

FADE IN

INT. ABANDONED SILVER MINE, DARK CAVE - DAY

SUPER: "ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO"

Water droplets echo in the dimly lit room. The walls give the impression of a hidden cavern. Occasional chunks drop from the crumbling walls, and click in the darkness.

In the middle of the room a CAPTIVE MAN sits, with head tilted, in a warped wooden chair. He snores. His hands and legs are bound with old bristly rope. He wears worn blue jeans and nice brown hiking boots.

A silver plated pistol is tucked in his belt. On his head, he dons a short, stained burlap hood, with two ragged eye holes. On the floor in the corner, an oil lamp flickers.

Its light briefly shines on someone else bound to a chair in the shadows, on the far side of the cave. The light flickers again on a pair of legs with blue jeans and old brown boots. Crumbling sounds echo in the chamber. The captive man suddenly jolts awake panting. He rubs his head and moans.

CAPTIVE MAN (V.O.)

(slurping sound)

Ah! Uh! Where am I?

The captive man looks slowly around the room. He struggles to move his right arm, but it's tied down. He peers out of the hood's eye holes at a shadow that moves.

CAPTIVE MAN (CONT'D)

(loud hoarse voice)

What is this? Who's there?

He hears a sound behind him and tries to turn his head. Another sound comes from his right side. He turns his head vigorously from side to side. A large SHADOW moves.

SHADOW

(whispery growl)

Why didn't you just drop it.

His shocked bloodshot eyes settle on the menacing creature.

CAPTIVE MAN'S P.O.V.

The tall and muscular humanoid WEREWOLF stands up on its hind legs. With glowing blue white eyes that flash anger, it fully emerges from the shadows. It glides toward him, except for a small limp in its gait. As it rushes him from the shadows, the view of it crinkles as he squints.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. ABANDONED SILVER MINE, DARK CAVE - DAY

The hybrid werewolf towers over the chair, dwarfing him.

WEREWOLF

(raspy human voice)

You should have left well enough  
alone! What do I do with you two...

CAPTIVE MAN

Let us go...

The captive man's eyes rove over the WEREWOLF. It has a shock of bristly white hair on its head. On its body, less hair than a wolf, but more than a human. It's sinewy muscles ripple as it moves. It's rib cage, accentuated. It's claws click and echo in the chamber like a sporadic tap dancer.

It suddenly grabs a thick wooden crate on the floor. In a rage it snaps it to pieces with the fingers of it's right clawed hand. Splinters fly in all directions. Some splinters embed, marring it's right clawed hand. Blood runs.

It throws its head back and roars. Veins bulge on it's thick throat, it's Adam's apple jumps. Spittle and steam courses through the air. The howl reverberates in the darkness.

CAPTIVE MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

(shaking)

There is no such thing as Werewolves.

The captive man shakes his head and squeezes his eyes tightly shut. Tears stream. He struggles and strains against the ropes. The twine bites into his wrists and chafes them. The Werewolf stares at him knowingly.

WEREWOLF

(growling)

Yessss. Believe it! ...I EXIST!

The captive man sits in silence, eyes still closed and head bowed. His shoulders suddenly tense up as the creature's snaggletooth snout moves within an inch of his face.

Saliva drools over long yellow ridged fangs. Hot fetid breath blows out as the man pulls his head back, coughing. Flies buzz and flit around his head. Mosquitoes nip at his ankles.

The Werewolf smiles and suddenly slaps the man lightly across the face. It's sharp black claws leave small marks on the hood. Blood slowly fills into the marks, soaking through the hood. The Werewolf chuckles to itself, then growls.

CAPTIVE MAN

(screams)

Ahhhh! Nohhh! Please don't kill me!

WEREWOLF

(raspy growl)

I have to kill you...

CAPTIVE MAN

(exasperated)

WE won't turn you in...I promise!

WEREWOLF

(raspy growl)

That's why you both must DIE!

The Werewolf suddenly lashes out and hits the captive man in the head, knocking him unconscious. Ragged hairy veins bulge on its neck as it lifts its snout in the air. It barks and coughs out a loud, chilling howl.

