



BLOODLIST 2009



BLOODLIST 2010



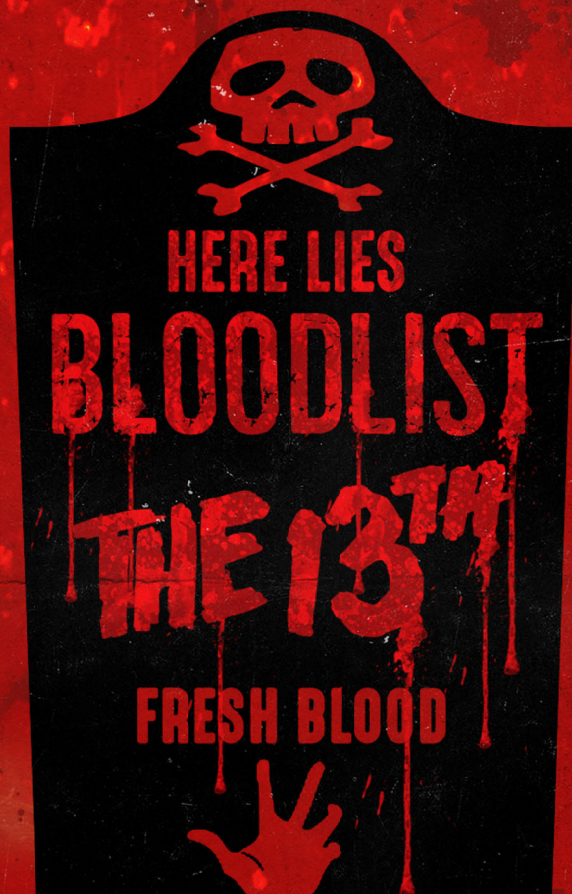
BLOODLIST 2011



BLOODLIST 2012



BLOODLIST 2013



BLOODLIST 2014



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BLOODLIST 2020

ZERO FEET AWAY

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FADE IN:

INT. 'L' TRAIN CAR (CHICAGO) - DAY - TRAVELING

Bright sunlight filters through the windows of a speeding train car. Sitting entirely alone on the otherwise empty train is OSCAR - 25, Latino.

He looks up from the book he's reading, "Moving On: Getting Past Your Heartbreak," and notices he's alone.

Suddenly, the train SCREECHES to a halt.

Oscar stands, concerned. Behind him is a FIGURE, one that wasn't there before. Just as Oscar turns, the Figure vanishes.

Ill-at-ease, Oscar makes his way back to his seat and as he sits, the Figure is sitting in the previously empty seat, right next to him.

The Figure is revealed to be Oscar's ex-boyfriend, JASON - 25, white - however, it is a nightmare version of Jason. He has a hideous grin and crazy eyes.

With a ROAR, Jason thrusts his hand into Oscar's chest and rips out his still beating HEART.

DR. LAWSON (V.O.)

Can I stop you for just a second?

INT. DR. LAWSON'S OFFICE - DAY

The dream sequence ends. Oscar is sitting in a cushy lounge chair.

Opposite is DR. LAWSON - 40's, a stylish Asian-American woman. She is Oscar's psychiatrist.

OSCAR

Huh?

DR. LAWSON

What exactly is...

(reading from her notepad)

"Walshing?"

OSCAR  
Walshing.

DR. LAWSON  
(reading a quotation)  
"So, in my nightmare, I was Walshing  
on the red-line, when my ex, Jason  
pops up like a demonic Jack-in-the-  
box..."

OSCAR  
- Oh, yeah. Walshing. It's uh, when  
you're on the 'L' and you have the  
whole train car completely to  
yourself.

DR. LAWSON  
I see.

OSCAR  
Haven't you ever-

DR. LAWSON  
-Sure! I've just never heard that term  
before.

OSCAR  
Oh, sorry, I thought everyone calls it  
that.

DR. LAWSON  
No. Oscar, we've gotten a bit off  
topic-

OSCAR  
-So what do you call it?

DR. LAWSON  
...Having a train car to yourself.

OSCAR  
Right.

DR. LAWSON  
Back to your dream-

OSCAR  
-Nightmare-

DR. LAWSON  
-Nightmare. What do you think it  
(MORE)

DR. LAWSON (CONT'D)

means?

Silence.

OSCAR

(earnestly)

That... uh... that Jason broke my heart.

DR. LAWSON

And how does that make you feel?

Oscar looks at Dr. Lawson like she's nuts.

OSCAR

Sad.

DR. LAWSON

...And?

OSCAR

(frustrated)

I don't know, angry? Devastated.  
Scared that I'm going to end up alone.  
That the one man I ever loved, that I  
ever trusted, that I ever opened  
myself up to, had no secrets from...  
that if he decided that I wasn't worth  
loving, then maybe I'm really not. Is  
that what you want to hear?!

Dr. Lawson's watch BEEPS loudly, indicating an end to their session.

DR. LAWSON

Well, it looks like that's our time  
for today.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Oscar leaves his therapist's office. He takes a step or two then stops, small in front the massive brick building of Dr. Lawson's office.

He sighs heavily.

SUPERIMPOSE: "ZERO FEET AWAY"

It's a beautiful Fall day. The leaves are starting to turn orange, but the sun is in the sky.

Oscar kicks at some leaves on the ground.

OSCAR  
 (mimicking Dr. Lawson)  
 And how does that make you feel?  
 (beat)  
 What a stupid fucking question.

From within his pocket, his CELLPHONE starts to vibrate. As he pulls it from his pocket, his ringtone, Shakira's "She Wolf," BLARES before getting cut off as he answers.

OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 Duuude, where are you?

INT. "NEW WAVE" COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sitting at a café table is BEN - 24, Black, Oscar's former roommate and bestfriend. He sips from a massive Pumpkin Spice Latte.

BEN  
 (into phone)  
 At New Wave, are you on your way?

INTERCUT WITH OSCAR ON THE STREET.

OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah, sorry. I just got out of my session with Dr. Lawson.

BEN  
 (into phone)  
 How'd it go?

OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 Oh you know, the usual.

BEN  
 (into phone)  
 That bad?

OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 I'm gonna die alone.

BEN  
(into phone)  
No you're not... probably.

Ben's phone BEEPS.

BEN (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hold on, Mandy's on the other line.

OSCAR  
(into phone, whiny)  
Fiiine.

Ben presses a button on his phone.

BEN  
(into phone)  
Hey girl.

INT. OFFICE AT MANDY'S LAW FIRM - DAY

Sitting at her desk is MANDY - 25, white, conventionally beautiful, Oscar and Ben's other best friend.

MANDY  
(into phone)  
Heeeeey, what's up?

INTERCUT WITH NEW WAVE COFFEE/THE STREET/MANDY'S OFFICE.

BEN  
(into phone)  
I've got Oscar on the other line. I'm gonna merge calls.

MANDY  
(into phone)  
Okay.

BEN  
(into phone)  
Oscar?

OSCAR  
(into phone, morosely)  
Yeah?

MANDY  
(into phone)  
Why do you sound so sad?

BEN  
 (into phone)  
 He just got out of his therapist's.

OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 I don't sound sad.

BEN  
 (into phone)  
 Eh, kinda.

MANDY  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah, you do.

OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 Whatever.

MANDY  
 (into phone)  
 You know what'll cheer you up?

OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 A lobotomy?

BEN  
 (into phone)  
 Stop that.

MANDY  
 (into phone)  
 Half price margarita's at Cesar's!

BEN  
 (into phone)  
 Yes! Count me in.

OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 I can't.

MANDY  
 (into phone)  
 Boo. Don't be a lame-ass.

BEN  
 (into phone)  
 Why not? Come on, please!

OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 I got that, you know...

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
 (whisper)  
 ...that thing. Tonight.

BEN  
 (into phone)  
 That's right.

MANDY  
 (into phone)  
 Oh yeah, the thing.

Beat.

BEN  
 (into phone)  
 Can we come?

MANDY  
 (into phone)  
 I'll bring the wine!

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - NIGHT

A full moon rises in the night sky behind the Sears Tower.

INT. OSCAR'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ben and Mandy sit on a futon that's set up as a couch while Oscar digs around in a closet.

Ben uncorks a bottle of wine and pours himself and Mandy a glass.

MANDY  
 You're not gonna die alone.

OSCAR  
 Says you.

BEN  
 And me.

MANDY  
 Seriously. It's one breakup. One.

BEN  
 And only your first!

OSCAR  
 I don't see what that has to do with anything.

MANDY  
 You know what they say...

BEN  
Never get involved in a land war in  
Asia?

MANDY  
No—

OSCAR  
—Never go in against a Sicilian when  
death is on the line?

MANDY  
No! You idiots! And enough with The  
Princess Bride.  
(beat)  
They say, there are plenty of fish in  
the sea.

Oscar stands holding a set of heavy CHAINS.

OSCAR  
Well, not many fish can deal with my..  
(beat)  
...particularities.

Oscar takes the chains over to the large RADIATOR that's  
fastened to the wall.

BEN  
I don't think it's that big of a deal.

Oscar pauses from slipping the chains around the radiator and  
gives Ben an incredulous look.

BEN (CONT'D)  
I don't!

MANDY  
(dubious, shrugging)  
Welll...

OSCAR  
(clasping the chains to his wrists)  
Time?

BEN  
T-minus ten, nine, eight...

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The moon has reached it's apex, it's bright, full and ominous as it hangs in the sky, a perfect circle of light.

OSCAR (O.S.)  
Aaarrrggghhh!

Oscar's screams echoes up to the night sky.

INT. OSCAR'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Oscar is doubled over in pain in the center of his apartment. Moonbeams stream in through the DREAMCATCHER that hangs in his window.

Mandy and Ben watch, engrossed as Oscar begins to transform.

Pointing a REMOTE, Ben clicks on the STEREO in the corner and System of a Down's "Chop Suey" starts to BLAST from it's throbbing speakers drowning out Oscar's continued SCREAMS.

All around the studio apartment heavy thick Mexican tapestries, rugs, and more contemporary attempts at D.I.Y. soundproofing are fixed to the walls.

As Mandy and Ben look on, Oscar's bones SNAP and reconfigure.

His fingers stretch and stretch, his fingertips tear as razor sharp claws burst forth from the end of each digit.

Stretching his mouth open, impossibly wide as he SCREAMS, Oscar's teeth sharpen, lengthening into fangs.

His skin stretches and RIPS along with his clothes as Oscar's body reorganizes itself into the form of an over sized, humanoid wolf.

WOLF OSCAR lets out a long HOWL.

