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The Wolves of Hampshire

by

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Gargoyles: City of the Phoenix
Season 1, Episode 8

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INT. SCENE - HAYDEN CLINIC

An examination room in an urban medical clinic. It is fitted out with the usual accessories and medical paraphernalia: exam lights, X-ray viewer, exam table. A middle-aged man, Mr. FELDMAN, sits on the examination table, dressed in an exam gown, looking somewhat nervous. The doctor is sitting across from him.

Caption: Hayden Clinic, Chicago. Friday, December 7, 2012. 5:14 PM.

CLINICIAN 1

Now, as I say, it's nothing unusual, Mr. Feldman, for a man of your age to be concerned about his performance.

FELDMAN

No, I guess not.

CLINICIAN 1

And our usual approach is a combination of pharmaceutical and psychological therapy, aiming toward solving the problem at the point of greatest impact, if you understand what I mean.

FELDMAN

Sure.

CLINICIAN 1

You are not married, I understand?

FELDMAN

No. Divorced, four years.

CLINICIAN 1

Any regular partner? Girlfriend? Boyfriend?

FELDMAN

No, no. Does it matter?

CLINICIAN 1

Oh, most certainly. Treatment options, you know. It makes all the difference in the world. Any children?

FELDMAN

No, no. We never really got around to it.

CLINICIAN 1

Interesting. So, may I assume that is your "Wolfred and Friends" keychain?

He indicates FELDMAN's messenger bag, which is sitting in a chair across from him. Attached to the bag is a keychain. It is a large-headed and very cutesy werewolf, who is smiling and waving. FELDMAN gives an embarrassed chuckle, and looks away.

FELDMAN

Well, you got me there, doc. Yeah. Neighbor's kid got me hooked on it. Can't explain it, really. That Wolfred is something else. I mean, the things he gets up to--

CLINICIAN 1

(interrupting)

So, I presume that you're mostly interested in attracting a partner?

FELDMAN

Well, yes, I suppose you could put it that way.

CLINICIAN 1

I see. Well, as I say, there's a usual approach for these things. But there's an alternative course we can take, that'll make you into a real animal.

FELDMAN

Really? What's that?

EXT. SCENE - HAYDEN CLINIC (NIGHT)

A nondescript building on a quiet side street, uptown. Suddenly the doors burst open, and a strange creature, half-man, half-wolf, dressed in what's left of an exam gown, bounds out and down the street, roaring in rage. Two clinicians in white coats chase after it, CLINICIAN 1 with a dart gun in hand.

CLINICIAN 1

Shoot it?

CLINICIAN 2

Yes!

He raises the gun. Through the sight, he aims carefully at the rapidly departing beast, then pulls the trigger. There is a click. The creature continues down the street, unaffected, and around the corner.

CLINICIAN 2

Oh, boy. Well, you get to call it in.

CLINICIAN 1

Do I have to? I called the last one in.

CLINICIAN 2

Don't start that again. I called in that burly guy--

They continue to bicker as they go back into the clinic.

EXT. SCENE - ARAGON THEATER. ROOF. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN is standing alone at the stage vent, listening. The theater marquee is lit up. Below, there is applause and then murmuring as the concert within breaks between acts.

BROOKLYN (VO)

Wow. The critics were right. They really don't hit their stride for a few years. This drummer is terrible. At least I got to hear them when they will be better. Or will had heard them. Will be have gotten to have heard them...whatever. Stupid time travel.

He walks over to the parapet in front and looks out into the night. All is calm below.

BROOKLYN (VO)

Still. It was something. Always something to do, something to take care of. Always someone to take care of it with. Oh, Katana. You better be out there, still. Better be all right.

He hops up on the parapet and looks out at the sky.

BROOKLYN

Come on, babe. Come to Chicago. The streets are wide and the skies are open, and you can't ever say, "Gee, I wish something would happen here."

Suddenly, off to his left, there is a howl, and BROOKLYN looks over at it.

EXT. SCENE - LAWRENCE AVENUE. STREET. (NIGHT)

The wolfman breaks out of the alley and runs up the street toward the theater, panting wildly.

EXT. SCENE - ARAGON THEATER. ROOF. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN looks toward the wolfman, stunned for a moment. Then he spreads his arms and calls out to the sky:

BROOKLYN

Oh, come on! I said I couldn't say it!
It was a quotation!

EXT. SCENE - LAWRENCE AVENUE. STREET. (NIGHT)

The wolfman runs toward a small group in front of the theater, and rears up at them. They scream and scatter, and the wolfman continues running.

EXT. SCENE - ARAGON THEATER. ROOF. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN

Well, life throws you a werewolf, I guess you gotta follow it.

He takes off from the parapet and glides after the wolfman along the street.

EXT. SCENE - ALLEY. (NIGHT)

The wolfman runs into an alley with commercial buildings on one side and apartments on the other, making a high wall on both sides. He is panting as he runs. BROOKLYN drops in front of him, crouched and primed for battle.

BROOKLYN

OK, hold it there, pal.

The wolfman (who is FELDMAN) stops abruptly and looks at him, and a look of terror comes to his face.

FELDMAN

What the...?

Suddenly, from behind him, there is a squealing of tires as a van pulls into the mouth of the alley and drives up fast. It screeches to a halt behind him. He turns to look at it, horrified. From the passenger's window, CLINICIAN 1 leans out, takes aim, and fires. BROOKLYN dives for cover behind a Dumpster. The shot finds home: the dart drives into the wolfman's chest. He screams, and howls, and slouches to the ground as it takes effect. The van pulls up to where he lies. Both clinicians jump out, grab onto the wolfman's arms, and drag him around to the back of the van. They open the doors. CLINICIAN 1 goes inside and drags the wolfman in. CLINICIAN 2 shuts the doors and runs around to the driver's side, enters, and throws the van in reverse. It backs down the alley, out to the street. BROOKLYN chases it out, keeping to the shadows so not to be seen easily, and as the van begins to drive away, he leaps up onto it and clings to the roof.

EXT. SCENE - HAYDEN CLINIC (NIGHT)

The van pulls up outside of the clinic. CLINICIAN 2 gets out and opens the gate, then gets back in the van and drives through, parks with the passenger side toward the clinic, and shuts off. CLINICIAN 2 then gets out again and goes back to shut the gate. CLINICIAN 1 gets out from the passenger side. He and CLINICIAN 2 go toward the back door to the clinic, and CLINICIAN 1 starts hunting for his key.

CLINICIAN 1

All I'm saying is, that could have gone better, that's all.

CLINICIAN 2

And all I'm saying is, if you'd actually load the gun beforehand, you wouldn't have to be out in the field. You heard about this business about gargoyles in Chicago, right?

CLINICIAN 2

Yeah, but I thought Doc Ramsey was just making stuff up again.

CLINICIAN 1

Aww, would he do that? He of the sixty-minute werewolf?

CLINICIAN 2

Careful. Anyway, he said that came from the top.

CLINICIAN 1

Said the same thing about changing the coffee service. Top's got too much time on its hands, if you ask me. Where's that key at?

