

THE WOLF MAN

"PILOT: "Blue Moon"

Written by
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ACT 1

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Silhouetted by TALL PINES, A THREE-QUARTER MOON rides the clouds in a patch of blue night sky. A SLOW CRANE DOWN brings us to the forest floor. APPROACHING HOOFBEATS and...

A TWELVE-POINT BUCK - EXPLODES out of the underbrush, kicking up clots of mud and sodden leaves as it hurtles down the game-path pursued by a RUNNING MAN...

LAWRENCE "LAW" TALBOT - dressed in sweats and sneakers; mid-30s, handsome, American, masculine--William Holden in his prime--moving with speed and effortless grace; anticipating and matching the deer's every move.

DEER AND MAN - ZIG-ZAG through dense forest. The chase is thrilling, reckless, branches scoring small cuts as Law hurtles through the brush, steadily gaining on the buck. He loses it as it blunders through a thick stand of brush.

A CLEARING - Law BURSTS through the brush in pursuit, freezes, chest heaving as, awestruck, he gazes down at...

THE BUCK - COLLAPSED IN EXHAUSTION, flanks lathered in sweat. Terrified, helpless, struggling for breath, it stares up at Law with quivering brown eyes.

LAW - gazes down at the animal, astonished.

SLAM OUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: THREE WEEKS AGO

FADE IN:

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

CLOSE ON T.V. - A FEMALE ANCHOR in front of a GARISH NEWS-GRAPHIC of four raking bloody claw-marks under a logo that reads "SKULKER."

ANCHOR

It appears the investigation into
the cross-country killer known as
The Skulker has stalled.

Typical contemporary tableau, STUDENTS hunched over LAPTOPS and TABLETS--the women, studious and resolute, working on term papers and spreadsheets; the men significantly less so, dawdling on the internet, playing online games.

ANCHOR

The killer, who has claimed over twenty victims across the Southeast United States, has evaded capture, despite the efforts of a task force composed of Federal and State law enforcement agencies...

Wearing a t-shirt and jeans, Law waits for his order, perusing a copy of the ATLANTA JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION. Impatient, he checks his CELL for the time. A DEEP VOICE RUMBLES with a BACKWOODS ACCENT:

LORD LEE (O.S.)
Should've ordered coffee.

Law looks at the speaker, LORD LEE, a grizzled bastard seated at a nearby table; mid-50s, wearing a rumpled jean jacket.

LAW
I'm sorry?

LORD LEE
You're in a hurry. Should've ordered coffee.

LAW
I did order coffee.

Lord Lee raises his eyebrows, gives him a slow, condescending grin, points at his own cup.

LORD LEE
This is coffee. Black. Takes about ten seconds to pour.

Law looks at him, puzzled. Lord Lee's point is driven home when THE BARISTA CALLS OUT:

BARISTA
Law, venti nonfat latte!

Law collects his drink. When he turns, LORD LEE IS GONE.

EXT. EMORY UNIVERSITY - PARKING LOT - DAY

DR. NELSON ABBOTT, balding, 40s, struggles with the latch on the convertible top of a '68 FIREBIRD 400 CONVERTIBLE, a "FOR SALE" SIGN on the Pontiac's rear passenger window.

LAW
Betty finally put her foot down?

Abbot turns, sees Law collecting his laptop and a stack of books bungeed to the seat of his parked Vespa.

ABBOTT

You have no idea...

INT. EMORY UNIVERSITY - LAW'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Law rushes in. His T.A., JANA PEABODY, 20s, petite, attractive, stands ready with notes and a thumb-drive, hands them off.

JANA

Battle of Pickett's Mill.

Before he can dart out the door, she grabs his arm, hands him a tweed sport coat.

INT. EMORY UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - DAY

Grim VINTAGE PHOTOS OF BLOATED UNION WAR DEAD PROJECTED ON A SCREEN. Law is utterly devoted to his subject, but his delivery is flat, faltering and occasionally droning.

LAW (O.S.)

Despite putting his troops miles beyond supply lines, short on food and ammunition, Sherman ordered an attack on the left flank of the Rebel Line. It was a bloodbath...

LIGHTS LOW. A large theater-like space. Bored STUDENTS text each other, update their Facebook pages, nod off, pay little attention.

LAW

Trapped on a strip of open marsh they called "The Hell Hole," Union soldiers fell by the thousands under six hours of relentless, withering Rebel fire...

A SLEEPY BLONDE - chin on her chest, SNORES SOFTLY until another student KICKS THE BACK OF HER CHAIR.

LAW

After decimating the enemy, Confederate Hiram Granbury's Texans mounted a counterattack. It's a rout. Union dead, over 3,000.

LAW - A SLOW PUSH past the lectern on the photo of a sprawled soldier, his BLOODY, clawed hand clutching a UNION CANTEEN

STROBE FLASH TO:

INT. G.L. CONLIFFE AUCTIONS - MAIN ROOM - DAY

TIGHT ON A UNION CANTEEN resting on blue velvet.

GWEN CONLIFFE mid-30s, a refined blonde beauty with the frosty elegance of Veronica Lake, supervises a PHOTOGRAPHER as he captures images of the canteen.

GWEN

Okay that's good. *Hugo...*!
(snaps her fingers)
The saber.

Her number-two, HUGO PENDEGRASS, 40s, fussy, bow-tie, assists SEVERAL EMPLOYEES as they inventory and prepare various Civil War militaria--SWORDS, UNIFORMS, HATS. Law ENTERS, watches, unnoticed by Gwen.

HUGO

Dewitt or Boyle and Gamble?

GWEN

Boyle and Gamble for Pete's sake.
Come on! Chop chop!

Hugo, wearing white cotton gloves, unsheathes and gingerly places a CONFEDERATE SABER on the blue velvet, trades a long-suffering look with Law. Gwen clocks it, turns and SQUEALS with pure delight.

GWEN

Law!

She rushes up to him, gives him a warm hug.

GWEN

What on earth are you doing here?

LAW

Had some time, thought I'd pop in.
I texted you.

GWEN

(turns)
Hugo, get shots of lots thirty-three through forty. I'll be right back.

INT. G.L. CONLIFFE AUCTIONS - MAIN WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The large space resembles a prop-shop, containing rows of shelves packed with valuable *objects d'art*, from FURNITURE TO TEXTILES TO BONE-CHINA TO JEWELRY. Oversized pieces, including a VINTAGE ROADSTER, are arranged on the floor.

Gwen pulls Law around a corner and gives him a passionate, lingering kiss. Law looks at her, dazed.

LAW
What's that for?

GWEN
I can't go.

LAW
You can't--?
(realizes)
Oh, Gwen! C'mon! You promised.

GWEN
I know but something came up and I just can't.

LAW
It's Cat People!

Law makes claws, HISSES for effect.

GWEN
I know I know I know, and you know I've always wanted to see it, but tonight I have to drive down to Savannah.

LAW
Savannah! What for?

GWEN
(sighs)
I got asked to inspect and appraise the McDonough Plantation.

LAW
(thinks)
Colonel John G. McDonough?

GWEN
Exactly! You know him? Of course you know him, you're a history professor. Yes, John G. McDonough-- well not him but his, what? Great great granddaughter...?

LAW
Can't this wait?

GWEN
Not without losing our jump on the big boys.

(MORE)

GWEN (CONT'D)

We just don't get shots at estates
this size every day. Or every year.
Or... ever.

(hugs Law)

This could be worth a quarter-
million in commissions.

He sees her mind is made up, SIGHS.

LAW

I was looking forward to this.

GWEN

So go. Ask Lori. She loves those
old movies. You two'll have a ball.

(off his disappointment)

I'm sorry, baby. I promise we'll go
together the very next time it
plays. Or...

(nuzzles up to him)

... we could just stream it and
watch it sometime in bed.

LAW

Swear.

This time, Gwen makes claws, HISSES. Law LAUGHS and they seal
the promise with a passionate kiss.

EXT. CENTERS FOR DISEASE CONTROL (C.D.C.) - DAY

Establish. PRELAP a PURRING PHONE.

INT. C.D.C - MICROBIOLOGY LAB - CONTINUOUS

Seated at a workstation, a LAB ASSISTANT fills out reports.
Behind glass, a figure dressed FULL HOODED AND RESPIRED
BIOHAZARD SUIT works in a CLEAN ROOM. The Assistant picks up
the RINGING PHONE:

ASSISTANT

Mi-Bi two.

(listens)

Hold on...

He leans forward and toggles a switch on his console.

INT. C.D.C. - MICROBIOLOGY LAB - CLEAN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DR. LORI STERLING, mid-30s, a Creole epidemiologist with the
warm, easy beauty of Lena Horne, focuses on scooping live
cells from a petri-dish, transferring them to a microscope
slide. The Assistant's voice chirps over her headset.

ASSISTANT

Lawrence Talbot. Can you talk?

Lori smiles. It's like the sun breaking through clouds.

LORI

Patch him through.

(a CLICK)

Hey, Wyatt!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LAW AND GWEN'S CONDO - CONTINUOUS

A very nice place in a luxury high-rise professionally decorated with a tasteful mix of contemporary and antique furniture, fine art--all a reflection of Gwen. Law looks distinctly out-of-place in the posh digs.

