

Really Angry Werewolf

By Victor Schwartzman

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Black List readers: early reviews reflected my ignorance of proper script formatting. My apologies to those reviewers and readers. This draft is in the proper font and format. I know you take this seriously, so do I.

This is an *unusual "dramedy"* about the unexpected impacts of anger—in particular, on the people who are around the anger. There is a lot of humour although ultimately it is a tragedy.

A scientist develops a serum which allows his anger to emerge physically—in the shape of a monster, a werewolf. It turns out to be no solution to his anger problem.

This film is for people 14 and older.

Standard Studio Logo but with music, like the 20th Century Fox logo:

GlobalWeLoveYou Films

Logo stops. Film starts.

Exterior, night, outside Dr. Phil's house.

We see a fierce werewolf (naked, except for his pants.)

The werewolf bares his fangs, raises his claws and snarls at something off camera.

A gunshot from a Glock handgun.

The werewolf is hit in the heart, instantly killing it.

The werewolf is *dead*.

It falls forward but before it hits the ground, the image *freezes*.

The following *titles* appear over the frozen image.

We apologize.

There was a software glitch.

Instead of showing you the beginning of *Really Angry Werewolf*, we have shown you the end.

This has happened before.

We will restart *Really Angry Werewolf* with another ending.

The ending you saw was the only one which focus tested as high as "almost acceptable."

Although it was much less popular than "almost acceptable," we will replay *Really Angry Werewolf* with the second ending, where the werewolf is burned to death.

We apologize.

You have given us no choice but to restart *Really Angry Werewolf* with the third, emergency-only ending.

We hope you will enjoy the ending focus groups rated "despised."

We appreciate your patience.

But perhaps you want your money back.

If you want your money back, try going to the Manager waiting for you in the lobby.

The Manager has been informed of this possibility.

He or she or them will refuse your request.

If you demand a refund, the Manager will call the police.

The police will question you, humiliate you and give you a ticket with a huge fine. After several hours, you will be released--if you are white.

If you are not white, you will be arrested.

Your bail will be too high to pay.

We make sure of that.

As weeks and then months are lost to you forever, your debts will increase until your family is evicted and everything you own will be sold. You will remain in jail for the rest of your life, your family never visiting you because, in this ending, you are...despised.

You will die alone and unloved.

Or you can stay in your seat.

Black screen.

The studio logo.

The logo starts but with the sound starting slowly, as in a turntable with a vinyl record starting from zero.

It quickly gets to the proper speed as the logo:

GlobalWeLoveYou Films

appears again.

The screen goes black.

Interior, daylight, Frank's laboratory.

Frank in his laboratory. Computers and bubbling stuff in vials surround him. He wears a white lab coat. Frank is white and in his forties. He is intense and has an inner anger.

Now he is at an ultimate moment.

*His left lab coat sleeve and shirt sleeve are rolled up. He takes a bubbling vial and pours the **red** liquid into a hypodermic.*

He stares intently at the hypodermic. He swabs his forearm with an alcohol wipe. A knock on the closed laboratory door interrupts him.

Frank is angry at being interrupted.

Frank

What?

Phyllis opens the door and enters, very concerned.

She is African Canadian and wears a casual business outfit.

Phyllis

Frank, don't do it!

Frank

I'm tired of waiting.

Phyllis

Have you talked with Mary?

Frank

I don't need advice from my ex wife.

Phyllis looks at him, frustrated.

Interior, daylight, laboratory.

Mary and Frank and Phyllis. She is dressed in better business clothing than Phyllis.

Mary

Frank, don't do it.

Frank

Always arguing. Like when we were married.

Mary

We don't know what it will do to you.

Frank

You know I want to do this.

Mary

What if it doesn't work the way you want?

Frank

It will work because it has to.

Phyllis

You'll shoot that crap into yourself
because it *has to* work?

Frank looks at both of them.