The newly transfigured werewolf struggles against the chains.

The radiator RATTLES against their bracing, but the chains hold.

From the floor below, the sounds of BANGING erupt from the floor as Oscar's downstairs NEIGHBOR thrusts a broom against their ceiling O.S.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)  
(muffled)  
Keep it down, up there!

Wolf Oscar, tired, stretches his maw, walks in a circle, then curls up on the floor.

Ben stretches out the remote and with a click, silences the stereo.

Ben and Mandy take a long sip of their wine.

They look at Wolf Oscar. Then they look at each other.

MANDY  
I'm never gonna get tired of that.

BEN  
Nope.

MANDY  
So cool.

BEN  
Yup.

MANDY  
Gross as fuck.

BEN  
Yup.

MANDY  
But cool.

They each take a swig of their wine.

Wolf Oscar snoozes there on the floor.

EXT. OSCAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Oscar's dreamcatcher hangs in his window as the lights glow from within the apartment, illuminating the courtyard below. His window is one of many rectangles of light.

Three wings of the large building complex frame a huge, open ended square of courtyard that's closed off with a wrought iron gate.

The building is comprised of hundreds of apartments and it's entirety of it is surrounded by a high wrought iron fence.

## THE KILLER'S P.O.V. - OSCAR'S WINDOW

The dreamcatcher hangs there, beyond the bars of the wrought iron fence. Unreachable.

Among all the other rectangles of light--that are the windows of the other apartment units in the large building--Oscar's window is indistinguishable.

## BACK TO SCENE

Beyond the wrought iron fence of the courtyard the shadowy silhouette of THE KILLER lurks, a hardly discernible figure lurking in the gloom.

## INT. OSCAR'S APARTMENT - DAY

It's the next morning. Oscar lies naked on the floor, still chained to the radiator.

The sun pours in through the window.

MANDY (O.S.)

Hey! Wake up!

Oscar snaps awake.

OSCAR

Huh.

On the other side of Oscar's apartment, Mandy and Ben lean against the counter eating peanut-buttered toast and sipping coffee.

They are already dressed in their business-casual, office attire.

OSCAR

Keys?

Ben tosses Oscar a small ring of keys as he starts to get up. Oscar catches the keys as he stands.

BEN

Woah there friendo, naked!

Mandy tosses Oscar his robe.

Clumsily, he catches it and covers himself as he unlocks his wrists from the manacles.

OSCAR  
Thanks. What time is it?

MANDY  
(with a mouth full of toast)  
Seven thirty.

OSCAR  
Fuck.

He stumbles towards the bathroom.

BEN  
What time do you have to be at work?

From the bathroom, the sound of the SHOWER turning on, as Oscar rushes to bathe O.S.

OSCAR (O.S.)  
Eight.

MANDY  
Well if you hurry, we'll Uber together.

The sound of the shower STOPS. Oscar pops his head out from the bathroom with a TOOTHBRUSH in his mouth.

OSCAR  
(through a mouthful of toothpaste)  
Yeah?

MANDY  
If you hurry!

Oscar rushes back into the bathroom.

Mandy and Ben finish their toast.

INT. UBER CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Ben and Mandy sit on either side of Oscar, all crammed in the backseat of their Uber.

MANDY  
I'm just saying, you need to get back out there.

OSCAR  
Come on! Ben, help me out.

BEN  
I agree with her.

Behind the driver's wheel their UBER DRIVER - 40 something, male, listens casually.

UBER DRIVER  
Which one of you is first?

MANDY  
Me.  
(to Oscar)  
It's been three months. It's time.

OSCAR  
I don't know if I'm ready.

BEN  
Come. On.

MANDY  
I'm not saying you have to dive into another relationship-

BEN  
-Just that you need to get laid-

OSCAR  
-Oh god-

MANDY  
-Seriously! When was the last time you saw a dick that wasn't your own?

Oscar opens his mouth to say something, but Ben beats him to it.

BEN  
-And wasn't on a screen?

Oscar closes his mouth.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Mmmhmmm. That's what we thought?

The Uber is slowing down.

UBER DRIVER  
Right up here okay?

MANDY  
 Perfect. Thanks so much.  
 (to Oscar)  
 Look at your phone.

INSERT - OSCAR'S CELL PHONE

Centrally located among the various apps is the icon for GRINDER.

BACK TO SCENE

OSCAR  
 Grinder? Really guys?

MANDY  
 (climbing out of the car)  
 You're welcome, byeeeeee.

Mandy shuts the door behind her.

UBER DRIVER  
 Next?

BEN  
 Me!  
 (tapping on his phone)  
 Just updated the location. Thanks!

The Uber Driver's navigation system PINGS.

He starts driving again.

OSCAR  
 I can't believe you guys went on my phone last night.

BEN  
 Well, you were...  
 (lowering his voice)  
 ...otherwise occupied last night.  
 Seriously. It's time to get back on that horse... or what have you. Open it up.

Oscar clicks on the app's icon.

INSERT - OSCAR'S CELL PHONE - GRINDER

A picture of Oscar's face pops up.

OSCAR (O.S.)  
You made me a profile?!

In his photo, Oscar is smiling. A candid photo taken from his Facebook page.

There's a small blurb below his stats, a sort of introduction.

BACK TO SCENE

OSCAR  
(reading)  
"Not looking for anything serious,  
just a little fun. Hit me up. Woof!"  
(looking at Ben)  
Woof? Seriously?

BEN  
(winking at him)  
You know it.  
(to the Uber driver)  
Right up here's great. Thank you!

Ben climbs out of the car.

BEN  
Have fun!

Oscar is alone in the back seat of the car. He clicks around on the app.

OSCAR  
Have fun. God.

INSERT - OSCAR'S CELL PHONE - GRINDER

Oscar has switched the app from his profile to the location based grid view that shows where other users are and how far away they might be.

In the top of the grid, closest to him and next to the little square with his own face, is the face of the Uber Driver filling its own little square.

Clicking on it, the Uber Driver's profile fills the screen.

In his user photo, the Uber Driver is shirtless and making a sultry pout.

Below his photo, the app reads "Zero Feet Away."

BACK TO SCENE

Oscar looks up from his phone.

The Uber Driver makes eye contact through the rear view mirror.

He grins at Oscar.

UBER DRIVER

Woof.

Oscar is uncomfortable, but tries to smile nervously.

INT. THE KILLER'S ROOM - DAY

Daylight shines through a window, streaking a stark, shadowy room with harsh beams of light.

The sunlight glints off of a series of sharp, silver DAGGERS laid out in a line across a desk.

THE KILLER, dressed all in black, sits at the desk, showing only his back to the rest of the room.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/OSCAR'S CUBICLE - DAY

Bright fluorescent lights buzz overhead as Oscar sits in his cubicle answering the phone through an EARPIECE.

OSCAR

(into phone headset)

Human Resources, Oscar speaking, how may I be of assistance?

(beat)

I completely understand. Of course.

(beat)

I'll transfer your call right now.

After pressing a button on his phone, Oscar yanks off his headset and chucks it onto his desk, exasperated.

His coffee mug, shaped like a ceramic wolf, sits there empty.

Grabbing the mug, Oscar stands and makes his way to the break room.

INT. OSCAR'S OFFICE BUILDING/BREAK ROOM - DAY

As Oscar enters the break room, he sees two of his coworkers, PATRICK and TASHA - both in their mid-twenties, white;

they're furiously making out.

Oscar pauses awkwardly. He's unsure if he should leave or not, but, looking down at his empty wolf mug, he knows he really wants coffee.

He looks back at his two oblivious coworkers. He's jealous. He's lonely. He needs caffeine.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

INT. 'L' TRAIN CAR (CHICAGO) - DAY - TRAVELING

Vividly reliving the nightmare he recounted to Dr. Lawson, Oscar watches as Demonic Nightmare Jason viciously rips out his HEART.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. OSCAR'S OFFICE BUILDING/BREAK ROOM - DAY

Oscar watches the office lovebirds continue to neck in the break room but is getting increasingly impatient.

OSCAR

Ahem.

Surprised, Patrick and Tasha separate, vaguely self conscious.

TASHA

Oh! Sorry!

PATRICK

Yeah man, sorry, didn't see you there.

OSCAR

No worries.

(crossing to the coffee machine)  
Just gonna slip past ya here...

TASHA

(to Patrick)

I should be getting back to my desk.

PATRICK

Same.

TASHA

(to Patrick still)

But let's continue this conversation  
(MORE)

TASHA (CONT'D)

later.

Oscar rolls his eyes, simultaneously grossed out and jealous.

PATRICK

Most definitely.

Frustrated, Oscar pulls out his phone and opens up Grinder as Patrick and Tasha continue to coo to each other behind him.

OSCAR

(under his breath)

Fuck it.

Patrick and Tasha start making their way out of the break room while also starting to make out again. Tasha giggles, grabbing Patrick's BUTT.

SERIES OF SHOTS - OSCAR'S GRINDER HOOKUPS

A) Oscar grabs the BUTT of RANDOM GUY #1 - twenty something, Black- as they make out in his apartment.

B) Oscar falling into bed while making out with RANDOM GUY #2 - twenty something, Asian.

C) Oscar falling into a different bed while making out with RANDOM GUY #3 - twenty something, white.

D) Oscar grabbing a condom while making out with RANDOM GUY #4 - twenty something, Latino.

E) Oscar grabbing a differently colored condom.

F) Oscar grabbing a differently colored condom.

G) Oscar grabbing a differently colored condom.

H) Oscar falling onto his back in bed, spent. Random Guy #1 lying next to him.

I) Oscar lies there next to Random Guy #2

J) Oscar lies there next to Random Guy #3

K) Random Guy #4 lies there dead.

INT. APARTMENT OF RANDOM GUY #4 - NIGHT

Random Guy #4 lays there in bed. His EYES are wide open and

and his THROAT is slit.

Sheets cover his lower half, but he appears to be naked.

From off, two hands clad in black leather GLOVES, grab Random Guy #4's feet and drag him from the bed to the floor, O.S.

With their face O.S., The Killer pulls out one of the SILVER daggers from The Killer's room, and plunges it into Random Guy #4's heart, leaving it embedded in his chest.

Pulling out a phone, The Killer opens up GRINDER.

INSERT - THE KILLER'S PHONE - GRINDER

The Killer clicks a tab that reads: "Favorites", it's tagged with a big yellow STAR.

The page is populated with the profiles of Gay Latino guys, all with little STARS next to their names.

Oscar's profile is there among the others.

The Killer clicks on the nearest profile, it is Random Guy #4.

