATHE to break down the tip of a SILVER BOLT into TINY SHAVINGS OF SILVER. He's collecting the tiny silver shavings in a small ZIP-LOCK BAGGIE.

Brent enters, looking like he's been awakened from sleep.

KYLE

Michael?

MICHAEL

Get some sleep. We've got the raid in an hour.

KYLE

(sees silver shavings)

What are you doing?!

Michael turns off the lathe, takes off his gloves and goggles.

MICHAEL
 Kyle, you know where the word
 "intoxication" comes from?

Kyle looks blankly at Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 From the word "toxin." Sure, a bolt of
 Silver Nitrate to the heart, that's deadly
 to us.
 (sly smile)
 But a wee bit of it, properly used...

Michael taps out a few silver shavings onto a knife blade. Then he intentionally NICKS HIS OWN WRIST with the knife - and RUBS A FEW SILVER SHAVINGS INTO THE WOUND.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Aaggh! Wow, that burns.

He WINCES AGAINST the sensation...

...but after a long moment, his face begins to relax and his eyes become glazed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (stoned)
 Yeah... Oh yeah...

Michael, smiling serenely, offers some silver shavings to Kyle.

Kyle is apprehensive... but also intrigued. He slowly unbuttons his shirt sleeve.

INT. SEYMOUR'S OLD CHEVY PICK-UP TRUCK - NIGHT

Jake is being driven back to his neighborhood by Seymour.

JAKE
 Let me get this straight. If you were to
 scratch someone, they wouldn't "Turn"...
 but if I scratch someone...

SEYMOUR
 That's kinda the downside of being an
 Alpha.

JAKE
 I don't see an upside.

SEYMOUR
 Hey, you don't think it rocks that every
 'thrope from here to Sacramento thinks
 you're the key to the future?! Dude, you
 are Harry fuckin' Potter.

JAKE
 (sourly sarcastic)
 Wow. Bitchin'.

They arrive at JAKE'S APARTMENT BUILDING. Seymour parks in front.

SEYMOUR
 (a warning)
 Alright - ten minutes.

JAKE
 (gets out of truck)
 Won't even take me five. Be right back.

SEYMOUR
 (gets out of truck)
 No no. I'm going in with you.

JAKE
 What, you don't trust me? I've already
agreed to go to your desert pow-wow - I
 just need to -

SEYMOUR
 I'm going in with you.

Jake sighs, heads into the building with Seymour on his heels.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER

Jake and Seymour enter. Jake begins to gather his favorite paintings and drawings. Seymour sits down, looks around.

SEYMOUR
 (re: artwork)
 Your stuff is, like, sick.

JAKE
 Thanks.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Jake enters and gathers a few more drawings. He comes upon LAURA'S DRAWING OF JAKE'S HAND. He swallows hard... stares at it for a long moment.

Then, feeling deeply conflicted, he looks at the phone...

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - THE SMALL REFRIGERATION ROOM - NIGHT

Laura, wearing her denim jacket over her nightgown, sits shivering in the eerie arctic blue light of the small room. She is silently staring at the frozen corpse of the 12-YEAR-OLD SEMI-WEREWOLF, looking into its innocent open eyes. It's as if Laura is struggling to understand something...

EXT. THE ROOF OF THE CURWEN WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

FOUR BLACK-CLAD MEN (Michael and his cronies) move like commandos past rooftop skylights. Michael signals Brent and Kyle to get to work on the skylights. They kneel down and use power tools to loosen the skylight bolts. Michael and Vin go to a SECURITY BOX and expertly disable the alarm system.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - THE SMALL REFRIGERATION ROOM - NIGHT

Laura is still staring at the 12-year-old semi-werewolf. She tentatively reaches out to touch his fur.

Suddenly the cell phone in her jacket pocket RINGS. She's startled - who the hell is calling her at this hour?

LAURA
(into phone)
Hello?
(silence)
Hello?

JAKE (V.O./PHONE)
(quietly)
Laura...

LAURA
Jake?

JAKE (V.O./PHONE)
Yeah.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - SAME

Two of the skylight windows are silently removed by the black-clad figures on the roof. After a moment, TWO WEREWOLVES (Kyle-Wolf and Brent-Wolf) come leaping down through the skylights into the workshop. They land like lithe jungle cats.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - THE SMALL REFRIGERATION ROOM - NIGHT

JAKE (V.O./PHONE)
I probably shouldn't have called -

LAURA
No, I'm glad you did.

JAKE (V.O./PHONE)
Listen, I'm... I just want you to know I don't think you're crazy.

LAURA
You don't?
(a BEAT)
Why not?

JAKE (V.O./PHONE)

Laura, the reason I'm calling... I think you're a great person, and I really wanted you to know how sorry I am that things -

LAURA

Oh no. Oh shit. Are you calling me at 3 in the morning just to say you're not gonna call me anymore?

JAKE (V.O./PHONE)

(sheepish)
Something like that.

LAURA

(sad and angered)
Wow. Great. Thoughtful of you.

EXT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - SAME

Brent-Wolf begins smashing the computers; Kyle-Wolf starts to empty weapons and ammo out of the arsenal shelves -

- but the arsenal shelves are BOOBY-TRAPPED: a sharp-toothed STEEL TRAP suddenly SPRINGS CLOSED ON KYLE-WOLF'S WRIST. Kyle-Wolf HOWLS IN AGONY. An ALARM BUZZER begins to sound and RED LIGHTS begin blinking.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - THE REFRIGERATION ROOM - SAME

Laura, still on the phone with Jake, hears the awful commotion in the main room of the workshop.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - SAME

Laura hurries out of the refrigeration room -

- and is horrified to see a Werewolf with his wrist caught in an animal trap, shrieking in agony.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - SAME

JAKE

Laura?

Through the phone, he hears Laura's BLOODCURDLING SCREAM.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Laura, what - !

The phone line GOES DEAD.

INT. JAKE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME

Seymour is watching Women's Roller Derby on TV. He hears a noise from the bedroom.

SEYMOUR

Jake?

Seymour gets up and goes into the bedroom.

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - SAME

Seymour sees that Jake is GONE. Seymour hurries to the open window and looks down past the fire escape to the street - where Jake SPEEDS AWAY in Seymour's pick-up truck.

EXT. CURWEN COTTAGE - NIGHT

Isaiah, in pajamas and robe, hurries out of the cottage with a loaded CROSSBOW.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - SAME

Isaiah bursts in with his crossbow, and sees: Kyle-Wolf, SHRIEKING, with his wrist caught in the animal trap. Isaiah moves towards him, raising the crossbow.

ISALIAH

Knew you'd be back.

But Isaiah DOESN'T SEE:

ANGLE - BEHIND A CABINET: Brent-Wolf hides - HOLDING LAURA WITH HIS PAW OVER HER MOUTH so she can't scream. Meanwhile:

KYLE-WOLF is GNAWING HIS OWN ARM JUST ABOVE THE WRIST (like a wild animal trying to chew off its own limb to get free from a trap).

Isaiah reacts with scorn and disgust.

