

FERAL SKIN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ULSTER COUNTY, NEW YORK-1985

Blowing Gently through the pine trees and summer air.
Birds chirp near a glistening body of water. The sun begins to
set in the Ashokan Reservoir.

INT. CABIN -DAY

Abraham Skorzeny, 30, muscular build with feral eyes as cold as
ice with a feeling of purpose to be a messenger of an
evangelical nature. A tattoo of Jesus crucified is printed on
his back. Trimming his beard in the bathroom mirror.

A sound of branches snap Abraham looks out his open window
out his bathroom seeing not a single soul only trees.

Abraham

What the hell was that?

Three men, two are tall and rugged, third man is an old
priest. Hiding at the corner of the cabin quietly holding
rifles and gasoline cans.

EXT. CABIN -DAY

Abraham locks his cabin door as he steps in a small wooden
boat wearing a black trench coat with a fishing rod paddling
he drifts into the sunset skies become darker.

INT. CABIN-DAY

Kicking the door in Alphonse and his men look around and see
a shelf with books of black magic.

ALPHONSE JACQUES 60, an elderly priest a strict religious man devoted to the bible using it to profess flawed observations in people. Alphonse tosses a pile of books dousing it in Gasoline he gestures making a sign of the cross.

ALPHONSE

Burn this ungodly home to the ground. May evildoers be cut off the memory of the earth.

The cruel holier-than-thou Priest sprinkles holy water as he exits the cabin with his two pair of men.

INT. CABIN -NIGHT

Dousing the living room in Gasoline Alphonse and the men exit the cabin lighting it with a match, they take position behind the trees.

Abraham sees the cabin on fire in a panic stricken fear he pounds the water with his paddles quickly .

ABRAHAM

(panicking)

No!... No!

Drifting to a log inside his boat he jumps out grabbing a nearby bucket filling it from the lake he tosses the water the flames grow larger.

ABRAHAM

NOT MY BOOKS!

In desperation Abraham runs inside the cabin he SCREAMS engulfed by fire wood CRACKLES! Crumbling over him Alphonse and his men flee they look back disappearing into the woods.

Abrahams body is black and burnt to a crisp like a charcoal briquette.

EXT.LAKE-NIGHT

Two of the men that burned down Abraham's cabin sit outside in a large grey tent cooking Salmon on a frying pan over a campfire. Man#1 30, sporting a dark beard with a spoon stirring the pan nervously.

MAN#1

We should've never burned that
cabin yesterday we're going to hell
for this.

Man#2 40, is Older grey hair and a 5 O'clock shadow a remorseful look glazes over him.

MAN#2

No we're not, you heard father
Alphonse that place was ungodly.

MAN#1

How do we know, what gave father
the right to play God?

The night was still, unsettled of their malevolent actions the image of abraham burning race through the men's thoughts.

MAN#2

Lets just get to sleep okay...that
Elk isn't gonna kill itself
tomorrow.

After Eating the Men Put out the fire.

INT. TENT -NIGHT

As hours go by both Men are asleep. a sudden scraping sound is heard Man #1 Pushes Man#2 sound asleep he unzips the tent.

Man#1
(startled)

Wake up something's out there.

Man#2
What is it? You woke me up from a
wet dream, this better be good.

Man#1
Quiet just Listen.

A Splash near the lake can be heard the two men become tense
looking at each other petrified.

MAN#2
(Whispering)

Oh man... Fuck me, where is it?

HOWLING echoes through the trees Sounds of Heavy footsteps
become closer.Now out of nowhere...Standing on its hind legs
A large white wolf on steroids.

Blinking red glowing eyes, pointed ears, and huge chest.In
shear terror, the men Making a break for it. The creature
Leaps slashing its victims the yell in horror.

EXT.FOREST-DAY

Misty Fog covers a lush pine forest, Sunlight unfolds.
Abraham wakes up to mutilated men screaming hysterically.
Staring at their sliced open chest.

Abraham sees missing hearts, Vomiting He gains his composure.

Blackpaw 60,A Ghostly Apparition of an elderly Native
American Appears in a Mohawk.Playing A flute, he pauses...
his weathered face smiles.

BLACKPAW

The wolves are howling, let this be
a pleasant night.

Black Paw's Bushy salt and pepper eyebrows rise on his
smiling Shaman's leathery old face. A Pack of six grey wolves
come forward behind the forest tree line.

ABRAHAM

What have I done ,Who are you?

BlackPaw

I am Black Paw and fate is what
happened your spirit called me
Brother and I answered, there are
many more gather your family be as
one a tribe of brothers and
sisters.

Abraham

You mean... a brotherhood?

BlackPaw

Yes, here brother let me show you
what I've done.

Abraham feels a sudden of floating through space overcome by
the sensation the scene of the forest changes.

Braving the darkness of the beyond Abraham's mouth opens
agape in the most overwhelming sense of dread.

Watching Black Paw's dark shaman ability Abraham believes his
resurrection was not a well intentioned fate.

EXT.FOREST-NIGHT

A different scenery appears Turning around Abraham now
stands in front of the piles of the burnt cabin, billows of
smoke rise as Abraham sees blood on his hands.

Abraham is Perplexed by the interdimensional shift in Nature. An image shows Black Paw wrapping Abraham's body with a wolf pelt. He speaks a Mohican prayer ritual howling four times. Grey Clouds swirl Abraham's body transforms from a charred human corpse into a white werewolf Outstretching his arms, a thunderous cacophony of sounds.

BLACKPAW (CONT'D)

You are Now part of the Ma'iingan,
Your Death was a rebirth so I
honored it. BLACKPAW puts his hand
over his wrist in a humble pose.

ABRAHAM

(enraged)

Ma'iingan?! You Made me a Fucking
Monster?! You've Cursed me!

BLACKPAW

Our people say it's a wolf... I
believe yours call it a werewolf.
This spirit has two, evil or good
you decide which one you feed.

The Native Shaman slowly turns his back walking into the lake. Abraham EXPLODES In a Furious rage grabs the paddle next to the burnt cabin. Abraham swings the boat paddle swatting thin air, like a ghost Blackfoot is gone.

Abraham

(gritting his teeth)

I didn't ask for this, none of
it. Damn you to hell you Goddamn
savage!

Infuriated Abraham beats his chest growling like a wolf then raising his head up to the illuminated moon .

Abraham (CONT'D)
(howling)

ARH-WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Sniffing, salivating for the hunt.He Sprints into the woods.

INT. ALPHONSE'S CABIN-NIGHT

Alphonse is making tea on the stove he hears footsteps CRUNCH on the fallen leaves outside his cabin. Alphonse walks Over to glance out his front glass door.

Alphonse sees A PACK OF SIX SNARLING GREY WOLVES exposing their fangs then suddenly...A DARK TALL FIGURE IN A BLACK TRENCH COAT.

Alphonse

What in God's Name?

Alphonse face is... now fearful he trembles at the eerie figure.

A FIST PUNCHES through glass hitting Alphonse in the face he falls down.Abraham reaches his arm through the door opening the door knob SLOWLY walking in.

ABRAHAM

I am here to face my accuser.What
Is your name sinner?

ALPHONSE

What in God's Name?

A FIST PUNCHES through glass hitting Alphonse in the face he falls down.Abraham reaches his arm through the door opening the door knob SLOWLY walking in.

Abraham

I am here to face my accuser.What
Is your name sinner?

Abraham stares with pure evil into Alphonse's timid eyes.Watching the priest tremble covering his face with his forearm.

Alphonse

You?! No It can't be, we burned you
alive you heathen!

Alphonse's FACE DRIPS IN BLOOD... IN A STATE OF TERROR. Now he
recognizes Abraham unsure Of his motives.

Abraham

Your name what is it?!

Abraham picks up Alphonse off his feet gripping his
collar. Throwing Him into a glass cabinet.

ALPHONSE

(stutters)

F-F-Father Alphonse Jacques.

Abraham

Not anymore you will know my name,
I am Abraham and like the good word
says I'm a father of many nations
my children will inherit a new one.

Alphonse crawls quickly under a table ripping a forty five
magnum revolver duct taped underneath firing six rounds into
Abrahams chest.

Abrahams wounds close back he slaps the gun out of Alphonse's
hand he tossing him outside the window CRASHING into six
snarling wolves. a blood curdling shout of primal fear. Wolves
rip Alphonse's face and neck dragging his body into the
forest. A Tea kettle whistles on the stove, Abraham. Walks
into the kitchen pouring himself a cup.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

Nice knowing you father. You're
never too safe from a werewolf.

Putting his cup of tea above the fireplace his finger nails
break with protruding black claws. Abraham laughs ominously,
Sipping his tea looking out the shattered glass.

With his heightened sense of hearing, sadistically enjoying the sound of wolves biting and tearing flesh.

EXT. ITHACA, NEW YORK-DAY-PRESENT DAY

High above a vast forest, winding roads, waterfalls, gorges, of this college town a number of streams flow through the valley. There are urban areas, and apartments over shops. On One of these streets a teen resides in a troubled home.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE-DAY

JOHN WOODROW, 17, Rebellious with shaggy hair. In a distant abusive father-son relationship he's motivated toward achievement in his in high school basketball team, he is Close to having a college scholarship despite his parents divorcing.

JOHN wakes up to screeching tires of a police car outside the driveway his father James parks in the front lawn, belligerent and banging on the door...THUMP, THUMP, THUMP.

JAMES WOODROW, 40, once an upstanding police officer. Now known as the town drunk living in a depressed grim world. Coping with the years of combat stress resulting in outbursts and physical abuse that separated his family John opens the door revealing James disheveled in a police uniform with a letter in his hand.

John attempts to rush out but is blocked in the doorway by James. Being Somewhat of a bully inciting his intimidation he looks at John with an entitled arrogance.

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10.

James
Hey there bud can I get a hug ?

John
No sure can't.

James leans against the doorway blocking johns exit.

James
Don't sass me john.

John annoyed by his presence ducks underneath James walking away.

DAISY
I see you got the divorce notice,
and now john is walking away just
like I am.

James
And you think this is better?

Daisy
I know it is.

Daisy 37, operating a manageable barber shop trying desperately to create a bond with johns hair trigger moods and resentment. Putting down a plate she dries up with a small towel entering the front hall.

Daisy (CONT'D)
I'm running late James did you
sign it?

Daisy reacts with a less than enthusiastic reaction to James's inebriated stupor. Grabbing her purse james steps back from the front door.

JAMES
Sign. Sealed. Delivered.

DAISY
Yeah, Thanks.

James hands daisy the notice she snatches it. He Grabs daisy's Arm in a Brute demeanor.

JAMES

Where do you think you're going
huh? Go ahead leave. See how far you
two get.

John disregards being late for school, watching the scene a few feet from the side walk standing vigilant. Stepping in the middle taking James's arm off his mother

John

Hey stop, get away from her!

James punches john in the nose, knocking him to the ground unclasping his gun he aims at john's face.

John stands up Stoically he fearlessly wipes his nose.

Daisy steps in front of the gun... in a cold stare looks at james straight in the eye.

Daisy

No Don't, Just leave.

James

You scared john, all grown up huh?

John

Go ahead if you got the balls, big
man with the gun.

Daisy

How dare you, Get out of here you
drunk son of a bitch.

EXT. JOHNS HOUSE-MORNING

James lowers his gun slurring his speech reaching over trying to hug john.

John
(pushing james away)

Fuck off I'm late for school.

Embarrassed james turns around climbs back in his patrol car peeling out of the street. Daisy tears up touching john's cheek.

Daisy
He didn't mean it john.

John
(stepping away)
Sure he did mom, I had a gun to my face.

John withdrawing from daisy walks across the street she puts her head down sobbing.

INT.HIGHSCHOOL -DAY

Students pack the bleachers filling up the gymnasium john dribbles the basketball in between a tall slender teen in a white jersey. Wearing a number five on a blue jersey. Extending out his arms john shoots a 3 pointer.

The ball swirls through the air...circling The rim falling down the net.The crowd CHEERS roaring with applause clapping fills the court.

Coach Daniel Flores, 50, a short ,bald, Hispanic with glowing pride pats john on the back. His priorities made up of God, Family, School, and of course basketball.

Coach
(cheerful)

You did it champ, we won.

Game is over. The marquee reads home fifteen visitor twelve. John's team give him a high five lifting him up in praise.

Coach (CONT'D)

John you're the man I know you've been working hard this year. We're giving you a college scholarship.

John yells in overwhelming joy raising his arms.

John

Yes! Thank you coach it means everything.

Coach pats John shoulders he shakes John's hand in accomplishment.

Coach

Congratulations warrior. Okay Guys hit the showers.

On his way to the basketball locker room, John is smitten by Jeanette, a girl in dark hair looking at John from afar she smiles.

The school bell RINGS. Walking out of a classroom Jeanette dressed as a rocker glances at John in the hallway. With his backpack around the crowd of students coming closer he keeps his head down averting her.

JEANETTE SKOZENY, 16, beautiful dark hair and wide eyes. A tough exterior with a sense of humor trying to piece together her unknown past of her father. She'll soon discover a brutal rude awakening. Standing still purposefully. John bumps into her clumsily stumbling back.

JEANETTE

(infatuated smile)

John Woodrow number five right?

John smiles back feeling awkward

JOHN

Yeah that's me.

JEANETTE

So move your ass out of my way
then.

JOHN

Oh sorry.

JEANETTE

Relax...just fucking with you.Always this quiet john?

JOHN

Well yes I'm the quiet type.

John opens his locker tossing his backpack inside.

JEANETTE

Then I need to be careful huh?

JOHN

Yup, you'll never see me coming.

JEANETTE

Oh I saw you.It's You who didn't
see me.

JOHN

Funny thing I actually did.Just
Wanted to see that look on your
face.

JEANETTE

(crossing her arms)
Is that right? You Sly devil.

JOHN

So what's your name?

JEANETTE

(Shaking hands)
It's Jeanette...Jeanette Skorzeny.

EXT.HIGHSCHOOL-DAY

John exits out with Jeanette enjoying her company.Students
swarm the school lawn getting into buses.

JOHN

I've seen you around. We're
graduating this year. We just never
spoke since we were freshmen.

JEANETTE

Better late than never. Your Pretty good on the court
especially when you dribble.

JOHN

Really...think so?

JEANETTE

Oh yeah. Your Heads up at all
times. You Use your finger tips to
control the ball, not your palm.

Jeanette and john Cross a bridge overlooking fall creek river
as they walk into east York street. They arrive on a trimmed
front lawn with a two story house with crackling white paint.

Jeanette's Grandmother in her early 60's grey hair in a pink
gown looks out the front porch screen door. Stares at john
with disapproving grimace. Holding a bag of peanut brittle
CRUNCHING them her mouth.

GRANDMOTHER
(scowling)

Come inside young lady.

JOHN
(being sarcastic)

Wow she's nice.

Jeanette looks at john putting her hand on his shoulder
kissing john on the cheek.

GRANDMOTHER

Young man I see you. Better get home, run along now.

JEANETTE

This bitch is such a buzzkill. That's my grandmother...well I
see you tomorrow.

Jeanette walks inside the wooden porch waving goodbye to john
he pauses smiling nervously the feeling of excitement rushes
over him.

JOHN

Oh...um definitely.

INT.HIGHSCHOOL -DAY

JEFF COLEMAN,16 a teammate of john's. Heavy set, gullible, and sneaky when it comes to shenanigans.Helpful to his classmates rather than just a sympathetic ear.

Jeff changes into a hoodie at his locker. walks over to john.

JEFF

(Slaps a high five)

So you got the word from coach,
props bro. I'm Your dad would be
excited.

John conveyed disappointment.Knowing the lack of moral support his father never gave.

JOHN

Yea thanks,But It wouldn't matter
he drinks all day at some smelly
bar.Just another dickhead cop.

JEFF

Sorry about that, well sir you turn
that frown upside down.Who's That?

Jeff is distracted by Jeanette's shouting.

JEANETTE

(shouts)

Hey champ!

Jeanette waves at john, He walks over to her locker.

Jeff Smiling like a school boy he sees john and Jeanette talking they hug and walk away from each other.

John walks back to his locker raising his arm in a victorious manner.

JOHN

That was awesome.She's Nice right?

JEFF
 (teasing)
 Oh you're so big Champ.Dribble
 those balls champ, yeah just like
 that.

JOHN
 Dude, it's not like that.Not yet
 anyway.

JEFF
 I know...sorry.So what she like?

JOHN
 Don't know yet.Who Knows we might
 have something in common.She Wants
 to hang out at the gorge trail
 after school.We'll Hang out soon
 bro.

JEFF
 Catch you later dog.

John and jeff slap a high five ready for their classes they
 split.

EXT.CASCADILLA GORGE TRAIL-DAY

Shortly a black van slowly pulls up a man with a crew cut and
 grey stubble sitting next to abraham wearing a baseball cap
 is WATCHING john and Jeanette walk between the foliage of
 trees over a bridge.