EXT. MONTANA WILDERNESS CABIN FRONT PORCH - DAY

SUPER: "A WEEK EARLIER"

BILL, 51 years old, a husky rugged looking guy with brown graying hair, sits on a old wooden rocking chair. He wears dark blue jeans and snazzy black hiking boots. He methodically dials a number on his cell phone.

BILL

Lets see what excuse it is this time!

Bill gently pats his dog, a smaller but grizzled mutt. The dog looks up at him with moist understanding eyes.

BILL (CONT'D)

Yeah... my brother is a pain in the  
ass... but you are such a good  
boy...CUJO! You remind me of Butch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CABIN KITCHEN CHICAGO - DAY

TOM, a 53 year old stocky guy, thick brown hair with flecks of silver, sits at the kitchen table. He wears worn jeans, a blue polo shirt, and nice brown hiking boots.

He eats heartily from a full plate of assorted breakfast favorites. He devours some eggs over easy, as yolk spills onto his bacon. A stack of toast, and mound of pancakes, drowning in syrup, surround the eggs and bacon.

Tom hums as he eats away. His phone rings. He continues chewing with an irritable look. He wipes his syrupy hands and gently picks up his cell phone as it rings and rings.

TOM

Yeah! Hello? Oh...it's you...  
(mouth full)

BILL (O.S.)

Didn't you get my message?

TOM

Yeah...

BILL (O.S.)

Why didn't you call me back? Just stuffin' your fat face, as usual!

TOM

Damn. Shuddup Bill! I'm a busy man, unlike your sorry ass...

BILL (O.S.)

Whatever...I'll be at Dad's cabin tomorrow by noon. You coming or what?

TOM

I got so much going...with this case. We'll fuckin' see.

BILL (O.S.)

God damn Tom! Don't you give a shit! He IS your father too!

TOM

Yeah...alright. You know I'm coming!

Tom stuffs his mouth. Syrup dribbles.

TOM (CONT'D)

Maybe Dad went south for a few days, ya ever think of that genius?

BILL (O.S.)

NO! His truck is sitting in his driveway, Inspector Clousseau...

There is a long silent pause.

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'll meet you at Dad's around noon. If he is there, and this is all much ado, we are going to talk about a script...

(MORE)

BILL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(pause)

If he's not there, then I'll be at  
the sheriff station, Ok!

TOM

Alright! Alright... I'll drive up  
early tomorrow morning.

BILL (O.S.)

See you there.

TOM (V.O.)

A script?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MONTANA, CABIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Bill sits at his old hickory desk. He puts his cell phone down on the desktop. A rustic corona typewriter rests on a wooden wall shelf behind him. Next to it are braided scripts, stacked on top of each other.

His laptop is on the middle of the desk, casting a blue glow on the stack of printed pages that sits nearby. On the front page is the title "MINE - My Dad's Story." He stares at the page and shrugs. Cujo's tail wags, thumping against his leg. His brow furrows as he affectionately pets him.

BILL

Cujo! I write, and I will make a  
great script one day...

Cujo looks up at Bill with sad eyes as he salivates.

FLASHBACK

INT. CHICAGO WILDLIFE SHOW - DAY

SUPER: "ABOUT A YEAR EARLIER"

A squat BULLDOG shambles along on a leash as his DOG OWNER walks him down a crowded aisle. Only his worn brown boots are visible. There are many booths with backdrops depicting wildlife and nature. The dog owner walks to the end of the aisle and approaches the last booth draped in animal skins, pelts and vests. His dog softly growls.

A SHORTER MAN walks up next to the dog owner. He has a hat on and you cannot see his face. Whitish bushy hair leaks out from the edges of his cap. They all face the booth. A grizzled MAN in a red and black flannel shirt, behind the booth, turns around to greet them with a wavering smile. The dog growls again.

DOG OWNER  
 (stern voice)  
 Quiet BUTCH!

The shorter man leans in and whispers to the dog owner.

SHORTER MAN  
 We can be young again...

FLANNEL MAN  
 (clears his throat)  
 Hello gents, what'll it be?

