

Chasing Monsters

by

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TEASER

INT. VINTAGE JAGUAR - DAY

VINCE DEVLON, 40s, leather jacket, corduroy pants, Chuck Taylors on his feet. The pitch-black lenses on his sunglasses hide the many lifetimes worth of pain he harbors.

Parked on a hill, he looks down at a quaint New Haven home. He sits in the driver's seat, smokes a cigarette down to the filter. Looks pale, sweats profusely.

Vince has over-the-ear headphones on, they're connected to a small satellite dish that sits on the window of his car. The dish picks up chatter between MACY and CLARENCE.

Vince is visibly bored by the conversation he eavesdrops on.

MACY (O.S.)

Honey, I'm gonna put some tea on.  
Would you like?

CLARENCE (O.S.)

No thanks dear. I'm gonna go down into  
my workshop, could be a long night.

MACY (O.S.)

New client?

CLARENCE (O.S.)

Old client, new project.

The alarm on Vince's stop watch buzzes.

He flicks the cigarette filter out the window, takes a silver case from the glove compartment, removes a syringe and a vial of blood.

EXT. BACK YARD GARDEN, HOUSE IN QUEENS - AFTERNOON

WARREN BECKER, 30s, hipster, wears a gardening outfit. He's covered in dirt, in his element.

Four dogs play in the garden around him.

Warren looks up at the setting-sun, clicks a timer on his smart phone.

He heads inside. The dogs follow.

INT. VINTAGE JAGUAR - SUNSET

Vince packs up the syringe kit.

Color has returned to his once pale skin.

A large black gun-case sits on the back seat of his car.

INT. KITCHEN, WARREN'S HOME - NIGHT

Warren opens a small trap door on the floor of his kitchen, walks down a dark stair case.

The dogs sit down, wait for his return.

INT. STAIRS TO SECRET BASEMENT, WARREN'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Warren punches a code into the electric key pad of a vault-like door. It swings open, he enters.

INT. SECRET BASEMENT, WARREN'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

In the center of the small, cell-like room, sits a reclining chair - the kind you might see in a dentist's office.

Warren's eyes begin to darken. He sits in the chair.

The veins throughout his body appear to protrude.

He takes a pill bottle from a compartment in the chair, chews two pills.

Warren takes a non-rebreather mask, pulls it over his face, cranks up the canister it's connected to.

The timer on his phone buzzes. He clicks it off, passes out.

INT. VINTAGE JAGUAR - NIGHT

Vince has a fresh cigarette going.

He checks his watch, puts one hand to his headphones like he's listening intently - only now we don't here anything...

A LOUD SHRIEK IN VINCE'S HEADPHONES.

He jumps out of the car, pulls the large black case out, flips open the latches. A rifle sits inside.

He grabs it, sprints down the grassy knoll.

INT. SMALL HOUSE IN NEW HAVEN - NIGHT

MACY, 50, sits in rocking chair, does needle point, hums a tune. A breeze flows through the room, gives her a chill.

MACY

Clarence? Clarence dear it's getting  
chilly, would you close the window?  
Clarence?

INT. KITCHEN, NEW HAVEN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Macy closes the window. She rounds the corner, over to the door that leads to the basement, she pulls on the knob--the DOOR FLIES OPEN, knocks her backward onto the floor.

CLARENCE, 50s, round in the face and belly, lands on top of Macy. His eyes are completely black, veins in his body appear ready to burst.

Incisors protrude from his mouth, extra long, razor sharp. Clarence lets out a HOWL, Macy lets out a fearful SCREAM.

A bright, full-moon shines through the window.

Just as Clarence is about to take a bite out of Macy's throat--Vince kicks the front door in, shoots a dart into Clarence's chest. He jumps from Macy, toward Vince.

Vince shoots another dart at Clarence. He stumbles. His large incisors begin to retract.

He wobbles further toward Vince, comes face-to-face him. Vince jams a third dart into the werewolf's throat.

Clarence collapses to the floor, unconscious. Vince takes his cell phone out, makes a call.

VINCE (ON PHONE)

It's Devlon. Got the mark...Lycan-  
Hybrid, subdued...Wife's here...She  
saw everything. Send the team.

Vince hangs up his cell, heads toward the door.

MACY

W-w-w-wait!

Macy cries, shakes. Vince turns, approaches her, makes like he's going to put his hand on her shoulder, thinks twice, turns back, leaves.

ACT I

INT. SECRET BASEMENT, WARREN'S HOME - DAY

Warren sits impatiently in the dentist chair. Warren's dogs bark upstairs. The door finally swings open. Vince enters.

VINCE

Sorry I'm late partner.

WARREN

Forget about me?

VINCE

I was driving in all the way from New Haven. Cut me some slack.

WARREN

I should lock you up in here one night. See how much slack you give me.

VINCE

Well...I've got bagels.

WARREN

You stopped for bagels first?

VINCE

Thought you might be hungry.

WARREN

They from H&H at least?

VINCE

Bagel Bobs.

WARREN

You Vamps really are a heartless bunch.

He snatches the bag of bagels.

INT. BIKER BAR, WILLIAMSBURG - NIGHT

JOEL BISHOP, 30s, scruffy, sits at the bar-top, drinks glass after glass of rum; minds his own business.

TRACY, bartender, trans, black, takes no shit, fills him up.

A rowdy GROUP OF BIKERS, clad in leather, chug pints of beer, play darts.

As the night goes on, they become increasingly aggressive.

One biker, LOUIS, attempts to dance with a couple of WOMEN. They quickly walk away.

His fellow bikers laugh, clown him for this.

LONNIE wins the game of darts, dares one of his buddies, to step up, challenge him.

LONNIE

Any of your mothers teach you to throw  
a dart properly?

Another woman in the bar, ABBY, accidentally bumps into Louis. Louis attempts to dance with her. Abby tries to walk away, Louis follows her, circles her like a fly.

LOUIS

Dance with me baby, what's the matter?

ABBY

Um, I'm just gonna go drink with my  
friends.

LOUIS

You're friends can't drink like I can!

ABBY

I don't doubt that, not interested  
though--

LOUIS

What, too good to dance with me?

Joel speaks up, loud enough for the whole bar to hear.