Below Random Guy #4's picture it reads "ZERO FEET AWAY."

The Killer clicks the STAR next to Random Guy #4's profile and the star disappears.

He goes back to the Favorites tab.

Random Guy #4's profile has vanished.

Oscar's profile fills the space where it used to be. Oscar's smiling face looks up from The Killer's screen.

INT. WINE BAR - NIGHT

Oscar's smiling face breaks into a laugh.

He's sitting at a table across from Mandy and Ben. Loud Pop Music BLARES over the speakers.

The three friends raise their glasses, each filled with red wine. They cheers them together with a CLINK.

BEN  
To slutting it up!

Oscar withdraws his glass in protest.

OSCAR

Hey! I refuse to toast to any form of  
slut-shaming, sir.

MANDY

Yeah Ben. We can't all be saving it  
for the marriage bed.

BEN

Don't exaggerate.

(to Oscar)

You're right, I apologize. But, what  
should we be toasting to then?

MANDY

(raising her glass to her lips)  
To sexual healing!

OSCAR

(laughing)

Maybe.

BEN

Just maybe? This is the happiest we've  
seen you since... well, you know.

OSCAR

(looking away)

Since the breakup? Yeah. I know.

MANDY

Hey, none of that! We're out  
celebrating you getting your groove  
back! No time for Mr. Woeful Werewolf.

Oscar looks around nervously.

OSCAR

(quietly)

Hey!

BEN

Relax! No one can hear over this music  
anyway.

MANDY

And besides, it's not like anybody  
would think we were talking about a  
literal-

MANDY (CONT'D)  
(a teasing whisper)  
-lycanthrope.

Oscar rolls his eyes.

OSCAR  
Not the point.

BEN  
Oh come on, as if anyone around here  
actually believes someone with your...  
condition even exists outside of "The  
Twilight Saga."

MANDY  
Yeah, you have nothing to worry about.

OSCAR  
(warily)  
Maybe.

Ben reaches to refill his glass and accidentally knocks over Oscar's glass, spilling the red wine across the table.

BEN  
Shit! Sorry.

OSCAR  
It's fine!

In the dim lights of the bar, the wine looks like pools of blood on the wooden table.

INT. HALL OF OSCAR'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Pools of blood collect on the wooden floor of the hallway just outside of an apartment in Oscar's building.

Yellow tape reading "CRIME SCENE" crisscross an open door as Oscar walks past.

He pauses there, keys in his hand.

INT. APARTMENT OF RANDOM GUY #4 - NIGHT

POLICE OFFICER #1, a thirty-something male, POLICE OFFICER #2, a twenty-something female, and POLICE OFFICER #3, a thirty-something female, take notes as they look around Random Guy #4's apartment.

Pools of blood near the doorway have seeped into the hall.

In the center of the room, the corpse of Random Guy #4 lies there.

Police Officer #1 uses a hefty black camera to take photos of the crime scene with a blinding FLASH.

INT. HALL OF OSCAR'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The FLASH of Police Officer #1's camera illuminates Oscar's face as he stands there in a daze.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

INT. APARTMENT OF RANDOM GUY #4 - NIGHT

Oscar and Random Guy #4 make out intensely in bed.

Oscar looks down at Random Guy #4. He looks up at Oscar with a smile.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. APARTMENT OF RANDOM GUY #4 - NIGHT

Random Guy #4's dead eyes look up at nothing.

INT. HALL OF OSCAR'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Police Officer #2 approaches Oscar.

POLICE OFFICER #2

I'm gonna have to ask you to move along, sir.

OSCAR

What happened?

POLICE OFFICER #2

I'm afraid I can't answer that. You a neighbor?

OSCAR

I live upstairs.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Did you happen to know Mr. Villatoro?

OSCAR

Was that his name?

POLICE OFFICER #2  
Did you know him?

OSCAR  
Yes. I mean, kinda... it's hard to-

POLICE OFFICER #2  
-Where were you this evening between  
the hours of...  
(consulting a notepad)  
Eight p.m. and ten thirty?

OSCAR  
Um... I was having a drink with some  
friends, I'm only just getting home.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
And these friends can confirm you were  
with them?

OSCAR  
Yes.

Police Officer #2 considers Oscar for a moment before  
retrieving a business card from her pocket.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
(handing Oscar the card)  
If you think of anything that might  
seem relevant, don't hesitate to  
contact us.

OSCAR  
Of course.

As Police Officer #2 heads back into the apartment, Oscar  
continues to walk down the hall.

As he moves farther away, his ears perk.

Oscar has moved far beyond the range of normal human hearing,  
but as a werewolf, his sense of hearing allows him to hear  
the Police Officers in Random Guy #4's apartment.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)  
I'm just saying, it's weird.

POLICE OFFICER #2 (O.S.)  
What?

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)  
 This thing is solid silver. Do you  
 know how much something like that must  
 cost?

POLICE OFFICER #3 (O.S.)  
 So, what? We're looking for a rich  
 guy?

POLICE OFFICER #2 (O.S.)  
 How many poor people do you know, can  
 afford to leave behind a big ol' knife  
 that easily costs a couple hundred  
 dollars?

POLICE OFFICER #3 (O.S.)  
 ... None?

POLICE OFFICER #2 (O.S.)  
 ... Exactly.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)  
 (sighing)  
 Goddammit Steve.

Oscar frowns, worried.

OSCAR  
 (to himself)  
 Silver.

INT. DR. LAWSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Oscar sits across from Dr. Lawson.

OSCAR  
 I didn't even know his name.

DR. LAWSON  
 And how does that—

OSCAR  
 —Shitty! It makes me feel shitty.

DR. LAWSON  
 Why?

OSCAR  
 I don't know? Because he's dead?  
 Because we had sex, we live in the  
 same building for fuck's sake, and I  
 (MORE)

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
didn't even know his name.

DR. LAWSON  
And, if he hadn't been brutally  
murdered, do you think you'd be  
feeling as...  
(reading from her notepad)  
..."Shitty?"

OSCAR  
I... I guess not?

DR. LAWSON  
And why might that be?

OSCAR  
Well... it was a good experience. The  
sex. We had fun. It was casual and we  
both weren't expecting anything from  
each other and making that sort of  
connection... it was nice.

DR. LAWSON  
You've been making a lot of these  
"Connections" recently, yes?

OSCAR  
I mean...

DR. LAWSON  
There's no need to feel ashamed.

OSCAR  
I'm not! I have been on a bit of a  
streak I suppose. Recently.

DR. LAWSON  
And before this "Streak?" When had  
been the last time you—

OSCAR  
—Jason. It would have been Jason.

DR. LAWSON  
And how does that make you feel?

OSCAR  
(muttering)  
Goddammit.

Before Oscar can answer, Dr. Lawson's watch BEEPS loudly, indicating an end to their session.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/OSCAR'S CUBICLE - DAY

Bright fluorescent lights buzz overhead as Oscar sits in his cubicle answering the phone over an EARPIECE.

OSCAR  
 (into phone headset)  
 Human Resources, Oscar speaking, how  
 may I be of assistance?  
 (beat)  
 Please hold.

With a sigh, Oscar takes a deep drink from his wolf mug.

He looks around his cubicle.

On his desk is a PHOTO of him and his family: his mom and dad, and his SIX brothers.

Oscar is visibly the youngest of the SEVEN brothers.

On his wall hangs a 12-month calendar featuring the cast of MTV's "Teen Wolf."

An inked red CIRCLE surrounds the date of: "Monday October 2nd." A small INSIGNIA on that date shows a little full moon.

It has been crossed through with a black inked X and a series of X's indicate that today's date is the 16th.

The last full moon was over two weeks ago.

Oscar flips the page up, revealing the month of November.

An inked red CIRCLE surrounds the 4th of November. A small INSIGNIA on that date shows a little full moon.

OSCAR  
 (to himself)  
 Three weeks.

A small BEEPING emits from Oscar's headset and, with the push of a button, Oscar turns back to his desk.

OSCAR  
 (into phone headset)  
 Human Resources, Oscar speaking, how  
 may I be of assistance?

SERIES OF SHOTS - OSCAR'S DAY IN HIS OFFICE

A) He answers his phone via headset.

B) He types at his computer.

C) He drinks coffee.

D) Patrick enters his cubicle, then Tasha, they start making out before stumbling out of Oscar's cubicle.

E) Oscar slams his own head down on the surface of his desk, exasperated.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/OSCAR'S CUBICLE - DAY (LATER)

PATRICK (O.S.)

See you later dude, have a good night!

OSCAR

(rolling his eyes)

Bye.

Oscar stuffs his belongings into his backpack.

He pauses for a moment.

Pulling out a phone, Oscar opens up GRINDER.

INSERT - OSCAR'S PHONE - GRINDER

Oscar clicks the tab that reads: "Favorites", it's marked by a big yellow STAR.

Mr. Villatoro, aka Random Guy #4's profile is there among the others.

BACK TO SCENE

Oscar looks troubled.

INT. OSCAR'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Oscar closes his door, turning to face Mandy and Ben who lounge around his apartment.

MANDY

Why haven't you gone to the cops?

OSCAR

And what? Tell them "Hey, you know  
(MORE)

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
that recent murder victim? I had just  
slept with him... just before the  
whole murder ordeal went down. Also,  
I'm a werewolf... so that whole silver  
dagger thing, maybe it's related?"

BEN  
I'm guessing no?

Oscar whacks him on the arm.

OSCAR  
Come on guys, I'm wiggin'.

MANDY  
Well, you don't know for sure that  
this has anything to do with you being  
a werewolf.

OSCAR  
Right.

BEN  
Though all signs point to yes.

MANDY  
Did you talk to your dad?

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

EXT. STREET - DAY

Oscar is walking down the street, speaking to his DAD--a  
middle aged Mexican American man--over the phone.

OSCAR  
(into phone)  
So... what do you think?

INT. OSCAR'S MOM AND DAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Oscar's Dad sits at the kitchen table of a brightly lit  
suburban home.

DAD  
(into phone)  
... Uhh...

END FLASHBACK.

INT. OSCAR'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

OSCAR

He wasn't very helpful.

BEN

No?

OSCAR

No! Being a werewolf isn't a common thing you know. The whole, seventh son of a seventh son thing, statistically speaking, doesn't churn out a whole bunch of us. So, we don't have a lot of experience with-

(whispering)

-werewolf hunters.

A beat.

Ben and Mandy look at each other, then Oscar.

They share a sigh.

They're serious now.

MANDY

So... we're thinking that's what this is, a werewolf hunter?

OSCAR

I mean, don't you think?