CLINICIAN 2

That one there, isn't it?

CLINICIAN 1

No! See?

He puts it in the lock and jiggles it. Much to his surprise, the door unlocks and opens. He gives a nasty look to CLINICIAN 2.

CLINICIAN 1

Shaddup and get that go bag.

CLINICIAN 2

(smugly)

Yes sir.

CLINICIAN 1

Think you're so smart, don't you? I don't see what you think you know...

They go inside. The door closes behind them, cutting off the conversation.

Once they are inside, BROOKLYN slides quietly down the side of the van and to the ground. He looks around briefly, then reaches into a pouch on his belt and pulls out a small device. He then creeps under the van, clips the device to the bumper, and activates it. He then stands up and looks into the back of the van.

In the back of the van, he can see the werewolf, passed out cold, and strapped firmly down to the gurney. He pulls on the handle to the back, but the door is locked. He goes around to the driver's side to try to get in, but as he gets there, the back door of the clinic bangs open. The clinicians exit, CLINICIAN 2 carrying a large medical bag or duffel bag. BROOKLYN

presses his back to the side of the van, concealing himself from them. CLINICIAN 1 goes back to open the gate again, as CLINICIAN 2 carries the bag to the passenger side of the van. They argue as they are doing all of this.

CLINICIAN 2

...saying is that, you don't pay attention to these things! First the darts, and then--

CLINICIAN 1

Don't start with that again. Geez.

CLINICIAN 2

Wouldn't have so many of these Priority Ones to do if you paid attention, that's all.

CLINICIAN 1

I pay attention just fine.

CLINICIAN 2

Yeah? You lock the van?

CLINICIAN 1

Don't be a nitwit. Of course.

CLINICIAN 2

Bet you didn't.

CLINICIAN 1

How much?

CLINICIAN 2

Bet you a Coke.

CLINICIAN 1

You're on. Give it a try.

As this is going on, BROOKLYN has circled around the van. He is on the driver's side against the fence, but not concealed well. CLINICIAN 1 does not notice him at all. CLINICIAN 2, meanwhile, pulls the handle. The door is still locked.

CLINICIAN 1

Hah. Told you so.

CLINICIAN 2

Well, all right. Blind pigs and acorns,
that's all I gotta say about that.

CLINICIAN 1 goes around to the driver's door and opens it.
Through the next line, BROOKLYN would be clearly visible to him
if he would look around, but he does not, and doesn't see him.

CLINICIAN 1

Yeah, yeah, yeah. A real blind pig,
that's me. That's why you got me dri-
ving your chunk out to Nine Wolf,
right?

CLINICIAN 2

I don't care, long as I get back-of-
the-van tonight. Watch the potholes.
Ramsey gets mad when they get nicked up
in transit.

Both clinicians get into the van. The van starts and backs out,
rapidly. BROOKLYN takes the opportunity to skitter up the wall,
out of easy sight, as CLINICIAN 1 shuts the gate, gets back in
the van, and drives away, squeaking the tires as he departs.
BROOKLYN watches them go.

BROOKLYN

"Nine Wolf"? That doesn't sound good.

He departs off the roof and into the night.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE - BACK BEDROOM

LEXINGTON is at the computer. BROOKLYN and BROADWAY are standing
behind him, watching.

BROOKLYN

Anything so far?

LEXINGTON

Not yet. It's still uptown.

BROOKLYN

Must be paying off on that Coke.

The back door opens and closes.

MATT (OFF)

Hello?

BROADWAY

In here.

MATT enters.

MATT

Hey, guys. What's up?

BROOKLYN

We're hunting werewolves.

MATT

On the Internet?

BROADWAY

Uptown.

MATT

Uh...okay.

BROOKLYN

There was one up by the theater. It got picked up by a van from the Hayden Clinic.

MATT

No! Really?

LEXINGTON

Yeah. Why?

TV SHOT

A slender young woman is sitting at a bar. She is approached by an older man, who sidles up next to her.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Hey, guys. Having a little trouble getting the action that you used to?

The woman shakes her head and leaves the man behind, looking depressed. The shot changes to a white-coated man in front of a laboratory bench, with various bubbling liquids on it.

DOCTOR

Here at the Hayden Clinic, we've been specializing in men's health for over sixteen years. We have all the newest treatments available, together with the

best in traditional medicine, and our experience is second to none in Chicagoland. Call us at 958-7000 today and find out how the Hayden Clinic can bring the beast out in you, too.

Shot changes back to the man and the woman at the bar. They are chatting lightly and flirting. The man turns to the camera and gives a thumbs-up.

ANNOUNCER (VO)

Hayden Clinic: bringing the beast out for sixteen years. Call 958-7000. That's 958-7000. Call today.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

BROOKLYN, BROADWAY, and MATT are watching the advertisement as it ends.

BROADWAY

That was awful.

MATT

Yes, it is. But it's quotable. You go into any bar where the men are fishing for the women, and mention bringing the beast out, and it's always good for a laugh.

BROOKLYN

Not so much, now. They may actually be doing it.

LEXINGTON enters.

LEXINGTON

Hey, it looks like they're on the move.

BROOKLYN

Where are they at?

LEXINGTON

Headed to the turnpike, I think.

MATT

Which way?

LEXINGTON

Northwest.

MATT

Out of the city, then.

BROOKLYN

That's going to make things a little more difficult.

MATT

Why's that?

BROOKLYN

Less to glide from, outside the city. We might be able to get there, but we'd have to walk home.

BROADWAY

Not necessarily.

BROOKLYN

What do you mean?

INT. SCENE - MATT'S TRUCK

MATT is driving along the tollway. LEXINGTON is in the front seat, holding MATT's smart phone. Through the back window, we can see two ropes stretching straight up, and wavering from time to time. There's a small radio transceiver on the dashboard.

MATT

How long do you plan to keep up this chase?

BROOKLYN

(on radio)

As long as it takes.

MATT

Better not take that long. I'm not going all the way out to friggin' Iowa or anything. How are you doing up there?

BROOKLYN

(on radio)

Not bad.

EXT. SCENE - AERIAL. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN and BROADWAY are gliding through the night above MATT's truck. Each holds one end of a rope going down to his truck bed. They are gliding about 20 feet up. Each is wearing a close-fitting headset.

BROOKLYN
Nice view from up here.

BROADWAY
Lot more spacious, too.

BROOKLYN
How's it look? How are we doing?

LEXINGTON
(over radio)
They're still heading out.

MATT
(over radio)
We're past Elgin already. They're really out for a drive tonight.

BROOKLYN
Are you set for gas?

MATT
(over radio)
For another hour or so, yeah, I think so.

INT. SCENE - MATT'S TRUCK.

MATT
Dark night. That's another weird thing, isn't it?

BROOKLYN
(over radio)
What's that?

MATT
Werewolves come out during full moons, don't they?

BROOKLYN
(over radio)
You believe that? Come on, get serious.

MATT
Well, I don't know. First time I've
dealt with a real werewolf.

LEXINGTON
Maybe for us, too.