JOEL

She said she ain't interested, pal.

LOUIS

Oh, and who the hell are you?

Abby scurries away while Louis is distracted. Joel keeps his back to the biker gang.

JOEL

I'm the guy you really don't want  
turning around right now.

Louis takes a step toward Joel, Tracy intervenes.

TRACY

Not tonight gentlemen. Just enjoy your darts, next rounds on me.

Tracy has managed to keep the peace for another moment.

Louis joins Lonnie in a game of darts, quickly grows bored.

LOUIS

Watch this.

Louis throws the dart at Joel, hits him in the shoulder.

Joel picks up his glass of rum, chugs it down in a single gulp, dart still burrowed into his shoulder.

Tracy fills up Joel's glass again.

Joel's indifference infuriates Louis further.

Louis throws another dart at Joel, this one missing slightly to the left, landing on the surface of the bar-top.

JOEL

You ride that chopper of yours as poorly as you throw darts?

The bikers laugh loudly, except for Louis who struts over.

Joel downs the glass of rum, turns around.

LOUIS

Think I'm gonna take shit from some punk, and his He-She bartender?

Louis throws a hard right hook at Joel, who dodges the attack, lunges at Louis, sinks his teeth into him, bites out the biker's throat.

Louis drops to the ground, blood funnels from his neck like a burst water main.

LONNIE

What the--

The petrified bikers watch Louis bleed to death.

Joel kneels down, fishes the keys out of Louis' pocket, exits the bar, rides off on the dead man's motorcycle.

INT. THE AGENCY, HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

CASSY, 30s, thick-framed spectacles, sits at a desk in a super high-tech office. She finds meaning in her work, keeps her desk pristine.

She's in one of two hundred identical cubicles, all tricked out with advanced computers and a half dozen monitors.

An alert pops up on one of her screens - an event has transpired in Williamsburg. She picks up one of her many phone lines.

CASSY (INTO PHONE)

I need a team over to Williamsburg,  
stat. Coordinates being sent over now.

Cassy slams the phone down, scoots back to her computer setup, types ferociously, puts a head-set on, speaks into it.

CASSY (INTO HEADSET)

Gloucester Street - and wear leather!

She switches phone lines once more.

CASSY (INTO PHONE)

Tracking him through the Holland  
Tunnel, check if he's got family in  
Jersey.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BIKER BAR IN WILLIAMSBURG - NIGHT

REBECCA speaks with OFFICER ROGER. His partner, OFFICER MACK, talks to other witnesses in the background.

Rebecca, 30s, glowing green eyes, long black hair. Field-work gives her a thrill.

REBECCA

I was out back having a cigarette, the  
one dude was smoking a dipper, before  
he went in and killed the guy.

OFFICER ROGER

A dipper?

REBECCA

A dipper, you know, like a smoke laced  
with angel dust. Must've been what got  
him all crazy-eyed.



OFFICER ROGER

And you saw him bite the victim's neck?

REBECCA

Oh I saw it, must've been high as a kite, that guy.

OFFICER MACK

Hey Rog, multiple witnesses say the biker gang was causing trouble. Might've hit the assailant with a dart before the altercation.

OFFICER ROGER

Wit over here says he was smoking PCP before he entered the bar.

Tracy butts in.

TRACY

Woh, woh, woh, Joel was a regular, I know him. He doesn't mess around with angel dust.

OFFICER ROGER

You know the assailant?

TRACY

Joel Bishop, drinks here almost every night. Drugs ain't his bag, man.

OFFICER ROGER

And your name is?

TRACY

Tracy, I tend bar here.

REBECCA

I'm telling you, I was having a smoke outside, same time as him. He was sucking down a wet and soggy cigarette, most definitely a dipper - my old roommate used to partake, I know a dipper when I see one.

TRACY

Bishop didn't even smoke cigarettes.

REBECCA

Were you his keeper or something?

Tracy scoffs, walks away.

OFFICER ROGER

Every bartender in New York thinks they're a therapist.

REBECCA

Amen...Need anything else from me, officer?

OFFICER ROGER

At the moment no, I've got your information, I'll give you a call in the coming days.

REBECCA

Sounds good.

Warren and Vince pull up in the jag, across the street from the biker bar. Rebecca takes note, approaches.

INT. VINCE'S JAG - MOMENTS LATER

Warren flips through Joel Bishop's personal information, on an iPad.

WARREN

Did Cassy mention whether or not they placed a witness in time?

VINCE

She didn't say, shouldn't have been too difficult, though, at this hour. What's the sheet say?

Warren tries to hand Vince the iPad, Vince waves it off.

WARREN

Bishop's got a set of grandparents out in Secaucus. Security cameras spot him in the Holland Tunnel, he's probably headed there now.

VINCE

There's a blood bank out there, I'm running low. Maybe we can stop on the way, after we check out his apartment?

Rebecca appears in the front driver's side window.

REBECCA  
Evening gentlemen. Cassy sent me.

VINCE  
Hop in the back.

Rebecca gets in the car.

WARREN  
I'm Warren, this pale son of a bitch.  
is Vince. You play witness tonight?

REBECCA  
I did. Rebecca.

She pokes her hand upfront in between Vince and Warren,  
neither of them give her a shake.

VINCE  
Any problems?

REBECCA  
Bartender and the wolf had a  
relationship.

WARREN  
How close?

REBECCA  
Close enough that I'm gonna tail her  
when she gets off her shift.

VINCE  
You follow protocol? Let HQ know?

REBECCA  
Yeah, Sunshine, I let HQ know.

WARREN  
Haven't met too many vamp-hybrids?

REBECCA  
They all stiff like your partner here?

WARREN  
No ma'am, Vince is a special breed.

REBECCA  
Vince the Vamp and Warren the Wolf.  
We're both your parents crime  
novelists, or something?

VINCE

Formally, we go by The Alphabet Boys.

REBECCA

Ah, Sunshine's got jokes?

WARREN

The guys at HQ, say we're quite well-rounded.

REBECCA

I'm sure, I'm sure. You guys well-stocked on K-darts?

VINCE

We are.

REBECCA

Alright, I'm gonna keep an eye on our bartender here. My number's in the dossier, if you need me.