BEN

I guess it makes sense.

MANDY

Who else besides us and your fam knows?

OSCAR

No one... except...

INT. CHURCH CONFSSIONAL - NIGHT

Jason, but not the nightmare version from Oscar's dream, but regular Jason, kneels in the shadowy cabinet of a Confessional.

OSCAR (V.O.)

Jason.

JASON

Forgive me father, for I have sinned,  
it's been... four weeks since my last  
confession.

Beyond the latticed wood divider that separates the  
compartments of the Confessional sits FATHER GRADY--thirty  
something, white guy--who wears a Catholic priest's collar.

INT. OSCAR'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

MANDY

You don't think...

OSCAR

No! He's a cheating, emotionally  
manipulative, immature--

BEN

--Yes! We know. He's your ex and he  
sucks, but do you think he's capable  
of murder?

Beat.

OSCAR

I honestly don't know.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

INT. OSCAR'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason watches Oscar transform into a wolf.

Jason's face is still. Eyes wide. Otherwise expressionless.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. OSCAR'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

BEN

So... what are we gonna do?

MANDY

I mean, I think it's obvious.

OSCAR

I can't.

MANDY

Come on.

OSCAR  
I really don't think I can handle it.

BEN  
I mean, you're bound to run into him eventually.

OSCAR  
Not really, no.

**BEGIN FLASHBACK:**

EXT. STREET - DAY

Oscar is walking along then he stops suddenly. He sniffs the air dramatically.

His heightened, wolfy sense of smell has warned him of something.

Looking around frantically, he turns and runs in the opposite direction.

From around the corner, walks Jason, talking on his phone.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. OSCAR'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mandy and Ben roll their eyes.

MANDY  
You're pathetic.

OSCAR  
Sticks and stones dude. Sticks and stones.

BEN  
Come on. Get serious. It's not sticks and stones we're talking here, it's long, sharp, silver daggers.

Oscar considers this.

MANDY  
Ben's right. And if we don't figure out who this hunter is, it's only a matter of time before they kill again.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF OSCAR'S BUILDING - NIGHT

A decidedly-not-full-moon shines in the night sky. Many lights shine down from apartment windows into the courtyard.

In the shadows beyond the wrought iron fence surrounding Oscar's building, the unmistakable silhouette of The Killer lurks.

Walking past Oscar's building is a MISCELLANEOUS LATINO GUY, twenty something.

Behind him, the figure of The Killer has disappeared.

EXT. STREET IN BOYSTOWN - NIGHT

Miscellaneous Latino Guy walks past bars crowded with GAY MEN.

Loud music BLARES and VOICES shout over the din.

In the distance, the shape of The Killer can be seen, following the Miscellaneous Latino Guy.

Miscellaneous Latino Guy passes by a window through which a CUTE GAY BAR GOER, twenty something male, makes eye contact with him.

Miscellaneous Latino Guy recognizes him, and stops at the mouth of an alley way.

He pulls out his phone and opens up Grinder.

INSERT - MISC. LATINO GUY'S CELL PHONE - GRINDER

The opening Grinder screen shows a profile pic of a faceless torso under which reads "Zero Feet Away."

It is The Killer's profile.

Clicking to his favorites tab, the profile of the Cute Gay Bar Goer pops up.

He clicks it and the Cute Gay Bar Goer's profile fills the screen.

Miscellaneous Latino Guy sends him a message: a winky face emoji.

BACK TO SCENE

With his face illuminated by the glow of his phone screen, Miscellaneous Latino Guy smirks to himself.

THE KILLER'S P.O.V. - MISC. LATINO GUY

Standing in the mouth of the alley, the Miscellaneous Latino Guy is unaware of The Killer, watching him from behind a dumpster.

The Killer closes the distance between them and the Miscellaneous Latino Guy.

BACK TO SCENE

From the shadows of the alley, two black gloved hands reach out and grab the Miscellaneous Latino Guy by the neck, dragging him into the alley.

EXT. DARK BOYSTOWN ALLEY - NIGHT

The Miscellaneous Latino Guy struggles against The Killer, prying The Killer's fingers from around his neck.

As he coughs, he starts to stumble away but finds himself unable to call for help. The Killer slashes out with a large SILVER dagger.

The blade SLASHES through the Miscellaneous Latino Guy's hamstring.

The Miscellaneous Latino Guy SCREAMS in pain. But over the DIN of club music from all the bars along the street, no one can hear him.

Crawling on his hands and knees through the alley, the Miscellaneous Latino Guy desperately tries to get away from The Killer.

Slowly, taking his time, The Killer strolls up to the Miscellaneous Latino Guy, grabbing him by his wounded leg and DRAGGING him back, deeper into the shadowy alley.

SCREAMING in pain, the Miscellaneous Latino Guy twists away as best he can.

The Killer bashes the back of Miscellaneous Latino Guy's head against the hard metal of the DUMPSTER.

Dazed, the Miscellaneous Latino Guy can only look on in horror as The Killer's knife glistens in the moonlight.

The Killer slashes out with the dagger in a deadly arc and blood SPLATTERS CRIMSON across the dumpster.

The Miscellaneous Latino Guy gurgles helplessly, as blood rushes from his gaping neck wound and from his spluttering lips.

Pulling the dagger back, The Killer plunges it into the Miscellaneous Latino Guy's heart, leaving it buried there.

The Killer withdraws into the shadows as blood pools in the alley.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/OSCAR'S CUBICLE - DAY

Oscar sits at his desk, vaguely bored.

Then, his ears prick at the sound of Tasha's voice from O.S.

TASHA (O.S.)

I mean, people die in Chicago all the time, but this really takes the cake.

INT. OSCAR'S OFFICE BUILDING/BREAK ROOM - DAY

Oscar enters the break room slowly.

Tasha stands there reading The Red Eye – a free daily paper available around Chicago.

Patrick shakes his head.

PATRICK

Do you really think it's a serial killer?

TASHA

I don't know. It's just so fucked up though. I mean. Me and my girlfriends go to boystown to feel safe you know? For there to be a serial killer murdering people in boystown? Like, what the fuck?

PATRICK

(looking at the paper)  
It says both victims were gay Mexican guys...

TASHA

Yeah. But, like, what happens when he  
(MORE)

TASHA (CONT'D)  
starts to get serious and begins  
killing, like, white women?

PATRICK  
You don't think...

TASHA  
It'll happen eventually!

Patrick and Tasha finally notice Oscar.

PATRICK  
Oh. Hi. Didn't see you there.

TASHA  
Hey Oscar.  
(overly sympathetic)  
How are you?

OSCAR  
(slowly)  
Okay?

Oscar makes his way over to the refrigerator.

TASHA  
(mouthing to Patrick, while slyly  
pointing to Oscar)  
Gay Mexican guy.

Oscar pretends not to have heard.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING/OSCAR'S CUBICLE - DAY

Oscar sits down at his desk, forcing himself to breathe  
slowly in and out.

He pulls out his phone and dials.

INT. OFFICE AT MANDY'S LAW FIRM - DAY

Mandy answers her phone on the first ring. A huge SALAD sits  
in front of her.

MANDY  
(into phone)  
You've heard?

INTERCUT WITH OSCAR'S CUBICLE.

OSCAR  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Ben is behind a counter, the store is empty, and he has the landline up to his ear.

BEN  
(into phone)  
So, you gonna do it then?

INTERCUT WITH OSCAR'S CUBICLE AND MANDY'S OFFICE.

OSCAR  
(into phone)  
Ben?

MANDY  
(into phone)  
We were talking when you called me.

BEN  
(into phone)  
Soooo?

OSCAR  
(into phone)  
I mean, I have to right? What other option do I have?

MANDY  
(into phone)  
Right.

BEN  
(into phone)  
Right. But how?

OSCAR  
(into phone)  
I don't know. The idea of seeing him again at all kinda makes me wish I were dead.

BEN  
(into phone)  
Which, if he is the killer, would be  
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)  
 what he wants too.

Oscar looks at the clock on his desk.

OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 Can you guys do lunch?

Mandy looks at her salad for a minute.

MANDY  
 (into phone)  
 Fuck it.  
 (dumps the salad in the trash)  
 Ben?

Ben is already putting a sign in the door that reads: "BACK IN FIVE."

BEN  
 (into phone)  
 Defz.

INT. "BRETT'S KITCHEN" EATERY - DAY

Inside the little deli-style eatery, nestled under the tracks of the El Train, Mandy, Oscar, and Ben dig into their rubeen sandwiches.

The place is full of BUSINESS PEOPLE ordering their lunches to go as the EATERY STAFF hustles to meet the needs of the lunch rush.

With all of the DIN, Mandy, Oscar, and Ben are able to talk without worry of being overheard.

MANDY  
 It's the same M.O.

BEN  
 M.O.? Is that lawyer talk for something murderly?

MANDY  
 One, I'm a divorce attorney. And two, I heard it on "Criminal Minds." It stands for modus operandi. Like, it means there's a particular method of operation.

OSCAR  
 (worried)  
 Operation?

MANDY  
 Way of doing something.

BEN  
 The dagger.

MANDY  
 Bingo. It's reasonable to assume,  
 based on the evidence, that it's the  
 same killer.

BEN  
 We already knew that. It's a...  
 (lowering his voice)  
 werewolf hunter.

OSCAR  
 But here's something we didn't know.  
 Both victims are Latinx guys in their  
 mid twenties, murdered in or around  
 Boystown.

Beat.

MANDY  
 The hunter knows who you are.

OSCAR  
 (looking around)  
 Maybe not exactly who I am...

BEN  
 But close enough.

OSCAR  
 At least I'm somebody's type.

No one laughs.

Oscar looks scared.

MANDY  
 This is bad.

BEN  
 You need to talk to Jason.

OSCAR  
I think I'd rather be hunted down by a  
serial killer.

MANDY  
Not gonna happen. When was the last  
time you talked?

OSCAR  
March.

BEN  
Still got his number?

OSCAR  
You told me to delete it. Both of you  
did! And to block him on all social  
media.

MANDY  
Well obviously.

OSCAR  
I can't just poke him on Facebook.

BEN  
Especially if he's the killer.

MANDY  
But if he's not, you need to find out  
if he's told anyone about you.

BEN  
We need to find a way for you to bump  
into him by coincidence, in a safe,  
well populated, public place.

OSCAR  
I actually think I know where...  
assuming I can make it until Sunday  
without getting murdered.

MANDY  
T.G.I.F.

Mandy takes a big bite of her sandwich.

EXT. WICKER PARK - DAY

Oscar sits alone on a park bench, drinking a coffee.