MATT
I thought you said you'd dealt with one
before?

BROOKLYN
(over radio)
No, it was kind of...it was the Eye of
Odin, it's complicated.

MATT
Odin, like the Norse god?

BROOKLYN
(over radio)
Yes, exactly, actually.

MATT laughs.

MATT
You guys have the wildest stories, I
swear.

BROADWAY
(over radio)
They're all true. Some of them are even
accurate.

MATT
Well, I hope this one turns out to be
true, too. And accurate. If there's no
werewolf at the end of this road, I'm
really going to be disappointed.

BROOKLYN
(over radio)
If there is one, you're staying away
from it.

EXT. SCENE - AERIAL. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN
That's Goliath's orders.

MATT
(over radio)
Yeah, but he's not here, is he?

BROOKLYN
Yes, he is. As long as we're here, he's here.

MATT
(over radio)
But I just want to see the thing. I won't get in the way.

BROOKLYN
We don't know what this creature is or what it wants. I don't want to put any of us in more danger than we have to be. So, you're staying in the truck. We might need a fast getaway in any case.

MATT
(over radio)
All right, all right.

BROADWAY
Don't take it the wrong way.

MATT
(over radio)
No, no. I got it.

BROADWAY waves at BROOKLYN, draws one finger across his throat, then reaches up and touches his headset. The lamp on it changes red. BROOKLYN does the same.

BROADWAY
You think he'll listen?

BROOKLYN
He'd better. I'm not having him get torn up on his first real mission.

BROADWAY

(amused)

His what?

BROOKLYN

Well, what would you call it, then?

BROADWAY

No, "mission" is fine. Don't let him hear you call it that, though.

BROOKLYN

I know. I don't plan to have to walk back to Chicago because he decides to go be heroic or wrestle a werewolf or something. We're split up enough as it is.

LEXINGTON

(over radio)

They turned off up here.

BROOKLYN touches his headset, turning the lamp green.

BROOKLYN

Got it. We're coming down.

EXT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM - GATE (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN and BROADWAY have landed in the bed of the truck and are riding there, crouched down. It's very dark out here, and MATT's headlights barely make an impression on the night. They illuminate the sign by the side of the little side road they're driving down, which says, "Nine Wolf Farm, Hampshire, Ill. PRIVATE."

MATT

"Nine Wolf Farm." That's reassuring.

BROOKLYN

Cut the lights.

MATT switches off the headlights, and turns up the drive. The gravel crunches under his tires.

MATT

I mean, "Nine Wolf Farm"? Really?

BROOKLYN

Shush. Stop here.

MATT stops the truck. In the distance, we can see the house at the end of the drive, with the van parked next to it, illuminated by an orange yard light. Four orderlies are approaching the back of the van, pulling a gurney.

BROOKLYN

You wanted to see your werewolf? Here it is.

The orderlies line up on both sides of the back door of the van, the gurney between them. The two nearest carefully take hold of the door handles and pull. Bracing the doors against some dangerous creature trying to escape, they cautiously peek in. Seeing no danger, they open the doors all the way. Inside is darkness. The two that had opened the doors climb up and into the back, while the other two remain at the doors. They remove a body from the back of the van, head first, and begin to put it on the gurney.

MATT

Uh, that's a human.

BROOKLYN

I see that.

MATT

A human with no pants on.

BROOKLYN

Yes, it is.

MATT

Kind of a letdown. I thought you had a werewolf.

LEXINGTON

This is the spot.

MATT

But no werewolf.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, I got that part, thanks. Okay, guys, let's go see what's going on.

BROOKLYN and BROADWAY hop out of the bed of the truck and LEXINGTON exits from the passenger side.

MATT

Well, if there's no werewolf, can I come see?

BROOKLYN

No.

MATT

Can I at least stretch my legs?

BROOKLYN

No, but you can hold on to the radios.

BROOKLYN and BROADWAY take off their headsets and hand them to MATT.

BROOKLYN

Just stay here and keep the truck ready, and keep an eye out. We'll be back soon.

MATT

All right.

The three gargoyles depart toward the house, keeping under cover as they go.

MATT

Be careful, would you? (to himself)
Don't want to get stuck out here alone.

EXT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM. UP A TREE. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN, BROADWAY and LEXINGTON climb up a tree. From it, they can see over the whole of Nine Wolf Farm: a central farmhouse on top of a rise, and below it a barn, and in the distance, down in the valley, the beginnings of a field of small cottages, which disappear back into the darkness. Nearby, the orderlies are strapping the ex-werewolf down to the gurney.

BROADWAY

Big complex.

BROOKLYN

A few more than nine wolves here, I think.

LEXINGTON

So, now what?

BROOKLYN

We have to follow that werewolf, or ex-werewolf, or whatever it is, and find out what's going on.

BROADWAY

It looks like they're headed up to the barn.

BROOKLYN

So are we. Come on.

They jump out of the tree and glide over toward the barn, landing lightly on the roof. They go over to a ventilator, lift the cap off carefully, and look down inside as the light floods out.

INT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM. BARN. (FROM ABOVE)

Inside the barn is a hospital. Surrounding the main doors is a well-lit space with five beds along the walls, curtains between them. Behind that, the space is partitioned off into exam and patient rooms, most of which are dark. This space goes under the edge of the hayloft floor. The loft itself features offices, divided into cubicles. A doctor (RAMSEY) is in one of the cubicles. He comes out to the railing around the edge of the loft as the orderlies enter, pushing the gurney.

RAMSEY

Is that Feldman?

ORDERLY 1

Yes, doctor.

RAMSEY

Cleaned up?

ORDERLY 1

Yes, doctor.

RAMSEY

Last tranq?

ORDERLY 1

About an hour ago.

RAMSEY

Bed three, with restraints.

ORDERLY 1

Yes, sir.

The orderlies move the gurney to the third bed along, and transfer FELDMAN to it, strapping him down. Meanwhile, RAMSEY walks down the stairs to the first floor. BROOKLYN motions for the others to follow him, and he climbs through the ventilator and down the roof beams into the loft.

INT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM. BARN.

RAMSEY approaches bed three and begins examining an unconscious FELDMAN, as the gargoyles creep up to the edge of the loft and watch from above. FELDMAN begins to stir.

FELDMAN

Ay...oh...wh, wah, what, wait...

RAMSEY

Just relax, Mr. Feldman.

FELDMAN

What...what's going on?

RAMSEY

I'm Doctor Ramsey. You had a bad reaction to the treatment.

FELDMAN

Ohhh...

RAMSEY

How much do you remember?

FELDMAN

I was at the clinic. I was...I passed out. I was getting an injection...something....

RAMSEY

All right, just relax.

FELDMAN

Why am I tied down?

RAMSEY

You've had a bad reaction. You ran from the clinic, down the street. Do you remember any of that?

FELDMAN

No. I remember...I remember screaming...howling?

RAMSEY

Yes.

FELDMAN

I don't understand. Where am I?

RAMSEY

You're in a special facility, a hospital, for people with your condition.

FELDMAN

What do you mean? What condition?

