LYCANTHROPE

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. LABORATORY – NIGHT

The moon hangs over an intricate complex surrounded by chain link fence with barbed wire.

INT. LABORATORY – HALLWAY

A LAB ASSISTANT proceeds down the hallway followed closely by a SECURITY GUARD. The guard wears a black uniform with combat boots and carries a rifle. The assistant wears medical scrubs and carries a food tray.

They stop in front of a metal door with a viewing slot.

The guard removes a key ring from his belt.

ASSISTANT
Aren’t you going to look inside first?

GUARD
A couple of us kicked his ass something good this morning. He’s not going to be putting up a fight any time soon.

The guard unlocks the door.

INT. SUBJECT ROOM

The Subject room is cramped with a bloodstained mattress propped in one corner. A broken chain attached to the center of the floor catches the guard’s attention.

GUARD
Shit.

The guard’s eyes dart toward a security camera in the corner of the room. It has been smashed into itself.

An unseen force strikes the guard hard in the chest and sends him against the opposite wall.

ASSISTANT
Oh my God.

The assistant drops the food tray as he recoils.
SUBJECT P.O.V.

The unseen perpetrator drops down from above the door and picks up the guard’s rifle.

The guard hastily regains himself and lunges forward. Two tranquilizer darts fly into his chest. A third strikes him in the throat.

INT. HALLWAY

The assistant takes off down the hallway.

The guard falls to the floor in violent spasms. He gags and spews foam.

INT. LABORATORY - WEIR’S OFFICE

Bookshelves are stocked with medical journals and organic specimens suspended in jars. An antique desk is situated against the far wall.

DR. WEIR (60s) sits at the desk with a phone receiver pressed against his ear. He is bespectacled with a ring of gray hair encompassing an otherwise bald head. He wears a white lab coat.

The panicked assistant bursts into the office.

ASSISTANT
Dr. Weir—

WEIR
(to phone)
Excuse me.

WEIR
(to assistant)
Damn it. I thought I made it clear I am not to be disturbed—

ASSISTANT
Sir, the Subject’s escaped.

Weir slams the receiver down, lifts it again and presses a single button on the dial pad.
INT. LABORATORY - GUARD STATION

ZEB and ZEKE (40s) sit in a guard station encased within a chain link grate. They are identical twins with matching buzz cuts and black guard’s uniforms.

A mounted phone rings on the wall. Zeb answers it.

    ZEB
    Sir?

    WEIR (V.O.)
    The Subject’s escaped. I want you and your brother armed and in pursuit immediately.

    ZEB
    Yes sir.

Zeb hangs up the phone. He removes a rifle mounted on the wall and cocks it.

    ZEB
    Game time, Zeke.

INT. HALLWAY

Dr. Weir stands outside the Subject room staring at the incapacitated guard on the floor. Zeb and Zeke appear beside with rifles in hand.

    WEIR
    What are you waiting for? You think it’s going to return to the scene of its crime? Find it!

    ZEB/ZEKE
    Yes sir.

The brothers proceed hastily down the hallway.

INT. LABORATORY - OFFICE

A SCIENTIST sits in a cluttered office and scribbles in a medical journal.
The door bursts open. The scientist is struck with a tranquilizer dart before he can even look up.

SUBJECT P.O.V.

A shadow appears over the felled scientist. Two hands remove his lab coat. The hands are humanoid but swollen and deformed with fingers clawed and longer than normal.

INT. OFFICE

The Subject’s shadow, also humanoid, dresses itself in the lab coat and exits.

INT. HALLWAY

The SUBJECT emerges from the office. Only shaggy black hair is visible inside the lab coat.

Zeb and Zeke approach further down the hallway. They spot the Subject.

ZEB
Sir. We have an emergency—

The Subject jerks its head back for an instant then swiftly retracts it.

ZEKE
It’s the Subject!

The Subject races down the hallway. Zeb and Zeke fire their rifles as they give chase.

Dr. Weir appears at the end of the hallway and joins in the pursuit.

The brothers turn a corner and catch a glimpse of the Subject before it vanishes around another. They fire. Their shots miss.

INT. LABORATORY - STORAGE ROOM

The darkened storage room is lit by moonlight from outside a cluster of windows. Tables are stacked with cardboard boxes and assorted laboratory equipment.
The Subject bursts into the room and grabs a sanitary mask off one of the tables. It hastily places it over its head as it takes off towards the cluster of windows.

Approaching footsteps are heard outside the room.

INT. HALLWAY

Zeb and Zeke arrive at the storage room doorway only to watch the Subject dive through the windows and disappear.

EXT. LABORATORY

Spotlights illuminate the laboratory complex as a deafening alarm sounds.

The Subject tears across a grassy lawn and scrambles up the chain link fence. Its features remain indiscernible.

INT. HALLWAY

Zeb and Zeke backtrack down the hallway with Dr. Weir close behind them.

WEIR

Hurry up, you imbeciles!

EXT. LABORATORY

The Subject is caught in barbed wire at the top of the fence. It howls in pain as it falls over the fence. The wire tears away flesh and bloody white cloth.

EXT. FOREST

The Subject hastens clumsily through a darkened forest.

EXT. LABORATORY

Dr. Weir and the mercenaries approach the chain link fence. They stare at the bloody remnants left behind by the Subject. Dr. Weir turns to the brothers.

WEIR

You incompetent fools! What the hell am I paying you for?! Damn it! It’s gone!
EXT. COUNTRY ROAD – DAY

SUPER: EARLIER THAT DAY...

Lightning fast thrash metal interrupts the serenity as a black jeep speeds down a desolate country road.

INT. JEEP

RORY (20s) sits in the driver’s seat. Long brown hair hangs down past his shoulders in front of a black heavy metal t-shirt.

CODY (14) sits in the passenger’s seat and headbangs to the music. His brown hair is short but his facial features bare striking resemblance to that of Rory’s. He also wears a heavy metal t-shirt.

PHIL (20s), Hispanic, sits in the back seat and whips long greasy black hair to and fro as he headbangs. He wears a faded jean jacket covered in studs, band patches and pins over a heavy metal shirt.

RORY
Listen to that solo, dude. That’s what it’s all about, right there.

PHIL
We gotta start a band already, bro. It’s gotta be the fastest, heaviest shit ever.

RORY
Fuck yeah, dude. Heavier than Autopsy.

PHIL
Fuck that. Heavier than Emperor with three solos in every song.

Rory and Phil laugh.

CODY
Can I be in the band?

PHIL
No way, little bro. Real metal only.
CODY
I listen to real metal.

PHIL
I’m not talking about that screamo bullshit.

CODY
It’s not screamo, it’s metalcore and it’s not the only thing I listen to.

PHIL
Whatever. Fuck that screamo shit.

CODY
Rory.

RORY
Come on, dude. Lay off my little brother for five minutes, will you?

PHIL
Come on, bro, I’m just—

RORY
I said lay off him. You’re always ragging on him. Besides, you listen to Manowar. You can’t talk shit.

PHIL
Whatever.

Phil extends a hand to Cody.

PHIL
We cool?

Cody shakes Phil’s hand.

RORY
You got to learn to stand up for yourself, Cody.

CODY
I know.
RORY
You better. I’m not always going to be around to fight your battles for you. You got to learn how to handle yourself on your own. Right?

CODY
Right.

RORY
You got it, kid.

Rory tousles Cody’s hair. Phil dons an expression of mock sentimentalism.

PHIL
Dude, you guys just touched my heart.

RORY
Fuck you.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD
The jeep approaches a sign for a bed and breakfast.

INT. JEEP
Rory nods toward the sign.

RORY
Check it out. Bed and breakfast. Twenty miles. What do you say, Cody?

CODY
Cool.

RORY
What do you think, Phil?

PHIL
Bed and breakfast? That’s for old married couples and shit, ain’t it?

RORY
Whatever. We’re going. We need a place to crash. We aren’t going to find a motel for miles and it’s not like
they come cheap around here anyway.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

The jeep speeds ahead.

INT. GUARD STATION

Dr. Weir inserts a clip into a pistol. Zeb and Zeke stand beside him.

ZEKE
Sir, I don’t think it’s such a good idea for you to carry arms.

WEIR
I am merely taking precautions. Hiring the two of you was taking precautions but I’m starting to reconsider the merit of that decision. Prove to me it was not a mistake.

ZEB
Yes sir. But are you sure you want to kill it?

WEIR
Of course, I want to kill it. It has likely gone too far for us to safely bring it back at this point. Civilians could have been harmed. If the public finds out I’m in anyway responsible for this, I’m ruined.

ZEKE
Ruined, sir?

WEIR
Of course! Ruined! Don’t you know genetic experimentation is a crime? No one was to know about the project unless it was declared a success. I’ve been able to avoid the authorities so far and, because of my status, the boards as well. But if civilians get involved, all could be revealed. I can’t allow that to happen.
Weir points to several shotguns behind a steel grate mounted on the wall.

WEIR
Take those.

ZEB
Yes sir.

Zeke produces a key and unlocks the grate. The brothers remove the shotguns and cock them.

ZEKE
I’m sorry, sir, but how are we supposed to track the Subject?

WEIR
You know full well the effects the serum has on the human body at this stage. We follow its trail.

EXT. LABORATORY – TOLLBOOTH – NIGHT

Weir and the brothers proceed toward a tollbooth serving as a front entrance to the complex.

The bar is raised allowing the three men to exit the laboratory grounds.

EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST – TWILIGHT

The black jeep pulls past a white picket fence into the dirt parking lot of a picturesque country house.

INSERT:

An ornate sign in front of the house reads WELCOME TO MIMI’S BED AND BREAKFAST. ENJOY YOUR STAY.

Rory, Cody and Phil step out of the jeep.

PHIL
Come on, little bro. I told you. Their old shit is fucking sick. Then they started with that emo bullshit.
CODY
It’s not emo. He just sings now. What’s wrong with singing?

PHIL
Singing’s cool as long as you sound like you’ve got balls. This guy sounds like Michael Jackson.

CODY
Well, you listen to Judas Priest.

PHIL
Fuck you. Without Priest, you wouldn’t have any of these poser bands to listen to. They all try to rip them off.

CODY
Rory.

RORY
I’m not getting you out of this one, Cody. I told you.

CODY
But—

PHIL
(laughs)
Rory’s not helping your ass out anymore. He’s looking out for his big bro now, not his little—

RORY
Can’t you guys just chill out for two seconds?

Phil and Cody drop their shoulders in embarrassment.

RORY
Come on, guys. We’ve all got a lot of shit to deal with back home that we don’t have to deal with right now.

