

WEREWOLVES

(First 12 pages)

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DARKNESS. SOUNDS of HEAVY PANTING, RUNNING, SNAPPING BRANCHES and GROWLS.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

DILLY, 30's, full of bloody cuts and scratches, wearing a torn skin-tight black leather outfit, runs for her life.

She spots a bundle in a tree and kicks at the dead leaves on the ground until: CLICK. She throws herself to the ground.

A stuffed burlap sack tied to a rope swings over her and slams into whatever is chasing her. PIERCING DOG-LIKE YELP.

Dilly rolls aside, feels about and finds a rock. She looks about. Nothing's there. She slowly gets to her knees. A BRANCH SNAPS, she turns, is about to throw the rock. Nothing's there. She gets up and starts off.

GROWL! Her chin smashes to the ground. She screams. She's dragged across the underbrush.

Light shines through - far off headlights getting closer cause a distraction. Dilly whips the rock. A PAINFUL YOWL. She crawls to a stand and runs.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

A trucker, DREW, 40's, drives while fidgeting with his radio.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dilly runs. She sees the TRUCK'S LIGHTS and waves her arms.

DILLY

Hey! Hey!

She catches herself, the headlights reveal she's on the edge of a ridge. Whatever is behind her is coming. She grabs on to a thorny tree root and lets herself hang over the edge.

The beastly SNARLS and GROWLS above her turn to SNIFFING and PANTING. She presses her body into the earth, her feet dangle, her palms bleed. The noises above her fade to an eerie breeze. She can't hold on any longer and pulls herself up.

DILLY (CONT'D)

Please don't be there. Please don't-

A fiery breath steams her forehead - a SNARL SWELLS into a FEROCIOUS GROWL. Not daring to lift her eyes, Dilly lets go.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A TRUCK, hauling an OIL TANKER, speeds down the steep road.

Dilly is tumbling toward the road.

The truck is rolling faster.

Dilly rolls onto the road.

INT/EXT. TRUCK/UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

-Police are still looking for the
two teens who-

The truck's headlights shine on Dilly. She screams as the truck SCREECHES and SKIDS to a stop yet hits her hard enough to throw her to the side of the road.

Drew jumps out, motor still running, and runs to her.

DREW

Are you crazy? What the hell are you
doing in the middle-

Horrified, Dilly points behind him. Drew turns.

DREW (cont'd)

Oh, fuck! Fuck me!

Drew leads Dilly to the passenger door. It's locked!

DREW (CONT'D)

SHIT! My door! Come on! Come on!
Move! Get in! Get in!

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

-caution, do not approach, repeat,
do not approach. Call your local
authorities immediate-

Dilly quickly turns off the radio.

Drew hops in, locks his door and throws the truck into gear. He scans his mirrors and windows: nothing.

DREW

Are you alright?

Dilly is curled up in a ball, trembling and whimpering.

Drew reaches for his phone when the sound of SPINE-CHILLING SCRAPING coming from his window sets his teeth on edge. He turns to look. His door window is completely smeared with mud and blood. A THUNDEROUS GROWL! Drew jumps back, losing control of the wheel.

Dilly screams. Another THUNDEROUS GROWL, coming from her side. Her window is also covered in mud and blood. Dilly jumps out of her seat and clutches at Drew.

He tries to shake off whatever is POUNDING, GROWLING and SCRAPING at his truck. He floors it, picking up speed, veering from left to right. He sees a sign up ahead:

NEXT EXIT, HOPE 27 MILES.

DREW (CONT'D)

Hang on. This fucker's getting off.

BANG! He smashes whatever is out there into the sign.

He turns to deal with what's on his left but can't see through the bloody-muddy window. He turns on the exterior LED lights, reaches under his seat and pulls out a tire iron. He rolls his window down inch by inch, steering with his knees.

Dilly backs into the sleeper, shaking her head.

The window is now about six inches down. Drew looks out: up, down, side to side, and in his mirror. Nothing's there.

DREW (CONT'D)

They're gone. Go on, take a look for yourself. Trust me, no one fucks with a trucker.

Drew sets the tire iron down, picks up his phone and dials.

911 (V.O.)