Butch whimpers at his owner's feet. Face still not visible, Butch's owner peers past the Flannel man, at a strange furry vest draped over his chair that sits behind him. The flannel man notices his gaze and follows it. His eyes finally rest on his unique vest.

FLANNEL MAN (CONT'D)  
 (vehemently)  
 No sir! There is only one other  
 vest like this in the whole world!  
 That's not for sale, period!

The shorter man, face not visible, grunts and walks off.

SHORTER MAN  
 C'mon let's go, damn it! I knew it!  
 (pause)  
 OK. I am going to walk around a  
 bit. Find me in the fishing aisles.

The dog owner remains fixed, staring at the unique furry vest. Butch sits at his feet and salivates.

END FLASHBACK

INT. MONTANA, CABIN OFFICE - NIGHT

Bill stares into Cujo's eyes. Behind him on the wall is a blurry picture of Tom in uniform.

INT. CHICAGO POLICE STATION - DAY

Desks are scattered around the main hall. Many police officers work at them. Some officers wear uniforms and some don't. Tom sits at a gray metal desk, on a chair with rollers. His stomach bulges slightly over his belt, pushing his beige dress shirt out around his waist.

His desk is coated with messy stacks of paper. A book with a shiny cover on silver mining sits on the edge of his desk.

Next to the book is a small framed photo. It is of Tom in uniform with a very pretty, younger African American woman, in her 30s with long, beautiful and wavy hair.

Manilla file folders crisscross in loose bundles across the top of his nearby metal 3 drawer file cabinet. Missing persons flyers and photos line the cork board behind his desk. There is a small flat screen across from him, mounted on the wall. Tom hears someone clear their throat.

VOICE

Tom, you are cleared to go.

Tom looks up with wide eyes as a brown file folder drops onto the middle of his desk. It shifts all of the other precariously perched papers. He scoops it up in surprise and catches another stack of papers that almost fall off the desk. He smiles at CAPTAIN SMITHENS. 58 years old, brown hair flecked with multiple sprouts of gray.

A news report abruptly plays on the flat screen. Tom nods and watches the Captain walk away. His patent leather shoes clip clop on the hard grey floor of the 35th precinct.

CAPTAIN SMITHENS

(distant voice)

Tom, don't go chasing anything imaginary up there...

The captain enters his corner office. Tom hears crinkling and looks behind him on his cubicle wall and sees a picture of big foot tacked on. He hears laughing in the distance. On the top of the sheet is written "BIG FOOT KILLER!"

TOM

(out loud)

Real funny, morons!

Tom grabs the picture and crumples it. He picks up the television remote on his desk and presses the volume button. The news report on the flat screen becomes audible.

REPORTER

...person goes missing up in the northern woods of the Michigan U.P.

A shot of some deep woods flashes on the screen.

EXT. ANVIL U.P. HAROLD'S OLD MICHIGAN CABIN - MORNING

The sun cracks the orange horizon as Tom drives up in his shiny maroon 4x4. He pulls into a large dirt drive, behind a weather beaten black truck.

INT. TOM'S TRUCK - DAY

Tom scratches his chin. He looks sleepy. He abruptly yawns and stretches. He closes his eyes and leans the seat back. He suddenly falls asleep and snores.

LATER

Tom suddenly comes to. He coughs himself awake. He looks around in surprise. He touches his power window, it comes quickly down. He sticks his head out and looks around outside. He nods to himself in relief, with a smile. He sees a dated silver sedan parked next to the black truck.

TOM (V.O.)

Damn! Dad's here?

Tom gets out of his truck and closes the door. He slowly walks up toward the front door. He pauses and stares at the front of the cabin in a daze. From a distance, some kind of movement catches his eye. He walks closer to the cabin.

He peers through the front door's thick, opaque glass side window panes. Sleepy, he yawns again. He sees what appears to be two obscured, human silhouettes that move around. He shakes his head to clear it.

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I must be dreamin'...

He looks again and the silhouettes are gone. He rubs his eyes in bewilderment. He looks sleepy and yawns out loud.

TOM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I must be going nuts! He's got to be at the Sheriff's...