PHIL
Shit bro. You know it’s hard out here for a pimp.
A cell phone rings inside Phil’s jacket. He answers it.

PHIL
Hola Mama.

Phil removes himself from the group.

RORY
Cody, you’re not even supposed to be out here with us. Mom told me about your grades—

CODY
Come on, Rory. I don’t need a lecture—

RORY
You know how much shit you’re going to catch when we get back home? You’re going to catch even more if you don’t shape up—

CODY
You’re acting like Dad—

RORY
You know how much shit I’m going to catch for bringing you out here when Mom told me not to? She’s right, you know. You need to get your priorities straight—

CODY
I told you. I know.

RORY
So why do you and Phil have to fight all the time? We’re supposed to be having fun out here.

CUT TO:

Phil speaks on the phone.

PHIL (SPANISH)
I know... Don’t do that. I don’t want you paying anything... Look, I’m the one who messed up. I lost the
scholarship. It’s my fault. I’m the one who should pay for it. I’ll get another job. I’ll save up. I’ll figure something out. Just give me a chance... Okay... Thank you... I love you too.

CUT TO:

Phil returns to the group.

RORY
My point is that life deals you some shitty cards sometimes but that’s what makes the good so sweet. So let’s enjoy the sweet. Because we all know there ain’t nothing as sweet as Maiden.

Phil grabs Cody in a headlock and gives him a rough noogie.

PHIL
Fuck yeah. Even little bro likes Maiden, right?

Phil releases Cody.

The three head towards the bed and breakfast.

ERNIE (60s) snips away at a shrubbery with hedge clippers. He is bald and weathered but muscular. He wears a sweaty undershirt, dirty jeans and gardening gloves.

ERNIE
How’s it going, fellas?

Ernie smiles through beady eyes and waves with one hand. Rory and Cody wave back. Phil nods curtly in his direction.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST – LOBBY

A bell jingles as Rory, Cody and Phil step into a cozy entrance hall converted into a lobby with the addition of a front desk and a cash register.

MIMI (50s) enters. She has kind eyes and styled blonde hair. She wears a plaid shirt with a scarf around her neck.
MIMI
Hi, I’m Mimi. How are you gentlemen doing this evening?

RORY
Not bad. A little tired.

MIMI
Then you came to the right place. You fellas say hello to Ernie?

RORY
Sure did.

MIMI
He’s a sweetheart. Need a room? There’s two beds in each.

RORY
How about a couch?

MIMI
There’s one in the Oak Room.

RORY
(to Phil)
That’s all yours, buddy.
(to Mimi)
How much?

MIMI
That’ll be a hundred fifty dollars.

RORY
(laughs)
A hundred fifty? That’s a bargain.

MIMI
Hey. Who am I trying to keep out of here, you know?

RORY
I gotcha.

Rory turns.
RORY
Alright, everybody cough up some dough.

The three gather several bills amongst themselves. A moment later, Rory hands a wad of cash to Mimi.

MIMI
So where are you fellas from?

RORY
Virginia.

MIMI
Virginia? What are you fellas doing all the way up here.

RORY
We’re on our way to New York City for a heavy metal concert—

CODY
Iron Maiden and In Flames!

RORY
New York’s the closest they’re playing to us but Iron Maiden’s the best so we figure it’s worth the trip.

MIMI
Heavy metal, huh? Well, I like June Carter. What do you guys think of her.

PHIL
I don’t listen to that country shit.

RORY
Dude!

PHIL
What?

RORY
What the fuck?

PHIL
What? I’m just being real.
RORY
Being real?

PHIL
If you got something on your mind, you
got to speak it. Don’t be full of shit.

RORY
Whatever.
(to Mimi)
Sorry. He’s kind of an idiot.

MIMI
To each his own.

Mimi reaches into a coffee mug full of keys and hands one
to Rory.

MIMI
There you go. Upstairs. Last room at
the end of the hall.

RORY
Thanks a lot.

MIMI
There’s cable TV in a living room and
plenty of chairs. Take off your shoes.
Make yourselves at home. Mi casa es su
casa.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD – NIGHT

The headlights of a car illuminate the country road.

The car slows as it approaches a bulky mass in the center
of the road. The mass stirs and rises as the Subject gets
to its feet. The car stops.

The Subject turns and shuffles towards the car. Its face is
not revealed.

The DRIVER rolls down the window as the Subject approaches.
He wears a brown trench coat.

DRIVER
Sir, are you alright? Are you hurt?
The Subject breathes heavily through the sanitary mask.

DRIVER

The Subject breathes deeper and faster.

DRIVER
Sir, if you want my help, you’re going to have to—

The Subject lunges forward and grabs the driver. A struggle breaks out as it attempts to drag him out through the window.

DRIVER
Hey! What the hell are you doing?! Let go of me! Let go of—

The driver grabs the sanitary mask and pulls it down. What he sees causes him to scream hysterically.

DRIVER
Oh my God! What the hell are you?! What the... Get the hell off me! Get the fuck off me!

The Subject rips off the driver’s coat and pulls it through the window. In seconds, the driver speeds away.

The Subject adjusts the sanitary mask as it examines the coat. It reaches into a pocket and removes a wallet filled with cash and assorted credit cards. The Subject places it back into the pocket and puts on the coat.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST – SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Rory, Cody and Phil arrive at the top of a staircase with duffel bags in hand. Before them lies a carpeted hallway with floral wallpaper and antique oil lamps converted into electrics.

A door opens and a YUPPIE (30s) emerges from a room. He has chiseled features and slicked back hair. He wears an expensive business suit.
Cody bumps into the yuppie as they proceed down the hallway.

CODY

Sorry.

The yuppie turns around.

YUPPIE

Hey kid. Why don’t you watch where you’re going?

CODY

I’m sorry.

YUPPIE

Sorry? That’s all you’ve gotta say? What if I’d been carrying a cup of hot coffee and spilled it all over my suit? Sorry’s not going to cut it then, is it?

RORY

Lay off him, dude. He said he was sorry. What else can he do?

YUPPIE

Hey pal. Let him speak for himself. He’s a big boy. He knows what he did.

PHIL

Hey. You heard the man. Leave the kid alone.

YUPPIE

A bunch of tough guys, eh? What the Fuck is wrong with you kids today? No respect, not for anyone, and you all dress like a bunch of punks. Look at you. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves.

PHIL

Hey. Fuck you, asshole.

RORY

Yeah. What’s an asshole like you doing
at a place like this anyway?

YUPPIE
I’ve got a dinner down at the country club with some very important people from work. You hear that? Work. Something you kids probably don’t know anything about. Listen to me. You all need to get it together. Shape up. Focus. Make something of yourselves. That’s what I did. First thing you gotta do is learn how to present yourself right. Stop running around looking like street scum.

The yuppie disappears down the staircase.

PHIL
Hey! Fuck you, motherfucker! You yuppie piece of shit! Get back here! I’ll kick your fucking ass! I’ll—

Rory grabs Phil’s shoulder. He trails off.

RORY
Chill out, dude. We’re in someone’s home. He’s a fucking asshole. What are you going to do?
(to Cody)
Hey. You okay?

CODY
Yeah. Thanks.

RORY
Don’t worry about it. It’s cool.

PHIL
We showed that motherfucker. No one messes with little bro but me.

RORY
Phil, I think you might need to lay off the yay for a little while, buddy.

PHIL
Hey. You know I don’t do that shit.
Alcohol is my anti-drug.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - OAK ROOM

Rory flips a light switch as the three step into a spacious double bedroom. Floral patterns decorate virtually every surface. Framed oil paintings adorn the walls. The beds and furniture consist of oak frames.

CODY
Woah.

RORY
Dude. Nice.

PHIL
This place looks like the fucking White House, bro.

CODY
Yeah. You’re right. White House.

All three drop their duffel bags.

RORY
I’ll be right back. I gotta go take a piss. Gentlemen. You heard the lady. Make yourselves at home.

Rory exits.

Phil turns to Cody. Cody recoils in fear but is surprised when Phil extends a hand.

PHIL
Hey Cody. You know I don’t mean nothing by fucking with you all the time. You’re alright, little bro.

A perplexed Cody shakes Phil’s hand.

PHIL
I’m just trying to teach you to be true like me and him. Fucking krieg, you know? You’re Rory’s little brother. That makes you my little brother.
Phil pats Cody on the back as he puts an arm around his shoulder.

RORY (O.S.)
What the fuck are you guys doing?

Both turn to see Rory standing in the doorway. Phil swiftly puts Rory in a headlock.

EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST – NIGHT

The first floor of the bed and breakfast is illuminated.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - LIVING ROOM

A spacious, elegantly furnished living room.

Rory, Cody and Phil sit at a table with Ernie and play poker. The yuppie sits in an armchair and watches the stocks on a big screen television. He has swapped his suit in favor of more casual dress.

Ernie lays down his cards.

ERNIE
Full house.

RORY
Nice one.
(to Phil)
Your turn to deal.

Rory gathers the cards on the table and passes the deck to Phil. Phil shuffles the cards.

RORY
So what exactly do you do around here? Mimi says you’re a farmer, not a gardener.

ERNIE
(laughs)
Well, I’m a gardener when needs me to be. I just come here to help Mimi out whenever she needs something done and she pays me for it. Think of me as a helping hand.
RORY
How’d you guys work out that deal?

ERNIE
Mimi moved into town about a year ago. First time I met her, I said welcome to the neighborhood. Anything you need, you call me. Whatever it is. Ernie’s the name. The way I see it, you be a friend, you make a friend.

EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST – NIGHT

The Subject shuffles toward the entrance of the bed and breakfast.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Cody lays down his cards.

CODY
Straight flush.

RORY
Way to go, Cody.

ERNIE
Nice one, son.

PHIL
Motherfucker.

All turn to Phil.

PHIL
You cheating piece of shit.

CODY
I didn’t cheat.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST – KITCHEN

A quaint kitchen setup with black and white tile floor.

Mimi sits and eats a piece of blueberry pie at a table in the kitchen center.
The jingling bell signals someone entering the bed and breakfast. Mimi stands and exits.

INT. LOBBY

The Subject stands in front of the check in desk.

MIMI
   How are you doing tonight, sir?

The Subject does not respond.

MIMI
   Can I help you?
   (no response)
   Do you need a room?

The Subject raises a single elongated finger.

MIMI
   The Burgundy Room okay?

The Subject gives the slightest of nods.

MIMI
   A hundred fifty dollars, please.

The Subject removes the wallet from its coat, produces several bills and extends them to Mimi. She takes them.

MIMI
   Thank you, sir. Here you are.

Mimi hands the Subject a key. It takes the key and exits.

MIMI
   Sir? Are you alright?