VINCE

I think we'll manage.

Rebecca gets out of the car, heads back to the biker bar.

Vince and Warren drive off.

ACT II

INT. OUTSIDE BISHOP'S APARTMENT, BED-STUY - NIGHT

Warren and Vince stand outside Joel Bishop's front door.

Vince drops to one knee, uses a lock-picking kit to manipulate the front door.

WARREN

Ya know, they got modern tools that  
pick a lock a lot faster.

Vince pops the lock on the front door, pushes it open.

VINCE

I'm sure they do.

INT. BISHOP'S APARTMENT, BED-STUY - MOMENTS LATER

The pair draw their pistols, inch around the apartment.

VINCE

All clear.

WARREN

Clear in here, too.

VINCE

Safe's open, I'll take a look. See  
what you can find on his laptop.

Vince rifles through the contents of the safe - bills, old letters, and an empty gun case.

VINCE

Warren.

Vince holds up the empty gun-case.

WARREN

Lycan-Hybrid, hangs at dirty biker  
bars, guess we shouldn't be surprised  
he's packing. Has it been retooled for  
k-darts?

VINCE

No, just bullets. Anything on the  
computer?

WARREN  
Password protected.

VINCE  
Alright, bring it with us. We'll take  
it to HQ, after we check out his  
grandparent's place.

INT. BIKER BAR, WILLIAMSBURG - NIGHT

Tracy tends bar. Rebecca sits at the far end, sips gin and tonic, uses her phone to secretly snap photos of the Tracy.

Tracy serves drinks to a few customers, eventually catches a break in the action, takes out a nicotine patch.

Tracy and Rebecca briefly lock eyes. To play it cool, Rebecca asks the man next to her for a cigarette. He complies, she takes it, walks outside to smoke.

INT. VINCE'S JAG - NIGHT

Vince smokes a cigarette.

WARREN  
You have to smoke that thing in here?

VINCE  
Sorry.

Vince takes a long hard drag, tosses it out the window.

WARREN  
Would it kill you to switch to Juul?

VINCE  
The HQ goons already think we're the hipster duo; I'm not sure our street-cred could handle such a maneuver.

WARREN  
You could stop wearing Chuck Taylors on your feet, that'd probably help.

VINCE  
Never. These bad boys are vintage.

WARREN  
Your whole life is vintage. Just cause you stopped aging, doesn't mean you can't get with the times.

VINCE

All this from a man-dog rocking  
alligator skins? Please.

WARREN

Don't hate me cause I'm stylish.  
What'd you think of the Elf?

VINCE

Seems fine. You sure she's an elf?  
Sometimes humans just have green eyes.

WARREN

I'm sure. Can smell it in her  
pheromones. Something kind of off  
about an Elf who goes to work for the  
Agency, no?

VINCE

Maybe. She's not the first, though.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BIKER BAR, WILLIAMSBURG - NIGHT

Rebecca smokes a cigarette, schmoozes with the crowd, notices  
Tracy leave the bar.

Tracy turns down the block, disappears, Rebecca hesitates a  
moment, then follows.

Tracy walks on, heads down into the subway.

Rebecca follows, keeps a hundred paces back.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca reaches the subway platform. A train is waiting at  
the station, doors still open.

Rebecca looks around frantic, doesn't see Tracy on the  
platform.

She finally spots Tracy on the train, manages to board, one  
car back, just before the doors close.

INT. 'J' TRAIN - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca pushes through the crowded train car, until she gets  
to the door that leads to the next car in line.

She sees Tracy through the window of the door, snaps a couple  
pictures of the bartender on her smartphone.

Several stops later, the train-car Tracy is in becomes packed with more subway riders; Rebecca loses her vantage point.

She makes her move, from her car to the next, but doesn't see Tracy.

Just before the doors close, Rebecca spots Tracy on the platform, about to walk up the stairs, out of the subway.

Rebecca jumps off the train, follows her mark up above ground.

INT. VINCE'S JAG, SECAUCUS NJ - NIGHT

Warren drifts in an out of sleep, Vince drives. They arrive in Secaucus. Vince looks pale and sweaty again.

Warren's nostrils flare, he awakens, sits up.

WARREN

This place smells worse than the city.

VINCE

Didn't think that was possible.

WARREN

Smells like people come here to die.

VINCE

Maybe that's why they've got such a high-rated blood bank.

WARREN

Is that all you've ever got on your mind?

VINCE

The nicotine helps distract me.

WARREN

Well in that case, smoke up partner. Smoke up.

Vince smiles, lights up a cigarette. He offers one to Warren who shakes him off.

They pull up outside The Fountains at Secaucus, a Home for the Elderly. Vince puts the car in park out front.

WARREN

Want me to come in with you?



VINCE  
What do you think?

WARREN  
Good, old folk really creep me out.

VINCE  
I'll try not to be offended.

Vince gets out of the car; Warren reclines his seat as far back as it will go, closes his eyes.

INT. THE FOUNTAINS AT SECAUCUS, ELDERLY HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Vince approaches the front desk, where PATRICIA stands. Patricia's eyes are so green, they glow.

They proceed to have an almost robotic conversation.

PATRICIA  
Good evening sir, who are you here to visit tonight?

Vince reads her name tag.

VINCE  
Evening Patricia. I'm here to see my Uncle Stu, he called, and it sure did sound urgent.

PATRICIA  
Ah, Uncle Stu, of course. Right this way, I'll bring you to his quarters.

Patricia walks ahead, Vince follows. They get to an elevator, wait in awkward silence for it to arrive.

It finally does.

INT. ELEVATOR, THE FOUNTAINS - MOMENTS LATER

There is only an 'Up button,' but Patricia presses the blank space beneath it. A once-invisible 'Down button' lights up.

The elevator goes down for thirty seconds. The doors open.

PATRICIA  
Third door on your left.

It takes a brief moment for Vince to realize Patricia will not be exiting the elevator with him.

INT. HALLWAY, BLOOD BANK AT THE FOUNTAINS - MOMENTS LATER

Vince walks down the hallway. He passes multiple rooms, sees different MEN and WOMEN hooked up to IVs filled with blood.

Vince turns into the third room on the left.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM, BLOOD BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Decorated like a drab doctor's office.