INT.BLACK VAN-DAY

JEREMIAH OSWALD,28,Radical in his principles with sleek
 combed hair, and a born to raise hell attitude.An Army
 veteran Trained for any situation that may arise. He seeks to
 disrupt societies infrastructure by killing those who serve
 the law.As a brotherhood member amongst the many humans
 turned werewolves he is the right hand man who made a pact
 with Abrahams cult.

JOHN
 You've seen that van before?

JEANETTE
 (a concerned look)
 Nope I haven't...That's creepy.

The sound of a motor running vehicle John and Jeanette decide to keep moving ahead. They turn their head suspiciously seeing the van.

JOHN

No shit, stranger danger.

Jeanette looks down a cascading waterfall over a bridge . A vast never ending stream of water pours down a large formed stoned formed stairs.

JEANETTE

I love it, don't you?

John's demeanor changes quietly crossing his arms somewhat worried with a burdened expression, he looks away from Jeanette.

JOHN

Yea...it's great.

JEANETTE

What's wrong?

JOHN

Nothing I'm fine.

JEANETTE

The way your acting, tells me it's definitely something.

JOHN

My parents are just from two different worlds. My Mom is this sweet angel on one shoulder. And my dad is the drunk asshole on the other. I wish he could change. Life for me isn't great.

JEANETTE

It's you who's great. You're like this awesome guy at basketball that everyone wants to hang out with, that's why I like you John.

JOHN

I might be. But I've got all these layers you don't want to see.

Jeanette

We all have them we just hide them better than others

John

Yea well my dad is shitty about that and he's a cop. The Bad guys are out there not at home. My Mom wanted this enchanting life with the white picket fence and baking cookies, I'm sure she knew what she got into, and here I am.

JEANETTE
(pointing at her chest)

When my mom died and my dad left they both died, in here. I'm sorry john shit happens we don't get to pick our parents.

Both john and jeanette hug each other, Abraham and Jeremiah walk toward Jeanette.

Abraham, now 65, old but still full of vigor with a goatee and long grey hair. More feral as ever. He appears suddenly standing with jeremiah.

ABRAHAM

Yes, shit does happen. Not anymore sweetie daddy's home now and we can be together again just like we used to be.

Abraham sheds a tear streaming down his face.

JOHN

And you are?

Looks at abraham, then back at jeanette surprised.

ABRAHAM

Her father. We need a minute alone.

JEANETTE
(speechless)

Dad--is that you?! It's been five years. And you show up like nothing happened. Are you following me?

Shaking her head in disbelief an overwhelmed and morose feeling caves in on her emotions.

ABRAHAM

I know it's been long. Please
There's much more we need talk
about let me show you how i can
make it up for lost time.

JEANETTE
(upset)

You already showed me. You're a bad father. Now You come back to show me you were a good one?! No it doesn't work like that. You Didn't write. Didn't see me in school. Or show up when mom died. No fuck you!

JOHN

Jeanette it's okay.

Jeremiah stands behind abraham, cupping his hands. Lighting a cigarette.

JEANETTE

No it's not. I thought you were dead--dad?! Might as well be now. Because You died along time ago.

JOHN

Let's go jeanette.

John and jeanette turn to walk away. Abraham's claws begin to extend from his fingers.

ABRAHAM

Not so fast. It's calling you isn't it?

Abraham strolls over grabbing Jeanette's arm.

JEANETTE

(yelling)

Get your hands off me!

John pulls back jeanette from her waist.

JOHN

Back off.

Abraham grabs john's neck throwing him back.

ABRAHAM

Don't test me boy.

JEANETTE

No Don't.

Jeanette's pupils turn into WOLVES EYES a golden bright yellow she jumps catching john in midair. Jeanette Runs throwing a punch at abraham in the chest. A Loud THUD echoes across the bridge sending her father SLIDING back on his feet.

ABRAHAM
(laughing)

That's the spirit.

Jeanette and John sprint across the bridge sliding down a hill between the trees.

Jeremiah looks over the bridge and gives Abraham his hand lifting him up.

JEREMIAH

Hey the fun's not over yet.

Abraham stands next to Jeremiah. An explosion of pleasure and pain spread through their bodies. Jeremiah's body begins sprouting needles of brown fur.

Abraham's color fades into a white ivory color.

Abraham
(howling)

Arh-whoooooo!

John and Jeanette gaze up frozen in fear. Afraid they continue running through the woods.

Halfway through the forest line and winded they see Abraham and Jeremiah in their BEASTIAL nightmarish form. They step into view slowly behind a tree.

JOHN

What the hell?!

John sees a large broken branch he grabs it throwing it OVERHEAD like an axe. Jeremiah get hit in the forehead.

JEREMIAH
(yelping)

Argh!

Abraham looks back at Jeremiah tilting his head. Distracted

Jeanette picks up a ROCK hurling Abraham CATCHES it with his paws BREAKING it into PIECES.

Instantly Jeanette and John are gone in thin air. Jeremiah and Abraham look at each other. They SNIFF the air looking they see stones across the river. Running on all fours they leap onto the footing.

INT.PIT CAVE -DAWN

John and Jeanette watch in dread standing behind the falling rush of the waterfall. They fall suddenly sliding into a muddy downward slope into a dark pit cave CRASHING into pieces of human bones.

JEANETTE
(mortified)

Are these human?

JOHN

(STARTLED)

Fuck...yeah they are, don't look take my hand.

John and Jeanette hold each others hand scrambling out of the pile of bones.

Jeanette spots a beam of sunlight peering through the cave.

JEANETTE
Come on this way.

INT./EXT.PIT CAVE-NIGHT

John and Jeanette crawl up a rocky slope through a large opening. Their eyes slowly began to adjust to the light shining through the pit of darkness.

EXT.PIT CAVE-NIGHT

walking out of the brush. they hear a vehicle speeding towards a paved street.

JOHN
Someone's close c'mon!

Jeanette runs. She stops in the middle of the incoming white F150 truck putting her arms and palms out.

JEANETTE
Stop!

Behind the wheel is an elderly driver a man in his 60's slams the brake screeching to a sudden halt. Driver gives an aggravated gaze at John and Jeanette begging. with a look of terror.

JOHN

(hands placed together)

Please Help. Someone's following us. We just need to go to town.

DRIVER

Damn kids, your gonna get ran over!
Alright You two get in the back.

Abraham and Jeremiah in werewolf form, Emerge from the forest with a pair of glowing red eyes. Letting out a DERANGED LAUGH.

ABRAHAM

Won't you stay for dinner dear.
It's been so long.

DRIVER

(looking at john)
Who the hell?

John and Jeanette frantically jump into back of the truck.

JEANETTE

Go, go, now!

Driver floors the truck like a bat out of hell.

ABRAHAM

Nice chatting with you.

EXT.-OLD DRIVER'S F150 TRUCK-NIGHT

After driving several miles Jeanette taps on the back window of the truck to drop them off a nearby street that she recognizes.

John and hops off shaking the driver's hand as he drives off

JOHN

Thanks for the ride. Sorry for the
trouble sir.

John gives Jeanette a disconcerting look as she walks next to him. He spots a nearby park.

EXT.PARK-NIGHT

John sees rusty old slides and a set of swings drifting in the breeze back and forth.He Gestures extending his hand out for Jeanette to sit.

JOHN

So that old creepy guy is your dad.Oh man the shit I got myself into today.Anymore surprises?

Torn between sheer terror and wanting to end his relationship with Jeanette he waits for a response.

JEANETTE

You can't tell anybody or your parents, about what you saw.Promise Me.

JOHN

Maybe, Don't know yet fill in the blanks for me.

JEANETTE

Promise me!

Jeanette squeezes john's arm tightly compressing his arm bone.

JOHN

Ouch--fuck that hurt! Okay fine, yes I promise.

John winces in pain rubbing his arm.

JEANETTE

Sorry--I don't know my own strength sometimes.

JOHN

Yeah you're not kidding.Your old man, tell me about him?

JEANETTE

My dad Abraham.He started a cult. People say it was the black arts. Others say devil worship.When I was eleven.

(MORE)

JEANETTE (CONT'D)

I looked through the internet. It said "Cult leader of the brotherhood vanishes".

JOHN

A cult, scary werewolf father, mysterious girl--now I've heard everything.

JEANETTE

(sobbing)

Don't leave me please.

Feeling distraught. John comforts Jeanette, distracting their horrifying confrontation of Abraham and what's to come.

JOHN

Never. We're in this together.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT - DREAM SEQUENCE

Daisy runs through the woods in a white silk gown. John stands on a grassy field in a red hoodie. She embraces him with a hug.

DAISY

John is that you?

JOHN

What do you want?! Just go home.
Leave Now!

John's mouth sprouts out fangs a snout ELONGATES letting out a howl. Daisy BOLTS into the forest. Tripping over a log.

Crawls back in horror her palm touches a man's face, screaming hysterically looking into his dreaded lifeless eyes.

A torso of a man is severed in half. Moving in closer, John's feral hind legs leap high into the air, raising his sharp claws. His fangs drip with blood as Daisy lets out a piercing scream.

John wakes up in his bed, nude, covered in blood spatter. He notices a SEVERED HAND under his pillow that looks like it was mauled by an animal.

END SEQUENCE

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE-BEDROOM-MORNING

John wakes up Mortified tossing off his bed sheets.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh shit, fuck me !

Daisy knocks on his door.

DAISY (OS)

Honey, you ok?

JOHN

Hold on.

Opening his door. John Gets dressed, ready for school.

JOHN

Hey mom, bad dreams that's all.

DAISY

If you'd stop staying out so late
you'd get some sleep maybe talk to
me.

JOHN

Yeah well maybe if I didn't have
such a shitty dad who didn't hit
you like a punching bag, I'd spend
more time around here.

CONTINUED:

28.

DAISY

You know I care.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Well, the Nile isn't just a river.

John shakes his head , brushing past his mother.

DAISY

I'm trying to be there for you. I can only give and give. Until I can't take it any more. You're The best thing that's happened to me John. A son who loves sports...

JOHN
(interrupts)

The white picket fence?

DAISY
Yes --I thought I had
everything. Guess The grass isn't
always greener on the other side is
it?

JOHN

No mom. It never is. Dad can't be a cop anymore maybe it's shellshock or Stress. Trauma out in the streets. You Know, Just bad shit all over.

Daisy follows John outside his bedroom, going downstairs. Giving him a tight hug from behind.

DAISY
We can start over again. You and
me.

JOHN
Yeah, well listen I got to go mom,
Love you.

Daisy looks out the living room window she sees Jeanette in jeans wearing aviators waiting hugging John strolling off to school.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL-DAY

James parked across the street pours a miniature bottle of Hennessy in his coffee. He starts his patrol car pulling away, a few feet Abraham and Jeremiah in his black van also follow behind.

Students run out. Jeanette and John are inseparable, laughing they race across the lawn. In his patrol car, James pours bourbon into his coffee pulling away as he follows them.

INT. DAISY'S BARBER SHOP-DAY

Daisy sits on the chair, getting her bangs trimmed by Mary ellen, a brunette in her late 30's, friend and employee ever since she opened the barber shop.

DAISY

You think things with james would ever change?

MARY

No. Not really. Every drunk has a story to tell. Some are just better or worse than others. I've had quite a few. The excuses after excuses. But I'm not that person anymore. I'm an optimist at heart it's the Regret you have to accept.

Daisy sees john and jeanette strolling by.

DAISY

Mary, hold that thought would you?

Daisy Runs out of the shop across the street.

JOHN

(being abrasive)

Great here comes my mom.

DAISY

John?!

James Speeds off in the patrol car aware he's been spotted daisy looks at him in disgust.

DAISY (CONT'D)

John, who is this lovely lady honey?

JOHN

Mom. Not now okay.

JEANETTE

(shaking daisy's hand)

Is this your mom. Hi, I'm jeanette did john tell you the good news?

DAISY
(confused)

What good news?

JEANETTE
Everyone in school said he's
getting a college scholarship.

JOHN

C'mon jeanette it doesn't matter.

DAISY
John it does matter. Why didn't you
tell me?

JOHN
Oh now you care?!--Why? You never
watched any of my games.You're Too
busy cutting hair.

Daisy is left speechless knowing john's statement was
true.John Holds Jeanette's hand they walk off.

DAISY
(subdued with sadness)

John. Wait!

JOHN (CONT'D)

You didn't have to tell her you know.

CONTINUED:

31.

JEANETTE
She means well john, she's your mom
not your enemy.Yes, Somethings are
left not knowing.But everything
Comes to the surface.

JOHN

I know, just wasn't the best time
that's all.

JEANETTE

Well john, when is the best time? Be lucky to have her.C'mon
I have something to show you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

32.

EXT. ITHACA CITY CEMETARY-NIGHT

Jeanette kneels down touching her mother's headstone that reads "JANICE SKOZERNY BELOVED MOTHER 1967-2006"

JEANETTE

Dust in the wind huh john?

JOHN

Is this your mom's name-- janice?

JEANETTE

(looking at headstone)

Yeah, my beautiful mom janice.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know, its just hard.

JEANETTE

Come here.

Jeanette grabs john's hand pulling him down to sit with her.

JEANETTE

(tearing up)

Why?

JOHN

You'll see, it'll be over soon. What did your dad do exactly?

JEANETTE

He Killed hunters. Even a priest. His followers praised feral wolves with offerings. Said it would protect his brotherhood, he found every low life on the street to join him.

JOHN

Wow.This shit gets darker every minute.Why wolves?

JEANETTE

He told people wolves were the Maiingan, the wolf brother. Put here by the all loving Spirit to show us the way.People say he had a secret church, offering his own blood whoever joined him.

JOHN

Okay...so what about your mom?

JEANETTE

My mother was packing to leave and told me she would always love me and that one day I would truly know who I am.Then One morning she visits my grandmother telling her she has cancer.I Visit her in the hospital the last words she whispered were "be good" My life was never the same. I always felt left out of place, you know like wishing you were someone else.Ever feel like that John?

JOHN

Yup, every time.

Jeanette's dark raven hair blows in the wind as her story becomes unsettling.

JEANETTE

My grandmother told me that my father was taken to a hospital after FBI agents shot him, They checked on him after surgery.The 5th story window was broken out. Handcuffs were broken in half, covered in his blood. Now he's out there probably wanting me to join him and be one of those monsters.

JOHN

(fearful)

And your dad believes he's the one.
Almost ripping us in half. Yeah
loving spirit my ass.

JEANETTE

Just be there for me john please?

JOHN

I will but your dad is on some other shit. We have to split
off, meet up after school. Maybe until he's gone it's too
dangerous.

JEANETTE

Just say it john. You're breaking
up with me.

JOHN

No. It's not that. We need to think
about our safety, okay?

JEANETTE

It's normal I get it there's no hope between us. You're
scared I am too but i'm not running. Go Ahead leave just like
my dad.

JOHN

You're not getting it. Just be
logical and think about this, your
dad is out there, doing God knows
what. He's planning to find us,
then what be part of some ritual or
mass suicide. Hell to the no. Fuck
that.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Jeanette, you know I care.

Jenette stands up touching her mother's head stone, she
starts to walk away in a standoffish attitude.

JEANETTE

We'll talk about this later, I can't right now, bye!.

JOHN

I'm sorry.

John is disappointed not able to reach an agreement raising his arms he shrugs walking off.

INT. JEREMIAH'S VAN-NIGHT (CONT'D)

Flicking his cigarette abraham watches from a far sitting next to jeremiah floors the pedal, turning the van around driving away.

ABRAHAM

Janice will always be a part of me.
Her fate was inevitable .

JEREMIAH

Let's take jeanette now.

ABRAHAM

No, be patient. Then we hunt.
I'm going out for a walk. Maybe
send a message, let these people
know I'm back in town.

JEREMIAH

But Abe, this time of night?

Abraham scolds jeremiah pointing his finger at him.

ABRAHAM

You will not disobey me, the time
is near.

Abraham shuts the passenger door.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

I'll catch up at the church
later. I'm Going to paint the town
red, literally. Guess I'm
Developing a ravenous taste for
skin tonight.

JEREMIAH

(intimidated)

Yes Abe. We'll Be waiting for you.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

Walking as the gentle breeze blows his black trench coat. Brushing his hair back with a comb he scans a row of parked cars on a residential street. Abraham sees a Chevy Malibu . Breaking the drivers side window. Under the steering column he twists the battery wires, starting The car.

EXT. CONVENIENT STORE

LACY, early 20's a blonde prostitute in a tight red dress with fish net leggings that accentuates her hourglass figure. She paces impatiently looking at her watch, T-money A young street thug in a white puffer jacket walks in a limp pointing his finger in her face in a demanding gesture.

LACY

Oh hey T-money, sorry daddy.
I've been out here all day. I was
just about to call you.