LAW

Hey, Doc. Got two tickets to Cat People tonight at The Fox. I'll pop for dinner after.

LORI

I can't. Chin-Chin's gotta gig at The Tabernacle.

LAW

I thought you dumped that guy.

LORI

I did. But we made up. Then he dumped me and we made up. Then I dumped him--

LAW

--and you made up, I get it.

LORI

Rain check?

LAW

Yeah. You guys have a good time. Try not to kill each other.

Law PUNCHES "END" on his cell, regards his and Gwen's FRENCH BULLDOG, ROCKY, who gazes up inquisitively at him.

LAW

You wanna see Cat People...?

The dog gazes blankly up at him. SNORTS.

LAW
I didn't think so.

EXT. FOX THEATER - NIGHT

A FULL MOON gilds the ragged edges of boiling thunderheads with silver. LIGHTNING FLASHES. RAIN SLASHES DOWN, lending a soft volumetric glow to the NEON MARQUIS of the vintage Atlanta movie palace: "THE CAT PEOPLE."

INT. FOX THEATER - AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

ONSCREEN: The rich noir classic, *THE CAT PEOPLE*. SIMONE SIMON and KENT SMITH enter a pet-store.

Law walks down the aisle, POPCORN AND SODA in hand, eyes adjusting to the darkness. There are maybe a DOZEN PEOPLE in the theater; tons of seats. He takes one isolated up near the REAR OF THE THEATER, eyes glued to the screen.

ONSCREEN: THE ANIMALS IN THE STORE GO WILD.

Briefly distracted by movement, Law turns and sees a lithe, statuesque REDHEAD in a black mini-dress take a seat at the end of his row--maybe a dozen seats from him. She glances at him and he looks away.

She turns to the screen, scarlet, sensuous lips bent in a faint smile.

Disconcerted, Law tries to focus on the movie. He hears a GUTTURAL MOAN; turns, freezes, a bite of popcorn halfway to his lips.

THE REDHEAD - slouched in her seat, eyes narrowed to heavy lidded slits, lips parted...

HER HAND - caressing the inside of her thigh, clawing up the hem of her dress, revealing STOCKING-TOPS AND GARTER-BELT STRAPS.

Hypnotized, Law can't believe he's actually seeing this. He tears his eyes up from the exhibition only to see...

THE REDHEAD - is BOLDLY STARING DIRECTLY AT HIM, a teasing grin bending her sensuous lips.

LAW - Busted, he quickly turns away; locks his eyes on the big screen, pushing popcorn into his cotton-mouth. After a long moment, he hazards a glance down the row.

HIS POV - Her seat is EMPTY.

With a mix of relief and disappointment, Law resumes viewing the movie. A LONG BEAT, then a SOFT, DRAWN WHISPER:

REDHEAD

Lawrence...

He turns and she's DIRECTLY BEHIND HIM. NAKED, the FLICKERING CAST OF THE FILM sliding across her pale shoulders, her eyes a strange, SPARKLING CAMEL. Suddenly...

... her features ABRUPTLY CLENCH INTO SOMETHING VULPINE, FOX-LIKE, her mouth ratcheting open to reveal SHARP CANINES as she LUNGES, JAWS CLAMPING ON HIS TRAPEZOID, BLOOD SPURTING from the tearing wound.

ONSCREEN: Simone Simon TRANSFORMS INTO A PANTHER and TEARS HER PSYCHIATRIST LOVER APART, his SCREAMS masking the actual violence occurring in the theater as....

Law PUNCHES HIS ATTACKER in the face. She RELEASES HIM AND BOLTS AWAY--a flickering ginger blur HURTLING ON ALL FOURS AT BLINDING SPEED toward the front of the theater. Startled CINEPHILES react with CONFUSED SHOUTS as the half-seen animal BLASTS down the aisle, SLAMS OPEN one of the exits flanking the screen and lunges into the night.

INT. FOX THEATER - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

A FEW ECLECTIC MOVIE BUFFS stand in line for concessions. Law staggers to the center of the lobby, deathly pale, BLOOD DRENCHING THE ENTIRE LEFT SIDE OF HIS SHIRT. A WOMAN SCREAMS.

LAW - takes a step, collapses on the garish carpet and a SLOW RISE up from his still form takes us...

OUTEND ACT 1

ACT 2**INT. KINDRED HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT**

A PAIR OF BLACK FLEUVOG MUNSTER GWYNNE SHOES, a well-turned ankle, torn fishnets and a leather miniskirt, long legs scissoring as they stride up to the NURSE'S STATION.

LORI - decked out for club-land, flashes her OFFICIAL C.D.C. IDENTIFICATION.

LORI
Patient Lawrence Talbot.

Flustered, the NURSE hesitates.

LORI
Now.

INT. KINDRED HOSPITAL - TREATMENT ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Busy scene. Law rides high on oxies. HIS TRAPEZOID, CHEWED TO SHIT, is CLEANED AND SUTURED by an E.R. DOCTOR, a NURSE in attendance. A UNIFORMED ATLANTA COP questions him:

COP
Can you describe the assailant?

LAW
(groggy)
I just did. She was... aww, Jeez...

COP
Height, weight--

Lori enters, holding her I.D. up high:

LORI
Dr. Lori Sterling, Senior
Epidemiologist, C.D.C. I am hereby
placing this patient under Federal
quarantine. All non-essential
personnel, clear out!

COP
Ma'am, I need to get a report.

LORI
Officer...
(reads his name-tag)
... Clinton, do I look like a
"ma'am" to you?

The Cop's eyes widen. He swallows, closes his notebook and EXITS. As Lori examines Law, she spits out orders:

LORI

I'm going to need blood and tissue samples. Remove, preserve and seal all used swabs, bandages for transport--anything with biological material on it.

DOCTOR

Yes, Ma'a--
(corrects himself)
Doctor. Yes, Doctor.

She returns her attention to Law, placing her hand on his uninjured shoulder and ASKING SOFTLY:

LORI

How you doing, Wyatt?

Law closes his eyes, the corner of his mouth twitching up in an exhausted, grateful smile as he covers her hand with his.

EXT. ATLANTA STREET - NIGHT

Lori's black Land Rover sizzles over the wet asphalt.

INT. LORI'S LAND ROVER - CONTINUOUS

Still slightly addled by the pain-killers, SHOULDER BANDAGED, wearing the SLASHED, BLOODY remains of his shirt, Law gives Lori the blow-by-blow.

LORI

She what?

LAW

She changed.

LORI

Changed what? Clothes?

LAW

No. I mean, just before she bit me she... changed.
(off her confusion)
Into something.

LORI

Into what?

LAW

Not human. Like... some kind of animal.

LORI

I bet. Crazy-ass people out there,
high on bath-salts and chewing
people to bits. You're lucky she
didn't gnaw your face off.

Law looks away. That's not what he meant, but the memory of
his attacker, already fading, is just too crazy to be true.

LORI

I'm gonna run a full panel on your
samples. You gotta promise me you
won't get busy with Gwen until I've
cleared you.

LAW

How long?

LORI

Two weeks. Maybe three.

LAW

Three weeks?!

LORI

I'm serious. Who knows what kind of
bugs a douche-canoe like that might
be carrying: AIDS, hep... even
rabies...

EXT. LAW AND GWEN'S CONDO BUILDING - NIGHT

Lori pulls into the entrance drive, stops in front of the
front doors.

LORI

You good?

LAW

Yeah, I got it. Thanks, Doc. I owe
you.

LORI

Don't be a sap. If it wasn't for
you, I'd probably be in jail or
tying off in a crack-house by now.

LAW

That wasn't me. That was you. All
the way.

She moves forward and kisses him on the cheek. Law gets out
of the car, SLAMS the door.

LAW

Sorry I wrecked your date with Chin-Chin.

LORI

Nah. That hit the rocks ten minutes after I got to the club. What's the most beautiful word in the English language?

LAW

Next!

She LAUGHS and POWERS AWAY, leaving him dejected. *Three weeks?!*

INT. LAW AND GWEN'S CONDO

Law KEYS OPEN the door, is startled to be immediately met by a fierce embrace from Gwen. He winces. She immediately releases him, horrified she might have hurt him.

GWEN

Oh! I'm sorry! Are you okay baby
I'm sorry!

LAW

I'm good. It's just a little tender
is all. I thought you'd be gone?

GWEN

I'd just finished when Lori called.
Drove back here like a maniac. What
happened? She said you were
attacked.

Law's answer is interrupted by A LOW GROWL. They look down.
Rocky is in full defensive mode, FUR BRISTLING.

LAW

Hey, Rocky. Daddy's okay...

Rocky immediately falls silent, shivers and PEES ON THE RUG.
Law takes a step forward. Rocky hightails it out of the room.

LAW

What's gotten into him?

Gwen has no idea.

INT. LAW AND GWEN'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pale MOONLIGHT streams through floor-to-ceiling windows, spilling over the bed. Gwen sleeps soundly as Law stirs in his sleep, bed-covers thrown off, sheets twisted.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXPLOSIVE SERIES OF POPS - RAMPED AND BUZZED, SURREAL:

A STERLING SILVER CAST WOLF'S HEAD - topping an EBONY CANE, MOONLIGHT sparkling over its faceted surface.