Kyle-Wolf frantically KEEPS GNAWING at his own arm - his ARM BONES LOUDLY CRACKING under the power of his feral jaws -

- and Isaiah aims the laser-sited crossbow at Kyle-Wolf's heart -

- and Brent-Wolf SHOVES LAURA TO THE FLOOR, and AT SUPER-SPEED HE LEAPS AT ISALIAH and KNOCKS HIM DOWN -

- but Isaiah is already FIRING THE SILVER BOLT -

- and in just that split-second: Kyle-Wolf FINISHES GNAWING OFF HIS OWN HAND and PULLS HIS BLOODY STUMP OUT OF THE TRAP - but the SILVER BOLT STRIKES HIM IN THE HEART, and he falls.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE "SECURITY SOLUTIONS" - SAME

Jake hurriedly parks the pick-up truck, then gets out and runs up towards Laura's apartment.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - SAME

Isaiah, on the floor in Brent-Wolf's clutches, pulls out a pistol and FIRES POINT-BLANK at Brent-Wolf - who quickly spins away, and the shot hits his thigh. Brent-Wolf SHRIEKS and takes temporary refuge behind a counter.

EXT. "SECURITY SOLUTIONS" - SAME

Jake hears the pistol shot reverberating from deep inside the building. He races to the door of the office - but it's locked. He worriedly peers in through the large storefront window: the office is empty.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - SAME

LAURA

(shouts a warning:)

Dad!

Isaiah turns and sees TWO MORE WEREWOLVES (Michael-Wolf and Vin-Wolf) leaping down through the skylights to the workshop floor.

Isaiah hurries toward his crossbow - but Michael-Wolf leaps against the wall, propels off it like an acrobat, and snatches up the crossbow before Isaiah can get to it. With an amazing display of strength, Michael-Wolf BREAKS THE STEEL CROSSBOW IN TWO. Isaiah tries to fire his pistol - but Michael swiftly knocks it away.

Laura turns to run, but Vin-Wolf leaps, flips, and drops down right in front of her. Laura reaches out and snags a TORCH LAMP. Vin-Wolf snaps at her. Laura swings the lamp sharply and the BULB EXPLODES against Vin-Wolf's head. He moves towards her, leering at her, his huge teeth glistening.

EXT. THE STREET OUTSIDE "SECURITY SOLUTIONS" - SAME

Jake, again in the pick-up truck, jams it into gear and floors the accelerator -

- and he DRIVES THE PICK-UP TRUCK RIGHT THROUGH THE STOREFRONT WINDOW of "Security Solutions", glass SHATTERING in all directions.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - SAME

Isaiah and Laura are both cornered by wolves - nowhere to turn. Now Michael-Wolf changes himself back to SEMI-WEREWOLF FORM: his features just human enough to be RECOGNIZABLE AS MICHAEL.

LAURA

(aghast)

Michael...?

Michael's voice is low-pitched and feral:

MICHAEL

Hey, sis.

Laura stares in disbelief. Then she looks over at her father.

LAURA

(to Isaiah; barely audible)

You said he was dead...

Michael takes a slow, menacing step towards his father. Isaiah averts his eyes; he can't bear to look at Michael.

MICHAEL

Look at me.

Isaiah keeps his eyes averted.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Look at me.

Michael lunges forward and grabs his father's face, turning it upward to meet his own.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You taught me well. How to hate, how to kill.

Isaiah SPITS in Michael's face.

Michael, enraged, transforms from a semi-werewolf back into a FULL WEREWOLF. He roars at Isaiah and slaps him with the back of his arm, sending Isaiah SMASHING INTO THE WALL.

LAURA

(SCREAMING)

Michael! No!

Isaiah lies in a crumpled heap. Michael-Wolf stands over his fallen father, ROARING at him with contempt.

Now JAKE COMES RUNNING IN - and sees Michael-Wolf towering over Isaiah, and Vin-Wolf backing Laura into a corner -

- and now Brent-Wolf RICOCHETS OFF A WALL AND LANDS IN FRONT OF JAKE, snarling at him.

Laura is astonished to see Jake...

Jake moves to help Laura - but Brent-Wolf, growling with amusement, grabs Jake and hurls him to the floor. Jake staggers back to his feet - and BRENT-WOLF SAVAGELY, REPEATEDLY SLASHES JAKE WITH HIS RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS, sending Jake reeling back to the floor.

Jake, bleeding from lacerations all over his face and neck, struggles to get up again, but he's too weak.

He manages to get to his hands and knees - and Brent-Wolf casually shoves him back down with his clawed foot. Jake, only half-conscious now, struggles uselessly -

- and meanwhile Vin-Wolf has backed Laura into the corner and now reaches out and slashes her denim jacket with his claws (but doesn't pierce her flesh). Laura is on the floor, and Vin-Wolf is moving in on her with an intensity that is obviously sexual.

Jake, weak and helpless, watches in horror as Vin-Wolf roughly begins to pull off Laura's denim jacket. Laura, struggling to resist Vin-Wolf's rough advance, has tears of anger in her eyes.

As Jake helplessly watches Laura's futile struggle to defend herself against Vin-Wolf, Jake suddenly CRIES OUT IN ANGUISHED FRUSTRATION -

- and Jake's cry escalates into a SUSTAINED HOWL, fueled by his desperate desire to help Laura -

- and this leads to JAKE'S FIRST COMPLETE CHANGE INTO CONSCIOUS WEREWOLF FORM: We watch him transform into the GIGANTIC RAGING ALPHA-WOLF we've previously seen only during the full moon -

- and with blinding speed, the roaring Jake-Wolf shoves Brent-Wolf away from him and bounds across the room. Jake-Wolf swiftly pulls Vin-Wolf away from Laura and HURLS HIM AGAINST A SUPPLY SHELF, which tumbles down with a CRASH.

Laura stares up at Jake-Wolf in utter bewilderment.

LAURA (CONT'D)
(barely audible)
Jake...?

Jake-Wolf looks at her with sad, apologetic eyes.

Michael-Wolf and his cronies regard Jake-Wolf with amazement, recognizing him as the huge Alpha-Wolf they battled earlier.

Jake-Wolf SNARLS a warning at the other wolves.

Michael-Wolf, Brent-Wolf, and Vin-Wolf slowly, menacingly circle around Jake-Wolf. Three against one.

ANGLE: ISAIAH, battered but determined, is crawling over to where Kyle lies dead on the floor.

ANGLE: JAKE-WOLF AND THE THREE CIRCLING WOLVES. The three wolves snarl, and feint with their claws like boxers trying to psyche out an opponent. Then, Michael-Wolf signals the other two Wolves with a sharp growl -

- and all three of them charge at Jake-Wolf.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

shows us gigantic Jake-Wolf battling the three smaller but equally ferocious werewolves.

Because of the werewolves' incredible speed, it's a battle unlike any we've ever seen: like watching a kung-fu movie at triple speed. The fur, as they say, is flying.

Laura is watching in alarm and astonishment.

Meanwhile, Isaiah is struggling mightily to pull the SILVER BOLT from the chest of dead Kyle. Isaiah actually has to put his foot on Kyle's chest and pull up on the bolt with every ounce of his strength - until THE BOLT (with a sickening GURGLING SOUND) finally POPS OUT of Kyle's chest.

Jake-Wolf is getting the better of the three smaller wolves: throwing them, slashing them, battering them - until finally Michael-Wolf signals his two cronies to retreat. The three of them LEAP UP TO THE SKYLIGHTS and SCAMPER OFF into the night.

Jake-Wolf starts to head over to Laura (who's still on the floor in the corner) to make sure she's okay -

- but Isaiah, brandishing the bloodied silver bolt like a spear, charges at Jake-Wolf...

LAURA (CONT'D)

Jake - look out!

Jake-Wolf turns, sees Isaiah coming, and launches himself straight up into the air - a split-second before Isaiah can stab him with the bolt.