In front of him is a large fountain surrounded by planters with flowers.

Across the park, a COUPLE sits on a blanket in the grass. They're having a picnic.

The sounds of KIDS playing on the nearby playground equipment and basketball courts.

Oscar looks at the couple picnicking.

EXT. PARK - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Oscar and Jason sit on a blanket in the grass, eating a picnic.

INT. OSCAR'S OFFICE BUILDING/BREAK ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

INSERT - "RED EYE" NEWSPAPER

A picture of the Miscellaneous Latino Guy, the guy from the alley, smiling for the camera under the heading, "Second Murder Victim Found."

INT. APARTMENT OF RANDOM GUY #4 - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The bloody corpse of Random Guy #4, Mr. Villatoro, stares blankly up from the floor.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. WICKER PARK - DAY

Oscar looks at the the Couple picnicking.

THE KILLER'S P.O.V. - OSCAR

Visible through the branches of a tree, Oscar sits on the bench, looking sad and scared.

His phone BEEPS, indicating the arrival of a text message.

INSERT - OSCAR'S PHONE - MESSAGE SCREEN

A text message reads: "BEN: I have an idea!"

BACK TO SCENE

With a sigh, Oscar makes his way to his feet. With a sip of his coffee, he shoves his phone into his pocket.

THE KILLER'S P.O.V. - OSCAR

Visible through the branches of a tree, Oscar walks away through the park.

EXT. MADAME CRISTELA'S PYSCHIC SHOP - DAY

Ben and Oscar stand there, waiting.

OSCAR

This is dumb.

BEN

I know, where is she?

OSCAR

What? No. I meant this idea. It's dumb.

BEN

No it's not!

A car rolls up. Mandy hops out of the Uber, briefcase in her hands.

OSCAR

Hey Mandy!

BEN

It's about time.

MANDY

This is dumb.

OSCAR

See.

BEN

Both of you guys are the dumb ones.  
Madame Cristela is legit.

OSCAR

If you say so.

INT. MADAME CRISTELA'S PYSCHIC SHOP - DAY

With the TINKLE of chimes, the three friends walk into the Psychic's shop.

Tapestries hang from the walls and incense burns, filling the air with smoke.

Velvet covered tables are piled high with crystals and scrying mirrors. Santeria candles glow, illuminating the dim room.

BEN

Seriously! She was at the gala fundraiser for my ex, Ted's gallery last October... you remember, the fundraiser you two neglected to attend?

OSCAR

Uhhh... I had a thing.

MANDY

I didn't want to go.

BEN

Whatever.

OSCAR

Sorry.

BEN

It's fine. I have unsupportive friends. Whatever. The point is Madame Cristela was there! She gave Teresa, the assistant curator? She gave her a reading and totally predicted her pregnancy!

MANDY

(sarcastically)

No way.

BEN

Yes!

From behind Ben, through a beaded curtain emerges MADAME CRISTELA--a 30 something Latina woman--wearing hoop earrings, a scarf on her head, a peasant blouse, shawls, and a long flowing skirt.

MADAME CRISTELA

(with a self seriousness)

Yes.

Surprised, Ben lets out a startled SHRIEK.

MADAME CRISTELA

(dramatically)

Welcome to Madame Cristela's. What questions for those beyond the veil may I help to...

As her gaze falls upon Oscar, she falls silent.

MADAME CRISTELA (CONT'D)  
 (dropping all pretense)  
 Holy shit.

MANDY  
 (slowly)  
 What?

MADAME CRISTELA  
 Hombre-lobo.

OSCAR  
 How... how do you know that?

Quickly crossing to lock the front door and post a "Closed" sign in the window. She pulls the shawl off her head and turns to face him.

If at first Madame Cristela was hamming up the whole "Psychic" thing, she's dropped the schtick and is now just being a normal, Millennial, Latina.

MADAME CRISTELA  
 I have the gift.  
 (indicating the shop, her clothes)  
 All of this is for the customers. But you... you're not here to waste a few bucks asking questions about your love life... are you?

Oscar looks tempted. Makes eye contact with Ben and Mandy.

OSCAR  
 Well... no, I guess not.

MADAME CRISTELA  
 Okay then. Grab a seat. Let's do this.

Oscar sits across from Madame Cristela at a table in the center of the room.

She takes his hand in hers and looks closely at his palm.

MADAME CRISTELA  
 You know, my cousin Esteban—well I say cousin, but his mom is technically my mom's cousin's tia, so you know—well, anyway, Esteban is the seventh son of a seventh son.

Ben and Mandy watch on curiously from the sides of the room.

BEN

No way!

MANDY

Shhh!

MADAME CRISTELA

Yep! I never met him before he died,  
but—

OSCAR

(scared)

—Died? How?

MADAME CRISTELA

Heart attack. Verrry overweight.  
(looking at his hand, a beat)  
Danger. The hunt. Blood.

Suddenly, all of the Santeria candles blow out, leaving the room dark except for whatever light spills through the draped and curtained windows.

OSCAR

(tentatively)

Madame Cristela?

Madame Cristela's head suddenly snaps back, her neck straining as her face stares up at the ceiling.

Her breath becomes rapid, rhythmic and her eyes bulge open.

Her grip on Oscar's hand tightens and frightened, Oscar tries to withdraw, but she only tightens her grasp, pulling him closer to her.

MADAME CRISTELA

(in a trance)

He's coming for you. Getting closer.  
Sniffing you out like a bitch in heat.  
He'll tear through any and all that  
would get in his way, that are of your  
ilk, your tribe, your kind—

OSCAR

(frightened)

—You're hurting me—

MADAME CRISTELA

(in a trance)

-Blades of silver, blood. So much  
blood. Knives cutting, slicing. Pain.  
Death. A white man, dressed all in  
black. Hiding in the shadows. Waiting.  
Watching. Hunting. He's coming.

With a sudden jerk of her head, she snaps her face back  
towards Oscar.

MADAME CRISTELA (CONT'D)

He's coming for you.

Silence.

MANDY

Well fuck.

MADAME CRISTELA

(scared)

You should go.

OSCAR

But I need to know who-

MADAME CRISTELA

-I've told you all I've seen. I can't  
help you anymore-

OSCAR

-Please-

MADAME CRISTELA

-I'm sorry!

(beat)

Anyone near you is in grave danger and  
you yourself are in the most of all..

Madame Cristela looks at Ben and Mandy before turning back to  
Oscar.

MADAME CRISTELA (CONT'D)

Either you or someone you love is  
going to die. Soon. I've seen it.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

Madame Cristela ushers the three friends out of the shop.

EXT. MADAME CRISTELA'S PYSCHIC SHOP - DAY

Behind them, Madame Cristela shuts her door with a SLAM, locking it with a loud CLICK.

The three friends stand there in silence.

BEN

Does that mean one of us...

Silence.

MANDY

Nah.

Mandy starts to walk away down the street.

OSCAR

So you think she's a fake?

MANDY

No. She's obviously got something going on.

Ben and Oscar start to walk along with her, rushing to keep up.

BEN

So...

MANDY

Just because she can see shit doesn't mean the shit she sees is for sure!

BEN

...say again?

OSCAR

You're saying that... just because she's seen it, that doesn't mean it's unavoidable.

MANDY

Exactly.

BEN

Got it.

OSCAR

(slowing down)  
You guys...

OSCAR (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'm scared.

The three friends all stop walking.

BEN

I know.

MANDY

We won't let anything happen to you...  
or ourselves for that matter.

BEN

Damn straight.

The three friends hug.

OSCAR

Thanks guys.

(beat)

So... what's next?

MANDY

Track down Jason.

OSCAR

Do you still think he's the killer?

MANDY

Cristela said the killer is white.

Ben looks at her slowly, suspiciously.

BEN

...You're white...

Mandy swats Ben on the back of the head.

MANDY

She said he was a white man.

(beat)

Dick.

OSCAR

But if Jason is the hunter, why would  
he be killing all these other people?  
He knows I'm the werewolf.

BEN

Maybe he's trying to send you a

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)  
message-

MANDY  
-Or build up to it, get some practice  
in-

BEN  
-Maybe he's just gone nuts-

MANDY  
-Maybe he's jealous that you've slept  
with these guys-

BEN  
-Maybe he doesn't want the guys you've  
slept with to turn into werewolves,  
like some kind of supernatural S.T.D.-

MANDY  
-Oh! Maybe-

OSCAR  
-Enough! God. I don't like how easy it  
is for you guys to come up with  
motives for murder.

Ben and Mandy exchange a look and a shrug.

MANDY  
Look. Either way, even if he's not the  
killer... he knows something.

BEN  
Yeah. Jason's the key.

MANDY  
If he isn't the killer himself...

INT. "WOOD" A GAY WINEBAR/BAR - NIGHT

In the chic, dimly lit bar, gay couples chit chat at small  
tables while Edison Bulbs flicker overhead.

Behind the bar, serving as bartender, is Jason, dressed in  
all black. Black dress shirt, black tie, black pants, black  
apron, black shoes.

MANDY (V.O.)  
...he knows who this man in black is.

A WELL DRESSED GAY LATINO —twenty something, handsome— pulls up a seat at the bar.

JASON

Hello, what can I get you?

WELL DRESSED GAY LATINO

Prosecco.

(beat)

You're new here, aren't you?

JASON

Yeah. Started a couple weeks ago.

WELL DRESSED GAY LATINO

(flirty)

I was gonna say, I definitely would have remembered you.

With a sly smile, Jason sets out a wine glass and pours it full of prosecco.

The second his face is out of view of the Well Dressed Gay Latino, his smile disappears, replaced with a grim frown.

Jason sharpens a paring knife ominously while behind him, the Well Dressed Gay Latino checks out his ass.

Jason is lost in thought.

INT. CHURCH - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jason closes the wooden door to the confessional behind him.

He genuflects towards the front of the church, making the sign of the cross.

Behind him, the wooden door to the other chamber of the confessional opens and Father Grady emerges.

FATHER GRADY

Jason.

Startled, Jason turns to face him.

JASON

Yeah?

FATHER GRADY

Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you.

JASON  
It's fine, Father.

FATHER GRADY  
Grady, please. Just Grady.

JASON  
(hesitantly)  
Okay... Grady.

FATHER GRADY  
(seriously)  
I just wanted to say... your  
confession... it... I've never...

JASON  
(shameful)  
I shouldn't have said anything.

Father Grady places a hand on Jason's shoulder. It lingers there. Jason seems comforted.

FATHER GRADY  
No. I'm glad you did.