DOWNTOWN - NIGHT - A PACK OF WOLVES - running down streets, BURSTING through an alley, scrabbling over the hoods of cars. SNAPPING JAWS; GLOWING EYES.

STARBUCKS - DAY - Law pries up the lid of his Venti latte to add milk. The same tableau we saw earlier: Studious, self-directed young women; idle, apathetic young men.

CIVIL WAR DEAD - sprawled on the street in front of the FOX THEATER. WOLVES DART AND PIVOT past them at a FULL LOPE, a few stopping to feed on the bloated corpses.

THE REDHEAD - inside the theater, STUTTERING between human and vulpine.

STARBUCKS - DAY - Law pours MILK from the STAINLESS STEEL THERMOS into his latte. THE STREAM FROM THE SPOUT TURNS FROM WHITE TO SCARLET. Startled, Law jerks the thermos back, SPLASHING BLOOD over the counter. He drops...

THE THERMOS - falls to the floor in SLOW MOTION. It SHATTERS LIKE GLASS, a quart of BLOOD EXPLODING ON THE FLOOR.

SLAM TO:

INT. STARBUCKS - (DREAM SEQUENCE) - NIGHT

Cloaked in shadows, BLUE MOONLIGHT. THE WOLF PACK HURTLES THROUGH the storefront windows--lean, lethal missiles floating in sprays of SPLINTERED GLASS.

THE PACK SAVAGELY ATTACKS THE MALE PATRONS, smashing them from their chairs, RIPPING OUT THROATS, teeth tearing flesh, BLOOD SPRAYING, BLACK in the MOONLIGHT.

THE WOMEN calmly continue their studies, utterly ignoring the massacre, untouched by the savagery.

LAW - stares, aghast, frozen in terror.

LORD LEE (V.O.)
You should've ordered coffee.

Law turns. Seated on the chair before a cup of coffee is a MASSIVE TIMBER-WOLF. Calm, majestic, it regards him with EYES GLOWING MOLTEN CARAMEL. O.S. A WOMAN SCREAMS. The Timber Wolf alerts on the sound. Law follows its gaze.

GWEN - wearing a BLACK COCKTAIL DRESS, her pale skin glowing in the moonlight, is set upon by the entire ravenous PACK. They hurl her to the ground and begin TEARING HER TO PIECES.

BACK TO:

INT. LAW AND GWEN'S CONDO - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gasping, LAW SITS BOLT UPRIGHT, drenched in sweat. Gwen still sleeps. He catches his breath, fingers instinctively moving under his bandage to scratch. *The wound itches like a mother!*

SLAM TO:

INT. LAW AND GWEN'S CONDO - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Law FLIPS ON THE LIGHT, eases the door shut and locks it. Standing before the mirror, he gingerly PULLS UP THE BANDAGE. His brows furrow, curious. A SOFT KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

GWEN (O.S.)

(drowsy)

Law...? Are you okay?

LAW

Yeah. I'm fine. Go back to bed.
I'll be out in a second.

He waits a moment then completely removes the bandage, revealing that, though still SUTURED in some spots, the BITE IS ALMOST COMPLETELY HEALED.

OUT

END ACT 2

ACT 3**INT. LAW AND GWEN'S CONDO - GYMNASIUM - DAY**

RAMMSTEIN BLASTS over A DIGITAL ON-SCREEN WEATHER/MOONPHASE WIDGET ON T.V. indicating a QUARTER-MOON and LOW CLOUDS. A WEATHERMAN (M.O.S.) gestures before a map of the United States as he delivers the forecast.

ON THE TREADMILL - Law works out at a grueling pace, eyes boring a hole in the T.V. screen, TINNY RAMMSTEIN leaking out of his earbuds. Astonishingly fit, he effortlessly clocks miles WITHOUT BREAKING A PULSE-RATE OF 80.

CHIN-UP BAR - Law snaps pull-ups with fluid ease.

THE NAUTILUS - Law does a speed-workout, hefting SERIOUS IRON on the weight machine. He stops, pulls the pin and adds 60 POUNDS to the thick stack he's already pulling.

RESIDENT

You about done there, pal?

Law turns. A buff RESIDENT stands impatiently by. Law curdles the guy's attitude with a HARD LOOK.

LAW

What do you think?

The Resident breaks eye-contact, moves off to one of the LifeCycles. Satisfied, Law sits on the bench and resumes his workout.

The Alpha is emerging.

INT. EMORY UNIVERSITY - LECTURE HALL - DAY

In the darkened hall, another SLIDE-SHOW, this one featuring VICTIMS OF ANDERSONVILLE PRISON--tintypes of disrobed soldiers, hideously reminiscent of the living skeletons who survived the Holocaust.

LAW (O.S.)

Twenty-six acres surrounded by an eight foot wooden barricade, Andersonville Prison opened in the winter of 1864. Over the next fifteen months, 13,000 men died of disease, neglect and starvation...

As before, most of the students pay little attention. Sleepy Blonde is once again nodding off.

LAW

One prisoner described his arrival
at the camp as follows...

(reads)

LAW - looks up. His EYES HAVE TAKEN ON A GLITTERING CAMEL
CAST as he peers into the darkness.

HIS POV - (INFRARED EFFECT) FIRST, SHADOWS AND DARKNESS then,
gradually, shapes emerge. Most of the students idly screw
with smart-phones and tablets.

The under-grads slowly become aware that something is up. Law
SWITCHES ON THE LIGHTS. Students GROAN, cover their eyes and
blink, blinded.

LAW

Meet me outside Lot C. Fifteen
minutes. We're going on a field-
trip.

SLEEPY BLONDE

Will this be on our final grade?

Though he speaks not a word, Law's dark expression says, *Oh
yeah, buttercup. Fuck yeah.*

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE PRISON NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE - DAY

The site is peaceful, bucolic, his T.A. Jana and his students
seated on the clipped grass to one side of a CREEK-BED THAT
BISECTS THE CAMP, Law squatting on the other.

Law chews on a blade of grass, idly scans the crude post
barricade behind him, turns to the students, speaking not as
a lecturer, but as a man telling his own story.

LAW

When we first marched into
Andersonville, they were at work on
the south end, driving stakes at
short distances from each other
about 20 feet from the stockade...

As Law speaks, a SUBTLE SHIFT IN PALETTE FROM WARM TO COLD.
BEHIND HIM, wisps of black knotty-pine CAMPFIRE SMOKE drift
between him and the barricade wall.

LAW (CONT'D)

They were capped with a lathe and
thus formed the dead line. Guards
were ordered to shoot dead any man
who crossed this line...

THE STUDENTS - captivated. This isn't a history class; this is history unfolding, alive, a ghostly template superimposed over the present.

LAW (CONT'D)

I have no doubt that some men later did so on purpose, if only to suffer a quick death by the bullet rather than a slow one by starvation and disease...

PHANTOM FIGURES OF BEDRAGGLED UNION SOLDIERS can be half-discerned in the THICKENING PALL OF SMOKE behind Law, FAINT MOANS punctuating the LOW BABBLE OF MURMURING MALE VOICES.

LAW CONT'D)

In the center of the camp was a swamp, a marshy place used by the prisoners as a sink.

THE BOG - SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE PRESENT DAY like a ghostly alternate reality, skeletonized figures of UNION SOLDIERS in the rags of their uniforms, prone and half buried in churned muck, drinking foul water, fighting over scraps of food.

LAW (CONT'D)

Human waste covered the ground boot-deep, the foul stench arising from which was suffocating. The sick would collapse from exhaustion in their own filth, drowning in it, choking on it until their struggles weakened and, eventually, stopped altogether...

STUDENTS - gaze down at the shallow creek-bed with dazed horror. Tears well in Sleepy Blonde's eyes.

A PHANTOM SOLDIER - eyes hollowed by deprivation, desperately claws clear of the bog, SNATCHING SLEEPY BLONDE'S ANKLE.

SLEEPY BLONDE - with a SHARP GASP, she yanks her foot back, shudders.

LAW (CONT'D)

For fifteen long months, over a hundred a day died here, in this place, on this ground. Thirteen-thousand American soldiers, murdered by American soldiers.

He scans the faces of his students, seeing his words sink in. After a long moment, he rises to his feet, tosses aside the blade of grass he's been chewing.

LAW
Class dismissed.

He turns and walks off, unaware of longing gazes from every female in the class.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Students climb in cars, others gathering in quiet solemn groups. Law straps his knapsack on the back of his scooter.

JANA
Dr. Talbot!

Jana, runs up, BREATHLESS, and hands him a THUMB DRIVE.

JANA
Battle of Brown's Mill.
(off his confusion)
For your lecture Tuesday.

LAW
Thank you, Jana.

She doesn't leave, averting her eyes and self-consciously curling a lock of hair around one finger.

LAW
Is there something else?

JANA
I just wanted to say that your presentation today was...

She TRAILS OFF, struggling to choose the perfect word. Finds it and GUSHES:

JANA
... *masterful*.

Slightly discomfited, he gives her a nod of gratitude. Blushing, Jana turns and skips off toward her car. He SOFTLY REPEATS THE WORD as he straps on his helmet, a dazed grin on his face, as if trying it on for size; savoring it:

LAW
Masterful...

INT. LAW AND GWEN'S CONDO BUILDING - GARAGE

Law parks his scooter, unstraps his knapsack.

COODER
How do you like the bike?