INT. LIVING ROOM

The poker players are engaged in argument.

PHIL
   Yes, you did.

CODY
   No, I didn’t.
ERNIE
Come on, fellas. No need to fight.

RORY
He didn’t cheat, Phil. He’s just got a good poker face.

Phil throws down his cards.

YUPPIE
Can you people keep it down. I’m trying to watch the stocks.

PHIL
You know what—

RORY
Somebody’s home, dude.

Phil calms himself but appears internally frustrated.

PHIL
I don’t think... like... you... not a very nice person.
(sighs)

YUPPIE
Just keep it down, alright?

The Subject enters. Before anyone can take a good look at it, it disappears up the staircase.

PHIL
Who the fuck was that?

RORY
How the fuck should I know?

ERNIE
Let’s all try and get back to playing some poker, shall we?

RORY
Who’s dealing?

ERNIE
Why don’t we let this young man here
do it?

RORY
It’s all you, kid.

Rory passes the deck to Cody who proceeds to shuffle the cards fancily with a smug look on his face.

CODY
Alright, gentlemen. The game is Texas Holdem.

EXT. FIELD – NIGHT

Flashlights illuminate a field of tall grass. Dr. Weir and the mercenaries emerge from the forest and proceed through the grass beyond.

Zeke notices blood on a patch of grass. He stops as Zeb and Dr. Weir proceed forward.

A squish is heard as Zeb steps in something. He stops and points his flashlight toward his feet. He steps back to reveal a shred of bloody, decaying flesh.

Zeb lifts the flesh off the ground with the end of his shotgun. A mixture of blood and pus drips freely from it.

ZEB
Looks like we’re still on the right track, sir.

Dr. Weir scans the surroundings and points.

WEIR
This way.

Dr. Weir proceeds ahead.

Zeke appears beside Zeb and stares at the rotting tissue.

ZEB
That’s disgusting. God knows what this thing looks like now.
SERIES OF SHOTS:

1) The bed and breakfast exterior, completely dark.

2) The lobby, dark.

3) The living room, dark.

4) The second floor hallway remains lit. A single room is illuminated from behind a closed door.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - BATHROOM

The Subject stands in front of a mirror. It is fully visible now. It resembles a man but its features are gangly and abnormally angled.

Its forehead is wide, flat and pushed slightly back. Its jaw is pushed slightly forward. Pointed ears protrude from under shaggy black hair.

The Subject allows the trench coat to fall off its back followed by a bloodstained lab coat to reveal a naked, emaciated body.

Its chest is covered in sickly green and yellow blemishes. Ragged wounds on its belly drip with pus and ichor.

The skin on its back is peeling away. Its spine is slightly raised and abnormally contorted.

The Subject removes the sanitary mask from its face and cries out in shock at its own reflection.

The Subject’s nose and mouth are horribly deformed. Its nose is flat and pushed forward like a snout. Gaping nostrils drip with mucus.

Its mouth contains two rows of inflamed gums. The first row consists of humanoid teeth pointed outward while the second consists of canine teeth randomly arranged and spaced out. Its jaws appears unable to close completely.

The Subject prods its lower most gum. A tooth falls out into the sink. Glutinous pus oozes out of the hole. The Subject moans in agony as two more teeth falls out.
A second moan turns into a yelp as the Subject claws frantically at its back. Its skin tears easily and falls away to reveal inflamed muscle underneath dotted with coarse black hairs.

A skeletal tail twitches to and fro directly above its backside.

INT. OAK ROOM - NIGHT

Rory and Cody sleep in separate beds while Phil lies fully clothed on a couch. He snores loudly.

Cody stirs and awakens. He climbs out of bed, slips on a pair of pants and exits.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Cody proceeds down the hallway toward the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Cody flicks on the light and proceeds to the toilet. He completely ignores the blood and pus stains on the floor by the sink. He unzips his pants and relieves himself.

A moment later, he washes his hands with soap from a bottle on the sink. The soap washes away a yellow residue encrusted around the sink’s drain.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Cody proceeds down the hallway. He freezes beside a closed door at the sound of an agonized moan.

He presses his ear against the door. A second moan issues from behind it.

    CODY
    Hey.
    (no response)
    Hey. Are you okay?

Cody hears rustling behind the door followed by hoarse panting directly behind it.
CODY

I said are you okay?

The panting stops. Rustling again then more panting at the base of the door.

Cody hears rustling at his feet. He looks down to see a piece of folded paper has been slid under the door. He bends down to pick it up.

Cody unfolds the paper, gasps and drops it. The paper lands open on the carpeted floor.

INSERT:

The paper is stained with blood. A message has been sloppily scribbled on it. It reads BRING ME MEAT.

CODY

Bring you... I can’t—

Snarling and banging at the door.

CODY

But—

The commotion grows louder and more violent.

CODY

Okay, okay. Just be quiet.

Another snarl of indignation but less aggressive.

Cody proceeds toward the Oak Room.

INT. OAK ROOM

Cody proceeds to Rory’s bed and nudges his shoulder.

CODY

Hey Rory. Rory.

Cody nudges Rory harder.

CODY

Rory.
Rory turns his head toward Cody and blinks.

    RORY
    (sleepily)
    What?

    CODY
    There’s some weird guy in the—

Rory shuts his eyes and snores loudly.

    CODY
    Rory? Rory.

INT. BEDROOM HALLWAY
Cody proceeds toward the staircase.

INT. KITCHEN
Cody enters a lit kitchen. Mimi sits at the table reading a

    MIMI
    Hey. What are you doing up so late?

    CODY
    I... I...

    MIMI
    I like to read at night sometimes. Days
can get so hectic. Night’s the only
time I can get any peace and quiet, you
know? What can I do for you?

    CODY
    I... Thirsty?

CUT TO:
Cody sits at the table. Mimi sets a glass of milk and a
plate of blueberry pie in front of him.

    CODY
    Thank you.
MIMI
You’re very welcome.

Mimi sits down across from Cody as he shovels a forkful of pie into his mouth and chases it with a swig of milk.

CODY
This is really good.

MIMI
I’m glad you like it.

CODY
You didn’t have to do this, you know?

MIMI
Well, I wanted to.

CODY
So why’d you decide to open a bed and breakfast?

MIMI
You really want to know?

CODY
Yeah, sure.

MIMI
Well, okay.
(takes a deep breath)
I got a divorce last year. All of a sudden, I was alone in the world. I couldn’t even turn to my parents. They don’t believe in divorce so naturally, they were very disappointed in me.

CODY
Why?

MIMI
They’re just very old fashioned. Anyway, I decided to open a bed and breakfast so I could have people around all the time. It’s been a very rough period in my life but I’ve been working through it and I’m not ashamed of it.
If June Carter could make it, so can I.

CODY
I’m sorry.

MIMI
Oh, don’t you worry about me. What about you? What’s a sweet young man like you doing hanging out with those big boys?

CODY
Rory’s my big brother. Phil’s his best friend.

MIMI
I see.

CODY
But Rory’s not just my brother. He’s my best friend too. He’s always nice to me and takes me everywhere he goes and always sticks up for me when people are ragging on me.

MIMI
He sounds like a good brother.

CODY
I wish it was just the two of us though. I mean, Phil’s okay sometimes. But when Rory’s around, he’s always ragging on me and telling me I don’t listen to real metal. Rory’s always paying attention to him and not me.

MIMI
That doesn’t sound very nice but that’s life sometimes, Cody. We can’t always get what we want when we want it.

CODY
That’s what Rory always says.

MIMI
Well, he’s right.
CODY
I know. Rory’s always right. But he still thinks I’m a little kid. He’s always telling me to stand up for myself and stuff like that and I don’t like it. I mean, I’m not a little kid anymore, you know?

MIMI
You shouldn’t worry about all that. You’re still growing up and soon, your brother will realize you’re not a little kid anymore.

CODY
But I want him to realize it now.

MIMI
You don’t want to rush things, Cody. You should enjoy being young.

CODY
I guess.

Cody finishes up his pie and gulps down the remaining milk in his glass.

CODY
Thanks for the pie.

Cody gets up.

MIMI
Goodnight.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Cody proceeds toward the end of the hallway. He does not notice the bloody note left on the floor.

INT. OAK ROOM

Cody enters, kicks off his pants and climbs into bed.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

The hallway is filled with raspy wheezes.
INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - BURGUNDY ROOM

The Burgundy Room resembles the Oak Room in arrangement but differs in appearance. Floral patterns have been replaced by stripes. Oak has been replaced by redwood.

Blood and pus are splattered on the walls. Gelatinous tissues are strewn across the floor.

The Subject sits naked and hunched over in the center of the room. Its back is turned. Most of its epidermis has fallen away. Its new flesh is pinkish in hue with scattered coarse black hairs.

The Subject grips its scalp firmly with both hands and groans as it slowly peels it off.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST - BEDROOM

An elegantly furnished single bedroom.

A muffled cry awakens the sleeping yuppie. A following cry causes him to furrow his brow and slide his back up the bedpost. He listens intently to the noise behind the wall.

INT. BURGUNDY ROOM

The Subject’s flat skull glistens between its pointed ears.

It sniffs the air for a moment then pants heavily.

INT. BEDROOM

The yuppie remains alert with his back against the wall. An indistinct commotion behind the wall then nothing.

An eerie silence passes before a clawed arm bursts through the yuppie’s chest and splatters blood everywhere. His eyes fixate in horror on his own beating heart clasped in the Subject’s spindly fingers.

The yuppie goes limp as the Subject’s arm retracts through the gaping chasm in his chest cavity.
INT. BURGUNDY ROOM

The Subject holds the yuppie’s heart delicately in both hands. It admires it briefly then proceeds to noisily gobble it up.

INT. BEDROOM

The yuppie lies against the bedpost with a horrified expression frozen on his dead face.

Two hands tear through the hollow wall and grab the yuppie in a tight grip around the chest. They jerk his corpse flat against the wall and pull hard. The bedpost and wallpaper crack in the process.

INT. BURGUNDY ROOM

The Subject’s gangly arms are buried in the wall. A small mountain of flimsy wood and wallpaper forms as it pulls forcefully outward.

After a moment, the yuppie’s head bursts through the wall followed by his shoulders. The Subject drags him through the wall until he is exposed from the waist up. It releases him and moves to his side.

The Subject grips the yuppie around the abdomen and twists his upper half in a circle. His spine cracks loudly. Blood streams down the wall.

INT. BEDROOM

The yuppie’s lower half appears to be in strain. Moist tearing and grinding sounds issue from behind the wall.

After a moment, a sickening crunch. The yuppie’s lower half goes slack.