T-MONEY, 27, Caucasian male posing as a pimp . Emulating black culture with his offensive street slang and mannerisms a pimp with disregard for the law and women that work his corner street.

T-money takes out a blunt wrapped cigar filled with pot.

T-MONEY

(speaking slang)

Bitch don't lie'. Why you ain't
working? You better be making me my
money.

T-money Lights up his blunt Puffing away.

LACY

I am I'll have some tonight.

T-MONEY

Well, you better ho.

LACY

Or else what you gonna slap me like
the little bitch you are. Makes you
feel good don't it?

T-money slaps lacy backhanded she bleeds from her lip.

T-MONEY

Shut up. This is business aight,
this is ho sale not show and tell.
You a trick not a treat these
people ain't yo boyfriends they
customers okay?

INT.CHEVY MALIBU-NIGHT

Abraham obsessively stares at lacy. She smokes a cigarette walking in front of the convenient store. Headlights blink getting the pimps attention. T-money Walks over to Abraham's drivers side door giving him a quizzical look .

T-MONEY (CONT'D)

What up, you tryin' to get some
companionship tonight. I never seen
yo face around here before?

ABRAHAM

I've got one of those faces I
guess...how much?

T-MONEY

About fifty .

ABRAHAM

Well that's too bad can't buy her
with a bloody lip now can I?

Abraham steps out of the driver side door grabbing T-money's
throat.

T-MONEY

(gasping for air)

Can't breath.Let Go Mothafucka.

EXT. CONVENIENT STORE-NIGHT

The crowd of junkies and prostitutes on the side walk watch
in disbelief as abraham lift T-money off the pavement
dropping his blunt.

T-money Pulls out a switchblade Abraham grabs his wrist.With
the other hand throwing T-money on top of a lincoln town car
parked next to him cracking the windshield knocking out T-
money unconscious.

Abraham looks at lacy with a grinning devilishly from ear to
ear.

ABRAHAM

What's your name miss?

LACY

(shaken up)

Huh?... Oh I'm lacy.

ABRAHAM

Wanna go driving around?,I could use your company for
tonight.Your Pimp friend over there shouldn't be hitting a
beautiful lady.Are You okay?

LACY

Um...sure okay.

Cashier runs outside the convenient store in a seething
rampage. He sees his windshield damaged he steps back in.

CASHIER

(Furious)

What the fuck!

Abraham opens the passenger side door lacy steps in backing out of the parking lot.

Still laying comatose T-money opens his eyes Cashier comes back out the store raising a baseball bat. Scared T-money rolls off the car sprinting.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
(shouting)

Get you're cracker Wigger ass off my car!

T-MONEY
(startled)

Okay man Fuck!

EXT. GRASSY FIELD- NIGHT- DREAM SEQUENCE

Under a bright big moon, Detective Nathan Rivers in a suit and tie hears contorting and grunting, getting louder as he shakes in a violent manner.

The man sees john. Sprouting grey fur he runs in short bursts towards the suited man covering his face.

JOHN
(deep voice)

This is just the beginning. Die
, die, die!

John lunges at him with large unhinged jaws with PEARL WHITE FANGS glistening. The teens' hand morphs into A LARGE PAW with claws slashes repeatedly.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. RIVERS' BEDROOM-MORNING

Nathan breathes heavily in bed, soaked in Sweat, A sigh of relief, cell phone buzzes 6am incoming call "CHIEF NORTH" is displayed .

Nathan Rivers, 47, A burned out detective. Retiring soon he participates in pleasure-seeking debauchery, drinking, and sex with loose women costing him a marriage. An Ill tempered man with a lost soul no longer has a moral compass.

RIVERS (CONT'D)
(into phone)

Hello?

CHIEF NORTH (OS)

Rivers, we've got a homicide. Need
you to Come down Fuller street
forensics is waiting.

RIVERS
All right, I'll be there.

INT. RIVERS' GRAND MARQUIS-DAY a PAIR OF EYES.

Tired and baggy. He turns onto a working-class suburban residential street. Kills lights and engine behind the crews white van blocking the exposed scene facing the corner street.

EXT. FULLER STREET - DAY

Rivers walks under yellow caution tape. Residents look from their front lawns as children on bikes pass by. a crime unit takes pictures of Lacy's decapitated head .Branches made into a tripod inserted underneath .Her severed hand placed in her mouth.

Rivers turns away vomiting on the sidewalk wipes off his mouth with a tissue. Gaining his composure approaching an officer late twenties.

RIVERS
Jesus Christ. Who was she?

OFFICER
Girl worked the west end a few
months. Name came up as Lacy
Montauk ,age twenty four. Heads'
been there since last night.

RIVERS
Really. No shit?

Rivers crouches down slips on latex gloves grabs a pen from his pocket lifting the severed hand slightly.

RIVERS (CONT'D)

Sure wasn't random he wanted control and use lacy here as an example he wanted dominance making her look inferior. He's consolidating his power.

OFFICER

So he got off on it huh?. Sick fuck.

RIVERS

He stimulated his fantasy by punishment. And he wanted to share it with us to see, The rest of her. Is it missing?

OFFICER

Yeah, we scanned the area nothing down this street.

RIVERS

Thought so. Any Trace he left sure didn't want us to find it.

Rivers takes out his cell flashing a picture.

RIVERS (CONT'D)

Neck Looks like a dog bite. Get traces of saliva and teeth.

Looking Away. Officer covers the bloody head with a tarp.

OFFICER

Will do detective.

RIVERS

Don't tell the wife it wouldn't be good dinner conversation.

Rivers lights up a cigarette walking to his car.

OFFICER
(amused)

No problem. Neither is her cooking.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

Abraham stands before his followers.

ABRAHAM

I'm blessed to have been given this power from our fellow natives, the Mohicans of this land knew the spirit and power of the wolf.

Jeremiah stands next to abraham raising their hands in worship. Brotherhood members clap their hands howling.

Abraham takes off his trench coat showing his tattoo of Jesus crucifixion.

JEREMIAH

Gather around brothers and sisters, we do not see you as criminals. Runaways. Or murderers but as a family under this roof.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

Our feral kind have become Fables. Fairytales. Myths, and folklore told by a pathetic campfire for people to enjoy.

JEREMIAH

We are the beasts with a taste for chaos. Humans are nothing to us, I mean nothing. It is our time. Our destiny.

Abraham picks up a large metallic cup. Passing it to a brotherhood member taking turns sipping.

ABRAHAM

This degeneracy shall all be extinct. We Will Go forth and create a new nation, lawless, free of strife, idolaters, and most of all non-believers.

Followers mostly teens and adults of different race, are dressed in black cloaks like a demented choir howling in unison.

INT.APARTMENT -DAY

Rivers gets off the third floor elevator walking with a bouquet of roses. In a casual blue suit and tie he knocks on his ex wife's door.

Arlene early forties grumpy and dark hair opening the door in a grouchy flare-up.

ARLENE

Yeah who is it?

RIVERS

Hey how've you been darlin? Happy birthday, I brought you these.

ARLENE

Oh...hey.

Arlene takes the roses brushing back her curled hair feeling awkward.

Her boyfriend joe late 30's white t-shirt, in his boxers with a burly voice. Snaps at the door hollering.

JOE (O.S.)

Who is it?

Arlene Opens the door.

ARLENE

Just forget it .Go watch tv.

RIVERS

Love your hair.Looks Nice.

ARLENE

Yeah just got a new perm. Boyfriend paid for it.

RIVERS

I used to pay for things too. Feels like I'm still paying.Everyday Arlene, When I book some junkie, Crackhead, Pimp,... Or find a girl with a needle in her arm, dead on her mothers couch.And when I came home you were there and it helped me turn that off you know.

ARLENE

You can't keep showing up here
Nathan. Why Don't you try something
new huh? What You got tired of
sniffing coke of some hookers ass.
Every time when you'd park your car
at the motel. No more girls to
arrest to steal their fix?

RIVERS

You know what Arlene? I thought I
was being nice bringing you those
roses. You Know say hello to an ex-
wife. You're Just giving another
poor bastard hell. Guess somethings
are better off dead.

RIVERS (CONT'D)

(pointing)

Rivers turns about walking away. Arlene Tosses the roses out
the door on the floor.

ARLENE

GET OUTTA HERE YOU AIN'T NOBODY. GUESS WHAT I'VE GOT A REAL
MAN YOU LIMP DICK FUCK .YOU NEVER GETTING THIS PUSSY BACK.

Rivers strolls back quickly kicking the door open.

Arlene's Boyfriend sits on the couch speechless, with a bowl
of cereal still holding a spoon with his mouth open.

Petrified she crouches down, cowering shaking like a leaf.

RIVERS (CONT'D)

YOU SHUT UP! AND YOU LISTEN.

Calming himself down he rips into Arlene retorting back.

ARLENE

Please go away.

RIVERS

You still the same whiny cunt. And I don't like cunts. That's
right a dried up flap of skin. A Chewed up piece of bubble gum
that I wouldn't put my mouth on.

You miserable skeeze, Time Has hit you like a car hits a dog. Broken with self pity just waiting to die.

Rivers tosses the roses back at her as she sobs.

Joe runs, his fists clenched he heads towards rivers shouting.

JOE

Hey asshole!

Rivers punches joe in the jaw with a left hook, knocking him out.

RIVERS

Enjoy the roses cunt.

He exits the door slamming it shut.

INT. POLICE STATION-DAY

Drinking coffee in front of his computer, Detective Rivers hears a beep on his phone—a page from the Chief's office, Picking Up the phone.

CHIEF NORTH
(O.S.)

Rivers, get in my office.

RIVERS

Well .Guess it's ass Chewing
time. Looks like shit hit the fan.

Rivers pours liquor from a silver flask, into his coffee taking a sip before his dignity is obliterated.

CHIEF SAMUEL NORTH, 56, husky build with a gut hanging out his uniformed waist. Can be intolerant to officers inappropriate actions and alleged misconduct known for his put-downs and his very immoderate strict nature.

Rivers gets up grabbing his file. Walking Down the cubicles and chit chat between officers, record clerks, and investigative assistants. Keyboards typing and phone ringing fills the room.

Rivers taps on the chief's office door letting himself in.

RIVERS

Yes chief.Listen I have an idea to catch this...

CHIEF NORTH
(interrupts)

Just what the hell where you thinking starting a brawl at your ex-wife's place. She called saying her boyfriend just woke up from a 20 minute knockout now she wants to file a complaint against you. what the fuck rivers!?

RIVERS

I went down her apartment brought her some flowers next thing she insults me and her jerk off boyfriend get's in the way.So I knocked the fucker out dropped him like a hot potato.

Rivers stands in obedience as Chief pours a cup of coffee straight black in his mug.Sitting at his desk, he crosses his arms.

CHIEF NORTH

Oh so you knocked the fucker out. Your ex wife whom you been separated from two years talks shit, and you give the boyfriend a time out. All because you wanna puff out ya chest like a rooster in a hen house?

RIVERS

How long have I served this department chief?

CHIEF NORTH
Twenty five years and you're not getting any younger just in dog years.You know that retirement is coming up next year.Don't Risk your job over some looney bitch rivers. You're more than some loose cannon with emotions stuck on rewind.

RIVERS

You got to admit.I've never failed chief.

CHIEF NORTH
(sipping coffee)

No. But you're fucked up of course. I can accept fuckups but not failure. God Knows there's plenty here. Shit we're all guilty of that. What Did you get back from forensics?

Rivers tosses a file, spilling photos onto chief's desk

RIVERS (CONT'D)

There were footprints going out two hundred meters from a nearby tree line. He Was hunting her down like a baby doe going in for the kill he made her out to be wild game .

CHIEF NORTH

So he hunts. What else is new. What makes him different than the other psychos?

RIVERS

No blood ,hair samples, or fingerprints. There's a way I think we can draw him out chief.

CHIEF NORTH

Let's hear it.

We use an officer under the wire Put one of these hot pieces of snatch set up in a motel. We wine and dine the fucker, boom! We got a suspect chief. Or We keep his name out of the papers piss him off a little maybe we'll get a dear john letter on how we're not acknowledging the sensitive prick.

CHIEF

We send in a female ,they'll be in danger and up like lacy and it'll be my ass if the mayor gets wind of it. No way. Not risking it. We'll just be adding to the pile of dead women. But I Like the second one. No Name. No Fame.

RIVERS Will do, sir.

A group of reporters can be heard approaching outside.

RIVERS Damn, is that the press?

CHIEF NORTH

(looking out his window) Sure is. Shit. These people. Keep following up on what you can, keep a lookout for this wacko. And Don't give the press anything. You got me?

RIVERS

Not a problem Chief. .

Rivers exits chief's office, closing the door behind him.

INT. POLICE STATION-NIGHT

Rivers walks down a flight of stairs, goes through a doorway, and comes upon a group of reporters. They begin running like cattle for a story. Rivers steps into his Grand Marquis Peeling off, Leaving reporters upset and speechless.

RIVERS

Go home, everyone.

EXT. ROOFTOP-DAY

Jeremiah chugs down a beer bottle on a roof top with Abraham.

scoping with binoculars, Abraham smiles in glee getting a birds eye view of reporters swarming the police department.

ABRAHAM

And the crowd goes wild.

JEREMIAH

So it's on. has the party started?

Abraham puts down his binoculars looking at jeremiah

ABRAHAM

Oh it's on alright.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE-NIGHT

John crawls out of his window forgetting to close it behind him.

Dropping down from the roof ledge He calls up Jeff on his cell phone.

JOHN
(INTO PHONE)

Hey man, shit's boring as hell
over here, wanna get stoned?

Jeff answers listening to reggae music on his laptop.

JEFF(OS)

CONTINUED:

50.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You got it, Mr. Chong. Lets get
retarded!

Trekking through. Behind john's home a winding path leads into a dark landscape with of trees, he walks along a creek. Climbing up a ladder, john taps on Jeff's window.

EXT. JEFF'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Jeff lifts up the window with a stoned euphoric smile.

JEFF

John are you Ready for blast off sir

JOHN

I Sure am

Smoking pot out of a bong on his front porch bench. John pulls the bowl off. He almost has it cleared when he coughs accidentally into the bong, spraying bong water all over John.

JEFF

Oh shit, sorry man!

John and Jeff both laugh.

John notices a full moon pointing at it.

JOHN

Check it out bro.

JEFF

I know man. That's awesome! Wanna
chill listen to some Bob Marley ?

JOHN

I'd better get home and dry off
this bong water my mom will kill
me.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Alright bro. I'll see you later.

They fist bump.

Waiting across the street in a dark trench coat abraham in a
sadistic smile watches john heading through the back passage
way into the dense trees

EXT.FOREST TRAIL-NIGHT

The full moon glistens, reflecting off the rapid creek john
is heading back home through the trail Abraham's coat is
blowing in the wind.

A dark silhouette figure is in the distance.Cautious, John
moves closer Abraham lights a cigarette.The match illuminates
his face.

Frozen, john's attention is drawn at Abraham's unsettling
presence.He Keeps a distance a few feet apart.

JOHN

(clamming up)

No fucking way.

ABRAHAM

Well-- Well thought I'd find you here. You Need a lesson in greeting someone like myself.

JOHN

You can have her. Just leave me out of this.

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

ABRAHAM

You see I'm here you're there, soon I'll be bigger than you and there's nothing that you can do about it. I'm going to discipline you, just like a child who is bitten for not knowing a wolf's Hierarchy. But to people it's a bite, interesting isn't it?

JOHN

(unimpressed)

Wow. The more you know.

ABRAHAM

John jumps in the icy creek, hiking his legs up. Grabbing a stone from the rushing waters abraham drops his trench coat, bones and back muscles pop. Quickly sprouting his white fur and snout he leaps in splashing and growling. Snatching john's throat by his claws, abraham lifts him up. legs shaking horrified, Abraham's snout sniffs john's face biting his shoulder, fangs digging in. Blood spurts oozing out.

JOHN

(gasping)

FUCK YOU!

The stone in his hand John cracks Abraham's elbow, a loud yelp cuts the air dropping him. A rushing tide carries john away.

Abraham limps on his hind leg ,jumping out of the creek.

John struggles to stay afloat the strong current holding onto a large rock he pulls himself up sees rows walking across the creek embankment.

In his monstrous transformation Abraham wraps his broken elbow around a tree popping back in the dislocated arm.

Wailing Loudly Abraham lets out a a blood curding howl from a distance. Frightened and Adrenaline pumping john runs holding pressure to his bloody mauled left shoulder.

EXT.AUBURN STREET-NIGHT

Walking out of the row of trees behind falls creek john, stumbles onto the street stepping on a sidewalk. John falls slowly fainting.

INT/EXT. Daisy's blue Ford escape -NIGHT

Daisy sees John passed out and bleeding on the floor. She flashes her high beams mortified, Parking the Suv. Rushing out picking up john in her arms, he becomes semi-conscious. staining her hands with his blood.

