

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The area is bleak and dreary.

As blood ugly blood moon pans into view...

A black shape flashes past.

CREATURES' S P. O. V.

Panting in a mindless lope, occasionally the shape of a fore paw stretches in view.

Vehicles are heard first, then seen as headlights pass.

The lope slows to a trot.

Then to a cautious slink that stops in a crouch near the edge of the tree line.

A vehicle passes, watched until it disappears.

A brief check in the other direction shows only that ugly moon hanging over the tree lined corridor of road.

Facing the other side of the road, the creature bolts, crossing low, smooth, and soundlessly fast.

EXT. OTHER SIDE OF ROAD - EVENING

A rustled swirl of grass is the only sign of the thing's passing. Even as the grass settles...

CREATURE' S P. O. V.

The beast has resumed its mindless lope.

The view lowers to duck a hanging bough and the forepaws reach in frame.

Next, a fallen log is leapt.

A SEMI-HUMAN FOOT briefly stretches into frame and landing is accompanied by a distinctly HUMAN GRUNT.

Several strides later the loping forepaws appear again.

Gradually, the lights of an isolated home appear.

Emerging from the forest, a black hedge is hugged...

All the way up the driveway...

Until cutting to slink up the walkway to an upscale home.

Climbing porch steps, the view rises.

Just enough to peer through the window.

Inside, the only light comes the top of the second level stairs.

A WOMAN wearing a slip and scrubbing her hair dry with a towel appears and the view spins sideways, flattening against the house before it can be seen.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

At the mirror the attractive woman, athletic, in her 30's, towels a luxurious mane of hair.

A number of grooming products line the vanity.

NOTE: CONCEAL ALL PRODUCT NAMES AND NEVER ALLOW COMPLETE VIEWS OF ANY PRODUCT.

A beautiful studded choker collar lay beside a SMALL PRODUCT BOX.

Thinking she heard something, the woman calls.

WOMAN

Russ?

She keeps towel ing her hair.

INT. MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

On a cabinet is a holiday picture of the woman and her husband, partying with another couple.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Russ, that you?

Next to that is a GIFT wrapped in SILVER ANNIVERSARY PAPER.

A HAPPY 25TH CARD needs the second signature.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Russ, we're going to be late.

A hairy black shape slips past.

CREATURE' S P. O. V.

It glances around the corner and up the stairs.

On the wall is another picture, a formal portrait of the woman with her husband.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Tufting hair from the UNSEEN COLLAR the woman mutters as she checks in the mirror.

WOMAN

That man.

She reaches for the LITTLE PRODUCT BOX.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

In a wall mounted picture the Woman and her husband ham it up as cheesy vampires, with the same couple in equally cheesy werewolf costumes.

A hairy bulk slips past.

STAIRS

A hairy clawed hand grips the rail. Claws tick every so slightly.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Certain she heard something, unaware of the danger, the woman is only annoyed.

WOMAN

Rus? You need to shower.

Getting no answer by the time she attaches the pendant she opens the door and steps out.

WOMAN

Russel get in--

Gasping, she slams the door and presses her weight against.

The creature's hand is trapped in the door as it RAGES.

The door shatters inward, shoving the woman away.

She hits the wall, showered in shards of wood.

Her PENDANT jiggles in clear view as a fanged, slime dripping, snout roars.

And roars and roars and roars, venting frustrated fury in long putrid breaths.

The beast pulls back for another blast.

Only to be grabbed by the ear and jerked down.

INT. SHOWER - NIGHT

Visible through the partially open opaque shower door is the woman, and the werewolf's head. She's got him by the scruff as she berates.

WOMAN

I don't care, I don't want to hear it!

The beast kay-yies like a whipped dog.

WOMAN

Too bad. Get over it! Gawd!

She reaches for the shower door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

The woman slams the shower door so hard it reopens as she spins to the vanity.

On the vanity the open product boxes are an UPSCALE DOG COLLAR and a FLEA PENDANT.

Beside that is a bottle of DOG SHAMPOO.

She hurls the shampoo in the shower and the werewolf, the top of his head the only thing visible, flinches.

WOMAN

(escalating to shriek)

They're our best friends and we are not going to miss their silver wedding anniversary!

And don't forget your teeth, your breath stinks, gawd. You've been dumpster dining again, haven't you?

The werewolf whines a pathetic "Yes."

Searching, she throws a LARGE BRUSH and tooth past in, then storms out.

The werewol f si ghs.

After several beats of silence...

WOMAN

I don' t hear anythi ng.

The beast si ghs agai n, and turns on the water.

THE END

FADE OUT.