Tom's hand reaches for the front doorknob. He stretches and lets out another loud yawn. He grabs and turns the doorknob.

INT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN SUN ROOM - DAY

Tom peaks inside. Dust fills the sunbeams in the air. He slowly walks in and heads into the family room, his eyes searching the cabin.

INT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN FAMILY ROOM - DAY

Tom walks up to the old recliner and flops down in it. He lays in the recliner with his eyes closed. He cocks his head as though he hears something.



TOM  
Dad, Bill? Are you guys here?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANVIL U.P. MICHIGAN, SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is mostly made of wood planks. The air in the room has a glowing, foggy look to it. The blinds on all the windows are drawn shut. Muted sunlight sporadically filters into the room. On the main wall is a large moose head with enormous antlers. On the opposing wall is a massive buck head with a huge ten point antler rack. There are several desks littered across the large room.

The large oak desk sits against the far wall with a enormous stuffed wolf head just inches behind it. The wolf's mouth is open as if it's reaching for BOBBY HERON, Chief Deputy Sheriff. He is 55 years old, rugged and tan, brown blond hair, with nuggets of silver. Bill sits impatiently tapping his foot in front of him.

BOBBY  
What do you make of all this?

BILL  
Hard to say...I thought YOU could  
shed more light on all of this.

Bobby shrugs.

BOBBY  
Is your brother coming?

Bobby looks at his watch. There is suddenly a soft knock at the wooden front door.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
(out loud)  
Come on in, you know it's open!

The doorknob turns and Tom suddenly barges in. Bright sunlight spills into the gloomy office. He walks up and stands in front of Bill. They glare at each other. Bobby looks at them with tense eyes. Tom slowly smiles. Bill sighs and gives him a big hug. Bobby looks relieved.

TOM  
I dropped by the cabin first, then  
fell asleep in that recliner...

BILL  
(perplexed)  
Just listen to this...from Dad.

They both sit. Bill looks up at Bobby. Bobby shrugs and rifles through papers on his cluttered desk. A loud crinkling of paper echoes through the room. Bobby stares at Tom.

BOBBY

HAROLD mailed this to us. We just received it two days ago, we went to his cabin but he wasn't there...

Bobby opens a large manilla envelope stuffed with contents. He pulls out a letter, it crinkles loudly. He reads aloud.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Bill, I want you to come up here as soon as possible. I am finally ready to write the last great script of scripts with you...it will be all yours! Call your brother and invite him up here too. We will go through my private gun collection. I am ready to give the silver .45 to him! See you boys soon. Love Dad.

Bobby takes a long breath. He looks at Tom and Bill.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Well, oddly it's kind of a bucket list of sorts...maybe.

Tom shrugs and laughs at Bill.

TOM

Well, you get your script after all.

BILL

(glaring)

Aww shuddup already! Silver surfer!

Tom glares back at Bill and his eyes drift behind Bobby. There are two large pictures of missing people posted on the wall. Tom stares at these pictures, underneath are a multitude of smaller pictures. One is of two younger guys with dark hair, one clean-cut and the other straggly looking.

Another picture is of a younger, attractive African American woman in strange garb. Bill follows Tom's eyes over to the pictures and then rest on Tom. Their eyes lock. Startled, Tom jumps up in anger pointing at the photos and yelling.

TOM

What? Do you have missing people up here? What the hell is all this? Is Dad missing, or not?

Bill slowly nods. Bobby gives him an odd look of surprise. Tom gestures again toward the missing people photos. Bill puts his hands out to calm Tom.

BILL

Tom, calm down and listen...

BOBBY

Guys...guys! All we have is the letter your dad sent us. We went to check on him and he wasn't home!

TOM

(softly)

Then he's missing...

BOBBY

(surprised look)

Technically, NO. That would be after 48 hours of him missing...so that, I guess, would be right now. So, you have 48 hours to find him.

BILL

(whispers)

OK.

Tom sits back down and shrugs. With skepticism, he raises his eyebrows and casually points at the missing people photos.

TOM

So, you have more than just Harold missing up here?