Law turns. The questioner is a compact African-American man dressed in an impeccably cut suit, early-30s, with eyes that don't miss a thing.

LAW

Great gas mileage. Reliable. Starts every time.

COODER

I gotta '73 Norton Commando, leaks worse than the Exxon Valdez.

(shrugs)

More to life than reliability, right?

The stranger flashes his BADGE and I.D.

COODER

Mind answering a few questions about the person who attacked you couple weeks ago?

LAW

You catch her?

COODER

Nah. Least not that I know of. That's Atlanta P.D. I'm with the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. Skulker Task Force.

LAW

The serial killer?

COODER

Yeah...

(pulls out his notebook)

You say it was a woman who attacked you. I need to know if you're sure about that?

MEMORY POP - The Redhead hikes up her skirt, caresses her thighs.

LAW

No doubt whatsoever.

Disappointed, Cooder SIGHS and closes his notebook.

LAW

You want a description?

COODER

No. Thanks. Our perpetrator is definitely a male. I appreciate your time, Mr. Talbot.

(MORE)

COODER (CONT'D)
(nods at the Vespa)
Be careful on that thing.

With that, Cooder turns and starts down the ramp toward the garage entrance, leaving Law unsettled.

EXT. HAL'S ON OLD IVY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A HALF MOON glows in the clear night sky. Hidden behind a bland storefront on Old Ivy Road in Buckhead is the finest steak-house south of Mason-Dixon. PRE-LAP LAUGHTER.

INT. HAL'S ON OLD IVY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

MARIA OUSPENSKAYA, the McDonough Estate executor Gwen is courting, laughs heartily at something Law has said. A sophisticated, ageless beauty in her mid-60s, Maria regards Gwen mischievously.

MARIA
Gwen! Why didn't you tell me you
have such a clever, charming
fiance?

GWEN
He's usually shy.
(to Law)
What's gotten into you?

LAW
Must be the wine. And the company.

Law raises his glass in a toast, locking eyes with Maria as if sharing a private joke. Vaguely distracted by the flirtatious energy between the two, Gwen is thrown when Maria addresses her.

MARIA
The answer is yes.

GWEN
Excuse me?

MARIA
I want you to handle the entire
inventory of the estate. What's the
term... ? Lock, stock and barrel.

GWEN
Oh, my... thank you!

MARIA
I made the decision before I came
up. Your presentation in Savannah
was first-rate.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

Besides, Uncle John would positively spin in his grave if I invited a gang of Yankee carpet-baggers like Sotheby's into the house!

(raises her glass)

To the most exquisite rose of the South, and my new friend, Gwen Conliffe.

LAW

Hear hear.

Again, they raise their glasses. This time, Law only has eyes for Gwen. As he sips his wine, he signals a passing WAITER.

LAW

I'm sorry, but I ordered my meat rare. This is a bit overcooked.

MARIA

Young man, if that steak was any more rare, it would be wearing a bell and saying "moo."

They LAUGH.

INT. HAL'S ON OLD IVY RESTAURANT - ENTRY FOYER - LATER

No sign of an attendant in the cloakroom. Law hands Gwen both claim-stubs.

LAW

I'll bring the car around while you get the coats.

Gwen checks to assure the coast is clear, snatches Law's hand and playfully pulls him inside.

INT. HAL'S ON OLD IVY RESTAURANT - CLOAKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Shutting the door behind them, passion inflamed by too much wine and the danger that they could be caught at any moment, Gwen kisses Law, his back to the door.

Law responds passionately, smoothly but firmly flipping Gwen around so it is now she pinned to the door, his palm moving down her ribcage, over her waist, cupping the back of her thigh and pulling her leg up, grinding his pelvis against hers as he kisses her neck.

For a moment, Gwen is swept up by his sudden hunger, then, suddenly, she comes to her senses and pulls away, BREATHLESS, desperately pumping the brakes.

GWEN

Whoa... whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa.

LAW

What's wrong?

GWEN

Not here. God, Law, not now. You still haven't gotten back your test results.

LAW

I'm fine.

GWEN

We don't know that.

LAW

Hell with it--

GWEN

Law!

GIGGLING, she slips past him and darts out the door.

GWEN

Down, boy. I'll get the car, you get the coats.

She shuts the door, missing the flash of fury and SPARKLING CAMEL in Law's eyes before he asserts his will and clamps down on his instinct to *rut*, to *ravage!*

Breathless, disconcerted by the intensity of his own lust, it takes him a moment to compose himself.

OUT

END ACT 3

ACT 4**INT. C.D.C. CAFETERIA - DAY**

Hamburger combo for Law, salad for Lori. She plucks up one of his fries, thoughtfully nibbles as she peruses lab results in an OPEN FILE.

LORI

Hmmm...

LAW

Hmmm?

LORI

Hmmm...

She idly turns a page. Law can't take it anymore, makes a grab for the file. Lori GIGGLES, pulls it from his near-grasp and clutches it tightly to her chest.

LORI

What do you think you're doing?!

LAW

Gimme that!

LORI

Are you a doctor?

LAW

Actually? Yeah. I am.

LORI

(sneers, mock revulsion)

Oh... how *insufferably* pretentious.

Law raises his eyebrows. She elaborates:

LORI

To affect that salutation when you haven't studied a clinical discipline. So... *tacky!* Like some cheap, itinerate preacher!

LAW

You are on *such* thin ice.

She bites back a grin. Opens the file.

LORI

You are conclusively and officially clear of any known S.T.D. or blood-borne pathogen.

(looks at Law)

(MORE)

LORI (CONT'D)

Congratulations, *Doctor* Talbot. You may now get laid.

LAW

That's it? I'm good to go?

LORI

Go ahead, skin it. Skin that smokewagon and see what happens!

This is a part of their secret language--Wyatt and Doc in TOMBSTONE. Law, however, doesn't smile at the reference.

LORI

That's supposed to be good news.

LAW

It is good news...

LORI

... but.

Law SIGHS, looks at her. A self-conscious smile.

LAW

There's something wrong with me.

LORI

What?

LAW

Since I got bit, I'm always hyper. I need to run. And I do. On the treadmill; on the road at night. I wake up at two in the morning and I can't sleep. I'm up. I'm out. I'm running. Six. Eight. Ten kilometers--

LORI

--you're running a 10-K every night?

LAW

At least. And I'm fast. And I don't get tired. On the treadmill, my heart-rate rarely tops eighty, no matter how hard I push it.

LORI

(snags another french fry)
Weird.

LAW

Hell yeah it's weird. You gonna leave some of those for me?

LORI

Kiss my ass. Keep going. What else?

LAW

My senses are in overdrive. Smell.
Hearing...

Eager to prove it, Law scans the room, spots something O.S.

LAW

Here, check this out. See those two
guys by the door?

Lori follows his gaze, sees a pair of YOUNG MALE CLINICIANS seated at a table next to the entrance, deep in conversation (MOS) IMPOSSIBLE TO HEAR OVER THE AMBIENT BABBLE OF THE ROOM.

LAW

The guy on the left is saying he's
run a gel and doesn't see the
polymorphism. The 366 base pair
band isn't cutting.

LAW STRAINS to hear, ACCURATELY REPEATING:

LAW

The guy on the right's asking if
he's run a known sample..

TIGHT POV - PANNING between the two Clinicians, Law's dialogue matching their lip-movements.

LAW (V.O.)

Lefty: "Why run a known sample?"
Righty: "Because that way you'll be
able to make sure the PVU-2's
working. A lot of people go into
that tube. Bet it's gone bad."

Lori looks at him, stunned.

LORI

You heard all that.

LAW

You think I'm making this stuff up?

EXT. C.D.C. - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Lori walks with Law to the visitor's lot.

LORI

(to herself)

Hyperactivity, insomnia, acute
hyperacusis and hyperosmia...

LAW
So what's the diagnosis?

They reach his bike. Law unclips his helmet from the frame.

LORI
(shakes her head)
No clue. Your symptomology's all
over the map. I could run some
tests. A genetic analysis, but...

LAW
What?

LORI
I can only clear you physically.
You really should see a shrink.

LAW
I'm not crazy.

LORI
I'm not saying you're crazy. It's
just some of this stuff could be
P.T.S.D.
(He's not buying it)
You got attacked by a nutbag.
(still not buying)
She freaking *bit* you!

LAW
I'll think about it.

He climbs on his scooter, STARTS it up.

LAW
Oh, hey. I'm sorry. I was so busy
talking about myself, I didn't even
ask how you were.

LORI
I'm good. Usual crap.

LAW
Chin-Chin?

LORI
History. He just doesn't know it
yet. Keeps leaving me voice mails.
I blocked him on Facebook and now
he's hassling my friends.

As she speaks, Law's demeanor darkens.

LAW
You want me to talk to him?

LORI
Excuse me?

LAW
You want me to talk to him; tell
him to leave you alone.

LORI
Since when can't I do that myself?

LAW
I'm sorry. I just... I thought
maybe you might want some help,
that's all. Forget it.

He nods goodbye and rides off. Lori watches him, concerned.

EXT. MCDONOUGH PLANTATION - DAY

A stately pre-Civil War plantation house surrounded by
impeccably groomed grounds. A large BOX TRUCK marked CONLIFFE
ESTATE AUCTIONS is parked out front.