INT. BURGUNDY ROOM

The yuppie’s upper half lies on its back. A shadow appears over it. A menacing hiss. Blood tinged saliva drips onto its face.
INT. OAK ROOM – NIGHT

Phil stirs on the couch then awakens with a jolt. He climbs off the couch and proceeds across the room. He stops beside Cody’s bed and prods him sharply in the ribs.

PHIL
Hey little bro. Wake up.

Phil prods Cody some more. Cody stirs but does not awaken.

PHIL
Hey, wake up. Little bro.

Phil prods Cody several more times but yields no result.

PHIL
Wake the fuck up.

Phil slaps Cody hard on the chest. He awakens with a jolt.

CODY
What the fuck?

Cody spots Phil beside him.

CODY
Fuck, Phil. Don’t do that. You scared the shit out of me.

PHIL
I got to take a piss.

CODY
I don’t want to know that. What are you telling me for?

PHIL
Where’s the bathroom?

CODY
Can’t you find it yourself?

PHIL
Listen. I got to piss real fucking bad and I’m not trying to piss in anyone’s room. I’d piss in that fucking yuppie’s
room if I could but I won’t because Rory says this is someone’s home and I got to respect that shit. So where’s the bathroom at?

CODY
It’s the last door on the right.

PHIL
Thanks, little bro. I can always count on you.

Phil punches Cody playfully in the shoulder but it clearly hurts him more than Phil intended.

CODY
Fuck. That hurt.

PHIL
No, it didn’t.

Phil exits.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

The toilet flushes as Phil emerges from the bathroom.

He proceeds down the hallway but stops midway. He lifts up his foot and removes the Subject’s bloodstained note from under his boot.

PHIL
Fucking sick.

Phil realizes the note is covered in blood and casts it to the floor. It lands text side up. Phil reads it.

PHIL
What the fuck?

Phil notices his own bloody footprints on the carpet leading away from where he stands.

He follows the footprints back to the Burgundy Room door. Blood has spilled out from under the door and pooled around its base.
PHIL (SPANISH)
You sick motherfucker.

INT. OAK ROOM

Phil bursts into the room and darts to Cody’s bed. He proceeds to slap his face and shake him forcefully.

PHIL
Hey little bro. You gotta wake up. Wake the fuck up.

Cody awakens.

CODY
(groggily)
Fuck. Stop it, Phil. What the fuck do you want now?

Rory awakens and lifts his head.

RORY
(groggily)
What the fuck is going on?

INT. BEDROOM HALLWAY

Rory, Cody and Phil stand fully dressed around the Burgundy Room door and stare at the blood on the floor.

CODY
Holy shit.

RORY
What the fuck?

PHIL
See? What the fuck did I tell you? I’m not lying. We’ve got fucking Jeffery Dahmer chilling out down the hall.

CODY
What do we do, Rory?

RORY
We got to go wake up Mimi and get her to unlock this door.
PHIL
What for?

RORY
This guy could be dying in there for all we know. We’re in the middle of nowhere. It’ll take paramedics forever to get here. We’ve got to get in there and see what we can do to make sure this guy’s not dead by the time they do get here. Let’s go.

Cody and Phil follow Rory down the staircase.

INT. BURGUNDY ROOM

Only the door is visible. It is splattered with blood. Rapid, sporadic grunts and moist stretching sounds are heard.

After a moment, more blood splashes the door. Moist slurping sounds follow.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST – MIMI’S ROOM

Mimi lies asleep in bed in a dark bedroom.

Knocking at the door. Mimi awakens.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST – FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY

Rory, Cody and Phil stand in the hallway outside Mimi’s bedroom door. The door opens. Mimi sticks her head outside with a disoriented look on her face.

MIMI
(sleepily)
Something the matter, boys?

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

The group stands in front of the Burgundy Room door. Mimi wears a nightgown. All of them stare at the blood pooled on the floor.

MIMI
Thank you, boys. Maybe it’s wishful
thinking but let’s hope this isn’t as serious as it looks.

Mimi knocks on the door.

MIMI
Sir, are you alright? Can you tell us what’s wrong? Sir?

A snarl is heard from behind the door.

PHIL
What the fuck was that?

CODY
I don’t know but I heard it before.

RORY
Before? You knew about this? Why didn’t you tell us?

CODY
I tried—

RORY
You fucked up big time, Cody.

CODY
But—

MIMI
Sir, you’re going to have to speak up if you want us to help you. Are you alright?
(no response)
I guess we’re going to have to go in there after all.

Mimi removes a skeleton key from her nightgown.

MIMI
I’m opening the door, sir.

Mimi inserts the skeleton key into the keyhole and unlocks the door.
INT. BURGUNDY ROOM

The group stands at the doorway frozen in shock.

The Burgundy Room has been reduced to an abattoir. Blood and brains cake the walls. Intestines, pulpy lumps of flesh and assorted viscera are strewn across the floor.

The Subject is crouched over half of a mutilated carcass.

MIMI
Sweet Jesus.

The Subject turns around to reveal itself as it gnaws the meat off a human spine. All of its skin has been shed. It no longer resembles a human but a doglike beast.

The Subject casts the spine aside and snarls menacingly at the group.

RORY
(calm, suppressed)
Let’s get the fuck out of here. Now.
Come on, Cody.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Cody is rooted to the ground in fear. Rory grabs him by the arm and jerks him towards the staircase. Mimi and Phil follow their lead.

INT. BURGUNDY ROOM

The Subject gives chase.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The group scurries down the staircase and through the living room.

RORY
Outside! The jeep!

INT. LOBBY

Mimi hastily unlocks the door and casts it open.
EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST - NIGHT

The group bursts out of the bed and breakfast and runs toward the jeep.

Glass showers the dirt as the Subject dives through the living room window and bounds across the parking lot. It moves on its feet but its form is animalistic.

RORY
Stop!

The group halts as the Subject cuts between them and the jeep. It snarls and brandishes its claws.

The group backs away cautiously.

the Subject turns and climbs onto the jeep’s hood then leaps onto its roof. It snarls and bears its teeth. Ragged flesh drips from its moisten lips.

RORY
Inside!

INT. LOBBY

The group bursts inside the lobby. Rory, Cody and Phil quickly exit while Mimi shuts and locks the door behind them.

Mimi turns around to see the others have retreated into the kitchen.

MIMI
Wait! No!

INT. KITCHEN

Mimi bursts into the kitchen.

MIMI
The back door! Through the—

Breaking glass is heard nearby.

MIMI
The basement! In there!
Mimi points to the basement door. Rory hurls it open and follows Cody and Phil down the staircase. Mimi hurries after them as the Subject appears behind the kitchen threshold.

She grabs a cordless phone off the wall as she passes through the kitchen doorway.

INT. BASEMENT

Mimi grabs the doorknob and pulls it toward her. The door closes on the Subject’s arm.

MIMI
Help me!

The Subject’s clawed hand gropes and scratches around behind the door as Mimi struggles to hold it closed.

Rory and Phil grab onto the doorknob to aid her.

Phil raises a boot and stamps it hard onto the Subject’s hand. A yelp is heard behind the door as the hand retracts. The door slams shut and plunges the basement into darkness.

The metallic thud of the door lock sliding into place followed by the flip of a switch. Light illuminates the staircase.

The door shakes violently. Snarls and grunts issue from behind it.

RORY
How do we get out of here?

MIMI
We can’t. The back door is on the other side of the house. I tried to tell you.

RORY
Is this door going to hold?

MIMI
God, I hope so.

The door stops shaking. Scuttling behind it.
Rory bends down and peeks under the door.

RORY’S P.O.V.

An empty kitchen.

    CODY (O.S.)
    Is it gone?

INT. BASEMENT

Rory turns to the others.

    RORY
    It’s gone. For now.

The group descends the staircase into an ill lit basement. Laundry baskets clutter the general area. Shelves are stacked with towels and bed sheets. A washing machine and drier are situated against one wall.

    RORY
    Everybody okay?

    MIMI
    I’ve felt better but thank you.

    RORY
    Cody. You okay?

Cody is ghostly white.

    CODY
    Yeah.

    RORY
    You sure? You don’t look like you’re going to hurl.

    CODY
    Yeah, I’m okay.

    RORY
    That’s good because it looks like we’re going to be here for a while. Phil?
PHIL
What the fuck are we going to do, bro?

RORY
I don’t know.

PHIL
You don’t know? You’ve gotta know. That fucking thing’s going to come back for—

RORY
Don’t you think I know that? Of course, it’s going to fucking come back.
(to Mimi)
Pardon my language.

MIMI
Oh, I think we’re all a little bit flustered, don’t you?

RORY
What else can we do? We have to call the police.

Mimi dials the number on the cordless phone and holds it to her ear.

911
911, please state your emergency.

MIMI
Hello. This is Mimi from Mimi’s Bed and Breakfast. We have something kind of animal loose in the house. I don’t know what it is. I think it might be some kind of coyote or something. Anyway—

911
Ma’am, I recommend you call Animal Control for this—

MIMI
Wait a minute. You don’t understand—

911
The police do not deal with animals. I recommend you call Animal Control—
MIMI
Wait. Listen to... Hello? Hello.

Mimi redials.

911
911, please state your emergency.

MIMI
Listen. I don’t think you understand how serious this is. This monster’s killed someone. Ripped them to pieces—

911
Monster?

MIMI
Yes, that’s what I said. This—

911
Ma’am, if this is a prank call, I suggest you cease and desist immediately.

MIMI
What? No! This isn’t a prank. Please. You’ve got to believe me. There’s a—

911
Ma’am, there are people who have real emergencies to report—

MIMI
This is an emergency!

911
Goodbye, ma’am.

MIMI
Wait!

The click on the other line.

RORY
What did they say?
MIMI
They said to call Animal Control.

Mimi hits a single digit on the phone and returns it to her ear.

OPERATOR
Operator.

MIMI
Animal Control, please.

OPERATOR
Please hold.

Mimi holds. After a moment, a busy signal is heard.

Mimi looks at Rory.

MIMI
Busy.

INT. KITCHEN

The Subject approaches the basement door. It brings back a clawed hand and strikes it against the wood with a growl.

INT. BASEMENT

The group reacts to the loud thud.

The door shakes again as the Subject howls and snarls behind it.

RORY
Everybody calm down! Mimi, stay on the line. The rest of us, let’s think. Any ideas? Cody?

CODY
I... I... Nothing.

RORY
That’s okay. Phil?

PHIL
I got nothing, bro.
RORY
Okay.

PHIL
You’re the one with the ideas.

RORY
I’m thinking, I’m thinking. Okay. Mimi. Do you have any tools or sharp objects in here. Axes, shovels, anything we could use as a weapon?