Isaiah spins around in time to see Jake-Wolf land twenty feet away, behind Laura.

ISAIAH

Get away from her!

Laura looks over her shoulder at Jake-Wolf... and seems to have no fear of him. Isaiah raises the bolt again, preparing to charge again.

LAURA

Enough, Dad. Haven't you done enough?

Her words halt Isaiah for a brief moment. But then his eyes blaze anew with anger and he rushes forward -

- and Jake-Wolf grabs Laura then LEAPS SKYWARD.

Jake-Wolf CATCHES A WOOD SUPPORT, THEN ANOTHER, throwing himself up through the rafters. He pauses briefly on one of the beams, glaring back down at Isaiah.

As Jake-Wolf makes one more skyward leap with Laura pulled tight to his body:

ISAIAH

(a helpless cry)

Laura!

EXT. ON THE ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Jake-Wolf leaps out of the skylight with Laura in his arms. Then he takes off running for the edge of the roof.

Laura SCREAMS as she sees them going full bore to the ledge, about to plunge off the side of the building -

- but Jake-Wolf POWERFULLY LEAPS, and for a few seconds they are AIRBORNE, sailing through the night sky. Laura keeps screaming until...

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Jake-Wolf touches down with ease on a roof across the street from the Curwen building.

Laura only has a moment to catch her breath before Jake-Wolf is off again, bounding toward the edge of this building...

EXT. "E-Z SELF-STORAGE" - NIGHT

The purple light of dawn is starting to appear in the sky.

Jake-Wolf descends from a place high above, to land quietly on the pavement outside the storage facility. Without breaking stride, he leaps over the electric gate.

Laura, still slung over Jake-Wolf's shoulder, tries to get her bearings.

EXT. HOWLING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake-Wolf sets Laura down in front of the ruined door of the Howling Room.

Laura steps away from the beast. It looks for a moment like she's going to run. Jake-Wolf makes no move to stop her.

INT. HOWLING ROOM - SAME

Laura watches in silence as Jake-Wolf crawls into the cage. He lopes to the deepest part of the enclosure and curls up in the corner.

As Jake-Wolf's head comes to rest on his paws, he looks up through the bars at Laura and lets out a soft, sorrowful whine.

Then, he averts his face from her in shame.

Laura watches the beast for a long moment, listening to its breaths grow slower, deeper. She steps forward into the cage.

She sits with her back against the far wall, pulling her legs in close to keep warm, and silently watches the wolf from across the room.

As Laura watches, Jake-Wolf starts to change. He physically shrinks until all that's left is:

The naked, trembling form of JAKE.

Laura gets up, finds a furniture pad and drapes it over Jake's shivering body. He cringes involuntarily from the touch, then looks up at her... and meets her tender gaze.

LAURA
(quietly)
I love you.

JAKE
Don't. Please don't.

LAURA
And you love me.

Jake doesn't respond. He is deeply troubled.

LAURA (CONT'D)
You knew my father would kill you if he found out... what you are. But you came anyway. To save me.

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE
I haven't saved you. Not yet. Not till you promise to leave me... and never come near me again.

This hits Laura like a blow. She's struggling not to cry.

LAURA
See? Like I said, you love me.

Jake almost smiles.

JAKE
Then you'll go?

LAURA
Not a chance.

She kneels down beside him and touches his face... but he pushes her hand away.

JAKE
I'm an Alpha - if I so much as scratch a human, I Turn them too, alright?
(a BEAT)
Your brother... I made him what he is.
You understand that, don't you?

After a moment:

LAURA

No... No, it's like Michael said: It was my father who made him what he is.

Jake considers this... but doesn't respond.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Michael tracked you down to kill you, didn't he? So you defended yourself -

JAKE

Laura, come on - isn't it obvious you and I can't be together? How could you possibly trust me?!

Laura studies his distraught face.

LAURA

(quietly)

We'd have to take precautions -

JAKE

Oh Jesus, you sound like a public service announcement. What, use a condom? It's not that simple! I'm a freak of nature, Laura. I'm not a person, I'm a thing.

(cold and hard)

I want you to go now.

LAURA

I don't believe that.

JAKE

Then I'll make you believe!

In his anger, Jake's EYES TURN LUPINE-YELLOW, and his VOICE TURNS DEEP AND MENACING:

JAKE (CONT'D)

GET OUT!

Laura just stares at him, astonished and saddened.

JAKE (CONT'D)

GO ON! GET OUT!!!

LAURA

Jake, please... don't do this.

JAKE'S TEETH BECOME LONG AND SHARP, his eyes blaze with wolf-like ferocity - and he lifts his claw, ready to strike her.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(a tearful whisper)

Shame on you, Jake.

She turns and walks away.

As Jake listens to Laura's footsteps receding in the distance, he is overwhelmed with remorse: He wants with all his heart to go to her... but he forces himself to stay put.

INT. THE ABANDONED PRE-SCHOOL - NIGHT

Marie and Seymour are asleep in sleeping bags on the classroom floor.

Jake enters, roughly banging open the door, waking Marie and Seymour.

MARIE

Where the hell have you been?

SEYMOUR

Where's my truck, man?!

JAKE

The Hunters... the ones I thought I'd killed...

(agitated)

I didn't kill them. I Turned them.

SEYMOUR

Oh Dude... This sounds bad.

JAKE

It gets worse.

Marie sees the anguish in Jake's eyes.

MARIE

Seymour, I think it's time for some tea.

EXT. CANYON ABOVE LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

MICHAEL-WOLF, BRENT-WOLF, and VIN-WOLF stand in the canyon, HOWLING at the top of their lungs.

Vin-Wolf momentarily stops howling and looks irritably at Michael-Wolf, as if to say "I'm getting tired of this shit." But Michael-Wolf commandingly prods Vin-Wolf to keep up the howling...

...and Vin-Wolf grudgingly re-joins Michael-Wolf and Brent Wolf in HOWLING as loudly as possible...

INT. HALLWAY OF THE ABANDONED PRE-SCHOOL - NIGHT

Jake, extremely agitated, paces up and down the hallway like a caged animal.

Marie comes out of the classroom with a cup of PURPLE TEA.

MARIE

This'll calm you down.

JAKE
Who says I want to calm down?

Jake turns his back on the tea. After a moment:

MARIE
So, this girl of yours, this Laura - you didn't know her family were Hunters till tonight?

Jake hesitates... then:

JAKE
I knew. I didn't tell you, that's all.

MARIE
(dryly)
That's all.

JAKE
(hot, defensive)
I didn't think it mattered, okay? I didn't expect to ever see her again.

Marie weighs this explanation... and chooses not to argue.

MARIE
Full moon tomorrow night, Jake.

Jake looks at her a moment, wondering what her point is.

MARIE (CONT'D)
Your first one as a Conscious Werewolf.

JAKE
So what. You said none of us are in control when the moon's full.

MARIE
Right. But once you've been Conscious... it's even more painful when the moon makes you wild.

JAKE
(a bitter laugh)
Great. Got any other happy news?

Marie studies him sympathetically.

MARIE
Jake. You've been through a lot in a short time. I've tried not to overload -

JAKE
Shh! Do you hear that?

Marie just looks at him.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Far away. That howling? Can you hear it?

Marie nods reluctantly - not eager to admit that she hears it.

MARIE

I been hearing it for the last hour. But I'm surprised you can.

(concerned)

Your powers are developin' fast.