JENKINS enters, dressed in nurses scrubs.

JENKINS

Sorry to keep you waiting.

VINCE

No problem, Doctor.

Vince rolls his sleeve all the way up. Jenkins hooks up a blood sack to an IV.

JENKINS

I'm actually not a doctor.

VINCE

Let a guy pretend, would you?

JENKINS

Ah I see, makes this whole thing seem less--

VINCE

Ridiculous?

JENKINS

If it helps, I graduated from nursing school.

VINCE

It really doesn't, but thanks. Can I smoke in here?

JENKINS

You're not supposed to. But if I can bum a cig, by all means...

Vince pats down all of his pockets, doesn't have his pack.

VINCE

Damn, must've left 'em in the car.

Jenkins pokes a needle into Vince's arm, begins the flow of blood through the IV.

JENKINS

This'll have to do.

Jenkins hands Vince a lollypop.

VINCE

Got any cherry flavor?

JENKINS

Fresh out of cherry, the old folk seem to like it the best.

VINCE

Well, they just ruin everything don't they?

Jenkins stares at him, unsure if he's kidding.

VINCE

Relax, it's a joke. I'm three times as old as these dementia-riddled folk, anyhow.

JENKINS

That's right, sometimes I forget.

VINCE

How long you been working here?

JENKINS

Been at The Fountains for about fifteen years now. We've only been working with you suckers for about...damn eight years, I think.

VINCE

Suckers?

JENKINS

Oh crap, I'm sorry, it's just a term us nurses throw around. Makes you guys seem--

VINCE

Less frightening. I get it.

Jenkins shrugs. Color has been restored to Vince's flesh.

VINCE

How'd you get into this? How does one go from taking care of unwanted old people, to working in a blood bank?

JENKINS

How does the Agency recruit anybody? Once you know what you know, doesn't exactly much feel like a choice.

VINCE

True...bet the pay raise was pretty solid, though.

JENKINS

Amen. You want a few vials to go  
Prices are pretty good out here,  
better than the City, anyway. A, B, O?

VINCE

Surprise me, I'm easy.

JENKINS

Alright, here's a variety pack.

Jenkins hands a silver brief case to Vince, takes the IV out.

VINCE

You're a real mensch, Doc.

JENKINS

A mensch, you say?

VINCE

Means, a person with integrity.

JENKINS

Oh, I know what it means. Just haven't heard too many Hybrids speaking Yiddish is all.

VINCE

I sort of lived with an Ashkenazi family for a time, back in the day.

JENKINS

No kidding? My great grandparents were Ashkenazi.

VINCE

Small world.

JENKINS

So when did the Agency recruit you?

VINCE

When I got back from Nam, just a shame they didn't snag me before I left.

JENKINS

Hah.

VINCE

Wish I was joking, Doc. Take it easy.

Vince exits the room.

INT. BLEAK APARTMENT - DREAM SEQUENCE

Warren lays in bed next to a faceless woman. The room is bland, the bed floats in a cloud of gray. He's thrust awake by the light of a full moon shining through the window.

His eyes go black, his features intensify. His teeth enlarge, become razor sharp. He lets out a howl, turns to the faceless woman, goes to take a vicious bite out of her--

INT. VINCE'S JAG - SAME TIME

Warren wakes up in a cold sweat. Frantic, he reaches across the car, grabs the pack of smokes off Vince's seat. He puts a cigarette in his mouth, spazzes out, can't find a lighter.

Vince appears, leans in through the open window, lights Warren's cigarette.

VINCE

Bad dream?

He gets in the car.

WARREN

The worst kind.

He exhales a thick, glorious hit of cancerous toxins.

VINCE

Do you *have* to smoke that in here?

ACT III

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM A, AGENCY HQ - NIGHT

Clarence is in a dark interrogation room. He sits at a silver table, hands cuffed.

He lifts his head up, looks to his right at what he correctly assumes to be a two-way mirror.

CLARENCE

Is someone gonna let me the hell outta here? How about a god damn glass of water!

Clarence slams his hands down on the table.

INT. THE AGENCY, HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

Cassy sits at her desk. On one of her computer monitors, she watches Clarence, locked up in interrogation room A.

On a different monitor, she watches Macy, crying in interrogation room B.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM A, AGENCY HQ - MOMENTS LATER

Clarence continues to yell at the mirror.

CLARENCE

Where's my wife? If anyone so much as lays a hand on her, I swear to god I will--

A door slides open, Cassy enters, holds a glass of water.

CASSY

Your wife is fine, Clarence. Although she wouldn't have been, had we not intervened.

CLARENCE

Who are you? Where am I? What have you done with her?

CASSY

Your wife is one room over. She's perfectly fine, physically, anyway. We've found that most folk who survive an attack from a Hybrid, usually wind up suffering from PTSD.

CLARENCE

What the hell are you talking about?  
Unchain me, now.

CASSY

Afraid I can't do that, Clarence.  
However, if you cooperate, I can  
answer most of your questions - the  
ones you can't answer yourself,  
anyway.

She puts the glass of water down in front of him. He looks at  
it suspiciously, picks it up, drinks the whole thing.

CASSY

What do you remember about last night?

CLARENCE

Last night?

A look of regret washes over Clarence's face.

CASSY

It was a full moon.

Their eyes match up in a cold stare.

CLARENCE

What have you done to me?

CASSY

What have we done? Nothing, aside from  
intercede before you murdered your  
wife.

CLARENCE

No, no I would never.

CASSY

I know that. But you almost did. It  
was the full moon. We also know that  
you tried to prepare for it, like you  
usually do, only this time you messed  
up. You were a minute too slow in  
fastening your restraints. Thus, we  
came and intervened.

CLARENCE

Who the hell is we?

CASSY

We're an agency, Clarence. Not unlike the NSA or Homeland Security. Except we monitor people like you.

CLARENCE

People like me?

CASSY

Hybrids, we call you.

CLARENCE

You mean...there's others?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BISHOP'S PLACE, BED-STUY - NIGHT

Tracy reaches Joel's apartment, realizes the front door has been opened, left unlocked, proceeds inside with caution.

The door to the stairwell opens slightly, Rebecca peers out, watches as Tracy enters Bishop's apartment.