DAISY
GOD DAMN IT .NOT NOW JOHN WHAT
HAPPENED?!

Daisy feels pressure looking at john's gaping wound.

JOHN
A wolf. Big--then it bit me on
my shoulder . I'm glad I made it
back, Mom.

DAISY
All right john let's go.

Dragging john towards the back passenger door she opens it pushing him in.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE-NIGHT

Daisy carries John his arm over her shoulder, in a blood stained shirt.

DAISY
(yelling)

SOMEBODY HELP US.PLEASE?!

Nurses Rush Over, laying john over a gurney. Going through the hall, johns eyes open with a blur.

Gazing at the ceilings Fluorescent Lights. An oxygen mask is placed over his face passing out.

DOCTOR DANIEL NECAISE, 50, flustered and flurried in johns emergency, rapidly in a confident demeanor. In his green scrubs. Speaking urgently to a nurse.

DOCTOR NECAISE

Get me vitals he going to need a transfusion. Boy what a night.

DOCTOR NECAISE (CONT'D)

Hello, I'm Doctor Necaise. What happened miss?

DAISY
(distracted)

I think...I don't know. He said a wolf bit him. Please Tell me he's going to be alright.

DOCTOR NECAISE

He'll be fine miss, he's in our hands now.

Traumatized by john's blood loss she covers her mouth crying. Doctor Necaise walks with her to the waiting room.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM-DAY

The next morning, sunrise shines in the windows .Daisy asleep on a waiting room chair. Doctor Necaise taps her shoulder. Waking her up, hands her a cup of coffee.

DOCTOR NECAISE

Good morning.

DAISY
(worried)

How is john he's okay right?

DOCTOR NECAISE
(awkward silence)

Yes he's stable at the moment.
But There seems to be something
peculiar going on here, You said he
was bitten by a wolf.Now There were
some deep bite marks. And now
they're no longer visible.

DAISY
Okay... that's great. glad to hear
that doctor.

Daisy tears up, smiling with optimism.sips her coffee gazing
at doctor necaise for an answer.

DOCTOR NECAISE
Yes of course, his left shoulder
healed very fast.The skin tissue
cells sped up on healing stages
unheard of.

Perplexed by his answer, crossing her arms.

DAISY
Sorry, I don't follow. How's that
possible?

DOCTOR NECAISE
The wound healing stages are made up of three basic phases.
Inflammation, proliferation and maturation. Your son john
went from inflammation to proliferation in a matter of hours.
Instead of days.These blood cells are mutating on unhuman
levels miss Woodrow.

Giving the doctor a skeptical expression.With Her hand daisy
brushes her hair back behind her ear.

DAISY
What. That's absurd.Listen Can we go now? This is a lot to
process me and my son need time together.

DOCTOR NECAISE

John can go home. But I'd much rather have further testing. Maybe then John can stay another day and describe what this wolf looked like.

DOCTOR NECAISE (CONT'D)
He will still be able to function with his condition unless he has a reaction.

Comforted, but upset by the medical findings.

DAISY

Condition?... No that's a miracle. I'm leaving with him--NOW.

DOCTOR NECAISE

I'm sorry you're upset, he'll be out shortly.

Saving face Doctor necaise walks away quietly.

INT. DAISY'S CAR-DAY [DRIVING]

Daisy still unsettled by the conversation. Silence fills the truck .

DAISY

So tell me about the wolf that bit you. Why were you out so late at Jeff's house ?

John blanks out thinking of an excuse. Rubbing his palms on his legs .

JOHN

(stares at his shoulder)

Yeah he bit me pretty good But it's gone. I don't get it i should at least have a scar.

DAISY

Doctor said you healed so fast.Wait.Who's he ?

JOHN

No. I mean the wolf it saw me. I ran away and it jumped and um...bit me.

DAISY

(looking at john)

You sure about that?

Daisy gives john a suspicious stare.

John looks away, nervous out the passenger window. Pulling up. He sees james's squad car parked in the driveway.

Shaking his head Placing his hand over his eyes worried.

JOHN

C'mon, seriously?

DAISY

Just what I need. More Shit.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE-DAY

Daisy opens the door. sitting in a dark living room. Daisy flicks the light switch bracing themselves john and daisy stand unnerved, looking at james.

Sitting on the couch chugging a 32 ounce beer bottle with his police uniform shirt opened casually un buttoned.

JAMES

(inebriated)

Had an extra key thought I'd say hi everything good?

DAISY

No james we're not. You need to leave, this isn't your home anymore remember? Not Like you give a shit anyway, You're too busy drinking in that king shit Patrol car.

JAMES

No this is my house. So John, You
fucking that little whore of yours.
What's her name?

In anger John clenches his fist and teeth speaking through
them.

JOHN

She's not a whore. Go Back to your
other place where you
belong... Jackass

James Puts down his beer bottle cracking his fingers standing
up.

JAMES

(raising his voice)

YOU SHUT YOUR MOUTH!

DAISY

Make me, you ungrateful son of a
bitch.

James unclasps his 9mm from his holster.

JAMES

What, You really think I'm gonna
pull the trigger?

DAISY

(upset)

You better make sure I don't use it on you James, You won't
be hitting me again.

Daisy quickly grabs the gun from him and puts it to James'
head. She starts shaking. Afraid Of what might be if she Shoots
daisy lowers the gun.

DAISY (CONT'D)

I-I CAN'T. (CONT'D)

JAMES

I knew you couldn't do it.
Gradually raises his voice at her.

James snatches the gun back from daisy, Slapping her she falls down. She bleeds from her nose james turns to look at John but is gone.

JAMES (CONT'D)

That's the last time you raise your
voice to me, woman. Don't you ever
disrespect me.

James kicks daisy in the stomach while she's down, knocking the wind out of her daisy grabs his' leg stopping james from kicking.

John takes a beer bottle from the refrigerator.

JOHN

Here dad, have a beer.

John smashes the beer bottle on James' head, knocking him out, james falls unconscious to the floor.

A sudden pause of silence, john walks over the broken beer glass pushing his father with his shoe. Hoping james isn't responsive.

DAISY

Call the police, I'm hurt badly.

John dials 911 on his cell hugging daisy tightly she cries wallowing in her tears.

JOHN

(INTO PHONE)

Yes can you bring an officer over
my dad just assaulted my mom .

OPERATOR(O.S.)

Everything okay. What's your
location?

JOHN

Yeah my address is 201 East Jay
Street it's a beige house.Hurry
Please.

John ends the call on his cell.Kneels Down in front of
daisy's looks at her bruised face.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I sure Knocked the dust off that
ass clown.

Daisy and john laugh, holding each other .

DAISY

Never a dull moment .

JOHN

No shit.

INT. SCHOOL-DAY

John walks past some other kids that give him strange looks.
Arriving at his locker. Jeff walks by smacking chewing gum.

JEFF

Your mom came by after you left that night. Didn't see you in
class you alright.How's your old man?

JOHN

(lying)

We -- went out of town.My Dad won't
be around for a while.listen I've
had these nightmares like a cut off
hand and blood on my bed.

JEFF

Just dreams bro.

JOHN

Yeah you're right.

JEFF

Not sure. Doesn't sound good.

Jeanette approaches him. Worried About john's whereabouts.

JEANETTE

Hey, you hiding from me?

JOHN

Oh no just stepped out for a while
visited a distant cousin...That's
all.

Jeanette reaches for a kiss. Avoidant John gives a quick peck
walking away .

JOHN

Okay. See ya.

Jeanette looks at jeff confused.

JEANETTE

Wow. That was weird. Is He okay?

JEFF

Yeah he's fine.

INT. HIGHSCHOOL -CONTINUOUS

A clock displays 10:00. Still morning. Second period class
door opens .students walk out .Jeanette opens her locker.
Looking down Jeremiah is disguised mopping as a janitor. In a
blue uniform whistling a melodic tune.

Students fade away into next period .Quietly alone jeanette
heads toward her locker hearing the awful tune.

JEANETTE

(whispering)

God That sounds annoying.

Putting her books away. She Closes the locker turning her head. Jeremiah is gone. Covering Her mouth with a drugged cloth fainting, he Drags Her to a janitors closet.

Hours go by .Clock is now 3:00 bell rings and students rush past john. Waiting Impatiently. Picking up his backpack he storms off.

INT. POLICE DEPT-DAY

Chief walks towards Detective river's desk. An uncomfortable look plastered on his face tossing an envelope as rivers was about to leave.

CHIEF NORTH

We just got a letter in today.
It's a photo of Lacy. The same girl
that went missing.

RIVERS

Aww man. I can't see anymore of
this shit.

Rivers sees "FROM ABRAHAM." written on an envelope. Taking out the contents a Note reads "Here is the rest of Lacy. I thirst for blood. My brotherhood is near" a photo of her torso is Carved "R.I.P. NONBELIEVER" into her stomach "

RIVERS (CONT'D)
(aghast)

Jesus. Fuck Me running.

CHIEF NORTH

That Sick bastard's finally saying hello.

Rivers pulls out a sketch composite of the killer resembling Abraham's beard and grim appearance.

RIVERS

Take a look got a sketch on the suspect. Interviewed a few girls working the corner.

CHIEF NORTH

Alright. I Release it to the press maybe someone can ID him.

INT. BARBER SHOP-DAY

Sunset begins to fade. Marking another X Daisy fills in the rows with X's on a calendar. It is now April 28th, Worried not to encounter James' release from jail.

On The flat screen tv mounted Standing outside the police department. Officers stand behind A Male reporter 20's, stands in front of the news station reporting live.

REPORTER

(on TV)

Tonight we need your help. A young woman who worked as a prostitute on the west end was brutally and savagely murdered. Witnesses say this man was the last to pick her up.

A vivid sketch of Abraham's sadistic face and beard appears on screen. Daisy is stunned in awe holding a soda can. Mary Ellen stops sweeping.

MARY ELLEN

Scruffy bastard looks like grizzly adams.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Abraham enters the back kitchen, pushing up the window pane wearing a black hooded cloak.

ABRAHAM

Oh Johnny boy, where are you?

I'll just have to wait.

Scratching his nails along the wall, carving a line as he slowly ascending upstairs.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE-NIGHT

James kicks the front door open, breaking the knob off. A gusty wind blows it open, banging against the kitchen wall.

Walks inside, the wooden floor creaking under his feet. Unsheathing a combat knife holding it tightly in his hands

He hears the sounds of crying upstairs, and notices some lights are on.

JAMES

Daisy. John. You guys here, daddy's home.

Walks up the stairs. Broken picture frames scatter the steps. Walls are covered in large claw marks.

JAMES

(speaks to himself) (CONT'D)

Who scratched the walls?

Ascending upstairs James reaches the bedroom door. Locked James kicks the door open, breaking the knob. a HOODED FIGURE Appears.

JAMES

(Frightened)

OH SHIT! (CONT'D)

ABRAHAM

It's ten o'clock, do you know where John is?

Slashing James' neck, blood spurting onto the walls. James falls down to the ground, shaking in shock of blood loss. Abraham kneels down. Smiling At James. Grabbing the knife from James' dead hands.

ABRAHAM

Hmm...I like this one.

With his wolf-like claws. Stepping over James's body, holding his leg. Dragging James down the stairs scratching his beard with the knife.

INT. JOHNS HOUSE-NIGHT

John opens the front door. Abraham Leaves out the backdoor Pitch black. John Reaching for the light switch flipping it, but no light. Sheer Darkness.

JOHN

I hope mom paid the light bill.

walking into the house. John trips over his father, laying on the floor. Taking out a lighter. The flame glows exposing John's dead father in a pool of blood. large deep claw marks across James's throat.

JOHN

(Screaming) (CONT'D)

NO DAD. PLEASE NO!

Police sirens can be heard approaching. Two Officers cautiously open the door. Drawing Their guns.

OFFICER#1

DON'T MOVE!

OFFICER#2

ON THE FLOOR. HANDS BEHIND YOUR BACK!

John holding his father, crying. Letting go. He Lays face down, crossing his arms behind his back.

Raising both his arms on both knees. John continues wailing.

(CONT'D)

JOHN

It wasn't me. Someone killed my dad!

The officers pull John off the floor handcuffing him.

INT/EXT.GRAND MARQUIS-NIGHT

Rivers turns past a street sign that reads "Jay street" pulling up a row of police cars lights flash covering the block from the grizzly scene. Stepping out boastful, flashing his badge.

Reporters line behind a barricade bright lights shining from their cameras waving at rivers for a statement.

INT.JOHN'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Rivers enters the living room .A group of officers are reporting the incident on their note pads.He taps An officer on the shoulder.

RIVERS

So is it another dead whore. A junkie. What now?

OFFICER

James Woodrow, Prior officer divorced.Fired for Beating his Ex-wife a month ago.Just released from jail, plus a restraining order. He broke in. Throat was ripped like an early Christmas present.His Son john, Was holding him when we got here.

RIVERS
(disappointed, saddened)

Jeez. And I thought I hated my ex.May That lousy drunk rest in piece.Goddamn It.Had to be one of ours. Tell these flies on shit reporters, to get lost. I'm combing the scene.

OFFICER

You got it.Exiting johns home he joins other officers physically containing the crowd of reporters and journalists.Encircling the group, instructing everyone to leave.

INT.JOHN'S HOUSE-NIGHT

In the kitchen rivers pulls a large kitchen knife from the set with a tissue. Kneeling down he smears the knife across the blood, dropping the knife in a bag Putting it in his jacket pocket discreetly.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Daisy drives up to the house and getting out of her SUV. She walks around the yellow caution tape around the house a body bag is wheeled into an ambulance. She Spots rivers walking past the crowd.

DAISY
(distraught)

WHERE'S MY SON?!

RIVERS

He's under arrest mam. For the murder of you ex-Husband. You Can come by the station and say your goodbyes.

INT. GRAND MARQUIS -NIGHT Getting in rivers revving up his engine peeling out.

INT. POLICE STATION-INTERROGATION ROOM-NIGHT

Rivers watches john through a two way mirror .crying uncontrollably. Taking A deep breath Rivers sips his coffee he turning off the cameras.

RIVERS
(speaks to himself)
It's show time.

Opening the door with an arrogant smirk on his face. Sitting Down across from john. He lights a cigarette putting it in an ashtray.

JOHN
(sobbing)

I didn't do it. Please listen to me.

RIVERS
Let's make this short. Because I don't have all damn day.

Taking out the planted knife covered in James' blood Rivers lays it on the table, next to a tape recorder.

JOHN

That knife came from the kitchen. You're saying I killed my dad?

RIVERS

Listen John. You can confess now. Or I can show this to the DA. It's up to you.

JOHN

(wiping his tears)

I don't have one drop of blood on me. My dad's neck was torn out not slashed, genius. Someone was there and left before I got home. Why are you doing this? I'm getting a basketball scholarship I've got a future. I'm not a killer.

RIVERS

I beg to differ. I've investigated killers, studied them. Majority are white males. Yes I mean you... So who was it that killed your pops if you didn't? And that's a big if.

JOHN

You wouldn't believe me.

RIVERS

Maybe you need some perspective. You think that Basketball Scholarship will do you any good? After prison you'll be some common rural white boy. With a shit job and a shit life. Working at some fried chicken dump for ten bucks an hour. You'll have more in common with some black guy paying child support, than being a degenerate cop, like your dad. Picking up his glass of booze where he left off. Either way you're fucked.

Shaking his head laughing. Clapping slowly in sarcasm.

Rivers is heated by John's reaction taking the situation in stride.

JOHN

Wow.The Unaccountable asshole with a badge. Giving me a motivational speech.Be Pretty easy to incriminate myself for you, wouldn't it?

RIVERS

Damn right, I don't have shit to loose. It's not what you know john.It's who you know.And Who is it that I should know, before I throw away the key to your life?

JOHN

You're going to look pretty stupid when you see what's out there.

RIVERS

Go on.

JOHN

His name is Abraham Skozerny, A cult nut Turned werewolf who bit me. Let me go and I'll do you a favor and end him for killing my dad .what do you fear? Because it's right here with you.Werewolves do exist and I'm one of them.So Pack your silver bullets, either way you're all fucked.

RIVERS

(smiling)

Well wish I knew where Abraham was I'd question him too. But he's not here, Mr.Werewolf Of the week. John "The Beast" Woodrow. That's your nickname.So when I put you in prison, cellmates might stop from raping your white Lilly piece of ass.

Jumping on top of the table legs shackled and wrists cuffed.John Kicking rivers in the face landing on the floor.Pouncing on rivers neck, cutting circulation with his chained legs.

An officer with a large build.Runs into the room knocking john out collapsing on the table.

OFFICER

You okay.

Released of suffocation.Gasping for air Rivers red face fades away.

RIVERS
(terrified)

FUCK NO. HE ALMOST KILLED ME!