(NOTE: We DON'T hear the howling.)

JAKE

It's them. Michael and his guys.

Marie looks troubled.

JAKE (CONT'D)

If we follow the sound, we could -

MARIE

No. Don't think about them right now.

JAKE

Marie, I Turned these guys - I'm responsible! I gotta stop 'em -

MARIE

And you will, Jake. You will.

(quietly)

But not yet. You're not ready.

JAKE

Not ready? Tonight I took on three of 'em at once!

MARIE

Slow down, muchacho. You're not mentally ready. They've been Hunters, they know our weaknesses. They're baiting you -

JAKE

One of 'em came this close to raping and killing Laura tonight!

As Jake grows even more agitated, his EYES GLOW YELLOW, and his VOICE becomes UNNATURALLY DEEP AND GUTTERAL:

JAKE (CONT'D)

How long do I wait? How many victims do I let them take before you decide I'm "ready"?!

Now Jake is CHANGING RAPIDLY - he transforms into the massive JAKE-WOLF.

Towering over Marie, JAKE-WOLF GROWLS at her - challenging her to try and stop him. He's glorying in his own power. (It's obvious that even if Marie were to assume werewolf form, she'd be no match for Jake's physical prowess.)

MARIE

I can't stop you, Jake. But you're makin' a mistake.

Jake-Wolf impatiently PUSHES PAST MARIE, strides powerfully down the hallway, and shoves open the door to the outside...

EXT. CANYON ABOVE LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Michael-Wolf, Vin-Wolf, and Brent-Wolf are still HOWLING as loud as they can...

...and now they SEE what they've been waiting for: JAKE-WOLF racing up through the trees towards the sound of their howling.

Michael-Wolf, Vin-Wolf, and Brent-Wolf dash off into a narrow canyon road - still baiting Jake-Wolf with their HOWLING, taunting him to pursue them...

(Note: we see that Michael-Wolf and his two buddies have small SATCHELS strapped to their backs.)

SERIES OF SHOTS

of Jake-Wolf chasing the three howling Werewolves down canyon roads, LEAPING BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN TREE LIMBS AND ROOFTOPS. Michael-Wolf and his cronies are leading Jake down the canyon TOWARD THE LIGHTS OF THE CITY...

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

WE'RE MOVING TIGHT AND FAST OVER CITY ROOFTOPS, the kind of view you only get if you're in a low-flying helicopter... or if you're a werewolf.

Michael-Wolf and his two cronies DART AND FLY BETWEEN BUILDINGS, MAKING IMPOSSIBLE LEAPS, propelling themselves through the night sky at incredible speed... and they are FIERCELY PURSUED AT EVERY TWIST AND TURN BY TENACIOUS JAKE-WOLF as he closes the gap, getting closer and closer to them... until:

Michael-Wolf and his two buddies suddenly PLUMMET OUT OF SIGHT, DROPPING DOWN TO STREET-LEVEL.

Jake-Wolf, tirelessly in pursuit, also drops down to street level - and sees:

Michael and his buddies have changed back to HUMAN FORM. They are putting on HIP BLACK CLOTHING from the satchels they carried on their backs.

Dressed to go clubbing, Michael, Vin, and Brent now enter an underground, after-hours DANCE CLUB called "GREASE MONKEY".

Jake also CHANGES BACK TO HUMAN FORM - which, of course, leaves him BUTT-NAKED. But as he approaches the club, he sees that Michael and his buddies have left behind A SET OF CLOTHES for Jake to put on.

Jake hesitates apprehensively... but then begins putting on the clothes.

INT. "GREASE MONKEY" - NIGHT

This dance club is actually a large CONVERTED AUTOMOBILE SERVICE STATION. The Cocktail Waitresses wear sexy versions of auto mechanic outfits. Against one wall is a HUGE ANTIQUE NEON SIGN depicting the "Mobilgas Pegasus." In the middle of the room, a '58 BUICK is elevated on a MAINTENANCE LIFT, around which Hipsters dance on the oil-stained concrete floor.

Jake enters, and spots Michael, Brent, and Vin sitting at the bar. (An antique gas pump at the bar serves as a beer tap.) Michael, seeing Jake, smiles and raises a glass to him.

Jake, stone-faced, goes over to the bar.

MICHAEL

(to Jake; re: drinks)
What's your pleasure?

JAKE

I didn't come to socialize.

MICHAEL

Okay, that's cool. Why did you come?

JAKE

To tell you how it's gonna be.

Michael pats a bar stool (made from car tires), gesturing for Jake to have a seat. Jake sits down and looks Michael square in the eye.

JAKE (CONT'D)

If we fight again, I'm going to have to kill you. But you have another option.

MICHAEL

Hey hey hey - we've seen what you can do, brother. We're willing to reach an understanding, okay? You sure I can't offer you a drink -

JAKE

(low and hard)
Here's the deal. There's a group of us, a Pack, who believe we have a responsibility about how we use our power. It's all about personal discipline.

MICHAEL

I hear you, Jake. But these days I'm more into personal freedom. Self-expression.
(a BEAT)
Animal rights.

Jake stares at Michael.

JAKE

That's cute, Michael - but let's skip the bullshit. Each of us has a choice about who and what we are.

MICHAEL

A choice? Nah. Not about our true nature.
(leans closer to Jake)
See, a lion caged up in the zoo, that's a crime against nature. He should be running wild, free to hunt the weaker animals.

BRENT

(SINGING like Elton John)
"It's the Circle of Life..."

Vin laughs.

MICHAEL

Shut up, assholes.

Michael puts a friendly hand on Jake's arm...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You know what you need, Jake?

... and a CLOSE UP shows that Michael has SILVER NITRATE SHAVINGS UNDER HIS FINGERNAILS - which he now SCRATCHES INTO JAKE'S WRIST.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You need to let the Inner Wolf come out to play.

JAKE

(re: his scratched wrist)
Ow!

MICHAEL

Oh, sorry, I keep meaning to clip these nails.

Vin and Brent both smile in amusement.

JAKE

Let's cut to the chase, alright? Where does the killing stop? What about the people you love? You just gonna kill them along with all the other "weaker animals"?

MICHAEL
 I wouldn't dream of it.
 (a slight smile)
 And that's where you can help, Jake. Help
 my father see the error of his ways.

Jake stares at Michael, appalled by the realization:

JAKE
 You want me to Turn him.

MICHAEL
 All it would take is one little Alpha
 scratch.

JAKE
 You are out of your fuckin' mind if you
 think I would...
 (starting to feel woozy)
 I would never... I...

Jake's voice trails off. The Silver Nitrate is starting to go
 to his head: he's getting GLASSY-EYED.

BRENT
 Whoa, feeling a little top-heavy there,
 soldier?

JAKE
 My head... I... it's like I'm...

MICHAEL
 (gentle, reassuring)
 You'll be okay, Jake. Take some deep
 breaths, kick back, check out the scene.

Michael, Vin, and Brent start to head to the dance floor.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (over his shoulder to Jake)
 We'll talk when your head clears, okay?

JAKE
 Yeah... yeah, okay...

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM

A despondent Laura enters the warehouse, which is still a
 shambles. She sees Isaiah at the workbench, working with great
 intensity to repair the broken crossbow. Over in the arsenal,
 Oz is re-setting the blood-stained wolftrap.

LAURA
 (to Isaiah)
 Why are you doing that?

Isaiah looks up - and is flooded with relief to see her.

ISAIAH

Laura... Oh my darling girl...