INT. BISHOP'S APARTMENT, BED-STUY - MOMENTS LATER

Tracy creeps around the apartment, enters each room expecting trouble, finds that it's empty.

Tracy notices the safe is open, approaches it, kneels down to rummage through the remaining contents.

Tracy walks over to Joel's desk, studies it, notices a lap top charger, no lap top, opens each drawer - realizes that Joel's bottom desk drawer appears shallower than it should, pokes and prods at it until the false bottom pops up.

Inside the secret compartment are several manila folders and an external hard drive.

Tracy takes out the folders and hard drive, grabs an empty backpack from Bishop's closet, stuffs the contents of the secret drawer into the backpack.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BISHOP'S PLACE, BED-STUY - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca, still peering out from the stairwell, ducks down, closes the door when Tracy reemerges into the hallway.

Rebecca waits until she hears the ding of the elevator, then tears ass down the stairs.



INT. INTERROGATION ROOM B, AGENCY HQ - DUSK

Macy sits at a silver table, cries quietly. A cup of coffee rests on the table in front of her, untouched.

A door slides open. Clarence, still in handcuffs, enters the room. He takes a seat in the chair opposite his wife.

Macy's face lights up with a look of relief which quickly evaporates. She opens her mouth, can't find the words...

CLARENCE

Macy, it's me. It's me.

MACY

Wh-what happened?

CLARENCE

It's tough to explain. Tougher to comprehend.

MACY

Clarence, I thought you we're going to kill me.

CLARENCE

I wouldn't have, you know me.

MACY

Do I? Where the hell are we right now?  
What's going on?

Macy starts to sob again. Clarence reaches his cuffed-hands out to touch hers, she pulls away.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

Tracy enters the elevator.

Rebecca sneaks passed the doorman, watches the lights above the elevator illuminate, one by one, until it stops at the seventh floor.

INT. TRACY'S BUILDING, STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca enters the stairwell, jogs up to the seventh floor.

She exits the stairs into the hallway, huffing and puffing.

INT. TRACY'S BUILDING, SEVENTH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca walks by each front door on the seventh floor, reads the names listed under the doorbells.

At apartment H she reads the name, T. DOTTING, which is the only door that has a 'T' as the first initial.

REBECCA

Bingo.

Rebecca twists the door knob, surprised to find that it's unlocked.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca inches around the small apartment. She sees no one, but can hear the sound of the bath running.

She clears the kitchen and the living room, scoots passed the bathroom, makes her way into the bed room.

Rebecca spots the backpack from Bishop's apartment.

She walks over to it, opens it up, checks to make sure that the files and hard drive are still in it.

She re-seals the bag, turns around to make her exit - BUT TRACY APPEARS BEHIND HER, takes a swing at her head with a wooden baseball bat.

Rebecca ducks, barely dodges the swing.

REBECCA

Wait!

She rolls passed Tracy, who again tries to smash her with the bat, missing by a half an inch.

Rebecca scurries out the bed room, makes an attempt for the front door, Tracy is hot on her tail.

Rebecca reaches the front door, before she can open it, Tracy connects with a swing, bashes the baseball bat into Rebecca's back. Rebecca hits the floor.

REBECCA

Ahhhh!

Tracy swings down with the bat again, Rebecca manages to roll out of the strike radius, into the kitchen.

The wooden bat breaks into pieces against the floor.

Rebecca scurries to a wall, attempts to stabilize herself, rise to her feet, but Tracy picks a glass cup up out of the sink, smashes it over Rebecca's head.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM A, AGENCY HQ - DAWN

Cassy walks Clarence back to his chair, takes a seat across from him. He looks defeated.

CLARENCE

So, what happens now?

She reaches across the table, unlocks his handcuffs.

CASSY

Now, Clarence, you've got a choice.

CLARENCE

Doesn't feel that way.

CASSY

I've heard that before, from your type. You never asked for this--

CLARENCE

Curse.

CASSY

Sure. But you have the choice to embrace it. You should consider yourself lucky, really.

CLARENCE

How in the hell do you figure that?

CASSY

There have been others like you. Other's who did what you did, but no one intervened.

Clarence's eyes light up.

Cassy takes a stack of forms and a pen from her brief case, slides them across the table.

CLARENCE

What's this?

CASSY

This is your opportunity. You can be the force that stops others from making the irreversible mistake that you almost made.

CLARENCE

Like that guy? The one who shot me with those darts?

CASSY

So you remember?

CLARENCE

Some of it. He's...like me?

CASSY

Not exactly, but similar. He's got a partner though, just like you. Only with him, we didn't intervene in time.

CLARENCE

Why not?

CASSY

Lotta ground to cover on this rock. That's why we need more recruits. That's why we need you, Clarence. We can teach you to control yourself, to help others control themselves too.

CLARENCE

What about Macy, what happens to her?

CASSY

We've already gotten her signature. She'll remain quiet, she'll receive counseling - if she wants it.

CLARENCE

And she'll go back to her normal life?

CASSY

Yes.

CLARENCE

What if, what if she tells someone what happened?

CASSY

Whose gonna believe her if she does?

CLARENCE

Will I be able to see her again?

CASSY

That's her call.

Clarence looks down, ashamed. He picks up the pen.

INT. BATHROOM, TRACY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

TRACY

Wake up, it's time to wake up.

Tracy slaps Rebecca's face. Rebecca comes-to; she's got a gash on top of her head. She sits in a wooden chair, hands restrained.

The chair leans on its back two legs, against the bathtub, so that it would fall back entirely, if not for Tracy's foot weighing down the front end.

Rebecca is tied to the chair; a live-wire has been snipped open, fed into the filled bathtub.

REBECCA

Jesus Christ, you're psychotic. What is this?

TRACY

You lied at a crime scene, then followed me home, but *I'm* the psychotic?

REBECCA

You don't understand what's happening.

TRACY

Make me understand. Quickly, before my foot gets tired.

REBECCA

You don't get it. This won't work.

TRACY

You're the one who doesn't get it. I was in the special forces. *SEAL shit*. I specialized in extracting information.