911, what's your emergency?

BANG! BANG! BANG! coming from the top of the cab.

DREW

Oh, Jesus!

Drew quickly rolls up his window. GROWL! GROWL! Dilly screams. She jumps out of the back and grabs Drew's arm, knocking the phone out of his hands.

From the phone on the floor:

911 (V.O.)

Hello? Hello?

Drew reaches for the phone but it slides under his seat.

The POUNDING, SCRAPING and GROWLING are coming from all over the cab. Dilly is hysterical between the seats. Drew veers the truck left and right as it reaches the top of a hill.

DREW

Don't worry, I got 'em exactly where
I want.

He glances at the emergency hand brake lever.

DREW (CONT'D)

Sit down! Fasten your seat belt!

Dilly clambers back into her seat and fastens her belt.

The truck picks up speed as it rolls downhill when the
POUNDING and GROWLING suddenly stop. Drew and Dilly look
from left to right. Then breathe.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK on the passenger door. Dilly stiffens,
too horrified to look. Drew reaches for the tire iron and
sees Dilly frozen in her seat, eyes on the road in front of
her. Dilly's eyes widen, she points:

CRASH! The front windshield shatters. Whatever is out there
is trying to pound its way in!

DREW (CONT'D)

SON OF A BITCH! HOLD ON!

Drew pulls the hand brake lever! SCREECH. Whatever is out
there goes flying off. Drew pushes back the hand brake lever
and continues moving, trying to control the rig, trying to
see through the shattered glass. He smashes the windshield
out with his tire iron and gains control of the vehicle.

DREW (CONT'D)

(looks into his mirror)

What the hell was that? Oh no!

Drew notices a flickering flame in his rear view mirror.

911 (V.O.)

Sir? Sir?

Drew spots his phone near his pedal and reaches for it.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Whatever is out there watches the truck speed away, tires on
fire.

FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD, whatever is out there sees a neon
sign, "Eats All Nite - 24HR". It races toward it through
CORNFIELDS.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Whatever is out there looks into the diner: OLD MAN SAM goes behind the counter. GARY, LATE 30'S, sits in the last booth. In front of him on the table is a plate with a huge chocolate brownie, topped with loads of whipped cream, hot fudge, sprinkles and a cherry. Gary talks to a young couple, KURT and ANNIE, in the next booth. A TV above the counter plays the news. SIRENS echo.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The flashing lights of STATE TROOPER CARS, other EMERGENCY VEHICLES, and REPORTER VANS illuminate the road.

The truck, bloody and severely beaten, is on the shoulder. Extinguisher in hand, Drew puts out his flaming tires.

An EMT races towards Drew and takes over. Another EMT pulls Drew away and secures an oxygen mask over his face. Drew directs him toward the truck.

TROOPERS FLOYD ANDERSON and CHRIS VALENZA rush to Drew. Drew points down the road. The troopers run back into their vehicles and take off in that direction.

The EMT pops out of Drew's truck and shakes his head.

Drew runs toward him. Reporters follow, mikes, lights and cameras in hand.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Gary jumps out of his seat and points at the TV.

GARY

Turn it up. Turn it up!

Old Man Sam turns up the volume. On the TV: Drew is being interviewed live.

REPORTER (ON TV)

Mr. Daniels, what happened to your passenger?

DREW (ON TV)

They must have taken her.

REPORTER(ON TV)

Who? Who has taken her?

Drew shakes his head.

REPORTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Mr. Daniels, what is out there?

DREW(ON TV)

I don't know... but whatever it is,
you come across it, you'd better run
for your life.

The bells on the door RING as it swings open. Everyone in the diner turns to look. All are horrified.

EXT. UNLIT RURAL HIGHWAY, NEAR CORNFIELDS - NIGHT

Two State Trooper cars are on the shoulder of the road, their police lights flashing, headlights on. Using flashlights, Troopers Anderson and Valenza follow a trail of blood.

Valenza turns and flashes his light across the road.

TROOPER ANDERSON

What?

TROOPER VALENZA

I thought I heard something.

Anderson flashes his light across the road also. There's nothing but thick forest. Anderson turns and continues to follow the blood trail. Valenza stays focused on the forest.