GWEN
Oh, thank *God!* You're sure?

INT. MCDONOUGH PLANTATION - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Gwen embraces Law. Through open pocket-doors, her EMPLOYEES
are visible as they inventory the contents of the house, a
treasure-trove of Civil War-era antiques.

LAW
Absolutely clean. Physically, I'm
fine, but...

GWEN
What?

LAW
She thinks I should see a shrink.

GWEN
What do you think?

LAW
Probably can't hurt.

She pulls him close.

GWEN

I know just the person you should see. I'll set it up first thing. I would've earlier, but you've been so tense, I didn't even know how to approach it...

LAW

It's okay.
(kisses her forehead)
What do you say we go to your hotel tonight, work out the knots?

She kisses him. He responds with growing passion. Maria Ouspenskaya ENTERS, an EBONY WALKING STICK in one hand, is startled to find Gwen and Law.

MARIA

Oh. My! I'm so sorry...

Gwen and Law part, self-conscious, awkward.

GWEN

No. I'm sorry. It's our fault. Law just came by to deliver some very good news. You remember Lawrence?

MARIA

Of course!

She shakes his hand. Law's eyes are drawn to the cane, CROWNED WITH A CAST STERLING WOLF-HEAD HANDLE. Maria notices.

MARIA

It's beautiful, isn't it.

LAW

Amazing.

She hands it to him. He turns it, examining the handle, light refracting off every plane of the polished silver. She watches him, pleased that he so admires it; QUOTES:

MARIA

Even a man who is pure in heart
and says his prayers by night
may become a wolf when the
wolfbane blooms
and the autumn moon is bright.
(a vague smile)
Our family patriarch, Colin
McDonough brought it from the Old
Country in 1824. He was Pavee.

LAW
Irish Traveller.

MARIA
(nods)
Are you acquainted with the legend
of le *Loup Garou*?

LAW
I'm a historian, not a folklorist.

MARIA
(smiles)
Of course you are.
(re: the cane)
Do you like it?

LAW
Very much.

MARIA
Then it's yours.

GWEN
Oh, Maria! We couldn't possibly--

MARIA
--no. I insist. It was his the
moment he touched it.
(smoothly adds)
Consider it a wedding gift, my
family's tribute to the bride and
groom.

EXT. MCDONOUGH PLANTATION - DUSK

Their work completed, the Movers shut the rear doors of the
box-truck as Law and Gwen step out the front door.

GWEN
I can't believe you rode all the way
out to Savannah on your scooter.

LAW
I didn't.

She looks at him, puzzled. Follows his gaze as the TRUCK
PULLS AWAY, REVEALING a metal-flake-copper mako shark parked
in the gravel drive--ABBOTT'S '68 FIREBIRD 400 RAG-TOP.

Gwen looks at him, stunned; this is the last car she would
ever expect a practical soul like Law to buy. Law pulls the
KEYS from his pocket and presses a button on the fob. A CHIRP
and THE LIGHTS FLASH ON. He gives her a vulpine grin:

LAW

So, little girl, you wanna go for a ride...?

INT. MANSION ON FORSYTH PARK HOTEL - FIREPLACE SUITE - NIGHT

Gwen hasn't even closed the door when Law kisses her, deeply, passionately. He takes her standing up, her back pressed against the wall, him ravishing her.

The sex is rough, gentle, athletic, almost surreal as three weeks of pent-up passion are unleashed in a sustained series of explosions.

Again and again, Gwen attempts to assert her customary primacy, only to be effortlessly and consistently dominated by Law at every turn.

He is powerful, insatiable, utterly possessing her.

INT. MANSION ON FORSYTH PARK HOTEL - FIREPLACE SUITE - LATER

The fire in the hearth glints off the silver wolf's head handle of Law's walking stick. Gwen lies, utterly sated and half-asleep. Law caresses a strand of hair from her cheek.

GWEN

(mumbles)

No, baby... I can't...

Law smiles, pleased with his performance, but still aroused and restless. He rolls out of bed, pulls on a robe, and walks to the window; parts the curtains and gazes at...

THE THREE-QUARTER MOON - riding the clouds.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION ON FORSYTH PARK HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Dressed in his Emory sweats, Law rounds the corner at a run from the ENTRANCE DRIVE TO THE HOTEL.

He picks up his pace, his pulse quickening, his lope graceful, efficient, the only sound, his DEEP BREATHING and THE SLAP OF HIS SNEAKERS ON THE MACADAM. Suddenly, a sharp movement ahead CATCHES HIS EYE.

A STARTLED DEER - darts across the road into the woods. Pure instinct propels Law into chasing the animal.

INT. FOREST - CONTINUOUS

WE PICK UP THE ACTION FROM THE OPENING OF THE TEASER ACT: A relentless pursuit, culminating when Law bursts into the clearing and finds the deer run down to exhaustion, panting and unable to regain its feet, gazing at him, terrified.

LAW - Chest heaving, adrenalin coursing hot in his veins, trembling hands clenching, unclenching with the primordial urge to crush, to render, to kill, Law stares down at the helpless animal, astonished at what he has just done.

He looks up at the THREE-QUARTER MOON. Hold and...

SLAM TO:

EXT. MANSION ON FORSYTH PARK HOTEL - PARKING - NIGHT

A GROWLING ROAR as the Pontiac Ram-Air 400 is FIRED UP.

Now dressed in a leather jacket and jeans, Law throws the Hurst rock-crusher four-speed into first and smokes the rear tires as he jacks it into go-go. The Pontiac rockets from the hotel grounds onto the dark highway.

EXT. THE TABERNACLE - NIGHT

An Atlanta punk club, a LONG LINE at the entrance, SPEED-METAL blasting out every time the BOUNCER opens the door.

INT. THE TABERNACLE - CONTINUOUS

THE BAND rips the house at EARDRUM-SPLITTING VOLUME. The scene is hardcore, TATTOOED SKINHEADS and POST-PUNK DIVAS a writhing mass in front of the stage.

LAW - stands in front of the bar drinking bourbon neat. Eyes fixed on the band, he pays no attention to the women's brazen stares, ignoring their attempts to engage him, pull him to the dance floor.

CHIN-CHIN - shirtless, heavily muscled torso, whips long hair dyed raven black as he thrashes out GROWLING VOCALS. The musicians thrash it up until, with a MONSTER, SUSTAINED CHORD, they wrap their set and THE STAGE-LIGHTS GO BLACK.

EXT. THE TABERNACLE - ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Chin-Chin and the band have a SMOKE.

LAW (O.S.)
Chin-Chin.

Chin-Chin looks up, recognizes Law.

CHIN-CHIN

Hey, Professor. You slummin'?

LAW

Lori doesn't want to hear from you anymore.

CHIN-CHIN

Really...?

(smirks at his band-mates)

So that's it? You're gonna tell me to leave her alone?

LAW

Yeah. That's it.

Law glances around, notes a growing crowd of ONLOOKERS, rabid to witness a street-fight.

CHIN-CHIN

Ooh. I'm scared. Tell you what, Professor...

Chin-Chin flicks his CIGARETTE at Law's chest, the butt TRAILING SPARKS as it falls to the ground.

CHIN-CHIN (CONT'D)

... piss off.

Law looks up. A flicker of SPARKLING CAMEL in his eyes. Hold a BEAT then suddenly PUNCHES CHIN-CHIN IN THE FACE.

It's on and TOTALLY ONE-SIDED. Chin-Chin doesn't have a chance. Law proceeds to take him apart. One of Chin-Chin's BANDMATES tries to blind-side Law, LOSES HIS TEETH TO A SHATTERING ELBOW.

Law forces Chin-Chin to his knees in a WRIST-LOCK. BLOOD STREAMING from lips, face twisted in pain, Chin-Chin WHIMPERS:

CHIN-CHIN

Please, I'm so sorry... I'll leave her alone, I swear!

A TENSE BEAT. Then, with ice-cold deliberation, Law SNAPS CHIN-CHIN'S WRIST. The Crowd is SHOCKED AND SICKENED by the act, Chin-Chin fainting dead away. DISTANT SIRENS and the mob disperses.

Alone in the alley, heedless of the APPROACHING SIRENS, Law is horrified yet intoxicated by the violence.

OUT

END ACT 4

ACT 5

Int. EMORY UNIVERSITY - LIBRARY - day

WOOD-CUT - SLOW PUSH on a WOLF-LIKE HOMINID devouring an infant. An iPhone CHIRPS.

LAW - sits at a table studying the illustration. Next to him, a stack of books on LYCANTHROPIC FOLKLORE. He checks a text from Gwen: DON'T 4GET - 3PM DR. ARMSTRONG.

LAW

Hell...

His CELL-PHONE VIBRATES. He checks the caller I.D., smiles and connects.

LAW

Hey Lori--

LORI (O.S.)

(angry)

--what the *Hell* is wrong with you?

LAW

I was kinda hoping you could tell *me* that.

INT. C.D.C. - MICROBIOLOGY LAB - CLEAN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In her bio-hazard suit, Lori speaks over her headset. PISSED:

LORI

I just got a call from a friend who told me that Chin-Chin got beat down last weekend.

LAW

No! Who would want to hurt a nice guy like Chin-Chin?

LORI

Don't get cute. She described *you*, Law. Said you kicked the crap out of him. Broke his wrist.