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT RESTROOM-NIGHT

Irate and enraged. Rivers goes in a run-down restroom. Flickering fluorescent lights, pulling out a wedding photo of him and his ex wife. Punches the mirror. Pieces shatter in the sink. Taking Off his tie. Wrapping his cut hand.

RIVERS
What the hell happened to you?

Rivers phone buzzes it reads "ANONYMOUS" he answers.

RIVERS (CONT'D)

Hello. Who's This?

Heavy scared breathing his heard over his cell.

KYLE DICKERSON, 38, a heavy set man at the end of his rope with a last chance of redemption trying to clear his conscience.

INT. PHONE BOOTH-NIGHT

A prior member of the brotherhood. A large overweight man sweating nervously at a phone booth.

KYLE

You looking for that guy who killed that skank Lacy?

RIVERS
(concerned)

Who wants to know?

KYLE

Name is kyle. Meet me at Vinny's
pizza on Cayuga street. Tonight.

INT.VINNY'S PIZZA-NIGHT

Walking in. A large heavy set man is gorging on pizza stuffing his face.Irritated By the repulsive eating Rivers stands quietly in front of the obese man.

RIVERS

Looks like you got started without me.Are You kyle?

Embarrassed reaching to shake his hand.Rivers Ignoring his gesture, the big man's hand is stained with grease.Kyle pulls his hand back .

Kyle with a stack of photos sliding it to Rivers sitting down at the table.Graphic Pictures of women's severed arms and legs mauled with bone showing through.

RIVERS (CONT'D)

Oh christ. So what can you tell me about Abraham?

Rivers sifts through the gruesome photos.

KYLE

Murders were committed on a full moon.Another Lunar cycle is in two weeks.

RIVERS

Lunar cycle?Full moon? Do I look like a fucking astronomer? English please?

KYLE

The brotherhood are a bunch of convicts and criminals.They're Werewolves.Killers. You know the Dogman or Lon Chaney's wolf man, big teeth hairy ass?

RIVERS

You're the second gullible imbecile I've had today, telling me about werewolves.You Expect me to believe that Abraham Skozerny is a canine monster? Just Give me a location.

KYLE

I'm throwing you a bone detective a thank you would suffice.I'm Lucky I left and didn't drink out his cup of blood, like the others.I Should get a reward for this.

Taking a fork off the table scratching his head pondering.He
Crams a napkin into Kyle's mouth stabbing the fork in his
hand, muffling his scream.

Rivers gives him a cold stare, taking out the fork removing
his napkin crammed mouth.Kyle Holding His bloody hand moaning
in pain.

RIVERS

Where is he? I'm waiting.

KYLE

Last time I checked it was an
abandoned church. One thousand
eleven on west Seneca.

Standing up .Rivers snatches up the photos leaving.Shocked
Looking at the last photo. A white werewolf hiding behind a
tree with bright hellish eyes.

INT.POLICE DEPARTMENT JAIL CELL-NIGHT

John paces back and forth, looking out his cell room window.
A rabid animal in a cage.He Drops to the floor in a fetal
position.Opening john's cell door a young officer late 20's
puts a sack lunch on a bunk.Sweating Profusely, wincing as
his body aches.

YOUNG OFFICER

Bonapetite killer.

A dispatcher calls in on his radio.Officer listens in .

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Code ten Assistance with All units
and new recruits. Needed at the
abandoned church on west seneca for
suspect Abraham Skozerny Proceed
with caution.

YOUNG OFFICER

Ten four.I'm in route.

JOHN

(pleading in urgency)

WAIT.HE'S GOING TO KILL ALL OF YOU. THE BROTHERHOOD. THEY'RE
NOT HUMAN,LISTEN TO ME!

YOUNG OFFICER

Sleep tight kiddo.

He exits the door slamming it. With determination, John Runs beating on the glass.

JOHN

WAIT!

Johns bones pop. An electrical current of torture pulses through his veins. Arms And legs begin to bulge with muscle and brown fur ripping his clothes.

Cell door flies open crushed like a soda can he runs on all fours through the halls breaking the next door down. running Down the stairs snarling.

A female officer late 20's sitting at an in processing desk stops silently eating her donut mid-bite. Eyes widen trembling, hearing a deep growl. Dropping the pastry.

With Heavy footsteps. John strides forward sniffing the officers donut taking a huge chomp--HE SHOOTS THROUGH THE GLASS DOOR ENTRANCE WITH A LARGE CRASH. Shards of glass fly everywhere.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

A cloaked Figure patrols the halls. The exit door REPEATEDLY OPENS AND SLAMS from the wind. Grabbing the handle THEN a hairy grey arm CLINCHES HIS WRIST appears. HIS MOUTH WIDENS IN HORROR before he can scream John PIERCES HIS EYES WITH HIS BLACK CLAWS THROUGH HIS SKULL. On his hind legs john drags the cloaked male away. Bones snap morphing back in human form breathing deeply. John takes off the man's cloak.

Heads bowing down the brotherhood in black cloaks begin a ceremonial initiation for Jeanette, John quietly walks in joining the group covertly. Her gaged mouth softens the scream, blindfolded and tied to a cross above an altar.

ABRAHAM

To my next of kin who maybe the next heir.

Raising a cup of his blood about to pour into Jeanettes mouth Abraham and his members abruptly stop their ceremony turning to look at John. Nervous He stares back knowing he's cover is blown.

Members file out the door leaving john singled out, unaware of the outcome. Nervous john's hands shake. He Takes off his hood.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

I smell teenage sweat glands. Seems we have a potential member in our midst. Brothers and sisters please excuse us.

JOHN

You're no savior or a messiah just a disgruntled failure rejected by his daughter. your Distorted world view is over.

ABRAHAM

You think conflict is free, boy? No it's bought with innocence and blood shed.

Caressing her sobbing cheeks, Abraham's bestial long red tongue, slithers across licking Jeanette's face.

Lunging forward looking to land a punch. John's Neck is gripped tightly. Tossed To a wall breaking sheetrock exposing wooden slats. Coughing Up blood. Getting Rocked John's legs wobble like jelly trying to keep his stance.

JOHN

(spitting blood)

Bring it Motherfucker. You Killed my father.

ABRAHAM

You sure can take a gracious ass whipping sir.

JOHN

You won't win . I'm not a child to swat around. I never give up.

ABRAHAM

Eventually a child accepts everything in it's environment. Evolution Is built this way. They're Wouldn't be wars if people didn't desire it.

(MORE)

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)
 People Just enjoy killing, and
 people enjoy fighting.

EXT.ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

A can of Tear gas breaks into a window rolling Next to the Altar. Jeanette coughs from inhalation .Rivers wearing a bullet proof vest speaks, surrounded by police.

RIVERS
 (into megaphone.)
 COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP. WE
 HAVE YOU SURROUNDED ABRAHAM.

Looking out all the windows. Faces of The brotherhood's skin bubble, and commence sagging, falling off.Patches of brown fur appear. white glowing orbs radiate from their eye sockets.

ABRAHAM
 My children .No worries ,I'm sure
 they'll taste fine.John Don't go
 anywhere.

Abraham clinches john's cloak, throwing him into the ceiling.Lights Out, john lays on the floor dazed.

Struggling to open his eyes, now stable his focus is stronger able to see jeanette tied to the cross in the dark, with red vison through receptors of his retina.

INT.ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

SERGEANT STEPHEN KCLASS 45,aging dark hair a blunt no-nonsense man still on the force leads seven Officers through double wooden doors, slowly approaching a hallway. Dimly lit They turn on their surefire lights attached to their .223 caliber AR-15 carbines.Rivers stands outside with extra officers behind their patrol cars.

EXT.CHERRY STREET-NIGHT

Driving frantic Jeremiah floors the pedal in a Garbage truck at Abrahams aid, headed towards the church.a road block up ahead with one police car flashing it's blue and red lights parked sideways.

EXT.GARBAGE TRUCK-NIGHT

Jeremiah slams the breaks tires skidding and screeching barely feet away from a wooden barricade. An officer exits out his drivers door barking orders.

OFFICER
(on PA speaker)

PLEASE EXIT THE VEHICLE WITH YOUR HANDS UP.

INT./EXT.GARBAGE TRUCK-NIGHT

Jeremiah raising his arms walking forward Defiant.Provoking the officer.

JEREMIAH

What's the problem?

The officer with gun aimed at jeremiah moves in.Gun is now point blank at jeremiah's face.

OFFICER
TURN AROUND

JEREMIAH

Okay be cool don't shoot.

Reaching for his wrist.Snarling fangs lengthen, exposing gums and a grotesque wolf like face.Jeremiah Quickly turns. Utter Horror shoots through the officer's body.

Jeremiah snaps off a hand. Gun still intact, letting out a grizzly shrill.He throws a powerful blow sending the officers head and neck breaking back, with a loud Cracking pop.

INT.ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

Leading the officers Single file wearing gas masks.A Group of bright White eyes blink, glowing in the pitch-black hallway. Assault rifles drawn sergeant Klass pauses-spooked a dark cloaked member appearing in the hallway.Shining His light mounted weapon.

SERGEANT KLASS

(taking off gas mask) WALK TOWARDS
ME WITH YOUR HANDS UP.

The figure walks slowly backwards, arms in the air. Grabbing the wrist sergeant handcuffs the unknown person. breaking The handcuffs, he headbutts klass in the nose. Running down the hall, into one of the various rows of rooms.

SERGEANT KLASS

Son of a bitch my nose!--On My
signal move in.

Waving his hand back. Signaling each finger on a count of three, pointing forward.

Tossing a can of tear gas. Smoke fills the room officers fire inside walking in - vacant but no figure.

SERGEANT KLASS (CONT'D)

What the hell? He's not here.

The second officer looks out the doorway. With Unbelievable speed, a werewolf zips across. Slashing His neck he drops onto his knees. Falling Headfirst on the floor.

OFFICER#3

FUCK ME. OFFICER DOWN SCAN YOUR
WHERE IS HE!?

Backing into a corner terrified - afraid - ready to run. A second beast breaks through the wall gripping his throat- pulling him in. The Remaining four officers fire at wall filling it with bullets.

SERGEANT KLASS

(into radio)

These people aren't human. We're
being ambushed.

In complete darkness with their surefire lights sergeant klass leads the officers against the wall stacked in a file, going into each room. They Walk Out. A Brotherhood member-at he far end of the hall-a decapitated head of the third officer rolls in front of them, with a beeping sound.

SERGEANT KLASS
(frozen with a pause)

GET DOWN.IT'S A BOMB!

Jumping headfirst into an empty room the head explodes. Brain matter and debris fly across in midair.The officers ears ring from the impact.

Struggling to keep calm John unties Jeanette from the cross still hearing the heavy gunfire.Wiping Her tears under her blindfold.

JOHN
(Whispering)

Quiet, Not a word.

JEANETTE

Okay.

EXT.ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

Rivers radios in under stress hearing the officers screaming their lungs out, frightened by their gunshots and unimagined hell from the brotherhood.

RIVERS
(into radio)

What's going on?...Hello do you copy? ,please respond.

Abraham red eyes dart across the dark pouncing on an officer Sergeant klass takes out his glock, but its too late. fangs begin tearing into his gas mask, mauling his face.Shaking his head like a rag doll with insatiable, feral hunger.

Klass fires 2 shots at Abraham , then a third.Unphased He continues biting.

SERGEANT KLASS
(into radio)
Shots fired, shots fired!
All officers down!

SERGEANT KLASS

All my men are gone.Goddamn You
rivers this was suicide!

Chomping of large bites, are heard from a distance from the werewolves. Feasting on the dead men.

Witnessing the brutality of the officers chewed faces searing into his eyes, Sergeant Klass vomits on his glove. Running in one of the empty rooms slamming the door barricading it with a chair and metal shelves.

Now an eerie calm. Screams stop. -Pushing away the sofa and piled chairs. Reaching For the door Slowly the hinges come off.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

RIVERS
(into radio)

Hang in there Sergeant. You're a
brave son of a bitch, No one
could've done what you did.

Panicking, Klass is emotionally upset cursing out Rivers back on his radio.

SERGEANT KLASS
(O.S)
Fuck you Rivers, you burn
in hell. My Men are torn
to pieces by those dog
monsters. Hope To God
you're next.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

Abraham voice echoes through the hall scratching his claws along the wall eliciting a rough screeching sound.

ABRAHAM

This little piggy had roast beef.

Taunting Klass Abraham begins laughing. Firing at the wall from inside the room with an AR-15 his magazine is empty tossing his weapon down.

Desperate searching for an exit Klass sees a window with bars welded from the outside.

SEGEANT KLASS

Fuck!

ABRAHAM

And this little piggy...went wee
wee wee!

Suddenly-- in his frightening massive presence, knocking the door down. Abraham's Intensifying Red Eyes glow. Shuddering and frozen stiff. Covering his face, claws pierce Klass's neck. Clinching it tightly, Picking him up. He makes one last call in to the radio.

SERGEANT KLASS
(yelling)

10-13 OFFICER NEEDS
ASSISTANCE. HELP!

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

Abraham's jaws unhinge. A human skull emerges opening it's teeth, ripping Sergeants face off .Blood Splatters on his vest.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH -NIGHT

A DEAFENING CRY grows loud, rivers looks at the window of the second floor. Sergeant Klass is thrown out landing on a police car windshield. Glass Shatters, hood caving in. Officers run from his fallen corpse, and take cover.

INT. ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

John and Jeanette duck down. Without hesitation John grabs a shotgun next to a dead officer they run the opposite direction down the hall as the onslaught continues.

With a surefire light mounted above the shotgun looking for an exit turning a corner another werewolf appears stepping in front of them.

JOHN

SHIT.

JEANETTE

I've got this.

Grabbing John's shotgun. Jeanette aims the barrel point blank blasting the beast's head off. Exploding like a melon. John Wipes the blood from his face.

Behind The first beast a next creature sprints forward. Jeanette takes the shotgun's buttstock pinning the neck, slamming it toward a wall crushing it's throat.

JOHN

Oh Christ.

They hurry downstairs. A long hallway leads into an exit sign. Fight or flight courses through Jeanette's veins tossing the shotgun at john.

JEANETTE

(looking at john)

CATCH!

Through the hall On all fours Abraham growls. With a fast stride ,then standing back on his legs. John pulls the slide back racking the shotgun firing, grazing Abraham's ear.

Abraham grabs the barrel kicking john in the chest with Jeanette standing behind. Both slide on the floor. Looking Up they see an exit door. Getting back up john and dash out.

EXT. ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

John slams the door. A pipe on the ground Jeanette inserts it under the handle. Wedged in closed on Abraham, he claws the door slamming his paws busting the glass. Door shakes violently struggling to break it open.

Running across the street behind the church into an alley way from the surrounding police lights flashing, illuminating the Area. Jeanette And john embrace each other tightly. Kissing John pulls away.

JOHN

The things we do for love huh?

Jeanette

John, What's going? You just save my life. It's Not everyday you save your girlfriend from creatures in the middle of a shootout.

JOHN

Cops think I killed my dad Some asshole detective set me up. Your Dad followed me calling out my name. He bit me and threw me in Fall creek to die.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I got you into this.

JOHN

This isn't over yet. I'm One of them-
How Do you think I got out of jail?

JEANETTE

So what now john ? You have to go
back, they'll find you.

JOHN

I'm going to run as far as I can, then Abraham is fucking
dead, He'll be one less werewolf to worry about. He murdered
my dad. I know he was worthless, but he was still my father.

JEANETTE

Sure thing, That'll be so easy. He
has the brotherhood who is going to
help you?

JOHN

My damn self, that's who. See you
around I've got to go.

John steps back slowly, then sprinting away across another
street then onto a grassy field.

JEANETTE

I didn't mean it like that john...WAIT!

Jeanette walks away distraught.

Rivers receives a call from dispatch.

DISPATCH

(O.S.)

Be advised detainee john Woodrow.
Male age 17, Caucasian on foot just
escaped custody. Cell room is
damaged along with property damage
to the entrance. Proceed with
caution.

Laying his back briefly on a trunk of a patrol car Rivers is
baffled and vexed from the notice responding back.

RIVERS

10-4 roger that, send out a unit to
201 East Jay Street on my way.

DISPATCH
(O.S.)
10-4 Affirmative, unit in
route.

EXT.ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

Dismayed and stricken with trauma from the dead team,
officers stare at rivers puzzled, He Climbs Into his grand
marquis peeling out on a vengeful warpath for john.

EXT.WEST STATE STREET

Rivers Running red lights speeding through the street with
incoming velocity. A homeless man runs back from crossing the
walk signal. One hand on the steering wheel, he takes out a
Springfield.45 Sliding back the chamber.

RIVERS

This little shit is mine.

EXT.ABANDONED CHURCH-NIGHT

Turning on a spotlight, police notice abraham standing in
glee on the rooftop. Like mind control subjects the creatures
walk in a file on the rooftop lining across the ledge facing
the back street.