Mimi shakes her head.

RORY
Shit.

CODY
I knew it. We’re dead. We’re all going to die in here—

RORY
No one’s dying in here, Cody! We just need a plan.

Mimi sets the phone on the floor.

MIMI
No one’s answering.

RORY
Any other ideas?

Mimi shakes her head.

MIMI
I’m sorry.

PHIL
Fuck.

MIMI
No. Hold on. Wait a minute.

PHIL
Huh?
RORY
What is it?

MIMI
Ernie.

RORY
What about him?

MIMI
He has a gun. We can call him. He’ll come over here and he can kill that thing with it.

PHIL
That old fuck?

CODY
He can still help.

PHIL
That’s a fucking werewolf upstairs. I don’t give a fuck if he’s got a gun. He’ll be lunch before he can get his ass through the fucking door.

CODY
A werewolf!

RORY
Look. It’s worth a shot. In fact, it’s the only shot we’ve got right now.

(to Phil)
Who said anything about werewolves?

PHIL
Dude. Did you see that thing?

MIMI
Ernie fought in the Korean War. He knows how to handle himself.

RORY
Let’s give him a call then.
INT. KITCHEN

The Subject holds the doorknob in its mouth and bites down hard upon it with its canine teeth. Its gums bleed as its human teeth crack and fall out.

INT. BASEMENT

Mimi holds the cordless phone against her ear.

Cody crosses his fingers.

    CODY
    Please, please, please.

    MIMI
    Come on, Ernie. Come on.

    ERNIE (V.O.)
    Hello?

    MIMI
    Ernie. Thank God.

    ERNIE (V.O.)
    Mimi? What’s the matter? Are you alright?

    MIMI
    Ernie, an animal’s gotten into the house. A very big one. Some kind of dog. It’s killed two of the guests.

    ERNIE (V.O.)
    My God.

    MIMI
    The rest of us are trapped in the cellar. The door’s locked but the animal’s still trying to get inside. I don’t know how long the door is going to hold. We need you could take that gun of yours and—

    ERNIE (V.O.)
    I’ll be there right away.
EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST - NIGHT

A pickup truck parks in front of the bed and breakfast. Ernie steps out, reaches back inside the truck and removes a hunting rifle.

INT. LOBBY

Ernie unlocks the front door and enters.

INT. KITCHEN

Ernie enters. He his the surroundings and proceeds to the basement door. Deep etchings have been clawed into the wood. He examines them closely.

    ERNIE
        Jesus.

Ernie knocks lightly on the door.

INT. BASEMENT

The group collectively releases a sigh of relief.

    MIMI
        He’s here. We’re going to be okay.

INT. KITCHEN

Ernie turns and exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ernie enters and surveys the area. All the windows looking out at the parking lot have been shattered. An eerie wind blows through tattered curtains.

Faint scratching nearby. Ernie turns. He exits into a hallway beside the staircase.

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY

Ernie proceeds down the darkened hallway. He stops beside an ajar door that spills light into the hallway.
More scratching. Closer. Ernie braces himself, readies the rifle and kicks open the door.

INT. MIMI’S ROOM

The door bursts open revealing a modestly furnished single bedroom.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

SUBJECT P.O.V.

The Subject emerges from the Burgundy Room into the hallway and toward the staircase.

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY

Ernie proceeds down the hallway.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Ernie reenters. He gives the room a quick look then turns to ascend the staircase.

INT. BASEMENT

Faint scratching somewhere outside the door.

CODY
Is that him? Is that Ernie?

RORY
Quiet.

Sniffing and panting at the base of the door.

A moment later, clawed fingers slip under the door and scratch frantically at the wood.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Ernie proceeds cautiously down the hallway. He stops outside the Burgundy Room’s ajar door. He pushes it gently open to reveal the scattered carnal remnants within.

ERNIE
Jesus, Mary and Joseph.
Ernie recoils in disgust and forms a cross over his chest.

INT. BASEMENT

The fingers retract underneath the door. Snarls and violent shaking resume.

INT. BEDROOM HALLWAY

Ernie hears the commotion and hastens towards the staircase.

INT. BASEMENT

The snarls and shaking stops. Scuttling is heard behind the door followed by indistinct commotion.

    CODY
    What’s it doing?

    RORY
    Shh.

INT. LOBBY

Ernie reenters.

A crashing sound nears. Ernie diverts his gaze to the kitchen entrance. Moist slurping sounds follow accompanied by satisfied grunts.

Ernie proceeds towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Ernie enters and recoils.

The floor is a mess. A puddle of milk forms amongst scattered food products and a shattered pie plate.

The Subject’s head is buried inside the refrigerator.

After a moment, it retracts its head to reveal a mangled steak held between its teeth. It grabs the steak with both hands and shakes its head violently from side to side.
A click causes it to turn. Ernie has the Subject directly in his sights.

The Subject growls and stands on elongated hind legs.

Ernie fires at the Subject. It falls to the floor.

Ernie approaches his apparent kill. Blood trickles from a bullet wound in its shoulder.

He stops to look over its sprawled.

**ERNIE**

What do we have here?

The Subject’s eyes snap open. Ernie’s match the action.

**ERNIE**

Son of a bitch.

Ernie backs up and reloads the rifle. The Subject knocks it out of his hands and across the room.

Before Ernie can react, it swipes a clawed hand across his belly. He falls to the floor. Blood soaks his shirt.

Blood dribbles from his mouth as he crawls on his knees and elbows toward the rifle.

The Subject stands and approaches Ernie. It moves slowly to allow Ernie to lead.

Ernie grabs the rifle and fires at the Subject. He misses.

The Subject maintains its slow approach. Ernie reloads and fires simultaneously. Unable to hold steady, he misses.

The Subject stops in front of Ernie. It growls hungrily. Ernie fires the rifle into its thigh. It yelps as it falls to one knee.

Rory bursts through the basement door.

**RORY**

Shit!
Rory grabs Ernie around the chest and hoists him upright. Ernie takes aim at the Subject.

    RORY
    Shoot it!

The rifle clicks empty.

    RORY
    Fuck!

The Subject regains itself and roars.

INT. BASEMENT

Rory heaves Ernie into the basement. He slams the door shut and locks it.

Scratching and guttural exclamations behind the door.

    RORY
    Get some towels!

Rory descends the staircase supporting Ernie. The rifle falls from his grip at its base.

    MIMI
    Ernie!

    CODY
    No!

    PHIL
    Fuck!

Cody and Mimi spring to grab towels from off the shelves.

Rory lies Ernie down in the center of the room. Cody and Mimi pile towels onto his lacerated abdomen.

    RORY
    Keep pressure on the wound.

Cody, Mimi and Phil press hard down on the wound. The towels turn scarlet as they soak up the blood.
ERNIE
(strained)
I got him. I know I did. But he got right back up—

RORY
Just relax.

ERNIE
I’m sorry, Mimi. I let you all down—

MIMI
No, you didn’t. You did the best you could, Ernie. That’s all I could ever ask of you. You just rest now.

CODY
Shouldn’t we call an ambulance?

RORY
I don’t think a couple of dead paramedics are going to do this guy any good. I’m calling Animal Control.

ERNIE
You do what you have to, son. I’ll be... I’ll be just...

Ernie trails off into shock.

MIMI
No! Ernie, you got to fight! You have to fight! Tell him, Cody!

Cody looks close to tears.

Rory holds the cordless phone against his ear.

RORY
Put me through to Animal Control.

Rory holds.

ANIMAL CONTROL (V.O.)
Animal Control.
RORY
Yeah, this is... Hello? Hello.

Rory holds the phone in front of him and frantically presses the power button.

RORY
Shit. It’s dead.

Rory casts the phone aside and reaches into his pocket. He removes a cell phone and flips it open.

INSERT:

The cell phone screen reads NO SERVICE.

RORY
Shit.

CODY
What are we going to do now, Rory? What are we going to do—

RORY
Give me a fucking break, Cody! I’m thinking!

PHIL
Fuck this!

Phil reaches into his jacket and removes a set of brass knuckles. He slips them on to his fingers and pounds them into an open palm.

RORY
What the fuck do you think you’re going to do with those?

PHIL
I’m tired of sitting around here like a bunch of fucking pussies. I’m going upstairs and showing this motherfucker what brass tastes like.

RORY
(laughs nervously)
Woah there, buddy. Have you been
drinking or something?

PHIL
Fuck that shit. This thing just caught a bullet in its ass. No way it’s going to put up a fight now.

Phil proceeds toward the staircase.

RORY
Are you insane?!

PHIL
Don’t try and stop me, bro.

RORY
Watch me!

Rory lunges at Phil. Phil raises a brass fist. Rory stops dead in his tracks. Phil continues up the staircase.

RORY
Don’t do this, Phil!

Rory jumps to grab Phil’s leg. He misses it by an inch and collapses on the staircase.

PHIL
My dad always told me to be a man. Don’t take no shit from nobody. If I’m gonna die here tonight, I’m gonna go down fighting.

Phil unlocks the door and steps over the threshold.

RORY
You fucking asshole!

INT. KITCHEN

Phil shuts the door behind him as he emerges from the basement.

The Subject crouches in front of the refrigerator and tears open a package of meat with its teeth.
PHIL
Hey bitch.

The Subject turns and grunts.

PHIL
That’s right. I’m talking to you. You just made me take off my fucking belt.

Phil throws open his jacket to reveal a belt of bullet shells around his waste. He removes from his person and brandishes it like a whip.

The Subject snorts and lunges at Phil. He strikes it in the face with the belt and sends it backward. Before it can react, he strikes it again. The blow sends it into the refrigerator.

The Subject regains itself and lunges at Phil again. It clamps its jaws down on his wrist. Phil does not react.

The Subject’s teeth tear the denim on Phil’s jacket to reveal a studded cuff underneath.

PHIL
Solid fucking steel, bro.

Phil slams the brass knuckles into the Subject’s skull. The force sends it across the kitchen.

The Subject shakes its head, disoriented. Blood trickles from a gash above its swollen eye socket.

It charges at Phil with a roar. Phil smacks it with the bullet belt. It sails into the basement door.

Phil charges at the Subject and swings the belt through the air. The Subject catches it in its maw and attempts to jerk it out of Phil’s grip.

PHIL
What are you looking at, fluffy?

The Subject snarls.

PHIL
You ain’t shit.
Phil jerks the belt forward and wraps it around the
Subject’s neck in a headlock.

He raises a brass fist and pounds it repeatedly into the
Subject’s skull. It yelps like a small dog with each blow
as it is forced to the floor.