RAMSEY

This may be a bit startling to you, but I need you to remain calm.

FELDMAN

What?

RAMSEY

What you are suffering from is uncontrolled lycanthropy.

FELDMAN

What?! Werewolf-ism?

RAMSEY

I'm afraid so.

FELDMAN

No, this isn't funny. Let me up. Let me up!

RAMSEY

Calm yourself, Mr. Feldman.

FELDMAN

What's going on? Who are you? What kind of a stunt are you trying to pull?

RAMSEY

Mr. Feldman, get a hold of yourself.

FELDMAN

Untie me, now.

RAMSEY

I can't do that in your current state.
You need to have control of yourself.

FELDMAN

You can't be serious.

RAMSEY

I'm afraid it's very serious.

FELDMAN slumps back on the bed. He begins to weep.

FELDMAN

No, no, no, no, no.

RAMSEY

I understand, I really do. I'm sorry.
It's never easy. But you're in good
hands now.

FELDMAN

Where am I?

RAMSEY

You're at the Nine Wolf Farm. We specialize in bringing lycanthropy under control. You should know there is no cure.

FELDMAN

No.

RAMSEY

But what we can do is to help you get control of your condition, to let you get your life back to something close to normal.

FELDMAN

How?

RAMSEY

Different ways. Mostly psychological, ways to prevent yourself from losing control when you change. Now, I'm going to give you a mild sedative, and the orderlies will take you to your quarters, in cabin 12. You need to rest.

FELDMAN

How long will I be here?

RAMSEY

It depends. For most of our patients, a two or three week stay is enough, four at the outside. It all just depends on your approach. If you're willing to work with us, it's remarkably easy.

FELDMAN

And if I refuse?

RAMSEY

You understand, of course, that I cannot allow you to endanger the public.

FELDMAN

So, I'm staying.

RAMSEY

For now, yes.

RAMSEY takes a small cup of medicine from the sideboard.

RAMSEY

Now, I'm going to give you this to help you relax. Please try to get some sleep. Doctor Wilson will talk with you in the morning, and we'll get the treatment started right away. All right?

FELDMAN

All right.

RAMSEY

Okay. Here, drink.

RAMSEY puts the cup to FELDMAN's lips, and FELDMAN swallows the medicine.

RAMSEY

And I want you to remember that this is manageable. We've never lost a cooperative patient. We'll get you through this.

FELDMAN relaxes back against the bed. His eyes close, and he begins breathing deeply. RAMSEY rises to go.

RAMSEY

(to ORDERLY)

Cabin 12 once he's completely out.

ORDERLY 1

Yes, doctor.

RAMSEY

And you can release the van squad whenever they've finished their reports. I'll be up in the house if I'm needed.

ORDERLY 1

Yes, sir.

RAMSEY exits through the front door.

BROADWAY

How about that, then?

BROOKLYN

I don't know. Something's not quite right, though.

LEXINGTON

What do you mean?

BROOKLYN

The last thing he remembers is the clinic. Hayden Clinic. And Doctor Ramsey said it was a bad reaction to treatment there.

BROADWAY

And it's their van that brought him.

LEXINGTON

They really did bring the beast out in him?

BROOKLYN

Maybe. It's not natural, anyway.

BROADWAY

If that's so, now what?

BROOKLYN

Let's find out a little more about this place. Come on.

They climb up the joists toward the ventilator.

EXT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM. DRIVEWAY. (NIGHT)

MATT is lying in the driver's seat of his truck, with the radio on, playing the news quietly. He is half asleep.

RADIO

...fired into the house from the street, saying he was attacked by a gargoyle or similar animal. Police could not confirm his statements, but report nobody was injured; they are investigating. Traffic and weather together on the eights coming up. It's 11:45.

Approaching headlights suddenly light his face. He squirms as the van approaches; it stops with the driver's side window across from him. He rolls down his window, and the driver speaks to him.

DRIVER

Excuse me. What are you doing here?

MATT

I'm sorry. I'm driving back to Chicago, and I just had to pull off for a few minutes. I was starting to drift off the road.

DRIVER

That may be, but you're on private property.

MATT

Sorry about that. There wasn't anywhere else to pull off, though.

DRIVER

How long have you been here?

MATT

Oh, I don't know, maybe, twenty minutes?

DRIVER

How long will you be?

MATT

Not long now, probably.

DRIVER

All right. Just don't block the driveway.

MATT

No, of course not. Hey, anywhere to get a cup of coffee near here?

DRIVER

I dunno, I just work here.

MATT

Okay, well, thanks anyway. Drive safely.

DRIVER

You too.

The van pulls off down the driveway. MATT exhales deeply, and settles back in his seat.

MATT

C'mon, guys, hurry it up. Ugh. All right.

He shifts uncomfortably in his seat, and then gets out and goes around the car, hiking over to a tree and facing it. A sharp sound to his right causes him to look that way. His eyes widen, and he opens his mouth to yell just as the dart buries itself in his chest. He moans, and then slumps down.

EXT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM. COTTAGES. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN, BROADWAY, and LEXINGTON circle over the cottages. They each land on separate ones. BROADWAY leans over the edge of his and listens, as the man inside (MORGAN) is talking on the phone.

He has a fair amount of fur on his hands and arms, but is speaking normally.

MORGAN

Yeah. No, fine, just a little itchy sometimes, is all. No. No, don't tell your mother that. Because she'll just panic, that's why. You know how she is. Well, I don't know, tell her I'm on a business trip. Honey, it's not a lie, not really.

Meanwhile, LEXINGTON looks into the cottage that he's selected. The light is out and the cottage is empty, but obviously occupied from the number of books and magazines on the shelves. He climbs into the window and begins searching.

Meanwhile, BROOKLYN looks into his cottage. The light is on, and there is an ordinary human woman on the bed, in night clothes, reading a news magazine. The telephone rings, and she answers it.

SHARON

Yeah. Hey. No, just reading. No, why, are you having trouble sleeping?
(Laughs) No. No! Well, why don't you come over here and show me? All right.
See you soon. Bye. (Hangs up)

INT. SCENE - COTTAGE #2

LEXINGTON is searching the cottage. It's a small thing, just a bed and a couple of chairs, a bookcase, a television, a washbasin, and a cubicle for the toilet and bathtub. He searches the washstand: there is a toothbrush, hairbrush, etc. on it; nothing interesting. He goes to the bookcase, and begins looking through the contents.

EXT. SCENE - COTTAGE #1

BROADWAY is listening in on the phone call.

MORGAN

Well, I don't know. What did the doctor say? Yeah? Oh. No. No, I guess that makes sense. Yeah. If it's just my side of the family, I guess it wouldn't. What? Well, why did he suggest that?

No, it's not a crazy suggestion. Why does he think I'm here? I'll send him a picture of myself right now, and he can see how crazy it is.

EXT. SCENE - COTTAGE #3

BROOKLYN is still watching his cottage. There is a knock at the door. SHARON stands and goes out of view to answer it.

SHARON
Hey, you.

CARLOS (OFF)
Hey. You all right?