He hurries over to her and fervently embraces her. But Laura just stands there, arms at her side, not returning his embrace.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

(suddenly stepping back from her)

Did he harm you?

(with difficulty:)

Did he... Laura, did he scratch you...

LAURA

(pointedly)

You mean did he Turn me. Isn't that what you're asking?

Isaiah swallows hard.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(coldly)

No, Dad. Your darling girl is safe.

(then, quietly)

He would never do anything to hurt me.

ISAIAH

You can't believe that!

LAURA

He saved my life.

ISAIAH

Laura, he's an abomination -

LAURA

(sharply)

Why did you tell me Michael was dead?

The question catches Isaiah off-guard. Oz, sensing an awkward moment, exits the workshop.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Answer me, Dad.

ISAIAH

I thought that would make it easier for you to -

LAURA

Yeah, great, thanks so much.

(acid)

And how did Mom really die?

Isaiah is momentarily tongue-tied. After a moment:

ISAIAH

Come with me.

He leads her into a small SAFE ROOM adjoining the workshop.

INT. SAFE ROOM - SAME

Isaiah and Laura enter. The safe room is a ten-by-ten cube with a cot, a modest supply of food, a toaster, bottled water, and paper goods.

ISAIAH

This is our safe room. There's a layer of Silver Nitrate inside the walls -

LAURA

Come on, Dad, what's the deal? Did she really die in a car crash, like you said?

Isaiah swallows hard. His eyes glisten. He touches her cheek.

ISAIAH

You remind me so much of her sometimes. Those eyes. That lop-sided little frown. I love you more than anything under God's heaven. You know that, don't you?

LAURA

Dad -

ISAIAH

I've got a war to fight, Laura. And I have to make sure you're safe until it's over.

Isaiah steps out of the safe room.

LAURA

What are you -

Isaiah SLAMS SHUT THE REINFORCED DOOR, with Laura still inside.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Hey!

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - OUTSIDE THE SAFE ROOM - SAME

Isaiah punches a security code into a wall panel, LOCKING the safe room. He hears Laura's FISTS POUNDING on the door from inside.

Isaiah notices that Oz has sheepishly re-entered the workshop.

ISAIAH

(to Oz; re: Laura)
For her own protection.

Oz nods uneasily.

INT. "GREASE MONKEY" - NIGHT

The music is thumping; under a frenzied STROBE LIGHT, Michael and Vin are out on the floor, dancing with babes.

At the bar, Jake - now very high on silver nitrate - is SKETCHING ON A COCKTAIL NAPKIN with stoned preoccupation.

Brent approaches from the dance floor and sits down beside Jake.

BRENT

Hey bro', whatcha drawing here?

Jake laughs in stoned embarrassment at his own napkin drawings: PARTS OF THE HUMAN ANATOMY - similar to the art in his apartment.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Hm. Just like the great still-life painters.

Jake looks at him quizzically.

BRENT (CONT'D)

They all painted food.

(smiles)

That's what you're doing. Whether you realize it or not.

Jake is stupefied by this insight.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Know what Cezanne did after he finished painting a bowl of big juicy apples?

(a wink)

He ate 'em.

Jake swallows hard; he starts to see where this is going.

BRENT (CONT'D)

(pointing to dance floor)

Check it out, my man.

Jake, very unsettled, looks over at the dance floor...

JAKE'S POV

shows us HOW THE STROBE-LIGHTED DANCERS LOOK TO JAKE IN HIS STONED CONDITION: They are UNNATURALLY PINK AND PLUMP-CHEEKED AND JUICY-LOOKING, GLISTENING LIKE ROASTING MEAT WITH WAVES OF HEAT VISIBLY RISING OFF THEIR FLESH.

JAKE

is caught off-guard by the alluring strangeness of his vision. Without even realizing it, he is SNIFFING THE AIR like an animal catching the scent of food... and he involuntarily LICKS HIS LIPS like a hungry dog.

Now a babe in a skimpy halter (DARCY) approaches Jake.

DARCY
Wanna dance?

Jake tries to re-compose himself... but he's dizzy and bleary-eyed, not quite coherent enough to speak.

DARCY (CONT'D)
(casually)
Are you wasted, or just shy?

JAKE
I... uh...

DARCY
Never mind. Either way works for me.

Darcy grabs Jake's hand and leads him to the dance floor. She begins sensuously swaying to the music. Jake, in spite of himself, starts dancing, feeling the beat... his eyes roaming hungrily over Darcy's body...

ANGLE - MICHAEL

is dancing with a girl on the other side of the room. Brent comes over to him and shouts over the music:

BRENT
Look at our boy over there.

Michael sees Jake dancing - and gazing hungrily at Darcy.

MICHAEL
I'm so proud of him I could cry.

INT. "GREASE MONKEY" - A STALL IN THE MEN'S ROOM - SAME

Vin and the babe he was dancing with (KIRSTEN) are crammed into the stall. Vin backs her up against the door, kissing her neck.

His kisses turn rougher, more urgent.

KIRSTEN
Easy, cowboy. No hickeys. I've got a shoot tomorrow.

Vin pays no attention, in fact seems to get even rougher.

KIRSTEN (CONT'D)
I said, take it easy!

Kirsten pushes him back into the door. That's when she sees his SICKLY YELLOW EYES for the first time. She opens her mouth to scream - but she's too terrified to make a sound.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - OUTSIDE THE STALL - SAME

The men's room door opens, and in comes a HIP EXECUTIVE. He heads for the urinals - but sees a RIVER OF BLOOD flowing out from one of the stalls.

HIP EXECUTIVE
(terrified)
Wha... ?

The stall door opens partway. A HAIRY CLAW RAPIDLY SHOOTS OUT, GRABS THE HIP EXECUTIVE, AND INSTANTANEOUSLY PULLS HIM INTO THE STALL.

The stall door snaps shut, and a GEYSER OF BLOOD spurts up out of the stall towards the ceiling.

INT. "GREASE MONKEY" - DANCE FLOOR

Jake, dancing with Darcy, is losing himself in the hunger of the moment: as he watches Darcy grind her hips to the music, Jake's EYES are taking on a wolf-ish YELLOW TINT.

MICHAEL,

dancing with a girl on the other side of the floor, leads the girl off the dance floor and escorts her to a small BACK ROOM.

BRENT

surreptitiously BOLTS SHUT THE FRONT DOOR OF THE CLUB.

JAKE

dances up next to Darcy from behind, puts his hands on her hips - and now dirty-dances with her, grinding his pelvis in rhythm with hers.

DARCY
(smiles)
Well, I guess we can rule out "just shy."

We see what Darcy doesn't: JAKE'S HANDS, as they grip Darcy's hips, are changing: his FINGERNAILS GROWING CLAW-LIKE.

Jake nuzzles her neck from behind, inhaling the scent of her flesh.

Mmmm...
DARCY (CONT'D)

JAKE'S TEETH are beginning to LENGTHEN with CANINE SHARPNESS...

JAKE
(his voice deepening)
Gonna eat you alive.

DARCY
Bon apetit, baby.
(breathless with arousal)
Let's go somewhere.

She turns and takes his hand to lead him off the dance floor - and that's when she NOTICES HIS YELLOW-TINTED EYES and SHARP TEETH.

Darcy's eyes widen with shock and confusion -

- and when Jake sees Darcy's eyes filled with horror, he suddenly experiences:

A QUICK FLASHBACK:

Jake's memory of Laura, her eyes filled with horror, when Vin-Wolf attacked her (in the Curwen Warehouse)...