REBECCA

That's not what I mean--

TRACY

You've got thirty seconds to tell me why you followed me, and why you lied to the cops about Joel.

REBECCA

This is bigger than you and me. Think about what you saw tonight, Bishop *killed* a man with his *teeth*.

TRACY

Those aren't answers. You've got fifteen seconds.

REBECCA

Ugh.

Rebecca kicks Tracy with both feet.

Tracy hits the wall behind her. The chair falls backward, snaps, as Rebecca tumbles into the bathtub.

Tracy is shocked to see that Rebecca doesn't get electrocuted.

TRACY

What the-how the...

REBECCA

People like me feed off of electricity. I'm not entirely human. Neither is Joel Bishop.

TRACY

This, this is impossible. You must have messed with the wire.

REBECCA

When I was unconscious?

Tracy goes to touch the water in the tub.

REBECCA

No, don't!

Tracy stops. Rebecca stands up in the tub, loosens her restraints.

REBECCA

Cut me loose, I'll explain everything.

TRACY

How do I know you won't kill me?

REBECCA

I'm no killer, I work in Human Resources. Besides, I could've just let you electrocute yourself.

TRACY

You work in H.R.?

REBECCA

Yes. It's not exactly SEAL-shit, but we monitor and protect people like Joel.

ACT IV

INT. VINCE'S JAG - DAWN

Vince drives, Warren rides shotgun.

WARREN

GPS says he's a mile down this road.

VINCE

If he's even here, that is.

WARREN

He's here, I can feel it.

VINCE

That a gut feeling? Or something more?

WARREN

We don't have your telekinesis, if that's what you mean.

VINCE

It's not telekinesis, wolf man.

WARREN

Well, we don't connect to one another like that. Just a gut feeling.

VINCE

Willing to make a wager on it?

WARREN

Sure. If I'm right, you gotta take my dogs for a walk. A long one.

VINCE

Hah, okay. But if I'm right, you give the Jag a hand wash, and I mean *really* make it sparkle.

WARREN

I always knew you had pervert fantasies like that. Sicko.

VINCE

We gotta deal?

WARREN

Deal. What kind of arsenal you keep in the trunk?



VINCE

Two rifles loaded with K-darts. Gotta few rounds of regular bullets, in case we ever run into some *Regulars*. Gotta couple knives, got like five hundred yards of trip wire back there, too.

WARREN

You got any silver bullets?

VINCE

No. I've never put a wolf down permanently. And to be frank, I'm surprised to hear you ask for 'em.

WARREN

While you're being *Frank*, can I remind *Vince* that the Agency issues silver bullets to every field agent.

VINCE

Yeah, and I choose to leave mine back at the office.

WARREN

You've been doing this how long?

VINCE

Long enough to have developed alternate methods for like this.

Warren takes out his revolver, checks the load - it's got shiny silver bullets inside.

WARREN

Situations like what? What if we run into a Hybrid that's ketamine addict?

VINCE

That's BS.

WARREN

It's not, happened to my last partner.

VINCE

How come I've never heard this?

WARREN

Probably cause he's not around for you to ask him. We ran into a junkie-wolf, tolerance through the roof.

VINCE

Yeah, well, that's not gonna happen twice.

WARREN

What if it does?

VINCE

I guess we'll cross that bridge when we get there. You know the Agency only started using ketamine in the '80s?

WARREN

As much as I'd love one of your famous history lessons, we're here. Kill the headlights.

Warren reaches over, turns the radio off.

Vince kills the headlights, they pull up to a two story home.

The Harley Davidson Bishop stole, parked out front.

WARREN

How do you want to play this?

VINCE

He's probably expecting us, or the police anyway. We should set up a perimeter.

WARREN

Maybe put that trip-wire you got to use?

VINCE

Now we're percolating. Throw these on, lemme know if you hear anything.

Vince tosses his headphones over to Warren, plugs them into his miniature satellite dish. Warren listens. Vince hops out, retrieves the trip-wire from the trunk, along with a cache of weapons.

WARREN

No one's speaking, just sounds like... 'Friends' reruns.

VINCE

Walkie talkies and a pair of binoculars in the glovebox.

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - SUN RISE

Tracy and Rebecca sit in the living room, sip coffee. Rebecca holds a cloth to her head-wound. Tracy's visibly shaken up.

TRACY

I've seen some shit. The nastiest jungles, hellish desserts. Pockets of genocide, all over the world. I've seen suicide in the name of God. But what you're talking about--it's...

REBECCA

Impossible?

Tracy looks up.

REBECCA

What you've seen today. Most humans will never see, and the ones who do, they'll explain it away as a mirage, or a hallucination or--

TRACY

Or a PCP-fueled bar fight?

REBECCA

Exactly.

TRACY

You're telling me. Why?

REBECCA

For starters, you didn't exactly leave me much choice.

TRACY

You followed *me*, brought this to *my* door.

REBECCA

You didn't have to go back to Bishop's place. But you did, why?

TRACY

I thought maybe there was some kind of conspiracy going on, why else would you come and lie to the police? But I never thought...this is impossible.

REBECCA

Humans get hung up on that word.

TRACY

*Humans*. So Joel was a werewolf, you're an elf, any other monsters I should know about?

REBECCA

I resent that word, for the record. There's others, no more full-breeds. Just humans and hybrids. All that's left.

TRACY

And if your agency finds Joel, they're gonna kill him?

REBECCA

Not if they don't have to. Option one is to take him in, bring him back to headquarters.

TRACY

And then what?

REBECCA

If the powers that be deem him...controllable, he'll be recruited.

TRACY

And if they think he can't be controlled?

Rebecca stares back at Tracy; those damn green eyes.

TRACY

Joel's a good man. He had a tough childhood, his instinct is to protect people.

REBECCA

Is that what he was doing in your bar last night?

TRACY

He didn't start that.

REBECCA

He sure as hell finished it.

TRACY

We need to find him, before your agency does. I can convince him, he'll be scared if he's approached by your people. But if I can get a chance to talk to him - he trusts me.

REBECCA

Look, even if I thought this would work, we've got protocols to follow.

TRACY

What's protocol say about me? We're you supposed to fill me in on the secret history of the world? No one else needs to die, human or hybrid.