SHARON
Mmm, I am now.

CARLOS (OFF)
Oooh.

SHARON
Uh-huh.

She comes back into view, and stands near the window. BROOKLYN retreats slightly to stay out of sight.

SHARON
So what's this new way to relax that you were telling me about?

CARLOS (OFF)
Mmm, I found out about it after my last treatment.

SHARON
Oh no.

CARLOS (OFF)
Ohh, yeah.

SHARON
Mmm. Show me.

CARLOS (OFF)
I could. You had your shots today?

SHARON

(Laughs) Why, you afraid of catching something?

CARLOS (OFF)

(Laughs) It works so much better when you're off the medication.

SHARON

Oh, really? Come on, big boy, you think you're hot stuff?

INT. SCENE - COTTAGE #2

LEXINGTON is pulling out books from the shelf. The occupant is quite literate: *Death of a Salesman*, *The Brothers Karamazov*, *The Metamorphosis*. He stops and flips through this one briefly, then sets it aside. The next one is a slim volume, a graphic novel: "Wolfred the Invincible." He flips through this one.

INT. SCENE - COTTAGE #1

BROADWAY continues to listen.

MORGAN

No. No, honey, I'm not disappointed. I'm comfortable. I just want to make sure the kids go through this early, if they're going to go through it at all. Well, that's what tutors are for. Sure they will. I already met up with a couple here, they understand perfectly. They wouldn't mind teaching a couple of wolf pups their three R's. They know all about it. Of course I'm sure.

EXT. SCENE - COTTAGE #3

BROOKLYN is listening to his couple, getting slightly disgusted.

SHARON

Come on, you big furry tease, you.

CARLOS (OFF)

Ohh, now you're doing it. Just you wait.

CARLOS steps forward to be visible. He is quite furry, and as he speaks, fangs are visible in his mouth; he is completely a wolf

man. He embraces her from the back. BROOKLYN is somewhat startled by this.

CARLOS

I'm gonna dig my claws into you so deeply.

SHARON

Mmmmh. And then what?

CARLOS

And then, you're gonna see the full moon, babe. I'm gonna make you change three times tonight.

SHARON

Oohhh. (Laughs)

BROOKLYN climbs up to the roof and leaves them, as SHARON switches off the light.

INT. SCENE - COTTAGE #2

LEXINGTON is paging through the graphic novel. In its pages, Wolfred, a rather cute wolfman, is threatened by various forces of evil and is able to defeat them as he goes, and so on and so forth. As LEXINGTON pages through, one pair of pages suddenly jump open: the spine of the novel is cracked here, as though someone has gone directly to these pages more than any others. LEXINGTON stops, and reads these:

Wolfred is standing off against his foe, a Scientist In A Coat. "Come with me, Fred," says his foe. "I can fix what's wrong. I can give you a normal life." "This is a normal life," answers Wolfred. "As a monster?" asks the foe. "Come on, I'll save you from this." "Never!" says Wolfred. "Talk to them, the ones you're working for. Who they are and what they look like are so different. They're the monsters. I'm no monster. I've never felt so normal, so alive in my life."

LEXINGTON closes this, considers, and puts it back on the shelf, followed by the others he pulled down. As the last one goes in, he hears keys jingling outside the door, climbs out the window, and shuts it behind him. He climbs up the side of the cottage just as the door opens. The light comes on. LEXINGTON leaves his cottage.

EXT. SCENE - COTTAGE #1

BROADWAY climbs up to the roof of his cottage, where he is joined by BROOKLYN and LEXINGTON.

BROADWAY

These are some weird people.

BROOKLYN

You're telling me. Mine was in heat, I think.

LEXINGTON

Mine had a comic book where they were talking about how great it was not to be human anymore.

BROADWAY

You think that's what these people are up to?

BROOKLYN

I don't know. They seem happy enough, though, don't they?

LEXINGTON

Yeah, it's strange. If it's their choice, maybe there's nothing here for us to do.

BROOKLYN

Could be. Let's get back to the truck. Maybe we can make it an early night.

They fly off of the roof and into the night.

EXT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM. DRIVEWAY. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN, BROADWAY, and LEXINGTON arrive near MATT's truck, and land on the tree. He is nowhere in sight.

BROOKLYN

Where's he gone now?

BROADWAY

I don't know. I don't see him.

BROOKLYN

I told him to stay here. (Raises voice)
Matt!

LEXINGTON

I don't think he left on his own. Someone's been tramping around here.

BROADWAY

More than that. You hear something?

There is a rustle from across the drive.

BROOKLYN

Duck!

They dive out of the way, just as a dart slams into the tree where BROADWAY had been standing. He snarls, and dives into a bush across the drive, from where the dart came. There are a couple of punches and slaps, then CLINICIAN 2 from the Hayden Clinic van comes flying out on to the drive, unconscious. BROADWAY climbs out of the bush, carrying a dart gun, which he crushes and flings aside.

BROADWAY

Done.

BROOKLYN

Nicely, too. Who's this?

BROADWAY

No idea. Let's see.

He reaches down to look at the CLINICIAN's badge.

BROADWAY

Says he's a clinician.

LEXINGTON

Not a guard?

BROADWAY

No, very not a guard. He went down a bit too easy for that.

BROOKLYN

That's bad. If the guards had got him, that'd be one thing, but if their doctors have got him...

BROADWAY

We got to find him, fast.

BROOKLYN

Come on.

They depart toward the house.

INT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM - COTTAGE

MATT is strapped down to a gurney in a darkened cottage, with an exam light shining in his face. He begins to shake his head. His vision swims, and as he reaches for his eyes, his hand stops. After a couple of yanks, he realizes his arm is restrained. RAMSEY comes into view along side of him.

RAMSEY

Well, well, well. What have we here?

MATT

A lonely traveler, searching for coffee. What is this for?

RAMSEY

Your security, I assure you. And ours.

MATT

Security against what? All I did was park in your driveway, and I'm sorry for that. If you could let me go, I'm feeling much better now, really.

RAMSEY

No, I don't think so. My men tell me you've been up on that drive ever since they pulled in. What are you up to?

MATT

I just want to get to Chicago tonight, that's all.

RAMSEY

Yes, I'm sure that you do, but first I need to know what your intentions are. Who else is with you.

MATT

God is my co-pilot, man.

RAMSEY

A comedian? Really? Well, you should find this very amusing, then. Very amusing indeed.

RAMSEY takes up a vial and syringe from along side the table, and draws off some liquid. An orderly begins cleaning MATT's arm.

RAMSEY

I'm no doctor of divinity, but I don't think God needs two headsets in his truck, now do you?

MATT

What's that for?

RAMSEY

You're going to undergo a few changes, my friend. Mostly painless, I assure you, but quite permanent.

MATT

What are you doing? What kind of changes?

RAMSEY

You know very well. You've been watching.

MATT

Now, wait a minute. You can't do this.

RAMSEY

Oh, can't I?

He injects MATT.

RAMSEY

There. Done.

MATT

What's done? What is this?