A final blow causes the belt to break apart. Shells scatter
all over the floor.

Phil lifts a boot and stomps it hard on the Subject’s head.
It falls to the floor unconscious.

PHIL
Buenas noches.

Phil examines the brass knuckles for a moment. He removes a
canine tooth from the metal and stuffs it in his pocket.

He proceeds to the kitchen counter beside the refrigerator
and leans against it.

He removes a pack of cigarettes from his jacket. He places
one in his mouth, lights it and inhales deeply.

The Subject stirs, regains itself and turns to Phil.
Strands of crimson flesh dangle from its pulverized face.

The cigarette falls from Phil’s mouth.

PHIL
No fucking way.

The Subject growls.

PHIL
Okay, wolf man. You want some more? You
got it.

Phil reaches behind him and removes two butcher knives from
a rack on the counter.

PHIL
What do you say we have ourselves a
knife fight?

The Subject growls approvingly.
PHIL
Let’s go!

Phil charges at the Subject.

His foot lands on a single bullet shell. For a moment, he glides gracefully through the air before he slips and falls onto his back.

The Subject swoops over him.

Phil slashes at the Subject. It swipes the knife out of his hand. He slashes with the other knife and is disarmed once again. He swings his brass fist forward. The Subject catches it in a clawed grip.

Phil spits a glob of mucus into the Subject’s glaring face. It roars.

The Subject bends the brass knuckles backward with a sickening crunch. Blood spouts from fissures in Phil’s palm. He howls in agony.

The Subject grabs Phil by the throat and hurls him through the air. He hits the ceiling hard and lands face down on the kitchen table.

The Subject grabs Phil’s leg and hurls him face first against the refrigerator.

Phil spews out a mouthful of teeth in bloody saliva. He lifts his head to see the Subject in front of him.

He throws both hands forward defensively but to no affect. The Subject tears off half of his face in one swipe.

Phil watches in horror as the Subject laps up the flesh from its clawed hand and consumes it hungrily.

The Subject bears its teeth at Phil’s crimson glazed visage. Saliva drips from its lips.

Two bullets tear into the Subject’s gangly form. One strikes its hip. The other strikes between its chest and its shoulder.
INT. BASEMENT

Rory, Cody and Mimi stare at Ernie’s hunting rifle at the base of the staircase then at each other in puzzlement.

INT. KITCHEN

The Subject wheezes and collapses onto the floor.

Dr. Weir and the mercenaries enter.

    WEIR
    Check it. Make sure it’s dead.

Zeke proceeds toward the felled Subject. A mournful moan stops him dead in his tracks. He turns to see Phil. He is barely alive.

    ZEKE
    Sir, there’s a man here.

    WEIR
    Is he alive?

    ZEKE
    Just barely.

    WEIR
    Kill him.

    ZEKE
    What?

    WEIR
    I thought I made orders clear. No civilian can know the Subject ever existed. Any civilians who have come in contact with the Subject must be killed without prejudice.

    ZEKE
    Sir, I—

Weir removes the pistol from his lab coat and aims it at the mercenary.
It’s not your job to be sentimental. Kill him.

Zeke aims his shotgun at Phil’s head. He hesitates for a moment. Weir cocks the pistol.

Zeke fires. Weir returns the pistol to his lab coat.

Now that the Subject is dead, we can turn our attention to other pertinent matters. Search the house. I want any other civilians found and killed.

Yes sir—

No sooner have the words left their lips does the Subject burst to life.

It grabs Zeke’s head with both hands and twists its arms back and to the side in a swift motion. The movement partially detaches Zeke’s head. His throat gushes copious amounts of blood sporadically in all directions.

Zeke!

What are you waiting for?! Shoot it!

Zeb aims his shotgun at the Subject and fires several rounds. The shots strike Zeke’s torso.

The Subject hurls Zeke’s corpse toward the two men. It spatters both of them with blood. Some of it splashes into Zeb’s eye.

Shit!

Zeb fires at the oncoming Subject. His shots miss.

Shoot it, you idiot!
ZEB

I’m trying—

The Subject slashes Zeb’s arm. He recoils in pain as he fires a shot that tears off the Subject’s ear.

WEIR

Imbecile!

Weir removes the pistol from his coat and joins Zeb in firing at the Subject.

After a moment, the Subject corners the two men in front of the basement door.

Weir jerks open the door and disappears behind it.

Zeb spins around and dives for the door. He catches it as Weir attempts to slam it shut.

ZEB

Wait!

Weir attempts to close the door on Zeb.

WEIR

No! You have to kill it!

The Subject strikes Zeb across the back. He yelps.

Zeb overcomes Weir and dives onto the staircase.

INT. BASEMENT

Weir and Zeb shove the door closed and secure the lock.

WEIR

You fool! I want you out there!

ZEB

I can’t see!

WEIR

Damn it!

Weir and Zeb descend the stairs.
RORY
Who the fuck are you? Where’s—

WEIR
Zeb!

MIMI
Thank Heavens. Please help—

Zeb cocks his shotgun and aims it at Mimi.

MIMI
What are you doing?!

RORY
Woah! What the fuck is—

WEIR
What are you waiting for?! Kill them!

RORY
No!

Weir runs up to Ernie and shoots him in the face.

MIMI
No!

Mimi collapses into tears.

Weir spins around and aims the pistol at Mimi.

Rory dives at Weir and tackles him to the floor. He punches him in the face while he holds his pistol arm down.

Zeb rushes up to Rory and prepares to strike his skull with the butt of the shotgun.

Cody runs up behind Zeb. Zeb spins around and connects the butt of the rifle with his face. He falls to the floor. Blood spurts from his broken nose.

Zeb aims his shotgun at him.

Rory gets to his feet with Weir in a headlock and the pistol pointed at his head.
CODY

Rory!

RORY

Fuck!

ZEB

Let him go or I kill the kid.

RORY

Let the kid go or I blow this guy’s fucking brains out!

WEIR

(laughs)

This is foolishness. You haven’t changed the situation. You have no basis to consider me a suitable hostage.

RORY

I know this motherfucker’s taking orders from you so you must be pretty fucking important. I also know that if I let you go, this motherfucker will still kill my little brother, then her, then me. If you ask me, I think I’ve leveled the fucking playing field.

WEIR

Kill him, Zeb!

Cody shuts his eyes and anticipates the shot.

WEIR

Not the boy! Him! I have no patience for heroes in my midst!

RORY

Shut the fuck up! Tonight, I got chased around by a fucking mutant that I’m pretty sure just killed my best friend and now I’m trapped in a basement with two assholes who just came out of fucking nowhere! I’m the one who has no fucking patience right now! Not you!
WEIR
Kill him, Zeb!

ZEB
I can’t risk shooting you, sir!

WEIR
Do it! Mark my words, this is the last time I hire mercenaries!

Zeb turns the shotgun on Rory.

Cody screams and kicks Zeb hard in the crotch. He collapses in pain. The shotgun falls from his hands and lands on its butt. It discharges into the ceiling.

RORY
Good one!

Cody grabs the shotgun, regains himself and aims it at Zeb.

Zeb kicks Cody’s legs out from under him. Cody drops the shotgun into Zeb’s hands as he falls. Zeb cocks it and aims it at Cody.

Rory turns the pistol at Zeb and shoots him in the shoulder. Zeb falls onto his back. The shotgun falls into his lap.

Rory smashes the pistol against Weir’s skull. He falls to the floor unconscious.

Cody stamps on Zeb’s crotch and takes the shotgun from him. He backs up and aims it at the mercenary.

Rory turns to Cody as he stuffs the pistol into his pants.

RORY
Give me the shotgun, Cody.

CODY
What?

RORY
I can’t let you hold that. You don't even know how to use it.
CODY
Yes I do!

RORY
Give it to me, Cody.

CODY
I just kicked this guy’s ass and you still think I’m a little kid.

RORY
This isn’t the time, Cody. Right now, I’m the only one who can control this situation. Give me the shotgun or I’m going to have to take it from you.

Cody reluctantly hands Rory the shotgun.

Rory takes the shotgun and rams it hard into Zeb’s temple. The blow knocks him unconscious.

Rory proceeds toward Mimi who has placed a towel over Ernie’s face.

RORY
I’m sorry, Mimi.

MIMI
It’s alright. It was nothing you did. I’m sorry about your friend. Maybe he’s still—

RORY
He’s dead. If he was alive, he would have been back by now.

Rory hangs his head.

RORY
I can’t believe I called him an asshole. The last time I see my best friend, I call him a fucking asshole.

MIMI
Don’t, Rory. I know you only said what you did to keep him from stepping out
that door. Because you cared about him. You did nothing wrong.

RORY
Yeah.

CUT TO:

The Subject scratches and snarls behind the door.

Weir and Zeb lie against the wall. Zeb is dazed and bloodied. Weir is unconscious.

Weir stirs and awakens to see Rory crouched in front of him. He holds the shotgun upright beside him.

WEIR
What do you want? You want to kill me? Do it! Stop wallowing in your cowardice.

RORY
I’m not going to kill you. In a few minutes, what I’m going to do is pump every last round of this shotgun into that fucking mutant upstairs. I don’t want to waste any on you.

WEIR
What do you want from me then?

RORY
Something tells me you know all about this thing and I for one would like to know all about it too. Maybe there’s something you can tell me that’ll help me out up there.

WEIR
I’m not telling you anything.

RORY
That’s fine. If that’s what you want, I have no problem hauling your ass upstairs and feeding you to that fucking freak.
WEIR
You’re bluffing.

RORY
Try me.

Rory and Weir stare at each other for a moment.

Rory grabs him Weir by the hair and jerks him forward.

CODY
Rory, don’t!

WEIR
Alright! I’ll talk, damn it!

Rory shoves Weir back against the wall.

RORY
Who are you?

WEIR
Dr. Robert Weir. Geneticist. The other two are mercenaries.
(nods to Zeb)
His brother was killed by the Subject.

RORY
What’s the Subject? I don’t want to hear American Werewolf In London bullshit. I don’t buy that shit for a fucking second.

WEIR
No! I’ve given you my name! I’ll say nothing more!

RORY
Then I’ve got a friend upstairs I’d like to introduce you to.

Rory grabs Weir’s shoulder.

WEIR
Alright! I suppose it doesn’t matter at this point. I suspect none of us will be leaving this house alive.
Rory releases Weir.

RORY
Fuck that shit. I’m getting out of here. They’re getting out of here. I don’t give a fuck what happens to you. But if you tell me what the Subject is, we might all get out of here alive.

WEIR
The Subject is my creation. It is the product of injecting genetically enhanced canine DNA into a human test subject over a period of weeks.