EXT. OUTSIDE GRANDMA BISHOP'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Vince finishes setting up the trip-wire around the radius of the property. He ties off the final bit of slack, speaks into the walkie talkie.

VINCE (INTO WALKIE)

Next time, I do surveillance and you set the perimeter.

INT. VINCE'S JAG - SAME TIME

Warren sits in the car, holds binoculars up to his eyes, watches the house. He's got headphones over one ear.

WARREN (INTO WALKIE)

You've got more experience than me, partner.

VINCE (O.S.)

Don't dogs have shit vision anyway?

WARREN (INTO WALKIE)

That's not even original, you're slacking Vince.

EXT. OUTSIDE GRANDMA BISHOP'S HOUSE - SUNRISE

Vince lights a cigarette, heads back to the Jag.

VINCE (INTO WALKIE)

Throw me a bone, would ya?

They both let out a chuckle.

INT. VINCE'S JAG - MOMENTS LATER

Vince gets back in the car.

VINCE  
Anything inside?

WARREN  
Grandma's watching, 'Everybody Loves  
Raymond.' Shower went on for a bit,  
then went off. No dialogue.

Warren removes the headphones.

VINCE  
Maybe Grandma's deaf.

WARREN  
Maybe they're waiting for us.

VINCE  
Lemme get those?

Warren hands him the binoculars. Vince peers inside the house, sees only flickering light from the television.

WARREN  
I think we should go in.

VINCE  
And break protocol?

WARREN  
You've lived more than enough life  
times to know, protocols were made to  
be broken.

VINCE  
Yeah, and in all my years working for  
them, I've also learned that you *don't*  
cross the Agency.

Warren opens the door of the Jag.

WARREN  
You gonna make me go at it alone,  
then?

He gets out of the car, grabs one of the dart-rifles, heads down toward the house.

VINCE

God damn.

EXT. OUTSIDE GRANDMA BISHOP'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Vince jumps out, grabs the other rifle, follows his partner.

VINCE

Do you at least have a plan in mind?

WARREN

I'm just gonna knock on the front door.

VINCE

Clever.

They make their way to the front porch.

Warren approaches the door, Vince hangs a few feet back, at the top stair.

Warren knocks on the door three times loudly.

WARREN

Mrs. Bishop, are you home?

Nothing. He knocks again.

WARREN

Mrs. Bishop? We think your son might be in some trouble, we're hear to--

A shotgun cocks, inside the house.

Warren ducks down in a crouch, just in time for a buck shot to explode through the front door, pass over his head, and burrow into the chest of Vince.

VINCE

Goddamn!

ACT V

INT. BLACK SUV - MORNING

Tracy drives. Rebecca rides shotgun.

TRACY

So basically, your Agency uses these hybrids to track and hunt each other?

REBECCA

It's a bit more complex than that, but essentially, yes.

TRACY

Sounds like Jews turning in other Jews during the Holocaust.

REBECCA

Well, that's...colorful. Look, we're not a group of villagers hunting down Frankenstein, with pitch forks. We apprehend and intervene. We keep the hybrids secret, they can hide in plain sight, as long as they're peaceful. Does that actually sound *wrong* to you?

TRACY

I'm sure your agency would love see the hybrids go extinct.

REBECCA

You're awfully sure of things.

Awkward silence. It lingers.

TRACY

If we find Joel in time, or we don't, what happens to me? What happens next.

REBECCA

I really haven't thought that far ahead.

TRACY

Perfect.

REBECCA

We do employ humans. You'd have to pass a background check. I'm sure your special forces experience is a plus.



TRACY

Oh, you'd pass my resume along?

More silence.

Lingers.

REBECCA

I imagine there weren't so many folk  
like you in the special forces--

Rebecca cuts herself off. Tracy shoots her a glare.

REBECCA

What I mean is, uh--

TRACY

You done asking questions? We're  
almost at Joel's Grandmother's place.

REBECCA

I think it's down this dirt road, on  
the right.

TRACY

Yeah, I can read the GPS.

They turn off the main road, onto the dirt path that leads to  
Grandma Bishop's house.

As they pull up to the house, they see Warren duck down at  
the front door.

Then the door explodes, and Vince gets knocked on his ass.

REBECCA

Oh my God!

EXT. OUTSIDE GRANDMA BISHOP'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Warren crouches over Vince.

WARREN

I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so  
sorry. Jesus, how do I fix this?

Warren puts his hand on Vince's chest wound.

VINCE

Ahhh, damn. Don't worry, I'll be okay.  
Don't let him get away.

Warren runs to the side of the house, breaks open a window with his rifle, hoists himself inside.

Tracy runs toward the back of the house, looks for a back door.

Rebecca rummages through Vince's Jaguar, fumbles around with the contents inside, finds his stash of blood vials.

She grabs a vial and a syringe, runs over to Vince.

She loads up the syringe with blood, struggles to find a vein on his arm.

Finally, she just plunges the needle down into his neck.

INT. FIRST FLOOR, GRANDMA BISHOP'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Warren wades through the first floor of the house with caution. He makes it to the living room, stares at the back of Grandma Bishop's head.

She's stationed herself in a rocking chair, five feet in front of the front door. She holds a large shot gun.

Warren approaches her slowly, puts his rifle up against the back of her head.

WARREN

Jesus lady, you almost blew my head clean off.

GRANDMA BISHOP

Wouldn't have missed, if it wasn't for my damned arthritis.

WARREN

You got my partner.

Warren takes the shotgun from her, lowers his own weapon.

GRANDMA BISHOP

Serves you right. Coming here hunting my grandson, the way you are.

WARREN

We don't want to hurt him, we just want to stop him front hurting others. Did he explain why we're looking for him?

GRANDMA BISHOP

He doesn't need to explain a thing. Your people have been hunting ours, for centuries. You're a traitor to your own kind.

WARREN

So you're--

GRANDMA BISHOP

Like you? Yes, except I'm free. And so is my grandson.

WARREN

He murdered someone last night.

GRANDMA BISHOP

My understanding, is that that son of a bitch had it coming. If the tables were turned, and that son of a bitch had murdered my grandson? You wouldn't do a thing about it.

WARREN

Because humans have checks and balances. That's what the police are for.