RAMSEY

You've seen the ads. We're going to bring out the animal in you. You should feel lucky, you know. Normally, we charge about a thousand dollars for

this treatment, but all we want from you is information.

MATT

No. Stop this, please!

RAMSEY

Too late. Now. If you feel like talking, just growl once for yes, twice for no. If we like what we hear, maybe we'll even help you get it under control, so you can go back to something like a normal life. Meanwhile, just relax, and enjoy the ride.

MATT struggles, but fades, and finally passes out.

RAMSEY

Finish the treatment. Let me know when it's done.

ORDERLY 2

Sir.

RAMSEY gets up and leaves the cottage.

INT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM. BARN.

BROOKLYN, BROADWAY, and LEXINGTON are climbing down into the barn. They look around, and begin searching. Nobody is around. They start in the front room, but all of the beds are unoccupied. They check the exam rooms, but they are empty as well.

BROADWAY

So now what?

BROOKLYN

He's got to be around here somewhere.

There is a crunching from the front of the barn. They retreat into the exam rooms, as RAMSEY enters. He goes up the stairs into the offices. Once gone, BROOKLYN quietly follows him. RAMSEY goes into his office, loosens his tie, and sits. He picks up the phone and dials.

RAMSEY

Yeah, Ramsey here. No, we have him under control. Yeah. Yes, I told them to move the truck. No, it should be fine.

I sent the van team up for them. Yes,
ma'am. All right. Good night.

He hangs up, and leans back in his chair, shutting his eyes and rubbing his head. BROOKLYN gestures for the others to follow. Unseen, they go up the joists of the barn and out the ventilator.

EXT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM. BARN ROOF. (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN, BROADWAY, and LEXINGTON climb out onto the roof, and quietly close the ventilator behind themselves.

BROOKLYN
He's got to be in one of the cottages.

BROADWAY
Which? There are dozens of them.

LEXINGTON
Wait. Look there.

They do. Out among the cottages, there is a light moving, and the gravel crunches under tires.

LEXINGTON
There. Take them now?

BROOKLYN
No. Get him safe first. Keep quiet until then.

They take off toward the light.

EXT. SCENE - COTTAGE #14 (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN, BROADWAY, and LEXINGTON arrive on the roof of a cottage. Outside, ORDERLY 2 and another are just finishing up. They get into a patient carrier (e.g., a golf cart with a litter on back) and drive off. As the other two stand guard on the roof, BROOKLYN descends and looks in the window. It's dark inside, but there is a shape visible in the bed. He pulls on the window, but it is locked. He grabs onto the edge of it and yanks hard, and with a snap, it pops open. He climbs in the window.

INT. SCENE - COTTAGE #14

BROOKLYN sneaks up to the bed. He runs his hand along the side, and finds a restraint tied down there. He tugs on it a couple of times.

MATT

Uhh...

BROOKLYN

Matt?

MATT

Yeah. Huh? Oh. What?

BROOKLYN

Shush. Hold still, I'll get you up.

BROOKLYN goes around, snapping the restraints.

MATT

Okay. Uh. What's going on?

BROOKLYN

We'll talk later. Hold on.

He finishes up the straps.

BROOKLYN

Get up. We're going.

MATT

Okay.

MATT gets up. We only see his silhouette. BROOKLYN and MATT climb out the window and to the ground, where they are joined by LEXINGTON and BROADWAY. They begin sneaking back up toward the barn.

EXT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM - COTTAGE YARD (NIGHT)

BROOKLYN, MATT, BROADWAY, and LEXINGTON work their way carefully across the yard and back into the woods, in the darkness. They are only visible in starts and fits; MATT is never totally seen.

BROADWAY

How are you feeling?

MATT

Uhh. Groggy. Clearing a bit, though.
Wait, aren't we going back up to the
truck?

LEXINGTON

No, they moved it.

MATT

Oh.

BROOKLYN

Can't be far. Broadway, go up and look.

BROADWAY

Right.

BROADWAY goes up the rise and looks around briefly, then jumps
back down to the others.

BROADWAY

(indicating the back of
the house)

Come on. It's up this way.

As they come up over the rise and into the light, MATT, silhou-
etted against the light, stops and looks at his arm.

MATT

Guys? I got a problem here.

They look around at him. In the light, we see his face and arms
covered in dark fur. Fangs protrude from his upper jaw as he
speaks.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, I think so.

MATT

Uhhh....

BROOKLYN

Take it easy. It's not that bad.

MATT

No? Still looks pretty normal, then?

BROOKLYN

Well...not human normal, but--

MATT
(moaning)
Ohhh!

He walks around briefly, hand to his brow. Then, suddenly, he kicks at the ground, furiously.

BROADWAY
Matt? Are you...

MATT
That werewolf. The one you saw in the street. What was it doing?

BROOKLYN
He was running around.

MATT
Doing what? Tell me.

BROOKLYN
He went after a couple of people. Just reared up at them, nothing serious, but--

MATT
But it wasn't just saying, "Hi!," was it?

BROADWAY
Just take it easy.

MATT
Take it easy?! I'm supposed to take this easy?

BROADWAY
That one was out of control. You're in control, but you've got to hang on to that.

MATT
And what happens when I slip? What, am I one stubbed toe away from a bloody rampage?

He turns away, and takes a deep, shuddering breath. The others watch him. He straightens, not looking at them.

MATT

What's your plan "B"?

BROOKLYN

What do you mean?

MATT

You've lost your driver. I want to know what your plan is for getting back.

BROOKLYN

Nothing's changed.

MATT

(turning toward them)

Look, I appreciate the sentiment, but it's out of place. I can't keep myself out of trouble, but maybe I can get you out of it.

BROOKLYN

You don't need to do that. We can take care of ourselves.

MATT

I know that. But I gotta help you, as long as I can.

BROADWAY

Why is that?

BROOKLYN

Yeah, why is that?

MATT

I blew this one. I don't want to drag my friends into this, not by my own mistakes. I got to get you clear of this, before it's too late.

BROOKLYN

Yeah? How'd you get out here, anyway? You just up and decided to drive out?

MATT

That doesn't matter. My problem, my solution.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, right. As if that's an option.

MATT

(anguished)

It's the only option left.

He turns, and walks a couple of steps away, and puts his face into his hand.

MATT

I don't know what I'm about to become.
You shouldn't have to deal with this.
Plenty of humans out there to work
with, I'm sure, ones that don't sudden-
ly want to tear your throat out some
night.

BROOKLYN

Why would we go off and find someone
else? You're still you, as far as I can
tell.

BROADWAY

Yeah.

LEXINGTON

That's right.

MATT

Why do you keep giving me a hard time
for trying to help out?

BROOKLYN

That's just because we don't want any-
thing to happen to you. We protect our
friends.

MATT

And I can't?

BROOKLYN

Not by leaving us behind, you won't.

MATT

So what now?

BROOKLYN

So we deal with it, that's all.

MATT

We? Why "we"?

BROOKLYN

We will deal with it. I told you before, that's what we do.

BROADWAY

We don't just leave people in the lurch.

LEXINGTON

We've stuck by you this long. We're not quitting now, not by a long shot.