TROOPER ANDERSON

I got something.

Valenza turns and points his flashlight but once again hears something from across the road.

TROOPER ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Did you copy, that?

TROOPER VALENZA

There's something out there.

TROOPER ANDERSON

Look.

Valenza turns and sees Anderson pointing his flashlight at the cornfield: Broken, bloody and squashed corn stems form a path that lead to the sign up ahead, "Eats All Nite - 24HR".

TROOPER ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Old Man Sam's! Go, go, go! I'll radio
it in.

Trooper Anderson's car peels off.

Trooper Valenza is about drive off too when he distinctly hears BRANCHES SNAP across the road.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

The parking lot at the Eats All Nite is teeming. Deputies and troopers take cover behind their vehicles, guns pointed at every angle of the eatery. Emergency personnel stand by, clutching equipment bags. Behind the blockade, reporters hurry to set up their lights, mikes, and cameras.

Trooper Anderson and SHERIFF HANK peer through binoculars. Although the front and sides of the diner are almost entirely lined with windows, they are covered either by drawn shades or by gobs of thick blood.

TROOPER ANDERSON

I can't see a damn thing.

SHERIFF HANK

I'm calling inside.
(he dials his phone)

A BLACK SWAT VAN pulls into the lot. A TEAM OF FOUR - TWO SHARPHOOTERS and TWO SWAT OFFICERS - scatter and circle the establishment. Their COMMANDER marches up to the Sheriff.

COMMANDER

What do we got, Hank?

SHERIFF HANK

(holding up his phone)
So far, nothing. They won't pick up.

Trooper Anderson's phone rings and he walks off.

The Commander bustles over to his two sharpshooters, who each position and load their sniper rifles on the hood of the Sheriff's car.

COMMANDER

What do we got?

They peer into the diner through night vision riflescopes.

VETERAN SHARPSHOOTER

It's a goddamned mess, Commander!
One's barely moving, two others are motionless but appear to be alive, one's scattered all over the fucking place, or maybe it's two, and two-

Trooper Anderson rushes over to hand the Commander his phone.

TROOPER ANDERSON

You need to hear this! It's Trooper Valenza.

COMMANDER

Go ahead. Uh, uh. Copy that.

He hands Anderson back his phone, takes night vision binoculars from his utility pack and peers inside the diner.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Shit!

He digs back into the pack and takes out a box of ammunition.

COMMANDER (CONT'D)

Here.

He hands his two sharpshooters silver tipped bullets.

VETERAN
SHARPSHOOTER

YOUNG SHARPSHOOTER
Commander?

Commander?

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Blood oozes down the curtains, windows, and walls. Old Man Sam lays in a pool of blood. Body parts: arms, legs, a head occupy tables, chairs, and stools.

Whatever is inside listens to the ruckus outside and watches Kurt and Annie who are huddled under a table, trembling.

Annie whispers to Kurt and points to a gun on the floor.

Deep GUTTURAL SNARLS.

Annie grabs at her chest and begins to hyperventilate.

KURT

Annie!

(he dives for the gun)

BLOOD-CURDLING GROWLS.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Commander, looking through his binoculars:

COMMANDER

Now! Take them out now!

The sharpshooters FIRE.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The window shatters, spattering glass. Whatever is inside sees two silver-tipped bullets coming. FREEZE FRAME.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY - DAY

DORIS MITCHELL, a geeky seventeen-year-old listens to her cell phone skip-dancing down the hall. She snakes her way past students who poke, jab, and mock her.

TEENAGE GIRL

Geek!

TEENAGE BOY

Freak!

GROUP OF FIVE TEENS

Dora the Whora! Dora the Whora!

A paper ball hits Doris. She digs her barbed bracelets into her thighs then realizes that CINDY CHEN and ROSA ORTIZ are at her heels, laughing at her. Doris hurries to her locker.

Cindy and Rosa join their boyfriends GEORGE GARCIA and SCOTT MCCALLA who are showing each other martial arts moves across from Doris's locker.

Nearby, RONALD (OBAMA) COLLINS, tries to kiss his girlfriend, HEATHER WILLIAMS, but she's playing hard to get.