LAW

I just went to talk--

LORI

--I told you, I don't need your help. And since when are you this big badass anyway?

LAW
I'm sorry. I was trying--

LORI
--I don't need that kind of help!
Least of all from you!

LAW
(stung)
What's *that* supposed to mean?

LORI
It means I've got enough guys like
that in my life without you being--

She cuts short, hot tears welling in her eyes, not wanting to say it. Indignant, Law PRESSES:

LAW
A *what*.

LORI
An *asshole!*

She disconnects. Law looks at his dead phone, notices AN ELDERLY LIBRARIAN glaring balefully at him. Disgusted, he grabs his bag and EXITS.

INT. ARMSTRONG'S OFFICE - DAY

RUSSELL ARMSTRONG, handsome, sensitive, competent, leans forward in his chair and regards Law, seated on the sofa. A BOTTLED WATER and a PRESCRIPTION PAD sits on a small table next to Armstrong's chair.

ARMSTRONG
You say your attacker changed. In what way?

Law averts his eyes.

LAW
Did I say "changed?"

ARMSTRONG
Yes. What do you mean, "changed?"

LAW
The place was poorly lit. A theater. And there was a movie on, so I can't remember exactly. I guess what I meant was that her expression changed.

ARMSTRONG

Gwen tells me you've undergone a number of personality changes.

LAW

(wary)

She told you that?

ARMSTRONG

Does that bother you?

LAW

No... I mean, yeah. It bothers me. It bothers me that you call her Gwen. Do you know each other?

ARMSTRONG

We met in college.

Law glances up, sees the AMHERST DIPLOMA on the wall.

LAW

Amherst.

ARMSTRONG

Yes. Now, describe the change you saw in the woman that night.

LAW

Did you have classes together?

ARMSTRONG

A few, yes. Does it upset you that I know Gwen?

LAW

It does makes me question your objectivity.

ARMSTRONG

(faint smile)

How would my knowing Gwen mitigate my ability to help you.

LAW

It depends on the nature of your relationship. Were you lovers?

ARMSTRONG

We were friends.

LAW

I see. What kind of "friends?"

ARMSTRONG

Just friends. The kind of relationship that would never affect my ability to help someone she referred into my care.

LAW

Platonic. Just buddies.

Armstrong doesn't reply. Continues smiling faintly.

LAW

Did she give you any details about my...

ARMSTRONG

Behavioral changes? Yes. A few.

LAW

Did she tell you how many times I made her come last night?

ARMSTRONG

Of course not. We didn't--

LAW

--nine times--

ARMSTRONG

--discuss your sex-life.

LAW

Nine times. I find it hard to believe she didn't mention that because, you know, it's quite a change.

ARMSTRONG

Is it?

LAW

You know Gwen. I mean, not like *that*. But you know how tightly wound she is. Before I got bitten--

ARMSTRONG

--bitten.

LAW

(corrects himself)

Attacked. Before I got attacked. I was lucky if I could make her come once every three or four times we'd hook up. But now...

(shakes his head)

(MORE)

LAW (CONT'D)

It's like... I play her like an instrument, you know? Like a master violinist. I know exactly where to place my fingers on the board, exactly how much pressure to apply as I feather the bow across the strings. Sometimes a series of percussive strikes; sometimes a sustained note that feels like...
(sighs, smiles dreamily)
... forever.

Armstrong swallows, breaks eye-contact, looking down at his bottled water.

LAW

Thirsty?

Armstrong pushes the bottle an inch or so aside, picks up the pad; begins jotting a prescription. Law stands, looks down at him, too close for Armstrong to stand up himself.

ARMSTRONG

I'm prescribing Lexapro. Ten milligrams daily. That should help.

LAW

With what?

ARMSTRONG

P.T.S.D. I'd like to see you twice a week, if possible. You can set up a time with Wanda.

Armstrong hands him the script. Law takes it with a smile that doesn't quite make it up to his eyes.

LAW

I'll do that. Thanks, Russell.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Law stands near the valet booth, studying his PRESCRIPTION. A RUMBLING of a big V-8 as the VALET pulls up in his Firebird, sets the brake.

LAW - crumples the prescription and tosses it in a trash-receptacle. He crosses, slides behind the wheel and CHIRPS the bad-boy into gear, ROARS OFF.

INT. C.D.C. - LORI'S OFFICE - DAY

Lori types up a report. A geneticist, GENE, balding, moustache, early-30s, enters and drops a folder on her desk.

GENE

Genetic panel. Talbot, Lawrence.
Don't say thanks or anything.

LORI

I really appreciate it.

She opens the file, reads the summary. Her brows knit in consternation. Looks up at her colleague.

LORI

This can't be right.

GENE

That's what I said the first two times I mapped it. Third time, different sample, same results. So what is this guy, some kind of freak?

LORI

(absorbed in the report)
College professor...

GENE

Whatever.

He exits. Lori continues reading with increasing puzzlement.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

SLOW PAN past various cuts of PACKAGED BEEF. Law pushes a shopping cart loaded with a few items down the meat aisle. His iPHONE PURRS. He checks the caller I.D.

LAW

Hey. Stopped by Harris Teeter, you want me to pick something up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. G.L. CONLIFFE AUCTIONS - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gwen approves layouts for the McDonough Auction catalogue.

GWEN

No. Just wanted to remind you we got that benefit at the Zoo tonight.

Something catches Law's attention in the meat-case. He picks it up. BEEF LIVER in a CELLOPHANE-WRAPPED PACKAGE.

LAW

I know. I'll be home in plenty of time...

GWEN

You better. Love you.

He presses down with his thumb, BLOOD WELLING UP between the meat and the clear plastic.

LAW

Yeah...

He absently DISCONNECTS, gazing with growing intensity at the package. Suddenly, he VIOLENTLY WRENCHES IT OPEN, and begins VORACIOUSLY DEVOURING THE RAW ORGAN.

STOCK BOY (O.S.)

Is there something wrong?

BLOOD pouring down his chin, spattering his shirt, Law turns, startled, and sees...

A STOCK BOY - an inquisitive expression on his pimply face.

LAW - NO SIGN OF BLOOD ON HIS FACE, the PACKAGING STILL INTACT ON THE LIVER in his hands. He gives the Stock Boy a queasy smile.

LAW

No. Looks good.

He adds the meat to his cart.

EXT. LAW AND GWEN'S CONDO BUILDING - DUSK

Establish.

GWEN (PRE-LAP)

Do you think it would be tacky for me to bring business cards?

INT. LAW AND GWEN'S CONDO - MASTER SUITE

In the bathroom, in black panties and a strapless bra, Gwen finishes off her hair as Law puts on FORMAL WEAR in front of a dresser mirror in the bedroom. Gwen slips into A SLINKY BLACK GOWN.

LAW

Where would you keep them?

GWEN

In my clutch, silly.

LAW

I suppose that's one possibility.

Gwen opens her mouth in feigned shock, gives him a playful punch. CHUCKLING, he blocks her blows, turns around. The LAUGHTER DIES IN HIS THROAT when he sees her dress for the first time and we...

SLAM TO:

INT. STARBUCKS - (DREAM SEQUENCE) - NIGHT

GWEN - wearing THE SAME BLACK COCKTAIL DRESS, set upon by the entire PACK OF WOLVES.

BACK TO:

INT. LAW AND GWEN'S CONDO - MASTER SUITE

Gwen stares at Law, curious.

GWEN

What's wrong?

LAW

Is that a new dress?

GWEN

A little. Like it?

LAW

Yeah, sure...

(manages a smile)

Very sexy.

I/E ATLANTA ZOO - CHINESE PLAZA/PANDA VERANDA - NIGHT

CLOSE ON A HAWK as it CRIES OUT. POLITE LAUGHTER as its HANDLER feeds it bits of meat, moves off to mingle with GUESTS on the broad terrace. A LIVE COMBO plays SOFT JAZZ.

CHINESE LANTERNS cast a romantic glow on the tables draped with burgundy clothes and set with china and crystal. ANIMAL HANDLERS move among the well-heeled guests, allowing them close-up encounters with some of the zoo's exotic residents: OCELOTS, KOALAS, ANACONDAS, etc.

LAW AND GWEN - the picture of a power-couple, Gwen striking with her blond hair and black dress; Law, oozing charisma and virility in his tuxedo, accessorized by the WOLF'S HEAD CANE.

LAW

I feel like Mister Peanut with this thing.

GWEN

No, it's perfect.

BEATRICE

Gwen! Gwen Conliffe!

BEATRICE DORSET, mid-50s, dripping with jewelry, waddles over; drags her husband, ROGER, along like an errant toddler.

GWEN

Hey-ee Beatrice! So happy to see you!

(the two women politely embrace, kiss)

Roger! Have you two met my fiance, Lawrence?

LAW

(shakes Roger's hand)

Call me Law.

BEATRICE

Oh, good Lord, look at *that!*

A Handler approaches, a big P.R. grin plastered on his face, leading a GUINEA BABOON on a SHORT, THICK LEATHER LEASH.

HANDLER

Good, evening, folks! Welcome to--

THE BABOON suddenly CHARGES LAW. Terrified, Beatrice, Roger, Gwen and the other guests retreat, frightened. The Handler struggles to restrain the beast by its leash.