BACK TO SCENE

Jake reels with conflicting emotions: his wolf-ish hunger versus his sudden shame and self-disgust.

ANOTHER QUICK FLASHBACK:

Jake's memory of his VETERINARY-CLINIC NIGHTMARE - in which horrified Laura is trying to push him off of her...

BACK TO SCENE

Darcy backs away from Jake in terror... and Jake stumbles towards her - trying in vain to reassure her:

JAKE
No... wait...

Darcy SCREAMS (but her scream is mostly drowned out by the loud music) - she is looking at something across the room. Jake turns and SEES:

VIN-WOLF emerging from the rest room, his FACE AND ARMS DRENCHED WITH BLOOD.

Jake, overcome with revulsion, stumbles away from the dance floor and falls to his knees. The YELLOW TINT LEAVES HIS EYES, and he appears nauseated.

Brent now CHANGES INTO A WEREWOLF...

...and in the STROBE LIGHT, Jake gets INTERMITTENT PARTIAL GLIMPSES of VIN-WOLF AND BRENT-WOLF ATTACKING THE DANCERS.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

In the surreal glimpses provided by the strobe lights, we see a few Dancers already injured and bleeding, others panicked and fleeing, while some people in the crowd are unaware of the mayhem and continue dancing to the deafening music with sensual abandon.

JAKE,

appalled by what he sees, tries to pull himself together... And then, summoning his resolve, he INTENTIONALLY TRANSFORMS HIMSELF INTO A WEREWOLF -

- and he goes to the locked door and powerfully SMASHES IT OPEN, creating an escape route for the Dancers.

Through the blinding strobe lights, Jake-Wolf catches a glimpse of Brent-Wolf attacking a screaming Dancer -

- and Jake-Wolf, still stoned and disoriented, stumbles awkwardly to Brent-Wolf and fiercely pulls him away from the terrified Dancer.

Brent-Wolf, shocked by this intrusion, growls fiercely and ATTACKS JAKE-WOLF.

Vin-Wolf sees what's happening - and LEAPS ONTO JAKE-WOLF'S BACK, totally blind-siding him. Vin-Wolf ferociously strangles Jake-Wolf from behind while Brent-Wolf continues attacking Jake-Wolf head-on.

Jake-Wolf, caught by surprise, loses his balance and falls to the floor. Jake-Wolf flails helplessly, unable to loosen Vin-Wolf's death grip on his neck.

A terrified COCKTAIL WAITRESS, seeing the fighting Werewolves, PULLS A SWITCH - causing the MAINTENANCE LIFT (which holds the '58 Buick) to slowly DESCEND TOWARDS THE FLOOR where Jake-Wolf and the other two werewolves are fighting -

- and Jake-Wolf - his breathing cut off by Vin-Wolf's stranglehold - is on the verge of losing consciousness -

- and as the Maintenance Lift keeps coming down, Vin-Wolf twists around so that JAKE'S LEGS ARE IN THE PATH OF THE DESCENDING LIFT - so that Jake's legs are about to be trapped and crushed -

- but at the last instant, Jake-Wolf summons a burst of strength to FLIP VIN-WOLF AROUND, so that VIN-WOLF IS NOW UNDER THE LIFT -

- and as the LIFT REACHES THE FLOOR, VIN-WOLF'S HEAD IS TRAPPED BENEATH IT - and we hear the sickening sound of VIN-WOLF'S HEAD CRACKING LIKE A WALNUT under the massive weight of the descending Buick.

Brent-Wolf, growling in anger, viciously pummels and slashes at Jake-Wolf with his claws - but Jake-Wolf, now getting a second wind, grabs Brent-Wolf, powerfully lifts him up above his head - and with astonishing strength THROWS BRENT-WOLF ACROSS THE ROOM -

- and BRENT-WOLF SMASHES INTO THE "MOBILGAS PEGASUS" NEON SIGN - and the HUGE NEON SIGN EXPLODES - and Brent-Wolf, impaled on the sign's electrical wiring, is ELECTROCUTED in a spectacular SHOWER OF ELECTRICAL SPARKS.

Now MICHAEL-WOLF comes out of the Back Room - his face and arms covered with fresh blood - and he's shocked to see that Jake-Wolf has killed the other two Wolves.

Jake-Wolf, standing his ground, ROARS A CHALLENGE at Michael-Wolf.

Michael-Wolf almost smiles, relishing this showdown.

Jake-Wolf powerfully LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR at Michael-Wolf -

- and Michael-Wolf suddenly reaches into his boot and pulls out the SAWED-OFF FRONT END OF A SILVER BOLT, the size of a dagger -

- and when Jake-Wolf lands on Michael-Wolf, Jake-Wolf's eyes go wide with shock as MICHAEL-WOLF FIERCELY STABS JAKE-WOLF (RIGHT BELOW THE COLLARBONE) WITH THE SILVER BLADE.

Jake-Wolf falls to the floor, blood oozing from his wound. He howls in agony, struggling in vain to pull the lethal silver from his flesh.

Michael-Wolf hurls himself down at weakened Jake-Wolf and begins beating the shit out of him.

Jake-Wolf, weakened by his wound, involuntarily CHANGES BACK INTO HUMAN FORM.

In his human state, Jake is no match for fierce, powerful Michael-Wolf - who is toying with Jake now, slowly twisting the silver bolt in Jake's flesh while using his other claw to repeatedly strike and gash Jake's face.

Jake is helpless, the color slowly draining out of his face -

Michael-Wolf, sensing victory, downshifts into a SEMI-WEREWOLF state - enough for Jake to be able to see Michael's victorious smile.

MICHAEL

(a low animal growl)

After I tear your heart out, I'll be sure to give it to Laura.

The word "Laura" triggers some deep reserve of determination within Jake -

- and with a final burst of resolve he PULLS THE SILVER BOLT OUT OF HIS OWN FLESH AND FURIOUSLY PLUNGES IT INTO MICHAEL'S HEART.

Michael, caught utterly by surprise, falls backward to the floor. Mortally wounded, Michael reverts COMPLETELY BACK TO HUMAN FORM, just like Jake.

In his last breaths before dying, Michael tries to say something to Jake:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

My father...

Michael is weakening. Jake leans down to hear what Michael is trying to say.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If you see him, tell him...

Michael's eyes fill with tears of sadness and regret. Jake gently cradles Michael's head and leans down very close.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Tell him to go fuck himself.

Michael DIES.

Jake struggles to his feet, clutching at his own wound. He's very weak - he can barely stand.

Struggling not to pass out from the pain, Jake staggers toward the door and EXITS the club.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. "E-Z SELF-STORAGE" - DAWN

Jake, clutching his wound, weakly staggers to the building that holds his howling room. On the horizon behind him, the SUN IS RISING.

INT. THE HOWLING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

With his last ounce of strength, Jake stumbles into the cage and collapses on the floor, unconscious.

INT. CITY MORGUE - DAY

An ASSISTANT CORONER uncovers a corpse: Michael's body (in human form).

ANGLE TO REVEAL ISAIAH standing on the other side of the body, looking down with stone-cold eyes at his dead son.

Isaiah nods his head: yes, that's him.

ASSISTANT CORONER
 We'll need to know what your plans are.
 As far as how the remains are to be -

ISAIAH
 Burn it.