BOBBY

Look Tom, I know you're a Chicago detective...but I think your Dad may have just wandered off.

Bill jumps up in anger.

BILL

Bullshit! My Dad's coherent!  
Something's happened, I know it!

Tom glances at Bill and then glares at a perplexed Bobby.

BOBBY

What the hell did I do wrong, Tom?

TOM

C'mon Bill, lets go.

Bill gives Tom an inquisitive look, then shrugs. Bobby reaches in his desk drawer and pulls out a business card.

BOBBY

Here is my private cell number.  
Just don't go taking the law into  
your own damn hands now!

Tom gives him a sarcastic hush look. Bill grabs Bobby's card and holds it up in the light. He misses the subtle exchange between Bobby and Tom. Bobby points to the two missing people photos on the wall.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Right now I have my team searching...  
for this supposedly missing couple.  
They probably left the area, and  
didn't tell anybody. Remember, there  
are so many places to explore up  
here, like deep mine shafts and...

BILL

But Harold's truck is in the driveway!

BOBBY

Yes, it is. So?

TOM

Well...doesn't that seem odd to you?

Bobby jerks his head back to stare at Tom, agitated.

BOBBY

(raises eyebrows)  
Maybe! But right now I've got other  
pressing matters as you can see.

TOM

(nods)  
Yeah, but our Dad is missing!

BILL

(sarcastic)  
He's 82, and now you care Tom! When  
is the last time YOU came up to visit?

TOM

Shit, Bill. You mental midget!  
What difference does that make? I'm  
here now! I came up here because you  
invited me...and he is my Dad too!

BILL

Yeah, but he has been coming up here  
for years. You could have come up  
before this to see him!

TOM  
Well, let's not get into all that...

BILL  
Of course not!

TOM  
You miserable, worthless...I can't believe this shit!

Bobby stands off to the side with his head down.

BILL  
Damn you! Why did you really come?

TOM  
Screw you Bill! I'm sure you were only coming just to have him help you with one of your great and wonderful scripts that never pay you a dime, right?

BILL  
Yeah whatever...and you're finally up here for that rare gun, right?

TOM  
Well, Mr. Writer, while you try to hold a candle to Dad's writing legacy, some of us have to do real work!

BILL  
(angry)  
Damn you...

Bobby looks up and throws his hands in the air. Flustered, he gets between Tom and Bill as the argument heats up.

BOBBY  
Jesus! Hey guys, did you forget that I'm right here? Try to get along and go find your Dad.

They all look at each other and nod with understanding. Bill and Tom slowly walk out of the police station.

BILL  
Let me ride with you...homeboy!

TOM  
Didn't you drive here, Bilbo?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN - DAY

Bill and Tom skid up in front of the old worn cabin at the top of the hill. A dust cloud forms as they park behind an old sun-faded black truck that's in front of the garage door.

Parked next to the black truck is a dated silver sedan. They step out of their truck and look around. They walk up to the front door of the cabin. Bill looks into the cabin through the blurry front door pane window.

Tom walks on the right side of the cabin and peeks through a side window. Meanwhile RUSS suddenly appears across the street in front of another cabin. A large man, 74, deep wrinkles around his eyes, bald with peppered 5 o'clock shadow. He wears a strange animal skin vest with thick fur around its collar and edges over a flannel shirt. He sports blue jeans and old brown boots.

Russ deliberately crosses the street and walks toward Harold's cabin. He carries a bundle of keys on a large key ring. They jingle like bells in the distance.

INT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN KITCHEN - DAY

A mouse trap suddenly catches an inquisitive mouse, snapping it's neck. The morbid crack echoes through the room. A broom leaning against the wall begins to slide down.

Outside, Tom's face is plastered against the kitchen window, fogging it as he stares in. The broom lands with a loud clatter on the floor. Tom cringes and yanks his face back.

EXT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN - DAY

Tom runs down the side of the cabin as Bill walks up to him. Tom grabs him by the arm.

TOM

I heard noises from inside the house!  
I could have sworn someone was in  
the cabin. Maybe...Dad is here!

BILL

C'mon! The house is empty!