THE BABOON - mouth OPEN WIDE, displaying THREE-INCH CANINES and SHRIEKING at Law.

LAW - holds his ground, knuckles white on his cane, glaring directly into the beady eyes of the RAGING PRIMATE with furious indignation, as if it was a stranger who had deliberately insulted his woman.

With immense effort, the Handler manages to haul the baboon back and regain control of it, begins leading it away:

HANDLER

Sorry about that folks! Looks like Bo-Bo here's not quite ready for high society!

Relieved LAUGHTER and the party resumes. Gwen takes Law's arm, feels the quivering tension in his biceps.

GWEN

My God, Law! You looked like you were ready to go hand-to-hand with that thing!

Law SHUDDERS violently.

LAW

I'm sorry... I think I'm going to be sick...

He hastily thrusts his walking-stick into Gwen's hands and RUSHES OFF, leaving her stunned and concerned.

INT. RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

HALF A DOZEN MEN in tuxedos conduct their business, standing at urinals, washing at the sinks, drying their hands. Law staggers past them into...

INT. RESTROOM - STALL -

Clutching his ribs, Law DRY HEAVES over the toilet in a CRAMPED BATHROOM STALL. He recovers, breathless.

EXT. ATLANTA ZOO - CHINESE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

Gwen plucks a glass of wine from a waiter's tray.

BEATRICE

Oh! Isn't that just gorgeous!

Gwen turns and follows Beatrice's gaze. A HUGE FULL MOON breaches the HORIZON, glowing brightly in the NIGHT SKY.

INT. RESTROOM - STALL - CONTINUOUS

With a GUTTURAL CRY OF AGONY, Law clutches his ribs and buckles.

INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

The others using the facilities turn and stare at Law's stall, disconcerted.

A SLOW PUSH on the closed stall door, HORRIFIC SOUNDS echoing from behind it, HIDEOUS, GAGGING MOANS punctuated by CRIES OF SHARP ANGUISH... then a HALF HUMAN ROAR.

The entire bank of stalls JOLT as Law, INSIDE, throws himself against the partition.

ADJOINING STALL - An elegant, white-haired MAN, late-60s, seated on the toilet, tuxedo slacks bunched around his ankles, gapes in horror as, AGAIN, Law SLAMS AGAINST THE PARTITION, SNARLING. AGAIN--the STEEL BUCKLING, then...

SILENCE. The men in the restroom gape at the stall door, frozen in fear.

SUDDENLY, the DOOR BURSTS OPEN and Law HURTLES OUT, FOREARMS COVERING HIS FACE, and sprints for the door, shouldering those in his way aside.

INT. ATLANTA ZOO - CHINESE PLAZA - CONTINUOUS

GWEN - turns toward a VIOLENT DISTURBANCE at the rear of the room.

Women CRY OUT and men SHOUT EXCLAMATIONS as a FIGURE IN A TUXEDO (LAW) rushes headlong through their midst, recklessly knocking Guests aside in his mindless rush for the nearest OPEN DOOR.

A WAITER - is KNOCKED SPINNING, his tray of wine glasses CRASHING to the floor.

TWO SECURITY GUARDS AND A YOUNG WAITER give chase as LAW HURTLES OUTSIDE onto...

EXT. ATLANTA ZOO - PANDA VERANDA - CONTINUOUS

Still covering his face, startled Guests jumping clear as Law crosses the elevated terrace and LEAPS, effortlessly clearing the 42" handrail.

THE WAITER AND THE GUARDS - in hot pursuit, HIT THE RAIL HARD, out of breath, looking down, eyes searching...

THEIR POV - THE PROMENADE PATH - TWENTY FEET BELOW THEM. NO SIGN OF LAW, only FADING, CRUNCHING FOOTFALLS as he plunges headlong into the THICK BAMBOO FOREST flanking the path.

INT. ATLANTA ZOO - CHINESE PLAZA

In the aftermath, Guests help each other to their feet, a few MOANING and upset. Gwen and Beatrice look on.

BEATRICE

Well, I never...

Gwen stares out the open doors, the FULL MOON riding the horizon. Dazed, she raises the WOLF'S HEAD CANE, turns it in her hand, stares at it, the MOONLIGHT GLITTERING OFF ITS GROTESQUE, POLISHED SILVER HANDLE.

OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - PRE-DAWN

THICK FOG. In a clearing, Law opens his eyes, his TUXEDO SHIRT AND PANTS IN TATTERS, BARE FEET MUDDY, DRIED BLOOD CRUSTING HIS CHIN AND CHEST. Sprawled before him is...

THE CORPSE OF A BLONDE - LONG BLOND HAIR obscuring her face, flesh pale and bloodless, clothed in a BLACK COCKTAIL DRESS, her THROAT TORN OUT.

Gwen...?

Trembling, Law reaches toward her, tugs aside her hair, REVEALING THE WOMAN'S FACE: A STRANGER.

Beyond the body, SHAPES writhe out of the FOG; a PACK OF WOLVES. The ALPHA comes to a halt, the others fanning out in a semicircle, gazing at Law with serene ARCTIC BLUE EYES.

LAW - He slowly picks himself up, rises to his full height, eyes locked with the Alpha's.

The moment is preternaturally still, intense, dreamlike. HOLD A BEAT. Then...

THE ALPHA - slowly drops down onto his forelegs in a position of subordination. One by one, the rest of the pack follows suit, accepting Law as their alpha.

Law gives them a measured nod, as if silently granting them permission. As one, The pack ravenously falls upon the corpse and BEGINS FEEDING.

THE FOG LIFTS on the primordial tableau--the man, the prey, the feeding pack--revealing THIS IS NOT A FOREST at all, but the WOLF HABITAT in the zoo.

OUT

END ACT 5

ACT 6**INT. LORI'S HOUSE - MORNING**

Expensive but understated; authentic Stickley and craftsman-era antiques. Someone Hammers on the door. Hair wet from the shower, pulling on a kimono, Lori pads up to the door, peeks out one of the lights, unbolts it and throws it open.

Law, eyes red-rimmed, still wearing his SHREDDED, BLOODSTAINED tuxedo, rushes past her inside.

LORI

Law! Jeez what happened to--

He makes a b-line for the kitchenette, opens a cupboard and pulls out a bottle of CUERVO, pulls a coffee mug off a rack and begins pouring a fat finger neat.

LORI

What're you doing?

Law knocks back the tequila, pours another. Before he can raise it, Lori covers it with her hand, pins it to the counter.

LORI

Wyatt!

(he meets her eyes)

What happened?

LAW

I think I killed someone.

She looks at him, then picks a REMOTE up from the counter and POWERS ON A FLAT-SCREEN in the adjoining living room.

ONSCREEN - LOCAL NEWS. A FIELD REPORTER stands in front of yellow Crime scene tape stretched across the WOLF HABITAT, uniformed COPS, ZOO SECURITY and C.S.I.'s milling in the B/G.

REPORTER

--unidentified female attendee of the Annual Charity Ball somehow gained access to the wolf exhibit, was attacked and partially devoured...

LAW - stares at the T.V., stricken.

SLAM TO:

EXT. ATLANTA ZOO - PATH (MEMORY HIT) - NIGHT

ATTACKER'S POV - THE FEMALE VICTIM gaping at us in abject horror, holding up one hand as we RUSH TOWARD HER. CRUNCH!

BACK TO:

INT. LORI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Law turns away. RECORDED FOOTAGE shows COPS and C.S.I.'s working the scene, the Victim's body PIXILATED OUT.

REPORTER

Some have speculated that alcohol may have been a factor in the tragedy, but zoo officials have declined to comment...

Eyes dead with guilt, Law turns and picks up the receiver of Lori's land-line, begins dialing nine-one-one. Lori snaps him out of it with a HARD SLAP.

LORI

No!

She YANKS THE PHONE-JACK FROM THE WALL, turns on him, eyes blazing.

LORI

No. You are not calling the police.

Law gazes at her, face an expressionless mask of shock. His eyes brim with TEARS, roll down his cheeks. Lori steps forward, takes his face in both her hands.

LORI

There is no evidence you did this. And even if there is, you weren't responsible.

He blinks. *"Even if there is?"* He looks at her, puzzled.

LORI

Sit down.

Law turns toward the sofa. Lori pours him another stiff shot, steps into the living room and sits on the coffee table facing Law, their knees touching. She hands him the mug.

LORI

Drink.

LAW

Gwen's gotta be out of her mind. What am I gonna tell her?

LORI

We'll deal with Gwen later. She'll be okay. Now, drink.

He downs half. She takes it from him, finishes it off.

LORI

My whole life, you've had my six. When Mikey O.D.ed at the lake, I would have lost my Harvard scholarship; I would have lost my shot if you hadn't alibied me...

(tips his chin up; meets his eyes)

Now it's my turn, understand? I will not let you throw your life away.

LAW

You think I might've done it.

LORI

I think it's a possibility, yeah. We found a number of profound anomalies in your genetic structure. You're right; you've undergone some kind of mutation, likely the result of a pathogen transmitted when you were bitten.

LAW

What kind of mutation.

LORI

It's subtle. Mostly related to the activation of pseudogenes.

LAW

English, please.