The two look at each other for a long moment.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. "WOOD" A GAY WINEBAR/BAR - NIGHT - PRESENT

The Well Dressed Gay Latino makes his way away from the bar.

He lights a cigarette and begins to stroll down the street, turning off the populated, well lit Halsted Street, going down a more residential thoroughfare.

Behind him, in the distance, is the out of focus figure of The Killer, dressed all in black.

From behind The Killer's back, he pulls a long silver dagger.

Pausing, The Well Dressed Gay Latino senses something.

He turns around, but The Killer has vanished.

The Well Dressed Gay Latino begins to walk again, now, his awareness is heightened.

As his footsteps begin to increase in speed, The Killer keeps pace.

Increasingly panicked, The Well Dressed Gay Latino starts to run, tossing his cigarette aside. He pulls his phone from his pocket and tries to dial "911," but, looking at his phone, he fails to see a large crack in the pavement.

He trips, hitting the ground hard, his phone skitters away from him. There's a loud CRACK as his ankle twists sharply.

WELL DRESSED GAY LATINO

Shit!

Wincing in pain, he looks down at his ankle. He's scraped his hands raw and rips in his pants expose bloody knees.

In a panic, he looks around, desperately searching for a visual of whoever was chasing him. He sees... nothing.

THE KILLER'S P.O.V. - WELL DRESSED GAY LATINO

From just around the mouth of an alley, The Well Dressed Gay Latino can be seen on the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

Apparently in the clear, The Well Dressed Gay Latino laughs to himself, relieved.

Trying to get to his feet, The Well Dressed Gay Latino finds he can barely walk. His ankle won't support his weight.

Limping his way towards his phone, he doesn't notice that The Killer has emerged from the alley and is slowly stalking towards him.

Just as The Well Dressed Gay Latino tenderly kneels to reach out and retrieve his phone, The Killer brings his foot down on The Well Dressed Gay Latino's messed up ankle. He SCREAMS in pain.

Rolling over to face his adversary, The Well Dressed Gay Latino raises his hands up, just in time have them SLASHED open by The Killer's silver dagger.

CRYING out in pain, The Well Dressed Gay Latino manages to roll away. He reaches towards his phone.

The Killer kicks the phone and it goes skittering away into the darkness.

Grabbing the Well Dressed Gay Latino by his hair, The Killer pulls his head back, exposing his throat.

WELL DRESSED GAY LATINO  
No... please...

The Killer brings down his knife, slitting the Well Dressed Gay Latino's throat, releasing a gush of blood.

The Killer rolls him over as he twitches, helpless, then plunges the silver dagger into his heart.

INT. OSCAR'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Oscar lays in bed, facing the ceiling. He can't sleep.

He grabs his phone from his nightstand and swipes it awake.

He starts scrolling through photos.

INSERT - OSCAR'S CELL PHONE

He stops scrolling on a picture of himself and Jason, smiling happily at the camera.

BACK TO SCENE

Tears roll down his face.

INT. OSCAR'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Oscar lies in bed, asleep, mouth open, SNORING loudly. His phone is still in his hand.

His phone starts to vibrate and ring, his "She Wolf" ringtone BLARING him awake.

OSCAR  
(bleary, into phone)  
Hello?

MANDY (V.O.)  
(over phone, filtered)  
We're downstairs.

INT. OSCAR'S STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY (LATER)

Oscar closes his door behind him as Ben and Mandy proceed to make themselves at home.

BEN  
There's been another victim.

OSCAR

Oh god.

MANDY

God has nothing to do with this.

BEN

They found the body a couple blocks from here. Witnesses saw him at Wood, on Halsted, last night.

OSCAR

Fuck.

Mandy digs into her purse and pulls out a bunch of printed out pieces of computer paper.

MANDY

That makes three.

She spreads the pages on Oscar's counter. On each page is a blown up picture of one of the three victims, each with information below them.

Next to these profiles is a map with three stars and a bullseye scrawled on it.

OSCAR

Are these them?

MANDY

Yup, and look at this.

(indicating the map)

All three are within a five block radius of your apartment.

BEN

Hell, one of the victims was living in your building.

OSCAR

Right. But we knew all of this already.

MANDY

Yes, but what we didn't know was how this hunter was choosing his victims.

BEN

Isn't it just demographics? Gay, Latino guys.

MANDY

Yes! But think about what Madame  
Cristela said.

OSCAR

She had a fat cousin named Esteban?

BEN

Anyone near you is in grave danger...

MANDY

Exactly! Near you!

BEN

(a realization)

No!

MANDY

Yes!

OSCAR

What?

Mandy grabs Oscar's phone and shoves it in his face.

MANDY

Grinder!

OSCAR

(slowly)

Fuck me.

MANDY

Think about it! It all makes sense.

BEN

It's location based. Gay. By the  
identifiers on the app he can check  
profiles for guys that are Latino!

MANDY

And if it is Jason behind all of this,  
he could totally be checking out the  
kind of guys of a certain...

(with finger quotes)

"Tribe" near you.

Ben grabs Oscar's phone and pointedly deletes the app.

BEN

Well we'll just take care of that

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)  
right here and now.

Oscar starts to pace back and forth, processing.

OSCAR  
It's not enough.

BEN  
What do you mean?

OSCAR  
Just because I'm off the app, just  
because I'm safe, what?—Hiding in  
plain sight?...It doesn't mean this is  
over. People are dying.  
(beat)  
People like me are dying. I have to do  
something. We have to stop it.

MANDY  
So... what are we gonna do?

OSCAR  
Exactly what we talked about.

BEN  
You mean—

OSCAR  
Yes. It's about time I've faced him.

MANDY  
I know how hard this must be for you.

OSCAR  
(taking a breath)  
I don't know if you do.  
(beat)  
But it doesn't matter. It's time for  
me to talk to Jason.

EXT. ST. JOSAPHAT'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Hordes of CHURCHGOERS stream out of the wide open doors of  
the St. Josaphat's Catholic Church.

From across the street, Oscar, Ben, and Mandy scan the crowd  
for Jason. All three of them wear different versions of  
trench coats and dark sunglasses.

Eventually Jason emerges, wearing his bartending uniform of all black, sans apron. He stops to talk with Father Grady, who's wearing a long green and white priest's robe over the usual outfit of a Catholic Priest.

BEN  
There he is.

MANDY  
Look at what he's wearing.

OSCAR  
I see.

BEN  
Do you want us to come with you?

Beat.

OSCAR  
No.  
(beat)  
No. Just... be ready. Watch for the signal.

MANDY  
What's the signal?

OSCAR  
I dunno? Any sign of sharp, pointy, knives. Blood. My screams of terror?

BEN  
Roger that.

MANDY  
We'll be right here.

Oscar takes a deep breath and makes his way across the street towards where Jason and Father Grady are talking.

JASON  
Excellent homily again Father.

FATHER GRADY  
Thank you.

OSCAR  
(approaching)  
Hi, sorry to interrupt,  
(to Jason)  
(MORE)

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Can we talk?

JASON

Oscar! Uh... What are you doing here?

OSCAR

Looking for you. We really need to talk.

FATHER GRADY

Hi, I'm Father Grady... and you are?

JASON

Oh... uh, Father, this is uh... Oscar.  
He's my... er, was my...

OSCAR

I'm his ex. The one he cheated on? The one whose heart he broke?

JASON

Oscar... listen...

OSCAR

Sorry Father,  
(to Jason)  
We. Need. To. Talk.

JASON

Okay... okay.

Jason and Oscar walk away from the entrance of the church and groups of churchgoers as both Father Grady and Ben and Mandy look on.

The two men look at each other for a long moment.

Neither of them knows what to say.

OSCAR

What's with the getup?

JASON

I could ask you the same thing  
Columbo.

Oscar just looks at Jason.

JASON (CONT'D)

I got a new gig, bartending at Wood.

OSCAR  
On Halsted?

JASON  
Yeah. I have to head that way soon.  
Brunch shift. What is this about?

Oscar is distracted.

As he starts to connect the dots, he becomes increasingly fidgety. He's scared.

He looks nervously over towards Ben and Mandy.

OSCAR  
(tentative)  
Did... uh... did you tell anyone...  
(beat)  
about me?

JASON  
No. I wouldn't. Never.

OSCAR  
Great. Thanks.

Oscar starts to walk away.

Jason snaps his hand out rapidly, grabbing Oscar's arm HARD, keeping him from leaving.

JASON  
Is that really all you have to say to me?

OSCAR  
Let go.

JASON  
No. Not until you talk to me. Really talk to me.

OSCAR  
Let go.

JASON  
Oscar—

OSCAR  
—That hurts—

JASON  
-Do you really think I'd tell anyone  
about... that?

Oscar savagely pushes Jason off of him.

OSCAR  
Get off of me!

Churchgoers, Father Grady, Ben and Mandy, everyone looks over at them.

OSCAR(CONT'D)  
How dare you? How dare you even imply  
that I can trust you? After everything  
you put me through? How dare you?

JASON  
(quietly)  
Oscar-

OSCAR  
-I know Jason. I know it's you. I  
hoped--prayed even--that I was wrong.

JASON  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

OSCAR  
Go ahead. Play dumb. But what you're  
doing? It's over. Done. Either you  
turn yourself in to the police? Or  
I'll do it.

Before he can say anything, Oscar walks off towards Ben and Mandy.

Jason looks mad. Angry. Sad. His eyes are a storm of conflicting emotions.

Father Grady walks over and places a supportive hand on Jason's shoulder.

The two watch as Oscar and his friends walk off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Oscar, Ben, and Mandy walk away from the church.

Oscar is walking fast, he outpaces the others.

Hustling, to catch up, Ben and Mandy stop him.

MANDY  
Oscar! Oscar, wait.

Oscar sinks to the ground.

BEN  
Are you okay?

Oscar tries to catch his breath, he's hyperventilating.

OSCAR  
I—I, I don't know... I just... Fuck!

MANDY  
It's okay... we're here...

BEN  
It's okay.

Ben and Mandy embrace Oscar in a hug.

MANDY  
Let's get you out of here.

OSCAR  
(looking at his phone)  
I should be getting home.

BEN  
Great. Your place. We'll order a piz—

OSCAR  
—No. I... I can't tonight.

MANDY  
Oh. Right.

BEN  
That time of the month?

OSCAR  
(rolling his eyes)  
Yeah.

BEN  
No big. Mandy and I will—

OSCAR  
—No!

OSCAR (CONT'D)

(beat)

Sorry, no. It's just... I think I need to go it alone tonight.

MANDY

(slowly)

Okay... no worries.