GRANDMA BISHOP

You ever met a free wolf, killed another wolf?

He's got no response. He takes out a zip tie from his pocket, restrains her wrist to the rocking chair, proceeds upstairs.

INT. SECOND FLOOR, GRANDMA BISHOP'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Warren makes it to the top of the stair case, checks all the rooms, finds Bishop at the far end of the hall.

Bishop stands on the window ledge, one foot in, one out on the roof of the house.

Tracy's next to him.

WARREN

Don't move Bishop, you can't outrun us. If you come in, we can settle this without violence.

Warren raises his rifle, aims it at Joel.

TRACY

Put the gun down, it doesn't need to go like this. Joel, if you run, it will only get worse.

JOEL

You don't know these people, Tracey. They'll keep me locked up, miles underground. I'll never see the light of day.

TRACY

We can figure something out.

JOEL

Just make sure they don't hurt my Grandma.

Joel turns, exits through the window out onto the roof.

Warren takes a step forward, as he pulls the trigger, Tracy steps in front of the window, gets hit by the ketamine-dart, falls down unconscious.

WARREN

Jesus.

Warren approaches the window. He takes a shot at Bishop, but the dart misses as Bishop jumps off the roof, falls to the grassy back yard of the house.

Warren steps out the window onto the roof.

EXT. ROOF OF GRANDMA BISHOP'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Warren aims at Bishop, who hauls ass across the field, behind the house, toward a heavily wooded area.

He quickly gets out of range.

WARREN

God Damn it.

EXT. OUTSIDE GRANDMA BISHOP'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A needle sticks out of Vince's neck. He's wakes up, slow.

Rebecca sews his chest wound shut in a rudimentary fashion.

Warren emerges from the front door of the house, an unconscious Tracy in his arms.

WARREN

He got away, Bishop got away!

REBECCA

What happened in there?

WARREN

Your friend here tried to play hero.  
Gonna be unconscious, at least a  
couple hours.

REBECCA

I can see that. What the hell  
happened?

WARREN

Bishop leapt out the window. The human  
*you brought* to our crime scene, jumped  
in front of my k-dart. What the hell  
are you two doing here, anyway? You're  
breaking protocol on so many levels.

Rebecca finishes up the sew job.

REBECCA

You're gonna talk to *me* about breaking  
protocol? Like you two nimrods weren't  
explicitly told to set up a perimeter,  
and stand down?

WARREN

You're way out of your depth, Elf.

REBECCA

And you're way out of line.

VINCE

Stop, stop, c'mon. Warren go find the  
wolf, or this'll all be for nothing.

WARREN

He's right. Get his sun glasses or his  
eyes'll fry outta his skull.

Warren puts Tracy on the ground, next to Vince. He takes his  
revolver out, heads off toward the forest.

REBECCA

Warren, don't kill him!

Vince stands himself up.

REBECCA

You need to stay down, you're badly wounded. Suns coming up. You can probably use another vial.

VINCE

Warren's pistol...He's got silver bullets in it.

REBECCA

Jesus.

VINCE

He's already got demons like you wouldn't believe. If he kills one of his own kind--

REBECCA

He'll never be able to live with himself. Go.

VINCE

There should be spare darts in my trunk, grab one, dose the Grandma.

Vince picks up his rifle, trots after his partner, toward the woods. Rebecca gets up off the ground, drags Tracy to the SUV.

INT. GRANDMA BISHOP'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Rebecca enters the house. The rocking chair is empty, except for the cut zip tie.

REBECCA

You've gotta me kidding me.

EXT. THE WOODS - SUNRISE

Joel Bishop limps through the woods. He stops for a moment, out of breath, leans up against a tree.

An inch from where Joel's head rests, the tree explodes, as a silver bullet rips through it.

Warren aims his pistol at Bishop from a hundred feet away.

Bishop runs off, zig zags through the trees.

Warren continues on after him, lets off two more shots, narrowly misses.

Bishop reaches the edge of an incline, stumbles, begins to tumble down hill, smashes his head on some rocks and trees.

He lands hard, in a shallow creek.

JOEL

Ahhhhdamn.

Warren reaches the edge of the incline, spots his prey at the bottom, begins to carefully recline down the hill.

JOEL

Don't do this, please.

WARREN

I'm saving you from yourself, you're dangerous.

JOEL

We're the same. You and me, we're the same!

Warren reaches the bottom of the incline, a few steps from Bishop.

WARREN

I know.

Warren lifts his pistol, aims it at Joel's head.

BANG! A shot is fired - but not from Warren.

A dart is lodged in the back of Warren's neck.

Vince stands fifty feet behind him, rifle aimed at his partner. Warren realizes what has happened.

WARREN

Vince, you...

Warren collapses.

JOEL

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Vince walks over to Bishop.

VINCE

I didn't do it for you.

Vince shoots a dart into Joel's chest. Puts him to sleep.

INT. THE AGENCY, HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Vince stops at Cassy's cubicle. She removes her headset.

CASSY

Heard you and Warren started a real  
shit show.

VINCE

That's why I'm here. Figured if I'm  
gonna get reamed out, might as well  
get it over with.

CASSY

Is it true you shot your own partner?

VINCE

It is, and ya wanna know something?

CASSY

Tell me.

VINCE

He ain't the first partner I've shot.

CASSY

Hah, I believe it.

Cassy's computer dings. She spins, reads the screen.

CASSY

Holy shit.

VINCE

What's up?

CASSY

My program just finished decrypting  
Bishop's files.

VINCE

And? What's he got?

CASSY

This looks like...blue prints.

VINCE

For what?

Vince looks over her shoulder at the computer screen.



CASSY  
Headquarters. Our headquarters.

EXT. OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Clarence sips a latte, dials a number into his cell phone.

CLARENCE (ON PHONE)  
Hey, it's me. I'm in...No, they don't  
suspect a thing. It worked exactly  
like you said it would.

INT. OFFICE - SAME TIME

Grandma Bishop sits in an office, with a high-tech computer  
set up, not unlike Cassy's.

GRANDMA BISHOP (ON PHONE)  
Nicely done, Clarence. Just stick to  
the plan. Stay in touch, and keep me  
informed. Good luck, Soldier.

**END.**