The Assistant Coroner is taken aback by the chill in Isaiah's tone.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - IN THE SAFE ROOM - DAY

Laura has used a butter knife to CUT THE ELECTRICAL CORD of the toaster - and has scraped off enough of the rubberized insulation to expose the two lines of copper wire.

With the cord plugged into the wall, she now creates SPARKS by letting the two lines of copper wire contact each other. She is holding the sparking wires directly over a bunch of CRUMPLED PAPER TOWELS. The sparks cause the paper towels to SMOLDER and then CATCH FIRE.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - SAME

Oz is hard at work at the computer, deciphering the rest of the Glyphs from Daughtry's briefcase.

Suddenly, an ALARM SOUNDS. Oz looks up at the Safe Room Control Panel - which flashes a warning: "SMOKE DETECTION ALARM." Oz approaches the door of the Safe Room.

OZ
 Laura?

Oz hears LOUD COUGHING from inside the Safe Room.

Oz hesitates, then uneasily punches in the security code and yanks open the Safe Room door -

- and Laura immediately WHACKS HIM ON THE HEAD WITH THE TOASTER. Oz falls, and we:

FADE TO BLACK.

We're in total darkness. Then we begin to hear SOUNDS: scissors cutting, fabric tearing, etc.

FADE IN TO JAKE'S POV:

Laura is kneeling over him, her face focused with concern as she ministers to his wound.

We are in:

INT. THE HOWLING ROOM - EVENING

Laura is using sterile scissors, cutting a swath of gauze to bandage Jake's wound.

JAKE
(weak; surprised)
Laura...

LAURA
You're lucky I carry a first-aid kit in my car. I scraped out all the debris -

JAKE
You shouldn't have come...

LAURA
I put a topical antibiotic on there, but with a laceration this deep, you're gonna need -

JAKE
I told you to stay away.

LAURA
(rolls her eyes)
What're you gonna do, bite me? You wouldn't be the first guy who tried.

JAKE
Laura -

Laura shuts him up by MOCK-GROWLING at him and swiping the air with her hand as if it were a claw.

Jake is caught off-guard by Laura's nervy playfulness.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Laura.
(a BEAT)
Your brother...

Laura's smile fades as she steels herself for bad news.

JAKE (CONT'D)
He died quickly. Not much pain.

Laura absorbs this.

JAKE (CONT'D)
He didn't give me any choice.

After a moment, she continues dressing Jake's wound.

LAURA
(quietly)
I believe you.

When she finishes bandaging him, Jake sits up - but he's quite unsteady.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Easy now, you've had quite a trauma.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP: Suddenly, Jake's PUPILS RAPIDLY CONSTRICT - just as we've seen at other times when the full moon is on the rise.

JAKE

Oh God...

LAURA

You should lie down -

JAKE

No no - it's not that. The moon - oh, shit - what time is it?

LAURA

I don't know. It's after seven -

JAKE

Oh God - the moon -

He looks up at the CAGE DOOR, which is still OFF ITS HINGES from the time when Jake-Wolf attacked it. Panicked, Jake looks over at his MANACLES and sees that they are still anchored in the concrete wall.

JAKE (CONT'D)

My manacles - quick - help me get them on before I Change!

LAURA

(confused)

I thought you can control -

JAKE

Not now - not when the full moon -

Jake hurriedly drags himself over to the manacles and quickly fumbles to put them around his ankles. Laura helps him SNAP THE MANACLES SHUT.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Okay - okay - now go!

LAURA

I don't want to.

JAKE

Laura - please -

But suddenly, Jake is CONVULSED with pain - the MOST HORRIFIC, GUT-WRENCHING PAIN HE HAS EVER FELT IN HIS LIFE. He begins SHRIEKING IN TOTAL AGONY.

Laura watches as Jake's body begins to CONTORT AND CHANGE, and FUR BEGINS TO GROW on his neck and arms.

Laura backs out of the room and stands there, her gaze still riveted on Jake as his TEETH grow long and sharp...

He becomes the Jake-Wolf - and because it's the full moon, he's TOTALLY OUT OF CONTROL. He strains against the manacles - but he can't pull them out of the wall, especially in his weakened condition.

Laura watches with a mixture of horror and fascination as the out-of-control Jake-Wolf roars and LASHES OUT TOWARDS HER WITH HIS RAZOR-SHARP CLAWS. Laura is JUST OUT OF HIS REACH - and this only fuels Jake-Wolf's ferocious attempts to gash her with his claws.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES:

As the HOURS PASS, the raging, frustrated Jake-Wolf tries again and again to break free of his manacles and attack Laura... but she stays safely just out of his reach, watching him, never looking away, her gaze steady and grave...

EXT. "E-Z SELF-STORAGE" - DAWN

The MOON sinks below the horizon... and is GONE.

INT. THE HOWLING ROOM - SAME

As Laura continues to watch, the Jake-Wolf BEGINS SLOWLY CHANGING back to human form. He lies on the floor - exhausted, panting, drooling - his fury spent. In SEMI-WEREWOLF form now, he is powerless... and he looks over at her with forlorn eyes...

...and Laura very slowly walks towards him. Jake, STILL IN SEMI-WEREWOLF FORM, weakly holds up his hand to stop her.

JAKE

(his voice low and lupine)
Don't touch me. Not yet.

But Laura, defying his command, kneels beside him... and takes his hand, which is still PARTIALLY FURRY AND SHARP-NAILED...

LAURA

Your beautiful hand.

...and she forces his hand, with its sharp fingernails, to slowly RAKE ACROSS THE SKIN OF HER NECK, raising tracks of blood on her soft flesh (*just as we saw earlier in Jake's nightmare*).

Jake stares at her in stunned disbelief.

JAKE

Why...?

LAURA
To be with you. Always.

Jake's eyes glisten. He is speechless.

Jake completes the change back to HUMAN FORM. He is moved beyond words by the depth of Laura's sacrifice... and he realizes there's no longer any reason to resist his feelings for her...

JAKE
You were right. I do love you.

LAURA
Yeah? So show me.

Laura's lips slowly move toward his... He returns her kiss deeply, fully.

As he leans into her, his ankles (which, in their human form, are too small for the manacles) easily slip free of the manacles which had restrained them.

And as Jake and Laura's kiss grows deeper and more passionate, he slowly begins to undress her... Their lovemaking is tender and unhurried...

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - DAY

Isaiah looking weary and forlorn, enters the lab. Isaiah tiredly plops down in a chair at the work table. He hears POUNDING from inside the Safe Room.

ISAIAH
(murmurs under his breath)
Sorry, honeybunch. Not yet.

INT. THE SAFE ROOM - SAME

Of course it's not Laura who's pounding on the door. It's Oz - bound and gagged in a chair - just barely managing to pound on the door with his partially-free foot.

INT. CURWEN WAREHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - SAME

Isaiah, glancing at the pages from Daughtry's briefcase, considers once again the ENTRY CIRCLED IN RED with the translation written next to it Oz's handwritten scrawl: "1231 SOUTH LA CIENEGA, APARTMENT 11."

Isaiah puts it aside... but then pauses, scratching his chin thoughtfully...

INT. THE HOWLING CAGE - DAY

Laura and Jake, their passion spent, lie in each other's arms on the furniture pad. They speak quietly:

JAKE
Will you come with me?

LAURA
(nods)
I'm glad you asked.
(wry)
I mean if this turned out to be a one-
night stand, I'd feel really dumb.

Jake smiles.

JAKE
Marie will take us to the Pack.
(a BEAT)
You'll have to learn how to do the Change.