RORY
What’s it doing here?

WEIR
The project was a failure. The Subject has become unruly and mutated beyond our control. It escaped. The mercenaries and I followed it here to destroy it. But it appears you will be carrying out our duties for us instead.

CODY
You fucking asshole! Why would you do that?! How could you do that to another human being?!

RORY
Don’t tell me. Secret government agency? Fucking Weapons Division? You want to create the perfect weapon of mass destruction? I’ve seen the movies.

WEIR
I was doing a service for mankind.

RORY
You call that thing a service to mankind?! We’ve got dead bodies on both sides here, asshole!

WEIR
Impudent fool! I said the Subject was a
failure! Had it been a success, I could have given man the ability to be stronger, smarter, faster—

CODY
You’re lying!

WEIR
Karl Marx believed that Heaven was a classless society. Had the project succeeded, I could have created just that. Only the rich would have been able to reap the benefits of my life’s work. The middle and lower classes would be unable to evolve along with them and would be left behind for extinction. Only a society of superior human beings would remain.

MIMI
You’re playing God!

Before Rory can react, Weir lunges at Mimi and grabs her by the throat.

Rory turns the shotgun on him.

RORY
You have a death wish, old man?

WEIR
(to Mimi)
I’m not playing God! I’m doing His work! If God did not want me to manipulate science, He would not have given me the tools to do so!

Rory cocks the shotgun.

RORY
Get the fuck off her.

Weir releases Mimi.

RORY
Get back here. I want you both where I can see you.
Weir returns to the wall and sits down beside Zeb.

RORY
Is there anything else I need to know before I go up there?

WEIR
The Subject is stronger than the average human being. Its skin is thick and tough. It will take more than a few shots to kill it. However, it’s been weakened. It should be easier to kill it at this point. Frankly, I don’t care whether or not you succeed. I doubt your plans for me will benefit me in the slightest.

RORY
I told you. I don’t give a fuck about you. After this is over, I don’t even want to see you again.

WEIR
Likewise.

Rory turns.

RORY
If you’ll excuse me, it’s time I put an end to this science project.

Rory proceeds towards the staircase.

CODY
Wait a minute, Rory.

RORY
What is it, Cody?

CODY
Don’t go. Let me go instead.

RORY
No way.

CODY
I can do it, Rory. I know I can. Let me
go instead—

RORY
I gotta do this, Cody. Try to understand I’m doing it for you.

MIMI
Don’t worry, Cody. Maybe he won’t have to do anything up there. It’s hurt. Maybe it’s already dead. Maybe it left—

WEIR
Unlikely. The Subject knows we’re here. Unlike an animal, it won’t stop hunting after it’s had its fill. It’s the greed. The greed’s the only human left inside of it.

RORY
Don’t worry, Cody. I’m gonna get us out of here.

Rory proceeds up the staircase.

CODY
Rory!

Rory unlocks the door and grabs the doorknob.

WEIR
Might I suggest...

Rory freezes.

WEIR
You correct your ammunition deficiency.

RORY
What deficiency?

WEIR
See for yourself.

Rory releases the doorknob and locks the door.

He props the shotgun upright on the stair.
With one hand, Rory cocks the shotgun four times. With the other, he catches three shells before it clicks empty.

RORY

Shit.

Rory removes the pistol from his pants.

RORY

Well, I still got this—

WEIR

Please. Do you really think the Subject will be felled by a mere nine millimeters?

RORY

So it’s stronger, smarter, faster. Whatever. It’s still flesh and blood. You said it’s already taken a couple shots. Besides, it’s not like it’s impervious to bullets.

WEIR

If you say so. Who am I? I only created it. I suppose my judgment is rather inconsequential.

RORY

Fuck it.

Rory shoves the pistol back in his pants, picks up the shotgun and proceeds down the staircase.

RORY

What do you suggest I do?

WEIR

Some additional shells will suffice.

RORY

That’s great because I think I left the silver bullets in my other pants. Give them to me.

WEIR

Zeb.
Zeb produces a box of shotgun shells. Weir grabs them out of his hand and extends it to Rory. Rory reaches for the box and grabs it.

Weir’s hand flies forward and snatches the pistol from Rory’s pants.

Weir points the pistol at Rory. Rory freezes.

WEIR
Drop the gun. The shells too.

Rory drops the shotgun and its shells.

WEIR
Back away.

Rory backs away.

Weir stands.

WEIR
Excellent. I had planned on simply killing all of you before disposing of the Subject however the fact remains that I’m a scientist, constantly contemplating new uses for things. With that said, I shall be using your existence to my advantage. One of you is going upstairs to eliminate the Subject for me. Should you fail, someone else will go in your place and so on and so forth.

RORY
Why the fuck should we listen to you? You’re going to kill us either way.

WEIR
True. But should you follow my orders, you will have dynamic disequilibrium on your side. Circumstances change. Just look at how they have changed over the course of this very night. Perhaps future circumstances may enable you to leave here with your lives. Should you
refuse to cooperate, your deaths are certain. To incorporate this all into your primitive perspective, you can die now or die later.

RORY
Not much of a choice, is it?

WEIR
Exactly. Zeb.

ZEB
Sir.

WEIR
Pick up the gun.

Zeb struggles to his feet and picks up the shotgun.

WEIR
Load it.

Zeb picks up the box of shells and reloads the shotgun.

Weir points the pistol at Zeb.

ZEB
What is this, sir?

WEIR
Have you not listened to a word I’ve said?

Rory lunges at Weir.

Weir fires at his feet. Rory recoils.

Weir points the pistol back at Zeb.

WEIR
You are the first to go upstairs. You owe me that much for all the trouble you’ve caused tonight. Turn around.

Zeb turns around.
WEIR
I have been studying the Subject for months. I am more than familiar with sudden movements.
    (to the others)
The rest of you, in the corner.

RORY
You motherfucker—

WEIR
The corner!

RORY
Don’t worry, guys. This guy won’t be running the show for long. He doesn’t know what he’s doing.

Rory, Cody and Mimi retreat into the furthermost corner of the room.

WEIR
    (to Zeb)
Move.

ZEB
Please—

WEIR
Move! I’ve had enough of your incompetence. I want you out of my sight right away.

Zeb reluctantly proceed toward the staircase. Weir follows close behind.

Zeb and Weir arrive at the top of the staircase.

WEIR
    Go on, Zeb. This is your last chance to prove you’re not as useless as your brother.

Zeb unlocks the door and opens it with a trembling hand. Weir kicks him hard in the back and over the threshold and locks the door behind him.
INT. KITCHEN

The kitchen is deserted. The floor is covered in blood. Phil and Zeke’s bodies lie on the floor. They have been ripped apart and partially devoured.

    ZEB
    They’re going to pay, brother.

Zeb cocks the shotgun and exits.

INT. LOBBY

The lobby is also deserted.

Zeb briefly scans his surroundings.

    ZEB
    You killed my brother, you son of a bitch!

Zeb jolts upright at the sound of a sudden breeze. After a moment, he relaxes and follows the sound.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Zeb surveys the area. Blood has trickled down the staircase and pooled at its base.

Zeb shifts his gaze to the broken windows and the serene night landscape beyond.

    ZEB
    Fuck this.

INT. LOBBY

Zeb bursts into the lobby and grabs the front doorknob. The door does not open.

    ZEB
    Come on.

Zeb kicks the door violently. The door does not yield.
Zeb stops kicking as a guttural growl issues from the other side of the door. The Subject’s silhouette is visible behind the decorative glass.

    ZEB

No!

The Subject’s hands burst through the glass and pull Zeb through to the other side.

EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST – FRONT DOOR

Zeb screams as the Subject mauls his head and shoulders.

INT. LOBBY

Zeb shoves his hands against the inner doorframe in an attempt to free himself.

EXT. FRONT DOOR

The Subject grabs his head with both hands and tears off one of his ears with its teeth.

INT. LOBBY

Zeb slams the shotgun sideways against the door and kicks a boot into the wall. The force sends him flying backward through the air.

The Subject’s arm reaches through the broken glass and unlocks the door from the inside. The door swings open.

Zeb regains himself and aims the shotgun at the Subject as it steps into the lobby.

Shock overtakes Zeb. He stumbles backward into the kitchen and falls onto his back. The shotgun sails out of his hands and slides across the tile.

INT. KITCHEN

The Subject leaps on top of Zeb. It shoves its claws into his abdomen and tears it open. Zeb spits up blood.

It reaches inside, scoops up a handful of intestines and shoves them into its maw.
INT. BASEMENT

Weir listens to Zeb’s screams from behind the door.

WEIR
Damn!

Weir scurries down the stairs as the screams fade and points at Rory.

WEIR
You! Next!

RORY
Why don’t you go out there yourself, asshole.

WEIR
I will do nothing of the sort.

RORY
You’re the only one with a gun. What do you expect us to do out there? It’s suicide.

WEIR
Reasoning with me is futile. I am a scientist. Your mental facilities are no match for my superior intellect. Use your instinct. Adapt to your environment. Find the gun.

RORY
Your plan fucked up, asshole. You have no choice but to reason with us if you want to get out of here.

WEIR
I will do no such thing. You going to go upstairs whether you like it or not. Do it quickly. I’ve had just about enough of you.

RORY
This isn’t going to—
WEIR
You or one of them.

Weir gestures toward Cody and Mimi.

RORY
No. You—

Weir fires the pistol at Mimi’s feet then at Cody’s. The recoil in fear.

RORY
Stop! I’ll do it.

WEIR
I thought so.

Rory steps forward. Weir grabs him in a headlock and drags him toward the staircase.

CODY
No!

Cody lunges at Weir. Weir turns the pistol on him.

CODY
Let him go!

RORY
Cody! Don’t!

WEIR
I suggest you heed your brother’s words.

CODY
No! I won’t let you—

RORY
Cody!

Weir fires at Cody’s feet. Cody recoils.

Weir forces Rory up the staircase.

RORY
You’re going to get out of this, Cody—
WEIR
Quiet!

RORY
Just take charge.

CODY
Rory, I don’t—

Weir shoves the pistol against Rory’s head and forces him to face the door.

WEIR
Open the door.

Rory unlocks the door.

Before he can open it himself, Weir shoves Rory hard through the door and locks it behind him.

INT. KITCHEN

Rory regains himself. He scans his surroundings and spots the shotgun on the other side of the room.

An offscreen burp. Rory turns.

RORY
Phil?

The Subject lifts its head up from Phil’s mutilated carcass. Bloody, tattered denim hangs from its mouth. They lock eyes.

RORY
I’m going to kill you.

Rory and the Subject dive for the shotgun at the same time.