MATT

Even for this? Are you really prepared for this? Because I'm not.

BROOKLYN

(taking his shoulder)

Matt, I promise you, we will never leave you behind. We've handled worse situations before. We can handle one werewolf, no matter what comes.

MATT looks up at him, overcome by tears. BROOKLYN's face changes: where he had been concerned, suddenly he is puzzled.

BROOKLYN

The shedding, on the other hand...

MATT

What?

BROOKLYN reaches up and takes hold of a loose patch of fur on MATT's face, and pulls.

MATT

Ow. Ow. Ow! What are you doing?

BROOKLYN

Wait a sec.

He pulls the patch free from Matt's face. It adheres to the talon on his index finger. He holds it up and inspects it, curiously.

BROOKLYN

What about that?

MATT

It's...wait. Stage fur?

BROOKLYN

This is fake. It's glued on.

MATT touches his face where the fur had been.

MATT

Did I just get punked?

LEXINGTON

We all did.

BROADWAY

Fake werewolf?

MATT

Don't look at me. Not my idea.

BROOKLYN

No. But someone's playing games here.

LEXINGTON

Or living out a fantasy.

BROOKLYN

The comic?

LEXINGTON

I think so.

MATT

Comic?

LEXINGTON

Yeah. I found a copy of a "Wolfred" comic in one of the cottages. Something about him defending being a werewolf as more natural.

MATT

Yeah, I've seen it. Didn't care for it much, not my thing. Hey, wait. You think that's what we have here?

BROADWAY

It sounds like it.

MATT

So, they're faking these people into thinking they're now werewolves? Why?

BROADWAY

How much you think a treatment like this costs, anyway?

MATT

A thousand dollars a treatment is what they...Oh. Right. And regular stints back at the farm to help them keep control...

BROOKLYN

Money on money.

MATT

This is all kinds of messed up, guys.

BROOKLYN

Yeah, I think you've nailed that one.

MATT

What now? We can't just leave them, can we?

BROOKLYN

Why not? They seem happy enough like this.

MATT

But it's not real. It's all just a con. What happens when they find out?

BROOKLYN

What difference does it make?

MATT

You want to be chasing fake werewolves all over the city?

BROADWAY

He's got a point. That one we found didn't get anyone, but the next one might not be so in control.

BROOKLYN

No. All right. But what do we do?

MATT

You don't do anything but keep those
dart-gunners at bay. Leave the rest to
me.

BROOKLYN

You? What are you going to do?

MATT

Not me. We. Unless you want to go back
on all that stuff you were just saying.

BROOKLYN

Not a chance.

MATT

Great, because if I have my math right,
now it's a human problem that needs a
human solution.

LEXINGTON

What's that?

MATT

I'm going to get really persuasive, but
I'm going to need cover. Oh, one more
thing, but it's going to sound kind
of...beneath you. I'm sorry.

BROOKLYN

What?

EXT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM. COTTAGES. (NIGHT)

MATT enters the cottage area, carrying a lit torch and a number
of unlit ones. He yells, and begins pounding on the cottage
doors.

MATT

(howling)

Aroo! Up! Up and out, all of you! Up
and out! Come on! Aroo!

Lights go on, the doors begin to open, and the occupants spill
out into the cottage yard in their night clothes. MATT climbs up
on a trash barrel and addresses the crowd.

MORGAN

What the hell is this? What's going on?
Who are you?

SHARON

What are you doing, you twit? It's got
to be three in the morning!

CARLOS

Yeah, I was asleep.

MATT

All of you! Listen to me. The night of
the Emboldening is upon us!

MORGAN

What the hell are you talking about,
Emboldening?

CARLOS

You drunk or something?

MATT

Listen! All of you, shush, and listen!

From beyond the trees comes a wild, blood-curdling howl, for
three voices.

MATT

Listen to the call of your bloodlines!

SHARON

Bloodlines, nothing. Those are coyotes.

MATT

Don't you feel it, though? Don't you
feel your blood stir at the sound?

MORGAN

No.

CARLOS

Well...

SHARON

Well, what?

CARLOS

I mean, I do feel something move when I hear that. Don't you?

SHARON

(disgusted)

No.

CARLOS

Listen, though, really listen to it.

MATT

Listen to the howling!

The howling repeats, wailing and crying through the trees.

MATT

This is a call to your bloodright!

MORGAN

Nuts. I'm almost cleaned up. There's no bloodright to be called.

MATT

No?

MORGAN

Absolutely not.

The others begin to mumble a little, dubiously.

MATT comes down from the barrel and addresses MORGAN.

MATT

Who are you?

MORGAN

Morgan Williamson. You?

MATT

I am a lone prophet in the wilderness.
I hear and see all that the rest never
hear and see.

MORGAN

Oh, you're a lunatic. Got it.

MATT

Listen, Morgan. Just listen. Why are you here to begin with?

MORGAN

Same as you. I had a treatment that went bad, and needed to be cleaned up.

MATT

That's not why I'm here.

MORGAN

Could have fooled me.

CARLOS

Just, let him talk, okay?

MATT

Thank you. Morgan, you took that treatment for a reason, didn't you?

MORGAN

That is personal.

MATT

Yes, it is. But I can tell you what it was. It was because you felt that animal inside, and you didn't reject it. You embraced it. You wanted to be closer to it. It's the same for all of you, isn't it?

SHARON

I guess.

CARLOS

Yeah, I never put it that way before.

MORGAN

Okay, suppose it is. So what?

MATT

Exactly. So what? So you come to these folks for a treatment, one to ease the ache. Isn't that right?

SHARON

I suppose it is.

MATT

And they promised you the moon and the stars. Bring out your animal, isn't that right? And suddenly you are exactly who you are, and you can't reject that. It clicks. You want that. You need that.

MORGAN

Yeah, but so what?

MATT

So, this.

He turns to CARLOS and pulls on the fur on his face.

CARLOS

Ow! What are you doing?

MATT

Sorry, but I have to make a point here.

The fur comes off in his hand, and he holds it up triumphantly. The crowd gasps. CARLOS is particularly stunned. MATT climbs back up on the barrel.

MATT

This, this is your animal that was brought out. A sham!

MORGAN

It...it can't be.

CARLOS

What is this?

MATT

Stage makeup. That's all. Just makeup and the odd shot of tranquilizer or adrenaline, and a sheet of lies to keep you in control, their control.

MORGAN

All a lie?

MATT

No. And that's the devious part. Because I know, I know, that your hearts truly are attracted by the call of the

wild. This is merely the symbol of what you are, that's all it is, a symbol glued to your face and paid for on the installment plan.

CARLOS
The charlatans!

MORGAN
I've wasted six weeks of my life here in a makeup camp?

SHARON
This is unbelievable. They won't get away with this. They can't.

MATT
And that's the Emboldening. Now you see how it takes hold of you. Do you hear? All of you!

There is a third howl from beyond the trees. This time, a few of the crowd pick it up and answer in kind, MATT among them.

MATT
You hear it now?

MORGAN
Yes. I do.

