

LYCANTHROPE

by

James McClung

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 shrubberies 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

Were you in an accident? What's happened? Sir? Sir.

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 book. Cody recoils.

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.

WEIR

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.

WEIR

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.

ZEB/ZEKE

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.

ZEB

Zeke!

WEIR

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.

ZEB

Shit!

Zeb fires at the oncoming Subject. His shots miss.

WEIR

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 furthestmost 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 off 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