Rory grabs the shotgun and shoots the Subject in its unwounded shoulder. The force sends it backward.

Rory attempts to aim the shotgun. The Subject lunges forward and swipes it aside. It fires into the ceiling.

Rory slams the butt of the shotgun into the Subject’s snout.
The Subject knocks the shotgun out of Rory’s hands as he swings it upward for a second blow.

The Subject lunges forward. Rory dives out of the way. It crashes into the wall.

Rory dives for the shotgun again. The Subject catches his leg. He falls to the floor.

Rory kicks the Subject several times in the face until it backs off. He regains himself and grabs the shotgun.

The Subject flies at Rory and slashes his arm as it whooshes past him. Rory fires a misplaced shot.

He whirls around as the Subject approaches and shoots it in the foot. It recoils in pain.

The Subject lunges at Rory’s legs as he prepares another shot and tackles him to the floor.

Rory swings the shotgun around with both hands as the Subject snaps at his face. Its teeth clamp down hard on the metal.

A struggle breaks out.

INT. BASEMENT

Weir paces aimlessly throughout the basement.

Cody peaks underneath the door.

CODY
He’s going to die out there!

Cody scurries the stairs and sits beside Mimi. He looks close to tears. Mimi comforts him.

MIMI
Don’t think about it, Cody. Don’t—

CODY
Take charge.

MIMI
What?
Cody’s expression changes as he dashes across the room.

    WEIR
    What are you doing?

Cody grabs the hunting rifle at the base of the stairs and turns to Weir.

    MIMI
    Cody! Don’t!

INT. KITCHEN

Rory sails across the kitchen and collides with the table. It topples over. The shotgun flies out of his hands and out of sight.

    RORY
    Shit!

Rory searches frantically for the shotgun.

The Subject roars as it swoops down upon him and grabs him by the throat.

The Subject moves in for the kill. An unseen perpetrator strikes it in the back. It yelps and growls angrily.

The Subject turns to see Cody standing behind him.

    CODY
    Get away from my brother!

    RORY
    Cody! No!

The Subject snaps at Cody as he strikes it with the butt of the hunting rifle.

The Subject is injured but proceeds forward.

    RORY
    What the fuck are you doing?!

Cody swings the rifle repeatedly into the Subject’s body like a bat. His words are broken up with each blow.
CODY
You always told me to stand up for myself—

The Subject catches the rifle in its hand and casts it through the air into the other room.

CODY
Fuck!

The Subject grabs Cody by the shirt collar and hurls him into the air.

Cody’s head strikes the ceiling before he crashes down onto the counter, rolls and falls onto the floor.

The knife rack falls of the counter and scatters knives across the tile.

RORY
Cody!

Rory hastens his search for the shotgun.

The Subject slowly approaches Cody. Cody picks up a meat cleaver and brandishes it at the Subject.

The Subject snorts, grabs Cody by the foot and lifts him upside down.

Rory grabs the shotgun on the other side of the kitchen. He cocks it and attempts to aim at the Subject but Cody blocks his field.

The Subject appears to swipe its free hand swiftly across Cody’s midsection. Cody screams. Blood sprays on his shirt.

RORY
No!

The Subject lifts up its free hand. Three of its fingers have been sliced off. Blood drips from the meat cleaver in Cody’s hand. The Subject screams in pain and rage.

It brings its arm back, ready to strike again. A shotgun blast tears into the side of its back. It drops Cody on his
head and falls to the floor. The meat cleaver flies out of Cody’s hand.

Rory races to Cody’s side.

   RORY
   Are you alright, Cody?

   CODY
   I think I got a concussion.

   RORY
   You’ll be alright.

   CODY
   Yeah.

Rory helps Cody to his feet.

   RORY
   What the fuck were you thinking?

   CODY
   I wasn’t about to let you die. What was I supposed to do?

   RORY
   Well, at least you’re okay.

   CODY
   Yeah and this thing’s finally dead—

No sooner have the words left Cody’s lips does the Subject rise up, grab both brothers by their throats and lift them into the air.

INT. BASEMENT

Weir paces across the basement.

   WEIR
   Damn it. Both of them are dead for sure. I should have known. Those incompetent mercenaries... (to Mimi)
   You.
Weir turns the pistol on Mimi. She cowers in fear.

MIMI
Don’t point that thing at me!

WEIR
You? No, no. What can you do? You’re just a woman. The Subject will kill you for sure. Damn it. I’ll have to kill it myself. Yes. But wait. You may be of some use after all. Come.

Weir grabs Mimi by the hair and drags her toward the staircase.

INT. KITCHEN

The Subject looks back and forth between Rory and Cody. Saliva streams copiously from its chops.

RORY
(choked)
Cody—

CODY
(choked)
I’m sorry, Rory—

The Subject pants hungrily.

The basement door bursts open. Weir emerges with Mimi in a headlock and the pistol in his free hand.

WEIR
You! Beast! You degenerate mass of coprolite!

The Subject turns. Its eyes narrow at Weir. An look of recognition.

WEIR
Put down those pathetic excuses for fodder. Their muscular bodies do not suit your pallet.

Rory struggles to hold onto consciousness.
RORY
(choked)
Shoot it.

WEIR
Might I suggest this specimen. This bloated cow is much more abundant in the succulent flesh you crave.

RORY
Shoot—

Rory’s eyes roll into the back of his head.

The Subject releases the brothers. Both of them cough and gasp for air.

The Subject proceeds toward Weir and Mimi.

The Subject stops and growls in Mimi’s face. She shudders. It grabs her by the nightgown and casts her aside to face Weir directly.

Weir jerks his pistol upward. The Subject grabs his hand and pins it to the wall then grabs him by the throat.

Weir turns the pistol toward the Subject as they stare into each other’s eyes.

INT. LABORATORY – TESTING ROOM (FLASHBACK)

The room is dark except for a cluster of lights illuminating a metal table in the center of the room.

The Subject lies naked and strapped to the table with gauze stuffed in his mouth held in place by a rubber tube.

He is a man here. Nothing animal about him. Every inch of him quivers in fear.

A group of SCIENTISTS huddle around the Subject.

Dr. Weir steps forward holding a syringe filled with a clear yellow substance.
He inserts the syringe into an intravenous tube connected to the Subject’s arm and injects the substance. The Subject writhes in agony as it enters his body.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. KITCHEN

The Subject breathes into Weir’s face. He maintains eye contact.

WEIR

You could’ve been my life’s work.

The pistol clicks empty.

The Subject roars and clamps its jaws onto Weir’s face.

Rory cocks the shotgun.

In one swift motion, the Subject tears away Weir’s nose and surrounding tissue. Rory’s shotgun blast obliterates Weir’s head as the Subject ducks and releases him.

The Subject turns around and charges at Rory. Rory fires at it again. It ducks, grabs the shotgun and breaks it in half with both hands. Both halves fall to the floor.

Rory dodges a swipe from the Subject.

Cody appears behind it with the hunting rifle sideways in both hands. He jumps on its back and brings the rifle over its head in a stranglehold.

The Subject twists and thrashes around in an effort to throw Cody off its back.

Cody loses his grip and falls onto his back. The Subject swoops over him.

Rory appears behind the Subject and stabs it in the back with a butcher knife. The Subject bellows and spins around.

The Subject swipes at Rory. Rory slashes its hand. The Subject recoils in pain.
Cody scrambles backward on his hands and knees to avoid the Subject falling on him.

Rory slashes the Subject several times across its chest. It moans as it doubles over in pain.

RORY
Say goodnight, you werewolf fuck.

Rory’s hand flies forward.

The Subject raises its head and opens its mouth. Rory’s arm goes in. The butcher knife protrudes from the back of its head.

RORY
Fuck!

The Subject utters muffled gagging sounds as it slowly sinks its teeth into Rory’s arm.

RORY
Kill it, Cody!

Cody grabs the meat cleaver and races toward the Subject. He jumps into the air and embeds it in the Subject’s cranium. The Subject moans.

Rory’s arm slides out of the Subject’s mouth covered in slime and chunks of viscera.

The Subject collapses onto its belly and twitches with involuntary spasms.

Cody appears beside it and stomps the meat cleaver deeper into its skull until its eyes protrude from their sockets.

Rory appears beside Cody.

RORY
I don’t know about you but I’m pretty sure it’s dead now.

CODY
It’s dead, alright.

Rory slaps a slimy hand against Cody’s and squeezes.
CODY
Gross!

RORY
Shut up.

CODY
So I did good?

RORY
We’re alive, aren’t we?

CODY
Yeah.

RORY
Thanks, bro.

Mimi stands.

RORY
You okay?

MIMI
(sarcastic)
Just dandy.

The group looks around. The walls and floor are covered in blood, guts and debris.

RORY
Sorry about the mess.

MIMI
Don’t worry about it. It’s nothing.

DISSOLVE TO:

PARAMEDICS have accumulated in the kitchen. They place the corpses into body bags and scooping bloody organs into smaller bags.

Rory and Cody stand beside the Subject’s corpse. A SHERIFF and DEPUTY stand opposite them.

SHERIFF
What in the name of the X Files is
that thing?

CODY
I told you we were telling the truth.

DEPUTY
This is by far the most backwards ass shit I’ve seen in my entire life.

SHERIFF
Well, I guess you boys are off the hook. Just don’t come back again. Ever. I can’t deal with this shit.

RORY
Thanks, Sheriff. Don’t worry. We won’t be coming back any time soon.

EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST - DAY

A police truck and several ambulances are parked in front of the bed and breakfast. Paramedics emerge from the building wheeling body bags on gurneys.

Rory and Cody emerge with their duffel bags in hand.

Mimi emerges after them and waves.

MIMI
You fellas take care now.

The brothers stop to return the wave.

RORY
Likewise.

CODY
I’m sorry, Mimi.

MIMI
For what?

CODY
That all this had to happen here.

MIMI
Well, if there’s good that’s come from
this, it’s that we met each other.

RORY
So what are you going to do with the place now? I’m sure you turn all this into one hell of a marketing gimmick if you wanted to.

MIMI
You know what? I think I’m going to sell the place. I’ve been here taking care of people for almost a year. I think it’s about time I got back in touch with myself.

CODY
Good for you, Mimi.

RORY
Good luck, Mimi. Take care of yourself.

The brothers and Mimi exchange goodbyes before Rory and Cody proceed toward the jeep.

INT. JEEP

Rory enters the driver’s seat. Cody enters beside him. Both of them toss their duffel bags in the backseat.

RORY
Let’s go home, Cody.

EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST

The jeep pulls out of the bed and breakfast parking lot onto the road and speeds away into the distance.

FADE OUT.

THE END