ABRAHAM

I'll part you fuckers! Like the red
sea!

In both hands, pulling out two grenades from his trench
coat. Extending Out his arms like Jesus, tossing them at
police cruisers. A cratered explosion sends tires, metallic,
and glass shards creating a confetti.

ABRAHAM

The rod of my anger!, And the staff
in their hand is mine indignation!

EXT.WEST SENECA STREET-NIGHT

Jeremiah riding the grinding, squeaking, booming engine-level noise of the Garbage truck turns onto west Seneca . Jumping the curb on a lawn scraping the back of the abandoned church.

Jeremiah steps out switching open the garbage compactor. The terrorizing brown feral pack of members jump in one by one.

EXT.ABANDONED CHURCH -NIGHT

Opening an array of gunfire by officers, stepping backward on the roofs edge Abraham waves goodbye.

Playing A game of trust fall. Arms folded against his chest Abraham closes his eyes, falling the brotherhood extend their savage paws catching abraham.Crowd surfing across the compactor climbing in the passenger window.

The garbage truck flees roaring down the street as members howl in victory.Neighborhood Dogs join in louder and louder echoing across the night.

INT.JOHN'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Sneaking in opening his window john grabs his back pack tossing in his clothes frantic and panicking.Daisy Lying on the couch weeping, tears glistening down her cheeks holding a photo of john.

Hearing Shuffling footsteps, daisy Goes upstairs opening john's bedroom.watching Him leaving out his window.Running downstairs, flinging open the front door.

DAISY

John, what's going on? You're all over the news-well... did you?

JOHN

I didn't kill dad.You've Got to believe me!

Grabbing her arms begging.

Daisy touches john's face consoling him, wiping the tears

DAISY

I never doubted you. Not once.

A grand marquis pulls up with a red flashing siren on the dashboard rivers opening his door crouching down for cover. Aiming his Springfield .45 caliber daisy steps back scared.

RIVERS

John, You're not Invulnerable! or super fucking human. Put your hands on the ground slowly!

JOHN

No, it was abraham. You set me up! - Shoot me! - Go ahead!

DAISY

(uneased)

Do what he says, John, please.

RIVERS

Don't move!

Unnoticed, john's backpack slides off his shoulder falling down. Trigger Happy, rivers fires a shot. Closing his eyes john hears- a thud sound.

Turning his head john shrieks in distress, he crawls holding daisy's bleeding chest laying quietly, coughing up blood.

JOHN

NOOO!!!

DAISY

John, I-I love you-okay?-we'll start over-again.

Her breath stops. john's voice deepens beast-like. Howling his bones crack he bends back contourting himself, nose and jaw stretching out. Grey Fur spreading over him.

RIVERS

Well-fuck... me wolfman jack.

Drawing the hammer back hands quivering in fear raising his gun steady. A Police siren is heard approaching. Turning around rivers sees the lights coming closer.

EXT.JOHN'S HOUSE -NIGHT

Flashing lights close in ,a police cruiser arrives, rookie officer late 20's staring at john stepping out Sweating and faced flushed pale from the fright, pulls out a cell phone watching him tower over rivers.

RIVERS (CONT'D)

Don't just stand there, shoot!

Rivers opens fire emptying his clip.Zig zagging past the bullets.John rushes with in slashing rivers throat, he falls on his face. John growls watching blood pour out into a puddle .

John sniffing daisy's face nudging it with his snout.Picking her up in his furry arms, the rookie stands behind the driver side door flashing a picture. John dashes forward ramming it in, breaking the officer's leg.He screams dropping the cell.

EXT.ITHACA CEMETARY-NIGHT

John walks slowly, carrying daisy's life less body.Arms hang swaying with every step, stopping under a tree.Her eyes closed, serene in a deep sleep.John lays daisy gently on the ground.After clawing out a 6 foot square. With his hind legs He brushes dirt over.

Roaring loudly car alarms go off nearby. John punches through the tree, with his powerful arm. Splintering bark flying he sends the top half tipping over.Cupping his eyes, grieving. he howls sadness.

JOHN

ARH-WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!...ARH-

ARH-WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Clouds shift over cloaking the bright full moon beaming over the cemetary.Whimpering, and curling into a fetal position.

INT.-ONTARIO,CANADA-DAY (4 YEARS LATER)

Living under an alias as "Alex Édouard " john Scratching his burley beard, Putting down his oily chainsaw.after long hours working as a logger.Now age 21, Takes off a hard hat. Pausing, takes a deep breath glancing over the pines of Aguasabon Falls.

ALLEN

Yew seen Alex ? -it's about time
for lunch.

Allen Reynolds in his 30's a friend of john's heavy set burly with a rugged yet humble demeanor looking at his watch mentioning john to another logger talking in a canadian accent.

A large black bear comes forward standing on its legs, huffing and moaning .Excited workers run behind trees leaving their food on a picnic table, Allen stands up still eating. The bear comes closer. Timid, dropping his Sandwhich his voice trembles yelling.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

GET OOT OF HERE!

John walking from the tree line, eyes glowing an Amber yellow.Grinning Exposing his fangs.The Bear protruding its upper lip it moans scampering away.

JOHN

Looks like big OL' Allen bear won.

ALLEN

Yer fuckin' a right.

INT.JOHN'S CABIN-DAY

In a rustic cabin, Allen Laying on a beat up sofa sees john's fake id on the coffee table. It reads "ALEX ÉDOUARD" sliding it in his pocket.Distracted john grabs two cold beers from his fridge tossing one to Allen cracking his open guzzling it down.

ALLEN

Say there Alex? -why don't you have any photos of your parents on the walls, like your dad or Mahm? you're such a mystery man.I've known you four years.You Never say a word about them.

JOHN

Well they died in Kingston in a car crash.Sometimes loss Is better unsaid -eh?

ALLEN

Oh fuck buddy!- so sorry about that...listen, I better get goin before the wife has a kerfuffle.

Tapping their beer cans, Allen walks out johns cabin.

Trying to cover his tracks.John clutches his chest, sighing in relief hoping his whereabouts stay hidden.

INT. ALLEN'S HOUSE-ONTARIO-NIGHT

Sitting at his laptop.Glancing at john's Fake id allen searches the FBI.Gov website, where he sees a picture of him.

ALLEN

Son of a bitch, its him.

The article reads "John Woodrow convicted for the murder of Detective Nathan Rivers and father james woodrow, Escaped custody from the Ithaca,New York county jail in 2016. He is considered armed and dangerous. A \$100,000 reward is available for information leading directly to the arrest of John Woodrow."

ALLEN

(speaking to himself)

All these years .His name isn't Alex, its John, that lying bastard.

Picking up his cell phone he dials the FBI hotline in Virginia.

FEMALE OPERATOR (OS)

Yes, hello, how may I help you?

ALLEN

Hi, I have information on John Woodrow.

INT. JOHN'S CABIN-ONTARIO-DAY

John sitting on his bed.He pulls a 57 magnum out of his dresser with putting the barrel in his mouth.

JOHN

God forgive me.

INT.JOHNS CABIN-DAY

Suddenly there is a KNOCK at the door.Putting The gun in a dresser drawer.He opens the door halfway, revealing Allen with a guilty expression on his face.

ALLEN

Hey, Alex you got a minute.

A look of concern John opens the door Allen takes off his cap clinching it anxiously sitting on john's sofa.

ALLEN (CONT'D)

I'm such a goo guzzler, I never meant this to happen.we've Known each other for four years eh? You're name isn't Alex it's john Woodrow isn't it?

John shuts his eyes, and sighs, taking a long deep breath.

JOHN

Guess my time's up you so you turned me in.I trusted you.

ALLEN

So did I and you were just a wolf in sheep's clothing.

JOHN

I never did like that saying,-funny even though... I am literally.

ALLEN

Did you really kill your dad?- Don't look like you'd hurt anyone.

JOHN

Long story allen. You know cutting trees, smelling the saw dust every morning, it was the closest thing to a real life.Now What?-Canadian Mounties show up and you collect the reward? You backstabbing fuck!

Taking back the 57 magnum from the drawer putting it to his head.Pulling the trigger he hears a click.

JOHN (CONT'D)

How much was it al, fifty thousand?

ALLEN

NO, FOR GOD'S SAKE!

Pulls the trigger a second time-click.

JOHN

Seventy thousand?

ALLEN

Don't, I beg you-please!

John Spins the cylinder, trying a third time pressing the barrel deeper, eyebrows extending he yells. Allen backs up against the window.

JOHN

C'MON JUDAS,-HOW MUCH YOU SELL ME
FOR?!

Convinced into a scare tactic, Allen jumps out the window, a shot rings out. John fires into the ceiling and smoke fills the room.

ALLEN

(crying in fear)

Go to hell john!

Allen cowardly crawling through the shattered glass, gets up running into a tree line.

Emerging from behind the cabin RCMP Tactical Unit team in camouflage fatigue snake around towards the first officer leading the team, kicks the front door in aiming at john with a SIG Sauer P226 pistol.

John drops the 57 magnum.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Shit.

INT.WAREHOUSE-COHOES,NEW YORK -DAY

A city located in the northeast corner of Albany County a three agent team of the FBI's Critical Incident Response Group (CIRG), three men in FBI patches on their shoulders and chest. Wearing green suits and combat helmets holding M16's turn the corner of a warehouse, training in close-quarters battle.

BRYAN WOOLMAN 38, a stalky and bald team leader with a swollen ego and indifferent to others. A willingness to take risks, breaches a door with a battering ram. INT. Holding a KAC Masterkey, a Remington 12 gauge pump-action shotgun underbarrel mounted on a M16 assault rifle. Woolman and his two men Perez and Lancaster follow behind .

Throwing a flash bang it pops illuminating the room rushing through the smoky fog Woolman shoots a cardboard man in glasses holding a woman at gunpoint.

WOOLMAN

Target down.

Walking into the next room the next man is a rubber dummy WITHOUT WARNING is shot BLAM! in the forehead then four more shots creating a smile BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Shooting off a quick burst by a fourth agent Holloway late to the training holding a Glock19 startling the other three men.

WOOLMAN (CONT'D)

Damn it Holloway was that you?!

LANCASTER

Guess there's no I...in fuckup.

HARVEY LANCASTER 33, The buff guy with sheer guts always on the go, fidgety, never turns away from a personal sacrifice willing to go out in a blaze of glory.

HOLLOWAY

Sorry new gun had to try it out.

CHRIS HOLLOWAY 30, from the Bronx, a colorful maverick unbiased towards all people. An outgoing look on life. Prior special forces for delta rangers in the army. A highly skilled sniper on the team, a perfectionist to be the best marksman for the bureau.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I'm dry as my ex-girlfriends
gynecology exam, anyone up for
drinks?

PEREZ

Yeah, no thanks-but that sounds
terrible.

ANTHONY PEREZ 29, willing to die on his feet than on his knees, open minded he believes with a glass half full. does not let anything or anyone stand in his way once he is committed to a goal

WOOLMAN

God you're such an ass hat.

Woolman's cell phone buzzes irritated he reads a text
"REPORT FOR DETAINEE BRIEFING"

WOOLMAN (CONT'D)

Alright ladies we're up, no time for circle jerks we've got a meeting with the big man.

STRATEGIC INFORMATION OPERATIONS ROOM-DAY

Eliot Pekearo, 45, Assistant director sits in front of a conference table as agents walk in wearing vests over their casual Civilian clothing.

PEKEARO

Guys thanks for coming in. An urgent situation has come to our attention .Please Have a seat.

We are detaining a fugitive who has an unsavory history with a cult who worshipped wolves, witnesses even said they even transformed into them. Bodies Were recovered but not in any animal form.

The team begin closing their mouths holding their laughter from bursting.

PEAKEARO

Belittle all this you want. An officer was injured during this encounter not to mention five others were killed during a raid, when they tried to apprehend Abraham and his group. This is no joke gentlemen, their faces were torn off like a goddamn Mr. Potato head doll.

WOOLMAN

Any info on the officer?

PEAKEARO

No he remains anonymous at this time. IP address was untraceable, only tracked a few coffee shops that's it.

PEAKEARO (CONT'D)

Thanks to our interagency agreements with the Royal Canadian Mountie police, This man has resurfaced and was captured regarding a cold case over four years.

Turns on a projector screen showing photos of john, abraham, and jeremiah.

John Woodrow, male, age 20, From the town of Ithaca. Information was given earlier today at our hotline by an Allen Reynolds who worked with john, he was living under the radar as "Alex Édouard" a resident of Kearney in Ontario Canada.

PEAKERO

We will be transferring him back to Ithaca. You men are heading across New York state line to meet with RCMP at the international rainbow bridge...and no there is no gay bridge so don't blow a rod looking for a boyfriend, okay bitches?

Cackling, the Men look at the projector screen.

WOOLMAN

So what was john involved in sir?

PEAKEARO

The occult, a domestic terrorist organization that dabbled in animal and human mutilations called "The brotherhood" something out of a nightmare if you ask me. What I'm about to show you men is classified, and does not leave this room. It's a download we've recently obtained from the injured officer, I ask that you remain calm.

Peakearo plays the VIDEO from the rookies encounter a camera shows a werewolf standing 7 feet tall, slouching a bit standing on two legs and immense arms holding daisy. over detective rivers dead body. Woolman pauses in awe of the creature.

The agents mouths drop silently watching john's shaggy grey fur illumined by moonlight.

PEREZ

Looks like a dog to me sir.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE / FRONT YARD - NIGHT

The cell phone cam shows the officer opening his patrol door, standing. John's massive body of fur shoots across the lawn ramming the drivers side door breaking his legs, SNAPPING like pencils. Camera points downward as The officer wails in painful agony, then slowly raises back up. John pounces on the hood crushing it in. Engine smoke rises—screen abruptly blacks out.

WOOLMAN

Sir could you rewind that?

Video is replayed slowly in a blur, exhibiting John's speed, pointed ears in a wide menacing growl.

WOOLMAN

(Pointing at the screen) (CONT'D)

That is a large apex predator and yet wolves and bears lived here for thousands of years. Who's to say where John was when his mother, Abraham and his goon fled. We owe it to those officers to bring this bastard in.

Holloway feeling a slight nauseating feeling like a punch to his gut.

LANCASTER

That thing is a goddamn shit brick house. If it bites me I'm making a rug out of him.

PEAKEARO

Well now that I pulled your heads out your asses, we don't know if this thing was summoned, born, or created. I need you all to come back in one piece. John has been on our most wanted list, who may still have connections with Abraham Skorzeny and Jeremiah Oswald. Two men that lead "The Brotherhood" so far their whereabouts are unknown at this time.

Perez gives himself the sign of the cross.

Peakearo notices a silver sniper bullet hanging from green 550 cord on Holloway's neck.

PEAKEARO (CONT'D)

Holloway what's that?

Woolman crossing his arm rolls his eyes annoyed. The others burst laughing.

HOLLOWAY

My father was a sniper in Vietnam.
He made this bullet from a silver
medal, He Wanted it fired at his
final salute.I decided to keep it
for good luck ever since.

PEAKERO

And all of you will need it.

EXT.NIAGARA FALLS,NEW YORK-INTERNATIONAL RAINBOW BRIDGE-DAY

RCMP stand next to john wearing his favorite red hoodie, with
wrists cuffed and legs shackled.A black unmarked tactical
SUV approaches over the bridge past custom guards.
Woolman steps out first walking with an m4 slung on his
shoulder back passenger doors open last. Members of the team
leap outwearing body armor and helmets also with weapons.

LEGAULT

(in French)

His head looks like penis
foreskin.

Officers chuckle.Woolman Hands over a warrant to FRANCIS
LEGAULT, in his forties, grey fading hair with a smirk. Also
in body armor, standing next to a swat tank next to His team
in green camo fatigues.

LEGAULT

Hello, bonjour agent Woolman. I believe this belongs to you.

Legault Uncuffing john by his legs and wrists, nudging john
forward. Turning him around Woolman ties his wrists with
flexi-cuffs.

WOOLMAN

We'll take him from here.Sorry what's your name-officer?

Glancing at his name tag.

LEGAULT

Francis-Francis Legault.

WOOLMAN

Francis?--Wow that's my mothers name.

LEGAULT

Ha-Ha-very funny monsieur.

WOOLMAN

Thank you sweetheart you shouldn't have. Let's have a croissant with maple syrup sometime, you Canucks pour that shit on everything right?-Have a good day.

Saluting officer Legault, Woolman turns walking away.

LEGAULT

Like wise, I'm looking forward to it...les Américains Sont Si bêtes.

HOLLOWAY
(looking back at legault)

Yea Yea-Au revoir you French prick.

John laughs as Lancaster and Perez escort him back to the SUV. Pausing Woolman glares at John.

WOOLMAN

-Wait, What the hell did he say?

JOHN

Americans are so dumb.