CARLOS
Aroo! Yes!

SHARON
Aroo!

MATT
That's it exactly!

MORGAN
So what is it saying?

MATT
It is telling you to go up that hill to the barn and demand your money back.

CARLOS
And there will be blood!

MATT

No! No, no blood. Have you ever spilled blood? Any of you?

They do not answer.

MATT

Then none of you disgrace your form by starting now. Go up, demand your money, demand transport back to your home, and live your lives, free and clear. Revenge is a human ailment. You are the Emboldened, you are better than human now, and you are beyond that. Leave it behind. What do you say?

There is again no response for a moment.

MATT

Are we not men?

OMNES

No!

MATT

Then let's go get them!

OMNES

Yeah!

They make up torches and march up the hill to the barn.

INT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM - BARN

There is a great thumping against the doors. This wakes RAMSEY, who has been sleeping at his desk. The orderlies rush up.

ORDERLY 1

Sir? Sir? Trouble.

RAMSEY

Wahh...what? What's going on? Is Cotter here?

ORDERLY 1

The natives are getting restless.

RAMSEY

What are you talking about? Let me see.

He goes to a window at the side of the barn and looks out. Below, a crowd of thirty or so residents--some in wolfish form, others apparently human, all bearing torches--beat against the doors to the barn.

RAMSEY

Oh, hell.

He goes to the desk, picks up the phone, and calls.

RAMSEY

Ramsey here. Yes, I know what time it is; do you think I care what time it is? We're under attack. Yes! Just get your guns down here now!

EXT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM (NIGHT)

Several guards descend from the house, bearing guns. They train the guns on the rear flank of the mob. Suddenly, the first guard's arms are swept down, and he is clobbered by BROADWAY, and falls. The second turns to look. His gun is wrenched from his hands as BROOKLYN lands a punch directly on his face. This guard also falls. The melee continues between the three gargoyles and the handful of guards until all guards are dispatched.

Meanwhile, below, the crowd masses against the barn door, which swells, recedes, cracks, and finally is breached.

INT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM - BARN

The crowd discard their torches as they pour into the barn. They swarm over the first floor and up the stairs into the second floor. The orderlies try to put up a defense, but are swept aside. The mob reaches RAMSEY.

MORGAN

(howling)

Doctor Ramsey!

MORGAN grabs RAMSEY by the collar, and goes face-to-face with him.

MORGAN

We've got some complaints we'd like to discuss.

EXT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM (NIGHT)

MATT is at his truck. BROOKLYN, BROADWAY, and LEXINGTON land adjacent to him. They watch the proceedings down at the barn, which by this point involve RAMSEY and the orderlies being escorted from the barn and toward the Hayden Clinic vans, hands on their heads.

BROADWAY

Not going to lend a hand?

MATT

Nah, done enough for the night, I think.

BROOKLYN

How'd you come up with all of that back at the cottages?

MATT

Spoke right from the heart. We've all got someone we keep hidden inside. Maybe the treatment woke mine up a little.

LEXINGTON

So it worked.

MATT

I guess so. Shall we depart?

BROADWAY

You're not going to drive home like that?

MATT

I've got no choice, really, unless you've got some turpentine on you.

BROADWAY

Gee, I'm fresh out, sorry.

LEXINGTON

Well, as long as we don't run across any rabbits to chase, I think we'll be good.

MORGAN approaches from over the rise.

MORGAN

Hey, I thought I heard you up here,
and--

He stops short as he notices the gargoyles.

MATT

Oh, hi, Morgan. No, these are some
friends of mine, it's OK.

BROOKLYN

Hi, we're from the camp across the
lake.

MORGAN

Really? Wow. I thought my treatment
went overboard. Anyway, I was saying, I
wanted to stop and thank you.

MATT

What, for the great gibbering idiot im-
pression? That's nothing, you oughta
see me at a party.

MORGAN

No, but, seriously, thanks. I've been
trying to get away from this (indicat-
ing his face) for years. You're the
first one to tell me to embrace it.

MATT

Feels good?

MORGAN

Feels great.

BROADWAY

Well, you can't ever be anything other
than what you are.

MATT

Ain't that the truth.

SHARON appears over the rise.

SHARON

Morgan! We're leaving.

MORGAN

Be right there!

SHARON goes back down the rise.

MORGAN

That's my cue, I guess. We've got to get those con men back into town.

MATT

Well, be gentle with them.

MORGAN

I know, I know. "Revenge is a human ailment," and all. Doesn't mean we can't have a little fun with them.

BROADWAY

How little?

MORGAN

We're gonna make Ramsey look like Shaggy the Sheepdog by the time we hit Chicago.

MATT

(chuckles)

I think that'll pass.

MORGAN

And what are you? Seriously, now, you never went in for a treatment, not with a mindset like that. So, who are you?

MATT

I work for the power company.

MORGAN

(to BROOKLYN)

And you? Who are you?

BROOKLYN

We're his friends.

MORGAN

All right. Well, safe trip. Hope to see you around again.

MATT

Thanks. You too.

MORGAN exits over the rise and back down.

BROOKLYN

"Work for the power company"?

MATT

Oh, yeah. You'd be surprised how often that works.

They get into the truck, LEXINGTON in front, BROADWAY and BROOKLYN in the bed.

MATT

We gotta get moving. I'm going to need coffee to make it home, and then I'm really going to have to floor it to make Chicago by sunrise.

BROOKLYN

How are you gonna get coffee in that get-up?

MATT

There's a drive-thru at the next exit, I think. Can't be any weirder than anything else they get at this hour.

He starts the truck.

MATT

You know, though, I'm still kind of sorry that there weren't any werewolves, really.

BROOKLYN

Didn't seem to think so when you were one.

MATT

Yeah, there is that, but I can see how someone would want to make the change. Kind of a liberating idea.

BROOKLYN

Well, I've been around for a while, and I've never run into any actual werewolves. Sorry.

MATT

Oh well. But, can you imagine if there were?

He shifts gears and pulls away.

EXT. SCENE - NINE WOLF FARM. WOODS. (NIGHT)

As we see MATT's truck pull out, there are two wolves (HAL and RUTH) visible, silhouetted against the commotion down in the farmyard. They turn to speak to one another. They have Minnesotan accents.

RUTH

Oh, jeez, you see that, Hal?

HAL

Oh, yah, Ruth, that's real different, that is.

RUTH

Yah. I mean, jeez, I think they're gonna clear themselves out.

HAL

It looks like that to me too. Well, that's good, they get to go on a trip, and saves us a little work.

RUTH

Oh, f'sure, that's nice. It'll be nice to get the farm back, too.

HAL

Oh, yah.

RUTH

Ya think they were the ones making all that racket, then?

HAL

It could be, but I think it might have been someone else. D'you think it was one of the other wolves down there?

RUTH

Oh, no, I think it was someone having a little fun, that's all.

HAL

Yah, you're probably right. Well, you wanna tell the others?

RUTH

Yah, I guess we should. Looks like they're about out of there now, anyway.

The wolves depart, each in their own direction.

=END=