JEFFREY DALTON walks down the hallway as JONATHAN (J.J.) JOHNSON rams his football up Jeffrey's butt. Walking next to J.J., LANCE WILLIS, (250 pounds), laughs at the situation.

BILLY BOB (SWIFTY) JENKINS, zooms by wearing roller shoes, high-fiving them both.

SWIFTY

J.J.! Lance!

J.J.

Swifty!

LANCE

Swifty!

SWIFTY

Going long!

J.J. takes aim. Swifty zigzags toward Doris and lifts up her skirt. Everybody laughs.

SCOTT

Fuck!

Scott likes what he just saw.

DORIS

Don't do that!

SWIFTY

Wasn't me. Was the wind.

Swiftly jumps, catches the ball and makes a cool three-sixty.

SWIFTY (CONT'D)

Touchdown!

ROSA, HEATHER

Doris wears a thong! Doris wears a thong! Doris wears a thong!

HEATHER

You don't have to get so blush, girl.
We all got one on.

Heather reaches and snaps Rosa's thong.

ROSA

But you, you are so spanky, *mami chula*. Let's check out that *culo* again.

Rosa tries to lift Doris's skirt. Doris holds it down.

HEATHER

Don't be shy, baby. You got that Sasha Grey thing going. Why, you could pose for Playboy.

ROSA

No, Penthouse.

HEATHER

No, Swank.

CINDY

Try Skank.

RONALD

I know, I know, with that pale tail she can pose for Fangoria's zombie booty of the month.

GEORGE

I thought you liked them white, Obama?

HEATHER

Yeah, white but tight and outta fucking sight.

(she slaps her butt)

Spanky, baby.

Ronald tries to grab Heather but bumps into DAWN EVANS, who dresses in dark clothes, hides behind dark make-up and is always listening to her iPod.

RONALD
Speaking of zombies- Hey, Dawn.
Daaaawn of the Deaaaad.

Dawn smiles and covers her face with her hands.

HEATHER
Doris has one. Do you have one?

Dawn, peeking through her fingers, shrugs her shoulders.
Heather pulls off Dawn's earphone.

HEATHER (CONT'D)
A thong, baby.

Dawn covers her face completely with both hands, shakes her head and scurries off.

Scott snakes through the crowd and moves in on Doris. He grabs her by her spiked collar and whispers in her ear.

SCOTT
Woof-woof. I want that ass, you sexy bitch.
(he struts off)

Cindy steps in and slaps Doris hard across the face.

JEFFREY
Hey, leave her alone!

J.J. pins Jeffrey up against the lockers and punches him in the stomach. George comes flying over, kicks, intentionally just missing Jeffrey's head. Scott fakes karate chops to Jeffrey's face, gut and neck before smacking him in the head.

J.J.
Is that your girlfriend, freak?
Repeat, is that your girlfriend?

Jeffrey shakes his head.

J.J. (CONT'D)
Then mind your own business, geek.

J.J. yanks Jeffrey's thick dark sideburns.

TIM O'SULLIVAN, 40's, a veteran from the second Iraqi war who has a bullet lodged in his leg and walks with a cane, steps out of his classroom.

TIM O'SULLIVAN
Is there a problem here?

J.J.
 Sir, yes, sir. Geek freak here was
 showing aggression, sir.

TIM O'SULLIVAN
 Is that true, Dalton?

Jeffrey doesn't answer. The bell RINGS.

SWIFTY
 Sir, Doris mooned us, sir.

TIM O'SULLIVAN
 (he takes the football
 from Swifty)
 Get your ass in class.
 (he rams the ball
 into J.J.'s gut)
 All of you.

The gang breaks up and follows the teacher into class. Scott
 puts his arm around Cindy but she pushes him off.

Jeffrey and Doris are at their lockers. Both have pictures
 and drawings of werewolves taped to their locker doors.

DORIS
 You know, you could have said you
 were my boyfriend.

JEFFREY
 But I'm not.

DORIS
 It might have saved you the
 humiliation.

JEFFREY
 I doubt it.

DORIS
 I hate them. All of them. I wish I
 could- ugghh!

Doris slams her locker door.