WOOLMAN
just get in shit stain.

EXT. HOWES CAVE, NEW YORK-NIGHT

Tiring hours of driving go by, a cluster of bright stars twinkle on the horizon. a route sign reads "ROUTE 88" followed by another "ITHACA 129 MILES" the SUV exits the freeway merging into a paved winding road.

INT. BLACK TACTICAL SUV-NIGHT (DRIVING)

Holloway in the passenger seat wakes up, seeing a road sign up ahead "CAVERN RD" giving off a suspicious look.

HOLLOWAY
Where are we going?

WOOLMAN

I'm taking a Slight detour that's all.

Woolman looks in to driver side mirror at john.

WOOLMAN (CONT'D)

Hey john what do you do when your past comes knocking on your door? Do you run,hide,pray to God it doesn't find you? Karma doesn't have an expiration date and it doesn't miss an address.

JOHN

Fate is Unevitable like a calm before the storm.abraham Wrote my nightmare and I wish to return that letter someday.

Eyes distracted off the road woolman continues to stare at john.

John spots a spike strip across the road.

JOHN

Wait-stop!

Tires BLOWOUT. A reverberating sound shakes the vehicle. Shredded rubber exposes the rims, sparking the asphalt.

Woolman grips the steering wheel tires SCREECH to a halt.Shouting a call-out , reacting to contact.

WOOLMAN

Threat! Threat! Threat!

EXT.CAVERN RD-NIGHT

Woolman steps out first, lancaster joins by his side Perez and holloway file behind covering john.Weapons aimed in a low ready position.

John and the team are now overcome with a heavy dread emanating from a distance, he sniffs the air.

JOHN

Well now the plot thickens, they're here.

HOLLOWAY

Who john?

JOHN

The brotherhood

A group of shadowy unhuman figures approach lining across the road.

walking slowly back m4's

Woolman discreetly reaches for his phone texting.

Woolman (TEXT)

Wtf This wasn't part of the plan.

INT.SECRET CAVERNS inside the dripping wet rocky caverns sitting on a wooden pew rows are aligned Abraham watches jeanette muffled scream gagged and chained to a rocky wall. Smoking a cigarette Jeremiah smiles devilishly responding back.

Jeremiah (TEXT)

Yes it was.You should hurry, abraham is waiting.

Woolman takes out binoculars from his pouch horrified of what he sees is not human but cryptid in nature.

Forming an alliance of bristled brown fur a row of dark werewolves with illuminating White eyes, stand across the road horizontally.Pausing still, the outline of their furry shadows glow from the moon.Shrieking in an Ominous laughter a werewolf takes initiation stepping forward.

LANCASTER

Not today you mutts-not today

Stepping back Paralyzed in fear.The Werewolf in the center group tilts its head toward the team, waiting for fear to race through their minds.Knowing they don't stand a chance against the brotherhood's flesh tearing appetite.

Foggy breaths drift away from their curled lips, Exposing their carnivorous incisors.The Beasts begin Marching.

WOOLMAN

Stand back, were gonna ram these son of a bitches! -- Fritter Critters coming up.

(CONT'D)

HOLLOWAY

That's our com gear--you're crazy!

Placing A stone on the gas pedal putting the shift into reverse.SUV Speeding Down quickly, He stands face to face with holloway.

WOOLMAN

Shoot the tank-now!

Holloway unslings his PSG-1 rifle buttstock into his shoulder, keeping a crosshair visual of the tank with his scope.Kneeling, he Rests his arm on his other knee cap.

Taking flight on their back legs, Holloway remains still. Squeezing the trigger, a deafening noise rips across KABOOOM!!!-SUV engulfs some of the creatures shrieking.Limbs and arms fall from impact in front of Holloway, giving Woolman a smile.

Realizing a desolate silence of dark gloom foreshadowing their fate.Bolting into the Black dense forest.Opening fire as more werewolves close in for the hunt.

HOLLOWAY
(Stunned)
Awww-man...c'mon!

SUV turns off the road Hitting a tree, ground rumbles.

LANCASTER
(desperate)

Holloway!,I'm On my last clip.

He blasts 2 more beasts in the forehead with his Master key M-26.

EXT.FOREST -NIGHT

The sound of boots hitting the ground.Woolman clinches johns neck Running further away.Separated From the group, they take cover behind a log. Firing a flurry of rounds in a circling motion team members duck down.

Woolman and john continue to sprint.

LANCASTER (CONT'D)
I'm going after them-Save yourselves.Run-now!

Sprinting further into the woods.

HOLLOWAY

I'll cover you!-- Lancaster--No!

Using himself as bait to save Holloway and Perez. Lancaster fires in the air, drawing attention. Heavy beating hind legs scurry after him.

PEREZ

Shit! I Got a bad feeling about this bro.

Unable to digest Lancaster's sacrifice. Holloway holds back his tears Exhales deeply, leaning against a tree.

EXT. SECRET CAVERNS ENTRANCE-NIGHT

Pitch black, a flash light flashes on and off signals Woolman and John approach a one story home. doors open slowly creaking John is pushed forward.

JOHN

(looking at Woolman)

What a tangle web we weave huh?--so
Why did you bring me here?

Rewarded by a butt stock to the stomach. John falls on his knees gasping, unable to speak.

WOOLMAN

End of the road. Freak.

A cloaked figure steps forward. Tossing a yellow envelope, Woolman catches it, Stuffing it in his vest. Removing his earpiece, it drops. Woolman's boot crushes it.

JEREMIAH

We meet again John. I have a treat
for you tonight.

John gains his composure giving a no bullshit stare back.

JOHN

Abraham's little errand bitch! I'm
Not joining you. What do you get out
of this?

(CONT'D)

JEREMIAH

The goal is not participation. But domination. Survival of the fittest. Battle Abraham. Then if your victorious, your DNA qualifies for my clients agenda. That was the request.

JOHN

Yeah, who may that be?

JEREMIAH

Don't worry. A man more powerful beyond Abraham of course.

Jeremiah sticks John with a syringe drawing a blood, placing it in a metallic case.

JOHN

Ouch!

JEREMIAH

A powerful man-- beyond Abraham of course.

INT. SECRET CAVERNS-NIGHT

Hearing bursts of gunfire Abraham smiles about to begin the ceremony. Jeanette now age 20, stunning and tall is shackled to a limestone wall. Jeanette's gag is removed, she spits in his face.

Reacting in a provoked outrage, Abraham slaps her. He notices her college ID badge clipped on to her white long sleeve shirt that reads "CORNELL UNIVERSITY".

ABRAHAM

Cornell university I see. My daughter is a college student now.--Sorry I wasn't there for your mother she would've been proud. I'll help you realize the full potential you bestow, and release the other half in you. something you won't learn in college.

JEANETTE

When you die, I'm gonna piss on your dead body.

ABRAHAM

Don't be mad, John is coming. Go ahead scream, it'll be the last time he hears your voice, before you taste his blood.

Grabbing her mouth he jams a plastic funnel filling it with blood from a silver cup overflowing she chokes on gargling his blood.

EXT.SECRET CAVERNS-NIGHT

Lancaster rushes in, aiming his M26 racking back the under barrel mounted shotgun .Woolman turns his head as John eases back slowly.

LANCASTER

FBI!-- Freeze you two!

INT.SECRET CAVERNS-NIGHT

Pulling out the funnel from her mouth. Abraham raises his arms palms out indicating his willingness to give the reigns over to black magic.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

Hail, hail, great wolf spirit.
Within this circle, I have made a messenger strong and bold. Speed of the panther, claws of a bear, stealth of a wolf, strength of a bull, the eyes of a cat, that sees in the dark. Send me forever more a black wolf at my door.

The followers begin to chant.

FOLLOWERS

Lupus Nigrum! Lupus Nigrum! Lupus Nigrum!

EXT.SECRET CAVERNS-NIGHT

Lancaster's eyes burn livid. Not blinking, doesn't take his eyes off of his corrupt team leader.

Jeanette's voice echoes screaming through the entrance.

Lancaster taking his eyes off listening to the screams. Like a gunslinger Jeremiah pulls a Glock 40 10mm, and FIRES TWO ROUNDS into Lancaster's shoulder.

Jeremiah steps back into the dark entrance.

JEREMIAH
 (whispers)
 Don't keep Jeanette waiting.

John HEADBUTTS Woolman on the nose.SNAPING OFF HIS FLEXI
 CUFFS RUNS IN THE DARK ENTRANCE.

Wounded--lancaster turns to see an INVASION OF STAMPEDING
 WEREWOLVES CLOSING IN.Woolman Runs opening fire at the
 creatures avoiding his slaughterous fate.

Lancaster splits off.Firing back with his other arm.

LANCASTER

Woolman you son of a bitch!

EXT.FOREST-NIGHT

Holloway and Perez Suddenly hear-multiple gunshots BRRAT!-
 BRRAT!Hiding behind a log ,Followed by absolute
 silence.Looking at each other.Not Saying a word.

PEREZ

You've got this.

Aiming His SSG-1 rifle, holloway peeps through his
 scope.BRIGHT WHITE ILLUMINATING EYES STARING BACK AT HIM. THE
 BODY OF LANCASTER HANGS IN THE WEREWOLF'S JAWS FROM EAR TO
 EAR.Shocked And petrified Perez shakes holloway.

HOLLOWAY

It has lancaster in his mouth.

Exhaling out pressing his eye against the scope he squeezes
 the trigger.Bullet zips across tearing through the beasts
 leg, letting out a long howl in agony dropping lancaster on
 the grass.

Holloway Low crawls slowly avoiding attention to any nearby
 creatures.He Sees Lancaster face down, turning him over,
 MORTIFIED IN SILENCE COVERING HIS MOUTH LANCASTERS SHREDDED
 FACE,EYES,NOSE,AND LARYNX CORED OUT.

Grabbing his cell phone sticking out his pouch and his M26
 master key he loads his pouch with two magazines and shotgun
 shells.

EXT-SECRET CAVERNS-NIGHT

Transformation begins as black fur covers her body. The white chalky Pentagram lit with candles glows red. Her eyes turn a bright amber yellow.

Her body spreads in a sheen of black fur. A shiny contrast with her raven silk black hair she stands towering abraham. Ears pointed up. Jaws shine, glistening like sharp daggers. And Large powerful calves the size of tree logs.

EXT.FOREST-NIGHT

Hiding near a trail under a brush of branches. Holloway and Perez begin watching a video, on Lancaster's cellphone of John getting punched with a buttstock in the stomach by Sergeant Woolman. Then receiving a bribe from Jeremiah he catches a yellow envelope outside the secret caverns entrance.

A second video is posted. Hesitant he presses play. Lancaster in a race against time breathing heavily and frightened.

LANCASTER

Tonight is the last night I'll be alive. This is a second video, the first will be sergeant Woolman on Jeremiah's payroll to bring John to the brotherhood. My Time is short-- Oh God they're coming-- F-F-Fuck Woolman. Holloway--Perez, you bring down that backstabbing s-son of a bitch! Do Me a favor bury me in Calvary--any of us who doesn't make it.

A MASSIVE AND HIDEOUS SILHOUETTE OF A CREATURE BASKING UNDER THE MOONLIGHT, GROWLS DEEPLY cellphone camera drops, Lancaster's EYES STARE BLANKLY. BLOOD GUSHES FROM HIS MOUTH. A LARGE PAW WITH CLAWS COVERS THE SCREEN--TURNS BLACK.

Watching the video in horror. Fear turns into a vendetta, They furrow their brow in anger.

HOLLOWAY

(speaking to himself)

Woolman--you motherfucker.

PEREZ

We've got this bro.

JEANETTE

John--help!

Masking her voice into human form baiting john, she lures him in.

JOHN

Jeanette, where are you?!

It is full of columns, pillars, and carvings.

Not realizing the satanic ceremony is finished.

COMING up a huge chamber with aligned pews, john with his red vision can see a towering hulk like werewolf --TWO GLOWING YELLOW EYES OPEN--A KICK TO HIS CHEST, FLYING INTO A ROCKY STONE WALL.

ABRAHAM

Oh In such nights you will be eager to kill. You're desire for flesh will soon consume you.

Unphased by the blow john dusts himself off.

JOHN

What did you do to her you maggot?

In a wild frenzy she snaps off the shackled chains. Abraham tosses a human arm, devouring it like a chicken bone.

ABRAHAM

Join me or die john it's very simple--

The tragedy of your Mother was unfortunate. Despite her death, I can't help but feel sorry for you, joining the weaker species.

JOHN

If I die you die with me--You won't live past this night you son of a bitch.

EXT. SECRET CAVERN-NIGHT

Strapping on their night vision goggles they now see three white heat signatures with a white trail of blood. Holloway and Perez, Wearing a green ghillie suit low crawl outside the tree line.

The beast who was shot through the leg limps toward two other werewolves, walking quadrupedal on all fours.

PEREZ

If it bleeds it leads--one hundred meters to your left.

HOLLOWAY

Let's clean house.

Perez acts as a spotter keeping an eye out. Holloway Slowly adjusts his knob estimating wind and elevation.

Placing a dot on the first beast--HE PULLS THE TRIGGER BLASTING IT'S SKULL. BRAIN MATTER AND BLOOD MISTS THE AIR. A BULLET CASING BOUNCES OFF HIS HELMET.

Startled twitching its ears growling sensing their presence nearby the Second beast stands up. A LOUD ECHO CAREENS FROM ANOTHER SQUEEZE RIPPING THROUGH THE BEASTS EYE-- HITTING THE WALL IT SLUMPS DOWN SMEARING THE WALL IN BLOOD.

Third beast limps, in desperation reaching the entrance yelping. Sweat beads Holloway's face, His eyes blink and twitch THEN--A DEAD SILENCE in a blur of motion it's jugular explodes with chunks of tissue letting out an ominous ROAR falling to it's knees.

EXHALING He relaxes, opening his dominant eye.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Go to sleep daddy.

PEREZ

You watch way too much Caesar Millan.

EXT/INT. SECRET CAVERNS-NIGHT

Walking they overlook the dead werewolves in front of a small one story blue exterior home with windows. A painting of a bat with wings spread. They go through the double door entrance. Into a subterranean descent down Limestone stairs of the cavern.

Holloway drops glowstick to find his way back. They ascend into the abyss.

Perez and holloway take notice of The paintings of werewolf images that are marked in red.

a message reads "The gateway of hell. Cracking another glowstick he throws it down, leading into another chamber. It gets darker and deeper into the tunnel."

Moving slowly with his NVG, until...THUMP! he bumps into a jeremiah's chest. Punching The wall stones cave in blocking the entrance.

Perez

Shit--Holloway!--I'll get you out!

Perez starts tossing out debris. Jeremiah stares down at chris he tilts his head slapping his rifle down.

JEREMIAH

--Woof! Over here.

HOLLOWAY

Oh--Shit!

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

You want first blood?

Growing taller ears and jaws sprout tossing off his cloak revealing grey fur. Holloway Pulls out his glock firing. Dodging the shot--claws penetrate his vest.

Unsheathing a K-bar knife swinging --jeremiah ducks ,claws dig in holloway stomach. He Drops the knife improvising he Releases his clip-- stabbing jeremiah in the eye letting out a howl. Slapping Another clip holloway unloads into his chest blood spraying out his back falling face first.

Exhausted Holloway takes off his vest. Pulling out a tourniquet tying up his wound.

INT. SECRET CAVERNS-NIGHT-(LATER)

John bolts forward Trying to tackle abraham down but with no success, he slaps john several feet across the air into the rocky wall.

ABRAHAM

(laughing)

Hell john I like you--not quite the little bitch I thought you were.

Grabbing his crotch he throws john overhead into another rock surfaced wall, WITH A LARGE THUD.

JOHN

Jeannette--it's me john, don't let
him control you.

ABRAHAM SKOZERNY

And so the boy has grown into a man you must have some fur on those balls--jeannette kill him NOW!

With blinding speed she claws his arm, KICKING HER HEEL INTO HIS CHEST, SKIDDING ON THE LIMESTONE SURFACE BLOOD DRIPS FROM HIS RIGHT ARM.

A demonic sounding laugh. Claws Retract like a switchblade. Standing over john, grinning in malevolence, revealing her fangs, THEN --A BULLET ENTERS HER SHOULDER --KATOWW! she yelps a dreadful whimper-- ARRRRF!!!.

ABRAHAM

(looking at john yelling)

See what you've done!?

HOLLOWAY

Aiming at jennette Holloway moves forward with his M26 master key flashing his Surelight.

BULLETS SPRAY --Jeanette DARTS ACROSS SILENTLY--A supernatural force of nature with GHOST LIKE SPEED. Holloway can't land a single shot.

HOLLOWAY

(aghast) (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

Followers begin filing in from another chamber with their hooded cloaks concealing their faces.

PEREZ

Freeze!

Firing his M16 bullets whistle past abraham into the walls without any harm.