TOM

I'm telling ya, I heard a loud noise!

BILL

OK... fine, you're right! Hey!  
(pointing to Russ)  
Looks like he saw us arrive...

Russ is few feet away from them, a bit short of breath. He leans against the bed of the maroon truck.

RUSS

Nice truck! I say, nice truck!

Tom nods in thanks. Russ shakes hands with Tom. Tom looks down and sees ragged scars on his hand. Russ quickly pulls his hand back and turns to give Bill a hug.

BILL

How are you buddy?

RUSS

Hanging in there... and  
(looks at Tom)  
Who is this fellow?

BILL

My brother, Tom.

RUSS

(to Tom)  
I'm Russ. I figured, you must be  
Harold's other son...first time here?

TOM

Yep!

Russ holds up the large key ring in front of Tom and Bill.

RUSS

Sorry this thing happened... I stopped  
by as usual Monday morning to see if  
he wanted to go to the store. Truck  
was there, the door was open...

BILL

Open?

RUSS

Well, it wasn't locked...I called  
his name aloud, went in looked all  
over! Basement attic, barn, shed!  
Nothing! Doors are all locked now...

BILL

We just saw Chief Bobby.

RUSS

I was there two days ago... There is  
something wrong guys!

BILL

Definitely...

TOM

Was he sick?

RUSS

He would have said something. He seemed more virile than ever!

BILL

We will find him!

RUSS

I'll give you a map of the area... there is a big old silver mine. So, bring some ropes and be careful, there are really deep shafts - so bring flashlights.

TOM

Don't worry old timer, we can pull the map up on our smart phones...

RUSS

Those things don't work well up here, and those digital maps, they don't have all the real details...

Russ grins. Tom and Bill look at each other, then at Russ.

TOM

YES SIR!

Russ rubs his grizzled chin and smiles.

RUSS

A little respect goes a long way, but you better take a gun with you!

TOM

(looks surprised)  
What for?

RUSS

Bears and WOLVES! Also, your Dad had a penchant for silver, he probably went into the old silver mine. So, you may need a gun for protection from the humans around here as well!

BILL (V.O.)

Had a penchant?

Distracted, Tom shows his sidearm to Russ.



TOM  
(flashes his badge)  
Always packing buddy...

BILL  
Yeah, he's the clueless detective...  
they are always one step behind and  
they sleep with their guns! And  
sometimes if they're lucky, a woman!  
They're the damn wolves!  
(grins)

Russ gets a good laugh out of that. Tom nods in sarcasm.

TOM  
Wolf huh? Ahhhooooo!  
(loudly)

A faint howl sounds in the distance. They look startled.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Shit, what was that?

BILL  
Probably coyote, right Russ?

Bill looks unsure. Russ slowly nods.

RUSS  
Maybe coyote. Might want to bring a  
rifle too... Harold had a 30/30 behind  
the main entrance door... loaded.

TOM  
Why so much firepower Russ? Just  
for coyotes?

Russ squints at him.

RUSS  
There are many things in these woods.  
Everybody is after silver these days!

BILL  
Why silver?

Tom suddenly frowns as he stares at the house. He notices that the second floor curtain makes a slight movement.

TOM  
Hey! Did you see that?

BILL  
What?

Tom points at the window on the second floor. Russ glances quickly at the window and shrugs.

TOM

I could swear the curtain moved!

Russ smiles a bit. Bill looks exasperated.

BILL

The house is empty Inspector Gadget!

Russ laughs. Bill shakes his head. Tom stares intently at the window, looking at the curtain. Russ taps Tom on the shoulder, startling him.

RUSS

Probably the heat vent blowing...  
Here...these are all the keys from  
your dad's house. My wife used to  
clean the house once every other  
week for him...she's gone now.

Tom and Bill look at each other, then Russ with sorrow.

TOM

Sorry. Well Dad's a pretty neat guy.

Tom keeps staring at the window. Bill clears his throat.

BILL

Yeah, he has lots of stuff... but  
neat...very neat!

With slightly moist eyes, Russ holds up the carabiner clip that is loaded with keys. He separates two sets of keys.