OSCAR

I'm sorry—

BEN

(hurt)

—It's fine!

OSCAR

I'm freaking out okay! I'm scared and— and— and when I'm scared and a—

(quietly)

—wolf—

(at full voice)

I'm dangerous.

MANDY

We understand.

(looking at Ben)

Both of us.

Beat.

BEN

Yeah. Just... don't push us away... okay? You're not in this alone.

OSCAR

I know. And... it means a lot...

(beat)

I'll see you all tomorrow.

Oscar walks away down the street by himself.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - LATE AFTERNOON

The sun sets. The sky darkens.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ben and Mandy sit on Ben's couch drinking a bottle of wine.

Ben's place is hip-ly decorated with lots of plants and

exposed brick.

MANDY

I get why your feelings are hurt.

BEN

Hurt? Who's hurt? I'm not hurt. My feelings are just fine, thank you very much.

MANDY

Whatever you say—

BEN

—I mean, why would my feelings be hurt that he doesn't want us, his best friends around—

MANDY

—Tonight. He doesn't want us around him tonight.

BEN

Right! I mean, it's not like we haven't seen him transform before.

MANDY

You heard him, though! He said—

BEN

—I know what he said. He's scared.

Beat.

MANDY

I think Madame Cristela freaked him out.

BEN

Well obviously.

MANDY

I think he's scared... that one of us...

Beat.

BEN

(quietly)

Yeah.

(beat, louder)

Which is exactly why I'd rather be

(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)  
together. I mean, Jason is still out there!

There's a moment's pause, the Ben pulls out his phone.

MANDY  
What are you doing?

BEN  
I have an idea.

Mandy peeks over his shoulder.

MANDY  
You can't be serious... Grinder? Really Ben?

BEN  
Just because Oscar had to delete it from his phone doesn't mean I have to delete it from mine.  
(beat)  
Man's gotta eat.

MANDY  
Gross.

BEN  
Come on Mandy, get with the times. It's called sex positivity. Don't slut shame me.

MANDY  
I'm not judging you for the sex, I'm judging you for the "Man's gotta eat" thing. Gross.

BEN  
Whatever. The point is, we can use the app to track Jason and to make sure he doesn't go anywhere near Oscar.

MANDY  
How?

BEN  
See this guy here, with the tattoos?

MANDY  
 (reading)  
 WutzQooking? Point nine miles away?

BEN  
 Yeah. That's Oscar's upstairs neighbor Jack.

MANDY  
 You mean...

BEN  
 Yes... Jack and I were lovers.

MANDY  
 Don't say lovers.

BEN  
 But, we know that's approximately where Oscar is located, so all we have to do is...

MANDY  
 ...Make sure Jason's profile doesn't pop up anywhere near WutzQooking.

BEN  
 Exactly.

MANDY  
 God. Some of these profiles are awful.  
 (reading)  
 "No Fats, No Femmes, No Asians." "Masc Only," "Sorry, White Guys Only,"  
 "Looking for Hot Papis to..."-

BEN  
 -Yes. I am familiar.

MANDY  
 Men are awful... no offense.

BEN  
 Hard to be offended when it's true.

INSERT - BEN'S CELL PHONE - GRINDER

The Grinder screen shows a profile pic of a faceless torso under which reads "Zero Feet Away."

It is The Killer's profile.

BACK TO SCENE

MANDY

Who's this guy? It says he's zero feet away?

Ben looks over at the screen.

BEN

Ugh, just your run of the mill faceless torsos. If it says he's that close, it usually means he's in the building. Probably a couple floors above us.

Mandy looks up at the ceiling and shivers.

MANDY

Creepy.

There's a knock at the door.

BEN

That's probably the pizza.

MANDY

I'll get it.

She stands and makes her way to the door, opening it to reveal Jason standing there with a sheepish grin.

JASON

Hi guys.

INT. OSCAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Oscar looks around his empty apartment and sighs.

He pulls out the chains and starts to wrap them around the radiator.

Just then, his "She Wolf" ringtone fills the apartment with Shakira's voice.

Dropping the chains, he makes his way to the counter where his phone sits and picks it up.

OSCAR

(into phone)

Hey Ben, about earlier—

BEN(V.O.)  
 (over the phone, filtered)  
 Oscar! Jason is here, he—

Ben's voice cuts off suddenly as the phone goes dead.

OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 Ben? Ben! Here where? Fuck!

Banging on the floor as Oscar's downstairs Neighbor hits their roof with a broomstick, O.S.

NEIGHBOR(O.S.)  
 Quiet up there!

After a panicked moment of hesitation, Oscar shoves his phone in his pocket and with one last worried glance at the night sky outside of his window, runs out the door.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason has grabbed Ben's phone from him, hanging up on Oscar.

BEN  
 What the fuck?! Dick!

JASON  
 I just want to talk.

MANDY  
 As if.

On the counter behind Jason, her purse sits ajar, revealing her phone inside, vibrating as Oscar tries to call her.

JASON  
 You're Oscar's best friends. If there's anybody that can get through to him, it's you two.

BEN  
 You're nuts.

JASON  
 Look, I know I've hurt him—

MANDY  
 —That's an understatement—

JASON  
 -But I'm working really hard to  
 repent!

BEN  
 Repent?

JASON  
 I've been going back to church. I've  
 confessed my sins. Cheating on Oscar  
 was wrong. I know that.

MANDY  
 So, what? Your penance is saying a  
 couple Hail Mary-s and murdering a  
 bunch of people!?!?

JASON  
 Murder? I haven't murdered anyone. Do  
 you guys really think I'd do something  
 like that?

Beat.

Mandy and Ben look at each other, then shrug.

BEN  
 Well, yeah.

MANDY  
 I mean, pretty much, yeah.

JASON  
 Does Oscar think...

Silence.

THE KILLER'S P.O.V. - BEN, MANDY, AND JASON

all stand, looking at each other in Ben's living room as the  
 slightly ajar door to the closet in which The Killer lurks  
 slowly inches open.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Oscar, runs down the sidewalk, as he lowers his phone from  
 his ear, frustrated.

MANDY (O.S.)  
 (over the phone, filtered)  
 Sorry, I can't come to the phone right  
 now, but if you'd like to leave a  
 message-

OSCAR

Fuck!

(beat)

Where are you guys?!

Overhead, the full moon is slowly rising in the night sky. Stopping, he breathes in and out deeply, centering himself.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Focus.

He perks his ears, listening carefully.

Tilting his head, Oscar sniffs the air, wolfishly.

Suddenly, his eyes fly open and he starts sprinting off down the street towards Ben's apartment.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason, Ben and Mandy face off, not noticing the slowly opening closet door.

BEN

Do you really think we're that dumb?

JASON

I'm not a murderer!

MANDY

Just a liar, a cheater—

JASON

I love him! Okay?! I would never hurt him.

BEN

Again.

JASON

I made some mistakes! I'll admit that... and as a result Oscar moved on. He stopped loving me.

(beat)

And now, I'm just trying to do the same. Move on.

MANDY

(quietly)

He hasn't.

JASON

What?

MANDY

He hasn't. Moved on.

BEN

Or stopped loving you.

THE KILLER (O.S.)

Just one more reason he has to die.

Emerging from the shadows of the closet, The Killer reveals himself to be Father Grady, from St. Josaphat's.

JASON

Grady? I mean...

(eyes darting to Ben and Mandy)

Father, what are you doing here?

BEN

How long have you been in there?

MANDY

Freak!

From behind his back, Father Grady reveals two of the long, sharp silver daggers. One in each hand.

FATHER GRADY (THE KILLER)

I'm here doing the Lord's work Jason.

BEN

It's you?

FATHER GRADY

(to Ben and Mandy)

The two of you are in league with that--that beast! You're no better than he is!

JASON

Grady... no.

FATHER GRADY

Since you first told me of the abomination, I knew it was my duty to rid this city of its evil.

MANDY

Oscar is not an abomination!

BEN

Dude, listen to yourself. Who talks like that?

JASON

Grady! Why are you doing this?

FATHER GRADY

I'm doing this for you! For us. So we can be together. So you can move on.

MANDY

You've got to be fucking kidding me.

BEN

A priest, Jason? Really? I knew you were a fuck boi, but I didn't know you were fucked up too.

JASON

Grady, I mean, Father, please, listen to me, what happened between us—

FATHER GRADY

—Opened my eyes! I joined the priesthood to—to deny the truth. About myself. I know that now. Because of you, Jason. When we made love—

BEN

—Gross—

MANDY

—Ew—

Up until this point, Father Grady had been merely circling the two friends and Jason, menacingly, but in this instant; he slashes out viciously with one of the daggers.

The silver blade arcs through the air, leaving a gaping gash across Ben's chest.

He falls to the ground with a scream.

MANDY

Ben! No!

JASON

Stop this!

FATHER GRADY

We're so close. Once I've finished with the devil hound and his friends, we can be together!

Mandy has gathered Ben into her arms, taking an afghan from Ben's couch and using it to apply pressure to Ben's wound.

JASON

We'll never be together! Okay?! You're a Catholic Priest for fuck's sake!

MANDY

And a psychopath.

BEN

(weakly, with a cough)  
And a closet case.

FATHER GRADY

Jason... don't say that...

JASON

Goddammit, you were just a rebound Grady!

In that moment, something snaps in Father Grady. His eyes deaden and a strange, humorless smile stretches across his face.

With a sudden scream, Father Grady rushes Jason, stabbing the silver dagger deep into Jason's chest.

As Jason tumbles to the ground, Father Grady climbs on top of him, pulling the dagger out and using it to stab him brutally over and over again.

Jason struggles weakly, sputtering blood, before he lies still.

While Father Grady was distracted with Jason, Mandy has grabbed the nearby wine bottle and smashes it against his head.

Father Grady tumbles off of Jason's corpse, leaving one silver dagger embedded in Jason.

Mandy rushes to the door, unfastening the chain and unlocking it just as Father Grady rushes her.

At the last moment, Mandy rolls out of the way as Father Grady collides with the door, embedding the remaining silver dagger deep in the wood of the door.

As he tries to pull the dagger out, Mandy scrambles into her purse pulling out her phone.

Before she can dial 9-11, Father Grady grabs her by the hair and slams her head into the counter.

Dazed, she stumbles away, managing to grab the corkscrew wine opener without him noticing.

The two face off and as he lunges at her with the dagger, Mandy narrowly dodges the blade, managing to drive the corkscrew deep into Father Grady's eye.

With a scream, he drops the dagger and she manages to get to her phone and dial 9-11.