LORI

(organizes her thoughts)

When physical characteristics in an evolving organism--for instance, humans--becomes obsolete or disadvantageous. That structure becomes vestigial. Follow me?

LAW

Like tails.

LORI

Or fur or webbed toes, yeah. The genetic structures that convey those building blocks--proteins that tell the body to grow a tail--become inactive. Nature doesn't slice them out, it just switches them off.

LAW

And you're saying mine have been switched on.

LORI

Possibly. The problem is we don't know what that means--these genes have never been mapped. And the mutations are so subtle, we can't even begin to identify all of them unless we can find other hosts farther up the chain of infection.

LAW

The woman who bit me.

LORI

More like the guy who bit the guy who bit the guy who bit the woman. The closer we get to patient zero, the more discernible the X-factor. Then, *maybe*, we can treat it. But you're right; the first thing we gotta do is track down your attacker.

Law nods, seeing the sense in it. Then a problem.

LAW

Okay. Let's say you're right. And let's say I killed that woman--

LORI

--there's no proof--

LAW

--fine, *fine*, I was out of my skull, whatever. But I swear to God, Lori. I physically changed into something that wasn't human--

(she starts to object)

--and not just in my head! It wasn't a hallucination. It was *real*. Have you ever heard of the *Loup Garou*--?

LORI
(incredulous)
Oh, *please*--! The wolf man?

LAW
--I know, it's a legend--a fairy tale. But variants exist in almost every culture. The werewolf in Europe; the Norse *kveldulf*. Native Americans called them skin-walkers; the Chinese, *P'an Hu*. How do you know they weren't all describing the *same* genetic mutations you found in my samples?

LORI
People do not turn into animals.

LAW
Okay, let's say you're right. Let's say they don't. Maybe you're right. Maybe it was all in my head. But either way, that woman is--

He chokes up, overwhelmed by the horror of innocent blood on his hand. Lori crosses, puts an arm around him. She watches as he breathes, pulls himself together.

LORI
You okay?

He shakes his head. No.

LORI
I got an idea...

EXT. ATLANTA ZOO - WOLF HABITAT (FORMERLY "FOREST") - DAY

Cooder watches as CORONER INVESTIGATORS zip the dead woman's body into a body-bag and lift it onto a gurney. He flashes his BADGE at one.

COODER
Cooder. G.B.I., Skulker Task Force. Tell the M.E. to handle this as if it's a homicide. Collect hairs and fibers, check for prints, D.N.A., the works. I want a full report, stat.

CORONER'S INVESTIGATOR
How do you want to handle the press?

COODER

Call it what it probably is: Death
by misadventure, right?

The Coroner Investigators trade a look, then move off. Cooder turns, sees the WOLF PACK crowded behind a wire fence in an adjoining PEN. The Alpha calmly returns his gaze.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. C.D.C. - PARKING LOT - DUSK

Lori opens a rear door with her ACCESS CARD, enters with Law.

INT. C.D.C. - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Lit only by EMERGENCY LIGHTS, under construction, incomplete, partially framed walls DRAPED WITH PLASTIC SHEETING. They approach a FREIGHT ELEVATOR. Lori PUSHES THE "down" button, explains in a LOW VOICE:

LORI

Before the latest Congressional cloture, this whole wing was slated to be re-purposed as a tactical infectious disease ward. Quarantine Unit. Program's been suspended indefinitely.

A soft PING and the elevator arrives, doors opening. They enter.

INT. C.D.C. - INFECTIOUS DISEASE LAB - MOMENTS LATER

The ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN. Law and Lori step into a dark OPEN, WINDOWLESS SPACE. Lori begins FLIPPING ON WORK-LIGHTS. Law stares, dumbfounded.

LAW

What is this?

LORI

Level ten Infectious Disease Lab. Forty feet underground. Blast-proof; isolated, filtered ventilation. State-of-the-art. Fully operational.

LAW

Why? What's its purpose?

LORI

To isolate and analyze genetically modified pathogens in the event they're ever deployed against us by unfriendlies.

(MORE)

LORI (CONT'D)
(off his confusion)
Bio-weapons.

She flips on a final BANK OF ULTRAVIOLET LIGHTS, revealing a large OVOID STEEL STRUCTURE the size of an Airstream trailer dominating one end of the room.

LAW
The Hell... ?

LORI
Quarantine treatment vault.
Armored. Pressurized. Hermetically
sealed.

She presses a button on a console. A FOOT THICK CAPSULE DOOR with a single PORTHOLE WINDOW OF BULLETPROOF GLASS inset in its center opens with a HISS OF PRESSURIZED AIR.

LORI
After you...

INT. MARIA OUSPENSKAYA'S TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Exquisitely decorated, Eastern European ART AND RELIGIOUS ICONS, family HEIRLOOMS, a huge GRANDFATHER CLOCK, TIFFANY LAMPS. The telephone RINGS. Maria enters, picks up.

MARIA
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ATLANTA STREET - CONTINUOUS

Outside a liquor store in a seedy neighborhood, LORD LEE, the tough bastard we met in Starbucks at the top of the show, hunches under the single light of a BATTERED TELEPHONE BOOTH.

LORD LEE
Stay out of this. It's not your
concern.

Maria softly CHUCKLES, gently MOCKING:

MARIA
Don't be silly, Lord. Everything is
my concern. Besides, you're in no
position to tell me what to do.

Furious, Lord SLAMS the phone in its cradle, looks down at...

HIS HANDS - which are UNDERGOING TRANSFORMATION, fingernails turning BLACK, CLAW-LIKE, the BONES of his wrist ELONGATING, CRAWLING UNDER FLESH that begins SPROUTING A THICK BLACK PELT OF FUR.

LORD LEE - Through sheer iron will-power, he HALTS, then REVERSES THE TRANSFORMATION.

INT. C.D.C. - QUARANTINE TREATMENT VAULT - NIGHT

The space is austere, walls of BOLTED STEEL PLATES. Lori pushes ROBOTIC SURGICAL ARMATURES out of the way as, seated on a high tech, fully articulated patient bed, Law strips off his shirt. She is momentarily distracted, staring at him.

LAW
(self-conscious)
What?

LORI
You been working out?

LAW
I told you...

Lori tears her eyes away, focuses on selecting BIOMETRIC SENSORS. With some effort, she affects a professional tone.

LORI
Lie back, please.

As Lori tapes sensors to his naked skin, Law flares his nostrils, observing her hungrily.

Pheromones.

Close quarters.

Touching.

The whole process surprisingly erotic--even more so when she CINCHES HIS WRISTS, ANKLES, WAIST AND CHEST to the gurney with THICK, LEATHER RESTRAINTS.

LAW
Tighter.

Their eyes meet, hold. Electric. Then she gives the restraint a HARD PULL, PAINFULLY TIGHT.

INT. C.D.C. - INFECTIOUS DISEASE LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Lori exits the vault and presses a button on its hull, the massive DOOR SHUTTING WITH A PNEUMATIC HISS.

As soon as the BOLTS ENGAGE, she drops her mask of professional aloofness, revealing that *Jesus Christ, she is horny as HELL!* With some effort, she pulls herself together.

BEHIND THE WORKSTATION - Lori switches on the biometrics monitors--EKG, EEG, A BANK OF 12" CLOSED CIRCUIT MONITORS of Law strapped down inside the Quarantine Vault. She checks a MANUAL, keys in a selection: EAST PARKING LOT.

EXT. C.D.C. - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A SECURITY CAMERA mounted to the side of the building COMES TO LIFE, RED L.C.D. BLAZING ON, The camera TILTING UP AND PANNING with a WHIR OF SERVOS.

INT. C.D.C. - INFECTIOUS DISEASE LAB - CONTINUOUS

The MASTER MONITOR--a 60" high-def FLATSCREEN--displays a live color image of the EASTERN HORIZON beyond the parking lot, a BRIGHT GLOW heralding the impending moonrise.

As she watches, the MOON BREACHES THE HORIZON.

On VIDEO MONITORS (MOS), Law struggles against the restraints, the TRANSFORMATION BEGINNING TO OCCUR. His movements are violent, the images on the screens TOO SMALL TO MAKE OUT PRECISELY WHAT IS HAPPENING.

LORI - gazing at the monitors with an expression of growing disbelief. She turns and looks at the vault.

INT. C.D.C. - QUARANTINE TREATMENT VAULT - CONTINUOUS

SLOW, STEADY PUSH - on the OBSERVATION PORTHOLE inset in the door. O.S. Law SCREAMS SHOCKINGLY LOUD, ANGUISHED, HIDEOUS, accompanied by METALLIC RATTLING as he shakes the bed, WET CRACKING of LONG BONES and TORTURED FLESH as he undergoes his transformation...

HIS DISTORTED SHADOW - ON THE DOOR AND WALLS--a CONVULSING FIGURE STRUGGLING VIOLENTLY against his bonds on the restraint bed, LIGHTS FLICKERING as the BED BUCKS against their stands.

PUSH CONTINUES - as LORI appears in the porthole.

Law's VOCALIZATIONS BECOME INCREASINGLY INHUMAN, from SCREAMS to GROWLING and SNARLING. Hold not on the metamorphosis, but LORI'S REACTION TO IT: horror, yes, but something else...

... the open, pure wonder of a child witnessing a miracle. A DEAFENING LUPINE HOWL takes us

OUT TO BLACK