RUSS

There are three full sets...so here.

Tom and Bill each grab their set.

TOM

Thought you said three?

Russ pauses with a small wry smile holding up the clip.

RUSS

Smart! Caught that, huh?

Tom smiles. Bill looks oblivious. Tom laughs at him. Bill watches Russ adjust the fur collar on his vest.

TOM

Well, at least "I" caught that!

RUSS

Harold gave me this set to hold onto.  
You know your dad, just in case...the  
others were always for you two. He  
doesn't trust too many people accept  
me and LOU. See ya round boys.

Russ laughs. Tom looks at Bill, who shrugs.

TOM

Who the hell's Lou?

BILL

Lou's dad's buddy...

RUSS

Tom, you'll meet Lou soon enough.

Russ looks up at the second floor window and smiles. Bill slowly unlocks the front door and enters into the sun room. Tom follows closely and closes the door with a soft click.

INT. OLD CABIN SUN ROOM - DAY

In eerie silence Tom and Bill look around. Sunbeams shine through the room. Dust particles peacefully float. They see the large cloth armoire, and stare at the pictures on the wall. Many pairs of shoes are neatly arranged by the door.

Bill unzips the cloth armoire and sees all of his dad's coats. All of a sudden a rifle slides down onto Tom's arm from the side of the armoire, startling both of them.

TOM

Fuck!

BILL

A little jumpy, shit!

TOM

Well yeah! That Russ is a little  
creepy...don't you think?

Bill gives him an incredulous look and picks up the rifle He holds it up and looks at it a bit closer. Bill leans the rifle on the side of the armoire. Then he walks toward the door that leads into the inner part of the cabin.

BILL

Nice old tube fed .22, typical Dad.

TOM

Maybe that was his squirrel gun? Or  
for Coyotes?  
(shrugs)

BILL

Alright...lets see what we can see?

Tom slowly nods and walks up and unlocks the door. He quietly turns the knob. It softly creaks as the door opens a crack.

INT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bill and Tom creep into the living room. Light filters in through cracks in the shades. Bits of dust float sporadically through the air. In the front corner, a 12 gauge shotgun stands close to the door next to a few walking sticks. The room is quite neat, everything is orderly.

INT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN OFFICE - DAY

The door is wide open, with a good view of the living room. The wooden desk with a laptop in the center is tidy. A nearby shelf filled with files, is well marked and detailed. Bill and Tom walk in. Tom walks up to the desk. With a smug look, he admires the shelf. He runs his fingers across the tops of all the manilla file folders. He picks up a folder.

BILL

Looks a little like your office.  
(sarcastic)

TOM

Not even close kiddo! My files aren't that orderly... It's more like your cabin! You sure took after Dad.

Bill looks at Tom and smiles. They admire the surroundings. Several colorful movie posters adorn the wall behind the desk. Tom suddenly focuses on the file in his hand. Meanwhile, Bill walks back out into the living room.

INT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bill looks around the room at the other wooden planked walls. He spots several animal pelts hanging on wooden pegs. There is a fourth bare peg with nothing hanging from it. On the other far wall there are several stuffed trophies.

INT. CABIN OFFICE - DAY

Tom fiddles with the file folder and pulls out newspaper clippings of photos and headlines. He lays them all flat on the desk and stares at them intently.

INSERT: NEWSPAPER HEADLINES:

"ANOTHER HIKER GOES MISSING IN THE WILDERNESS!"

"STRANGE BEAR-LIKE CREATURE SPOTTED IN THE WOODS"

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. CABIN OFFICE - DAY

Tom stares in paranoia through the doorway at Bill, who is immersed in the dead wildlife that graces the cabin walls. Tom quickly stuffs all the clippings back in the file folder.

INT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN KITCHEN - DAY

Tom walks in, past a large wooden table. On top are 4 pads of paper, laying on top of each other. He spots the broom on the floor. He gazes at the small, curled dead mouse that lay stiff in the trap. He starts laughing.

TOM

A fucking mouse trap... And a broom!

BILL (O.S.)

(from other room)

What...?

TOM

(yells)

It was a broom!