LAURA
(a shrug)
Teach me.

JAKE
Well... I'm afraid it's very hard to
learn. It's all about tapping into
hunger. Desire.

Laura considers this. She closes her eyes, concentrates very
hard, takes a deep breath...

JAKE (CONT'D)
It takes a huge amount of effort and a
really long...

When Laura OPENS HER EYES, they are LUPINE YELLOW.

JAKE (CONT'D)
...time to...

Jake's voice trails off in astonishment.

LAURA
(voice low and lupine)
How'm I doin'?

Laura lets out a RESOUNDING HOWL.

JAKE
(flabbergasted)
That's... good. How did you...

LAURA
Easy. "Desire."
(a BEAT)
Just thinking about you.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - LATE AFTERNOON

The DOOR IS FORCED OPEN from the outside - and Isaiah enters. He somberly takes in the sight of Jake's paintings of human body parts.

Isaiah begins snooping around, going through drawers, etc. When he comes to the closet, Isaiah is intrigued to see: JAKE'S SECURITY GUARD UNIFORM with the "E-Z SELF-STORAGE" LOGO...

EXT. "E-Z SELF-STORAGE" - NIGHT

We are outside the storage unit where the Howling Room is located. The door opens, and out comes Jake-Wolf, followed by a Female Werewolf: it's Laura, of course - she has mastered the complete transformation into werewolf form, in record time!

Jake-Wolf LEAPS up onto the storage unit's rooftop. Laura-Wolf LEAPS up, too -

- and then Laura-Wolf joyfully LEAPS THROUGH THE AIR to the rooftop of a neighboring storage building - as if to say "anything you can do, I can do better."

A SERIES OF SHOTS

shows us something we've never seen before: Werewolves scampering and playing like young lovers, delighting in their own amazing speed and athleticism. As they gambol across the rooftops with acrobatic delight, Jake-Wolf and Laura-Wolf's frolic is turning into an impromptu game of HIDE-AND-SEEK: now they're taking turns hiding behind buildings, in trees, behind air-conditioning units, etc.

P.O.V.: THROUGH THE LASER-SITE OF A CROSSBOW

A laser-site follows the Male and Female Werewolf, trying to line up a clear shot at one or the other - but they are both scampering too quickly for the laser-site to draw a bead...

REVEAL: ISAIAH CROUCHING BEHIND A ROW OF HEDGES

With his laser-sited crossbow Isaiah is intensely trying to line up a shot at either of the Werewolves.

Now, in the Werewolves' game of hide-and-seeK, it's the Male Werewolf's turn to hide. The Female Werewolf scampers quickly from rooftop to rooftop, searching for her hiding lover.

ISAIAH

(whispers to himself:)

This way, Marie... Come on...

As the Female Wolf rapidly scampers towards the row of hedges where Isaiah crouches in silence, Isaiah is working hard to keep his laser-site trained on her heart...

...and as she leaps directly over the row of hedges, right over Isaiah's head, Isaiah FIRES THE CROSSBOW...

...and the SILVER BOLT STRIKES HER HEART...

...and she FALLS TO EARTH, flailing and helpless...

...and now she lies WRITHING ON THE GROUND ONLY A FEW FEET AWAY FROM ISAIAH - who steps towards his fallen prey, his eyes gleaming with triumph.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
(quiet, cold)
One down.

His eyes scan the distance, looking for some sign of his remaining quarry.

But now the Female Werewolf, in her helpless agony, is SLOWLY CHANGING BACK TO HUMAN FORM...

...and Isaiah sees HER HUMAN FEATURES START TO TAKE SHAPE...

...and WITH SUDDEN HORROR, ISAIAH RECOGNIZES THE FACE OF THE WOMAN WHO LIES THERE HELPLESS AND DYING: HIS BELOVED DAUGHTER.

Isaiah lets out a SHOCKED WAIL OF GRIEF.

ANGLE - BEHIND A DUMPSTER - JAKE-WOLF

Still hiding from Laura (in the hide-and-seek game), Jake-Wolf hears Isaiah's awful wail.

ANGLE - WITH ISAIAH AND FALLEN LAURA

Isaiah desperately cradles his dying daughter in his arms, her blood staining his trembling hands.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
(horrified)
Lord... Oh Lord...

Jake-Wolf approaches - and is stunned to see Laura dying in Isaiah's arms.

LAURA
(weakly)
Jake...

With what little strength she has, Laura pushes Isaiah away from her and crawls toward Jake.

ISAIAH
(wailing, inconsolable)
Oh my darling girl...

Jake-Wolf bends down and gathers up Laura in his arms. He dashes away and LEAPS ONTO A NEARBY ROOFTOP.

EXT. ON THE ROOFTOP - SAME

Jake-Wolf gently sets dying Laura down on the roof... and he changes back into HUMAN FORM as he gazes down at her with ineffable love and sorrow.

JAKE

I'm sorry. So sorry we ever...

Laura, pale and weak, looks up and meets Jake's gaze.

LAURA

I'm not.

He nods. Touches her cheek. She weakly puts her hand on his.

LAURA (CONT'D)

This hand. I drew a pretty decent picture of it, huh?

Jake tries to smile... but his sadness is too great.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(barely audible)

Do you love me?

JAKE

With all my heart.

LAURA

Yeah? So show me.

Jake slowly leans down, gives her a last tender kiss...

...and when the kiss ends, Jake sees that LAURA'S EYES ARE DRAINED OF LIFE.

Jake lays his head down on her lifeless body...

...and he silently weeps.

Then, from the street below, Isaiah cries out to Jake:

ISAIAH (O.S.)

Kill me!

Jake slowly stands up and walks to the edge of the building. He looks down to the street, where Isaiah is holding up his arms in a gesture of supplication.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)

Kill me! Please.

Jake silently considers Isaiah's plea.

ISAIAH (CONT'D)
I'm begging you!

Jake's eyes go cold and hard with resolve... and now he changes back to WEREWOLF FORM.

Isaiah nods with somber gratitude...

... but Jake-Wolf doesn't attack him. Instead, he gently picks up Laura's body and LEAPS AWAY into the night sky, leaving Isaiah behind.

Down in the street, Isaiah WAILS. He is ALONE... a crumpled desolate man, consumed with self-loathing...

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. THE ABANDONED PRE-SCHOOL - DAY

It's a WINDY DAY. LITTER is BLOWING across the parched schoolyard: a fast-food wrapper here, a newspaper page there.

Jake, squinting against the wind, grimly approaches the abandoned building. Pauses a moment. Then enters.

INT. ABANDONED PRE-SCHOOL - SAME

Marie and Seymour are packing up supplies, getting ready to leave this place.

Jake walks in. Seymour and Marie look up.

MARIE
Well well. Look who's here. Did you learn anything, muchacho?

Jake says nothing.

Now Seymour and Marie see the dead-somber look in Jake's eyes...

...and they get the message that's he's been to hell and back.

MARIE (CONT'D)
(quietly)
You with us?

Jake nods.

MARIE (CONT'D)
The Pack'll be glad to know that.

Jake grimly begins helping her pack up supplies.

EXT. ABANDONED PRE-SCHOOL - SAME

JAKE (V.O.)
We leaving now?

MARIE (V.O.)
No, Jake. Not in daylight.

CAMERA SLOWLY PULLS AWAY from the abandoned, boarded-up building. Trees shudder in the GUSTING WIND.

MARIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We travel by night.

FADE OUT.