ABRAHAM

(clapping)

Bravo! Bravo! Guys--Wow!

HOLLOWAY

Listen up! Grizzly Adams--any Of
move again, your cubs are puppy
chow.Hands behind your head--You
too john!

Perez points a red laser sight from his Glock at Abraham's forehead.

ABRAHAM

Grizzly Adams? That's a new one.Can
you take that shit off my head?--
It's fucking annoying.

With blinding speed claws gash Perez's stomach he falls over.Holloway Focuses in HEARING HER DRAGGING BREATH SHE STOPS BEHIND HIM.Turning Around he FIRES HIS M26 INTO HER SHOULDER catching her off guard.

Johns neck veins bulge. Skin cracks peeling away--dark grey furry arms rip through his sleeves.EYES ILLUMINATING LIKE HEADLIGHTS--GROWLING VENOMOUSLY HE CIRCLES JEANETTE SLAMMING HER ON HER BACK WITH A SUPLEX.

The coven of brown werewolves storm in Holloway racks his shotgun--CH-CHUNK!BOOM!--BOOM!--BOOM! Simultaneously into the crowd, They Splatter in blood hitting the wall.

John stands over jeanette laying unconscious.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

Awww--shit!

Abraham sprints down another tunnel--ROARING VICIOUSLY-- John Goes after him.A Werewolf lunges forward Holloway throws His K-bar knife into its neck.Another Coming from behind his shoulder-CH-CHUNK!--BOOM! A BLAST TO THE FACE.

Holloway squeezes Perez's hand, looks to him.Lips quiver, tears puddle up his eyes.

PEREZ

Kill them all-fucker--you hear me?!
Your silver bullet--use it.

Life slips, fading away. Holloway just keeps nodding closing his eyes, masking the profound loss of Perez is having on him.

Deep within a cave.John hears the sound of Falling water. Mist surrounds the air.

HOLLOWAY

Don't die on me you asshole!--Please!

Aiming his sniper rifle at Jeanette.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

You bitch!

Remaining members of the brotherhood--THREE WEREWOLVES CHARGE FROM THE OPPOSITE TUNNEL running toward them--IN A FLASH SHE ZOOMS DECAPITATING THE REMAINING ROW to clear a path.

HOLLOWAY
(SPEECHLESS) (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

Meanwhile a maniacal laughter echoes from Abraham.

ABRAHAM

You think that you and your band
of idiots will eradicate my kind?
It's dumb for sheep to talk peace
with a wolf--You're in my territory
now son.

John sees a red fiery eyes behind a waterfall.EYEING EACH OTHER FIERCLY both walk drifting through the flowing stream RAISING THEIR EARS GIVING A LOW HOWL--THEY'RE READY TO FIGHT.

Abraham Takes off.In Seconds ripping his black robe--body spreads a white-haired fur.Leaping in the air, colliding into each other John Kicks Water in Abraham's face clapping his ears.

Following Jeanette. Holloway keeps his rifle aimed at her getting close to the battle.LOUD BLOWS and a THUD are heard. Holloway Watches in awe like two gladiators in combat.Jeanette faints splashing into the stream.

HOLLOWAY

Not now -- c'mon help me out.

Slowly raising her paw, pointing at Abraham.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
What? Well--White fang it
is.Alright dad this one's for God
and country one shot one kill.

Resting his rifle on Jeanette's wet fur he rips the silver bullet inserting it in his chamber.

Holloway cracks his fingers, and his neck

Calculating his angle, he has a clear shot focusing his black dot dead center on Abraham's forehead. rushing into their dance of death, swinging His claws Abraham slashes johns chest-- in a guttural snarl john falls to one knee.

Squeezing the trigger quickly, KAPOWWWW! the silver bullet jets across into Abraham's forehead stumbling back.

Abraham trusts his claws forward In a short-range to johns eyes--in a blink gripping tightly pulling the claws away slowly, THEN-- john drives them back into Abrahams neck slicing downward.

WHOOSH!--A flashbang is hurled with his back turned john snatches it in mid-air-- Slamming it down Abraham's windpipe-- john dives into stream. SPARKS AND SMOKE POUR OUT HIS JAWS A ROARING CACOPHONY EMANATES OUT -A BRIGHT BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT--KABOOM!! spurts of blood and limbs FLY INTO PIECES 's floating torso.

Holloway rushes in the water taking precaution he aims his rifle. John rises slowly, shirtless back in human form.

HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

You've changed back.

John and Holloway look at Abraham's floating head drifts by.

JOHN

He was my curse--Now it's gone. Maybe for a while, maybe forever he can rot in hell...Thank you.

Jeanette still in her black massive form walks forward pushing john aside. Lifting her hind leg a stream of urine spills on Abraham's decapitated head.

HOLLOWAY
(speechless)

Did I...miss something?

JOHN

Nope....She hated him.

She falls splashing facedown. Her fur receding back in slowly.

INT/EXT.SECRET CAVERNS-DAY

Holloway holding a glowstick as it gets visible he carries Perez's lifeless body over his shoulder. Crunching over pieces of human bones and skulls a light pierces through. John follows behind carrying Jeanette water dripping from a black cloak, covering her unconscious body from her shoulder wound.

Holloway's ear piece CRACKLES fuzzy a male voice, special agent in charge of tactical operations comes through the Radio on his shoulder pouch.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE(O.S.)
Tier one come in...Come in over
anyone there?

Laying Perez near a tree. Breathing a sigh of relief Holloway quickly speaks through the microphone attached to his shoulder strap.

HALLOWAY
(into microphone)
This is Holloway, Send in Emergency
response team. Two agent casualties
down. High-value detainee still in
custody.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE(O.S.)
What is your location Holloway?

HALLOWAY
One hundred forty four miles east
of Ithaca. North of I-88 outside
coble skill.

SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE(O.S.)
Please repeat over. Can You here
me... over?

Woolman resurfaces taking his helmet off stepping in front of Holloway. AIMING A GLOCK POINT BLANK IN HIS FACE. Turning off the radio. Holloway takes off his vest keeping his eye vigilant on the gun.

INT.COMMAND AND TACTICAL OPERATIONS CENTER-DAY

Assistant Director Pekero crossing his arms concerned looks at the coordinates map of the screen a red dot flashes Holloway's location. Looking At a special agent in charge, male late 30's white shirt and tie with a perplexed stare.

PEKERO
(distressed)

Jesus Christ! Get coordinates to secret caverns. Deploy the 160th regiment group...Pray For the best, Prepare For the worst.

Sliding his chamber back Woolman gives a heartless treacherous smile.

WOOLMAN
Not another step or I'll blow your
heads open like a blooming
onion...where's john?

John stands feet away with a rock in his hand. Woolman Turns around and sees A LARGE ROCK BEING HURLED AT HIS GROIN. Wincing from the impact--UUGHFFF!

Halloway slaps the Glock aside. Woolman FIRES. A LOUD RING DEAFENS HIS EARS. WOOLMAN THROWS A RIDGE HAND HITTING HALLOWAY'S THROAT. COUGHING BREATHLESS.

WOOLMAN (CONT'D)
Don't be stupid. Keep this between
us and I see you get promoted.
We'll split the money what do you
say?

Switching leg kicks. Halloway throws an inside leg kick. He delivers a knee strike to Woolman's face in midair

Dazed and stunned leaning against a tree. picking up the gun--
POW! SHOOTING WOOLMAN IN THE THIGH. SHOUTING...ARCHING IN
PAIN.

HALLOWAY
We were good men you self centered
fuck!...We Were worth our Weight in
gold.

Breathing heavy with his mouth bloodied and bruised crippled by anything meaningful laughing out loud.

WOOLMAN

Yeah? Well to me the weight was good as shit sinking down...you're Just unable to adapt to change, what now you're the hero? Wake up it doesn't work like that anymore.

HALLOWAY

Tell me does it work like this?

Woolman gives an unnerved stare.The barrel Pushing tighter to his forehead. Halloway placing his finger on the trigger.

JOHN

Stop! You kill him you'll be nothing...no different than him just a prison number across your chest.

HALLOWAY

Yea you're right.

Turning with a semicircular roundhouse kick he knocks Woolman out like a life-less dummy.Taking off Woolman's combat boot and tactical pants tosses them over to john.Taking Woolman clothes john tosses a folded up paper.Picking it up with a confused look.

HALLOWAY (CONT'D)

What's this?

JOHN

It's a map, My mom's burial site, Clear my name.You'll find a bullet in her from detective rivers and that knife he pinned on me might be at his department.

Caught off guard he looks back.Now In awe john has vanished quickly as he appeared.CHUFF! CHUFF! CHUFF! The whirling sound of a UH-60 Blackhawk helicopter hovers over trees swaying Ascending down.Placing His vest over Jeanette's body laying unconscious he takes out a cigarette.

INT.FBI OFFICE,NEW YORK CITY-INSPECTION DIVISION ROOM-DAY

Halloway in a black formal suit and tie.Opening up a dossier file, speaks on a table mounted Microphone.In front of three high ranking committee officials.Unit chief, A supervisory special agent, and director pekero. Regarding the investigation of both the brotherhood and sergeant Woolman.

HALLOWAY

In the face of overwhelming evidence I'm here to speak on the corruption of team leader Bryan Woolman who was bribed and ensured fifty thousand dollars, by jeremiah Oslwald. Bringing john woodrow to secret caverns, a tourist attraction used a discreet location for the brotherhood.

Feeling a world of emptiness, Chocking back his tears he gains his composure.

HALLOWAY (CONT'D)

Memories of my team will be forever haunted by the terror we all witnessed and were subjected to by these occult murderers. Whether we believe supernatural creatures roam the night or not has been brought to light. I know believe in them. Through out history it has connected one generation to the next.

Unit chief Andrew Mcleod 50, covers the microphone while talking to director pekero taking his glasses off a long silence fills the room.

MCLEOD

Agent Chris Halloway I empathize with your loss of your men. For career purposes it's best not to mention this matter does not leave this office. As far as the media is concerned this was a suicide cult do you understand?

HALLOWAY

Yes chief. If I may speak, I do have a request?

MCLEOD

Yes, Go on.

HALLOWAY

As for my team. I wish to honor that Harvey lancaster and Albert perez be buried in Calvary cemetary. And for John Woodrow...I believe he deserves a pardon.

Halloway still grieving takes out a tissue wiping a tear from his eye. The group of men watch him with sympathetic expressions on their face.

MCLEOD

Corruption among our public officials will not be tolerated, or tainted by Woolman's disloyalty. He will be adjudicated for the deaths of our federal agents.

PEKEARO

Before that decision can be made agent holloway. With the map that John provided you, and the warrant needed to obtain evidence. What assessment did you make for James Woodrow's death that led to his arrest?

HALLOWAY

John Woodrow was framed by a blood stained knife by detective Rivers falsifying his report. A 9 mm slug casing was taken from the chief medical examiner, that was found in his mother daisy. A perfect match with his Springfield Glock.

EXT. ITHACA CEMETARY-DAY-MONTAGE

Watching a construction bobcat dig up daisy's buried body under a tree. Halloway lights a cigarette, as forensic crew lays her body in a black bag, zipping it.

END OF MONTAGE

HALLOWAY (CONT'D)

Chief Samuel North however was charged for obstruction of justice sir...he was fabricating log entries, using fake knock offs that were replaced and used as evidence Rivers had gathered.

MCLEOD

I will consider a request for motion under 18 U.S.C.

(MORE)

MCLEOD (CONT'D)

4205 will be submitted as appreciation for john aiding you from the attack by this sadistic coven. It's too bad our evidence response team did not locate jeremiahs body if he's out there we'll keep a track of his whereabouts.

Supervisory special agent Erin pierce 48, the moral muscle of the bureau, confident and assertive. Light grey streaks of hair Leaning back in a relaxed pose, hands behind his head, pauses a moment.

PIERCE

I see... it's been quite an upsetting tragedy for you agent halloway. Thank You for your candor, bravery, and loyalty as a valuable operative. I believe this investigation has been clarified and addressed fully from your dossier. And Just like newtons Law of motion, it predicts the behavior of objects for which all existing forces are balanced.

HOLLOWAY

And justice has been balanced.

PEKEARO

And one more thing.

Assistant director pekearo clears his throat standing up, as Halloway turns around heading towards the door.

PEKEARO (CONT'D)

Congratulations, Holloway I'm promoting you to sergeant of the Hostage Rescue Team. You will be leading my new recruits. But don't disappoint me.

The supervisory committee stand up clapping and cheering.

HOLLOWAY

(smiling)

Yes sir, I will not.

Thank you very much.

EXT. ITHACA CEMETARY-DAY

Sitting on the grass feeling a gentle breeze of wind watching the sunset. John takes a photo from his wallet of him as a child, standing next to daisy and james blowing out candles from a birthday cake.

John reflects staring at his father's headstone buried next to daisy.

JOHN

What the...?

Startled halloway in a grey suit stands next to john.

HALLOWAY

Got a good deal on that slab. You owe me one.

He lays a cigarette on Daisy's headstone.

HOLLOWAY

I guess people thought you were just some kid who killed his parents, but you still murdered that detective john, lucky for you I made that go away.

Taking the cigarette off daisy's headstone approaching halloway. He takes out lighter blazing it for john.

JOHN

Thanks for the favor...when She took my bullet. I put him six feet under, what if it was you?

HALLOWAY

There would've been hell to pay, and I would've sent him packing.

JOHN

So... what now?

HALLOWAY

Looks like you got that pardon. After all you saved my ass back there. I Believe everyone deserves a second chance, so don't blow it.

JOHN

Guess I'll be seeing you, got to catch up with an old flame.

John Shakes his hand.Walking away in a slow stride.

INT. ITHACA HIGH SCHOOL-DAY

Seniors in class watch a video of wolf biology on a projector screen.Jeanette wearing a blazer,Sits By her desk.

John in a red hoodie.Walking through the football field, sees Jeanette from afar through the classroom window.A Student is aware of his presence.

STUDENT

Ms.Skorzeny? Someone's outside the window, Who is that?

She turns and sees John, who smiles and waves at her.

Overwhelmed with joy.John's HOWL echoes.Students pause.Alarmed and shaken up.Her right eye glows yellow, they continue to watch the video.

JEANETTE (CONT'D)

Just a friend.

EXT.GATESWELL MANSION,ESTATE-DAY

A massive grey stone mansion overlooks a water fountain of a robed roman female centered in a long drive way.Security Agents watch the black iron gate open electronically. The rumbling engine of a large black hummer pulls in.

Stepping out of the hummer.A man dressed in a black Peacoat holding a cardboard box.

A security agent, male in his 30's Tall and stocky in a black suit escorts him in.

SECURITY AGENT

Right this way sir, Mr.Gates well

Will see you now.

Walking up a velvet staircase numerous security cameras turn as they approach two wide double doors open walking in. Renaissance paintings cover the walls. Stopping at an expansive long royal dining table with rows of chairs, sitting down at the far end. The security agent carries the box over to a seated older man with his chair turned back.

HENRY GATES WELL, Age 50, white trimmed hair and beard gives his age but his enigmatic history is far much older. A society figure with power and influence .

Henry looks at Abrahams exploded head. Fur covered in blood. With his lolling tongue and ruby red eyes, something he has prepared for. A nightmarish plan he has in store. Pulling It out talking to it.

HENRY

My power will be in the eyes of
this beholder.
I can smell that a superior breed
of his bloodline left some rather
soiled fluids on this decapitated
fellow.

JEREMIAH

Abraham turned his daughter into some big black Werewolf. At Least he went out in a bang, That son of a bitch Chris halloway is gonna pay for taking out my eye.

Jeremiah wears a patch over his left eye, gesturing pointing at it. Henry turns his chair around reading a file on him.

HENRY

And dearly he will Mr. Oswald. I sense she shares her soul with an apparition from hell it self. Abraham left a malevolent omen. And quite formidable. Something far more sinister than you or me.

JEREMIAH

And what's that?

HENRY

The devil's best friend... A Black shuck. This file is impressive. You served as intel for special ops for the Army in classified planning and analysis. Abandoning your unit in two thousand three. You Possess superior qualities I'm looking for.

Giving the security agent a Manilla folder he slides it over to Jeremiah. Looking at henry opening the file.

He glances at a black and white photo of a slim attractive curvy blonde in aviator glasses wearing a blazer with trousers.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Oh yes, did you bring the samples?

Jeremiah enamored by the photo, pulls out a vacutainer tube filled with johns dark maroon colored blood. Handing it over to his security agent. Putting it in his suit pocket.

JEREMIAH

Who's the blonde angel?

HENRY

Special agent Chloe Presley. She's been snooping around looking into my lobo 112 Program, I'm in need of test subjects. Just have her disappear.

JEREMIAH

No problem. This will be fun.

FADE OUT.

THE END

(MORE)

JEREMIAH (CONT'D)

(CONTINUED)