(whispers)

Really? Bed knobs and broomsticks?

Damn, I solved that murder!

Tom opens the fridge and sorts through lunch meats. He checks the dates and they all appear fresh. He nods in surprise.

INT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bill pauses in front of an old open book that lay on the little side table. Distracted, he suddenly looks away at a large picture hanging on the wall, above the table.

INSERT: "TEXT ON BOOK PAGE"

"...Herodotus mentioned a tribe from Scythia that transformed into wolves once every year for several days, and then changed back to their human shape."

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bill smiles at the blown up picture that hangs next to a wolf pelt on the wall. In it is Harold, Tom and himself, dining at a secluded table at a classy Chicago Italian restaurant. He gently takes it down.

FLASHBACK

INT. DOMINICO'S RISTORANTE - NIGHT

HAROLD, 78 years old, clean shaven, fit build, with clear eyes and salt and pepper hair. He wears jeans, a flannel shirt and old worn brown boots. He sits with Tom and Bill at a back table. The waiter comes with their steaming pasta dishes. One plate is of deep dish pizza.

BILL

That's right, bring that Chicago deep dish right over to me!

Tom and Harold look at each other and laugh at Bill.

TOM

At a classy joint, you order pizza?

Harold nods laughing.

HAROLD

That's Bill, loves his deep dish!

BILL

Hey. I know all the good spots in Chi-town. Guess what?

TOM

Yeah, what Bill?  
(sarcastic)

Bill frowns at Tom.

BILL

Ok, don't spoil it for me. Dad, I finally have my own script idea. It is a culinary mob dramedy! All about Chicago food, and a mob cooking contest where the best dish wins...

HAROLD

Wow. What's the title?

BILL

Don Appetit!

HAROLD

That's fantastico!

Bill nods and smugly smiles at Tom and takes a large bite of his splendid cheesy deep dish pizza. Tomato sauce gushes.

END FLASHBACK

INT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bill licks his lips smiling. On the same wall, next to the wolf pelt, is another large picture. In it is Harold, wearing hunting gear, next to a short grizzled MAN with a full head of white hair. They both smile as each has a foot on top of a large wild boar, that lay dead at their feet.

INT. OLD CABIN KITCHEN - DAY

Bill walks into the kitchen carrying the picture. Surprised, he sees Tom holding a dead mouse in a trap, and the broom.

TOM

The noise I heard when we were outside...it was the mouse, this damn broom, probably both!

Bill numbly nods, he holds up the picture.

BILL

Remember this?

TOM

Oh yeah! That's when dad came down to Chicago for his gallbladder...

BILL

That was...the last time you saw him. What a great dinner, huh?

TOM

Last year, right?

BILL

Last October... I flew in then drove him to Chicago...you met us, remember?

Tom nods his head as he tosses the dead mouse into the garbage can. He resets the trap and leans the broom on the wall.

BILL (CONT'D)

(looks out back window)  
It all feels like yesterday...  
everything looks the same.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. HAROLD'S OLD CABIN FRONT GARAGE - DAY

Bill stands next to Harold. They both shut the doors to the black sun baked truck, in front of the cabin garage.

BILL

We made it dad!

Harold rubs his somewhat bloated looking stomach and winces in pain. Bill looks over with concern and rubs his back.

HAROLD

I'm ok son...

BILL

(smiles)

We're home dad.

HAROLD

Home sweet home... sure don't want to ever leave again!

END FLASHBACK:

INT. OLD CABIN KITCHEN - DAY

Bill stares out the window. Tom stands behind him.

BILL

(whispers)

Damn. Where's dad?

TOM

Maybe he knew that he was at the end of his road...and left.

BILL

Maybe. What about what Russ said, that Dad had a thing for silver? Maybe he meant colloidal silver, ha!

TOM

Maybe its his health...I think it's real silver, the mines and stuff!

BILL

(curious look)

What is it then? Why would he want to horde silver...Russ said that?

TOM

There's that, and then what he said about things in the woods!

(pause)

What things? And if he really went out there to die alone, then why the hell would he send for us, like this?

LATER