Before she can speak to the operator though, Father Grady tackles her, with BLOOD and EYE GOO dribbling down his face, he wraps his hands around her neck, strangling her as she struggles.

MANDY'S P.O.V. - FATHER GRADY'S FACE

as he strangles her. Her hands bat against his torso and her hands scratch against his face.

As the strangulation continues, her vision starts to become blurry.

Her gaze falls on Ben's window. From where she lies on the floor she can see the night sky and the full moon slowly reaching its apex.

BACK TO SCENE

With a deafening BANG, the front door of Ben's apartment bursts open and Oscar flies in.

He is in the middle of his transformation, half wolf and half man.

Glowing eyes, razor claws, tufts of fur bursting from torn open flesh, and a gaping maw of wolf teeth.

Father Grady freezes as Oscar lets out a thundering HOWL. Oscar leaps at Father Grady as he stumbles from the coughing Mandy, staggering to find one of his daggers.

In a flash, Oscar is on Father Grady. His fangs tear into his throat, ripping out Grady's esophagus in a spray of BLOOD as Oscar's razor sharp claws tear into Grady's abdomen.

Mandy crawls over to Ben, cradling his head in her arms as the SOUNDS of evisceration continue from O.S.

Mandy can't look away and a lamp that was knocked over in the melee casts shadows against the wall as Oscar finishes his transformation O.S., into a giant wolf with a cracking SPLAT.

Now a full wolf, Wolf Oscar continues to munch away on the remains of Father Grady, occasionally looking over to Mandy and Ben, licking his maw.

MANDY  
(to Wolf Oscar)  
Thank you.

BEN  
(faintly)  
Gross... but...

MANDY  
Yeah... gross... but...  
(to Wolf Oscar)  
Thank you.

Beyond Ben's window, SIRENS and the red and blue flashing lights of police cars and ambulances approach.

Wolf Oscar looks up from his completed meal and with a HOWL runs, leaping through the window and off into the night, with a TINKLE of glass.

Mandy and the wounded Ben sit there alone, dazed, with the corpse of Jason and the daggers.

There's nothing left of Father Grady but a torn priest's collar and a crimson stain on the floor.

BEN  
(weakly)  
You could have opened the window first.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Oscar and Mandy stand looking down at a grave O.S.

Mandy holds a bouquet of flowers.

Oscar tries not to cry.

OSCAR  
I... I don't know what to say.

MANDY

It's okay. This is hard.

Mandy hands Oscar the flowers.

He kneels, laying them at the base of the headstone O.S.

OSCAR

Ben...

(beat)

Did you get these flowers from  
Walgreens?

Just beyond Mandy, Ben stands, looking solemn. He has a  
medical arm sling holding his arm to his chest.

BEN

You asked me to get flowers.

OSCAR

Right. Sorry. I did.

BEN

You didn't say from where.

OSCAR

No... but... forget it. I'm sorry.

BEN

What?

OSCAR

You left the price tag on.

(beat)

Three dollars?

BEN

I didn't like him.

The headstone reads: "RIP / JASON DE FJORD / 1989-2017".

Mandy whacks Ben on his good arm.

BEN

Ow! I'm still recovering here. Hello,  
mortally wounded.

OSCAR

You're right. Thank you for getting  
them for me.

Oscar turns back towards Jason's grave.

BEN  
 (softly)  
 You can pay me back the three dollars  
 later.

Mandy swats Ben again.

BEN  
 Ow!!

Oscar kneels there, holding the flowers, struggling to let go of the flowers in order to lay them on Jason's grave.

OSCAR  
 Jason... I... I loved you very much. And  
 you hurt me, very much. And, I think,  
 for a while there, I even hated you.  
 But... but I never wanted this. Not  
 really. I never wanted you dead. I...  
 I'm sorry... and... I forgive you.

BEN  
 (under his breath)  
 I don't.

Mandy preps to swat Ben again.

BEN(CONT'D)  
 (to Mandy, under his breath)  
 Don't. Even.

Wiping his eyes, Oscar reaches his hands out to lay the flowers on the grave.

Suddenly, the ROTTEN hand of Jason shoots up from the dirt of the grave, clamping down its fingers HARD into Oscar's forearm.

DR. LAWSON (V.O.)  
 Can I stop you for just a second?

INT. DR. LAWSON'S OFFICE - DAY

The dream sequence ends. Oscar is sitting in a cushy lounge chair.

Opposite is Dr. Lawson.

OSCAR

Huh?

DR. LAWSON

Just to clarify... your friends were  
 attacked by the Boystown Butcher...  
 (reading her notes)  
 ...who also brutally murdered your ex  
 boyfriend...

OSCAR

Yeah.

DR. LAWSON

...all while you were...  
 (reading her notes)

OSCAR

(in unison)

... With my parents on a  
 monthly, family, meditation  
 retreat.

DR. LAWSON

(in unison)

... With your parents on a  
 monthly, family, meditation  
 retreat.

OSCAR

Yup. Every month.

DR. LAWSON

Why haven't you ever mentioned these  
 retreats in our sessions before?

OSCAR

Because they haven't come up.

DR. LAWSON

Right.

OSCAR

But Mandy and Ben know about them.  
 Sometimes they even come along.

SERIES OF SHOTS - POLICE INTERROGATION (FLASHBACK)

A) POLICE OFFICERS interrogate Ben and Mandy in a hospital  
 room.

BEN

(in unison)

Monthly, family-

MANDY

(in unison)

Monthly, family-

(cut off, continued by  
 Oscar's Dad)

B) The same Police Officers interrogate Ben's dad, at the front door of his suburban home.

DAD

-Meditation retreat.

(beat)

Yup. He was here all night.

INT. DR. LAWSON'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. LAWSON

Right.

OSCAR

(slowly)

So... about my dream?

DR. LAWSON

Aren't you scared?

OSCAR

Huh?

DR. LAWSON

Well, your friends were able to I.D. the Boystown Butcher as...

(reading her notes)

Father Grady Gierot, from St. Josaphat's Catholic Congregation. I mean, that is only a few blocks from here-

OSCAR

-Yeah-

DR. LAWSON

-I mean, given the fact that all the evidence has led the police to think-

OSCAR

-I know-

DR. LAWSON

-You were the target all along-

OSCAR

-I try not to think about it-

DR. LAWSON  
 -And he's still at large!

OSCAR  
 -Right-

DR. LAWSON  
 -I mean he leaped out of a second  
 story window for fuck's sake!-

OSCAR  
 -Um... could we get back to my dream,  
 maybe?

DR. LAWSON  
 Right. Right. Of course.  
 (beat)  
 How does that make you feel?

OSCAR  
 Uhhh...

Dr. Lawson's watch BEEPS loudly, indicating an end to their session.

DR. LAWSON  
 Well, actually it looks like that's  
 our time for today.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Oscar leaves his therapist's office. He takes a step or two then stops, small in front the massive brick building of Dr. Lawson's office.

Oscar smiles, eventually laughing out loud.

From within his pocket, his CELLPHONE starts to vibrate. As he pulls it from his pocket, his ringtone, Shakira's "She Wolf," BLARES before getting cut off as he answers.

OSCAR  
 (into phone)  
 Duuude, I'm on my way.

INT. ANNE SATHER'S DINER - DAY

Ben and Mandy sit at a table in Ann Sather's Diner.

Like in Oscar's dream, Ben has a sling, holding his arm across his chest.

Under Ben's shirt collar, thick bandages can be seen.

Mandy is using a spoon to look at her reflection, examining some purpling bruises on her face and a healing cut on her eyebrow.

BEN  
(into phone)  
Hurry!

He hangs up dramatically.

MANDY  
He running late?

BEN  
Is the sky blue?

Ben waves down their WAITER O.S.

MANDY  
Well, his therapist's office is near here, isn't it.

BEN  
(to the waiter)  
Can we get a third coffee? And you might as well already put in the cinnamon rolls, three orders. Thanks.  
(to Mandy)  
Yeah. He should be here soon.

Oscar can be seen running past the window.

BEN(CONT'D)  
Speak of the devil.

Oscar bursts in the restaurant, breathing heavy.

MANDY  
(preoccupied with her reflection)  
Hi.

OSCAR  
Hi. Sorry I'm late.

BEN  
No worries. Coffee and cinnamon rolls are on the way.

OSCAR  
Thank god.

MANDY  
(putting the spoon down)  
How was the session?

OSCAR  
Good. I think I'm starting to come to  
a few realizations.

BEN  
Oh?

OSCAR  
Yeah. I need to stop with the apps.

MANDY  
Dzuh.

OSCAR  
I mean, just that I need to stop  
trying to make something happen. If I  
meet someone, I meet someone.

BEN  
Okay. We'll see how long this lasts.

OSCAR  
Haha, I know right. We'll see.

The WAITER--twenty something, Latino, male, very  
conventionally attractive, fit as hell--sets down a steaming  
hot coffee in front of Oscar.

WAITER  
Hot. Careful.

OSCAR  
(without looking up)  
Thanks.

WAITER  
You're welcome.

Oscar looks up at the Waiter and, upon seeing him, is  
flabbergasted. This guy is handsome as hell.

WAITER  
So, the cinnamon buns are on their  
way. Can I get ya'll started with  
(MORE)

WAITER (CONT'D)  
anything else?

Oscar's nostrils flare. He takes a wolfish whiff in the Waiter's direction.

The Waiter pauses, tilting his nose in Oscar's direction.

There's a moment of recognition.

OSCAR  
Sorry. Not to be weird, but... you  
wouldn't happen to come from... a large  
family, by any chance?

WAITER  
(slowly)  
I do. Lots of brothers. Uncles.

OSCAR  
Same. I'm the youngest, personally.

WAITER  
(starting to smile)  
Me too. Of seven.

OSCAR  
(starting to smile)  
Me too.

Ben and Mandy look at each other, then watch on, intrigued.

OSCAR(CONT'D)  
Oscar.

WAITER  
Rogelio.

OSCAR  
Nice to meet you.

ROGELIO (WAITER)  
Same.

Beat.

BEN  
Well, I'd like the Eggs Benedict.

Mandy swats him with her menu.

BEN(CONT'D)

Ow.

Rogelio and Oscar smile sheepishly.

Rogelio goes back to taking the group's orders.

In the back of the restaurant, a young GROUP OF PRIESTS have lunch together.

Bibles sit on their table.

One YOUNG PRIEST--white, twenty something male--looks over at Oscar's table.

Slyly, the Young Priest pulls his phone out of his pocket, resting it on his lap, under the table and out of the view of the other Priests.

He opens up Grinder on his phone.

FADE OUT.

**THE END**