Frank

Agree. I hear you. Won't do anything
until tomorrow. We can talk more then.
Swear. Cross my heart.

*As he talks, Frank **squirts the red serum into a sink** and they
watch the liquid flow down the drain. Mary sighs with **relief**.*

*Phyllis **frowns**.*

***The black shape of a long werewolf's open jaws snapping shut on
the last shot, then opening to reveal:***

Interior, night, same laboratory.

*Frank sits at his desk. His lab coat and shirt sleeves are again
rolled up. The hypodermic, filled with the red serum, waits on
the desk. Next to it is a blank notepad and a pen.*

*Frank has just dabbed his forearm with the alcohol swab. He picks
up the hypodermic and injects himself. He is tense but
confident. He puts the needle down.*

He waits, his eyes moving, fingers tapping.

*He **stands**, rolls down his shirt sleeve, then the lab coat sleeve.*

He walks to the windows of the laboratory. Outside, it is night.

There is a full moon. Frank looks at the full moon. He

*suddenly **belches** and grabs his **stomach**.*

Frank

Ow.

Outside a dog howls at the moon.

A black werewolf's jaws snap shut on the last frame, then open to reveal:

Exterior, daylight, the University.

*Ground level shot, moving, of the front door of one building: "JK Rowling Research Centre." The camera keeps moving up to the second floor, to look through a window. We see Frank. He **slumps at his desk, sleeping.***

Interior, daylight, Frank's laboratory.

*Frank sleeps at his desk. **Mary opens the door and enters, without knocking. She sees Frank asleep. She sees the empty hypodermic on the desk. She shakes her head, frustrated, disappointed, angry, afraid.***

Mary gently rubs his shoulder.

Mary

Frank?

*Frank wakes **instantly.***

Frank

It worked.

Mary

You look the same.

Frank

I felt it last night. It's stronger now. My notes are on the desk.

Frank stands, feeling himself, confident.

Mary

Can you control it?

Frank

I'll still be me.

Mary

Yes.

Exterior, daylight, just outside the Research Building.

Frank and Mary walk together from the building, the exterior door closing behind them.

Frank

How is she?

Mary

Her first year is going really well.

Frank

I left her a message.

Mary

Great.

Frank

Last month.

Mary

You get angry. She saw it.

Frank

Yeah.

Mary

That leaves scars.

Frank

Yeah.

Mary

...Have you had anything to eat?

Frank

You woke me up, remember?

Mary

You should eat something.

*Frank starts to say something but **suddenly grabs his stomach**. He is in pain. He falls to the ground. Mary kneels by him. She is **worried** about Frank but also worried anyone will see them, this is **secret**. She looks at Frank. His face begins to change, **his nose and jaw and forehead thrusting out**, then settling back again.*

Mary

Fool.

*No one has seen them **so far**, although people walk nearby. She helps him up. He cannot walk without her support. **Something is wrong with one of his feet**. She helps him back to the Research Building.*

Interior, daylight, Research Building lobby.

Mary supporting Frank even more as they open the door and enter. He stares blankly, in pain. She makes eye contact with **Jane**, who nods and runs off.

Interior, day time, observation room.

It is a hospital patient's room, with a waiting bed, monitoring equipment, etc. **Video cameras, red lights on, in the ceiling.**

Quickly Mary enters with Frank and gets him onto the bed.

Phyllis runs in as Mary gets Frank on the bed. Mary pulls off **one of Frank's shoes**. She sees his **foot** in its sock.

The foot is long and misshapen. She pulls off the sock.

The foot is a wolf's: hairy, powerful, sharp claws on the toes.

Mary and Phyllis exchange a look. They take off his other shoe and sock. That foot is **normal**.

Rapidly Mary takes off his lab coat and shirt while Phyllis gets the equipment ready. Mary leaves Frank's pants on, strokes his head, worried. Frank looks at her.

He starts to say something when his face again **mutates**.

They watch in alarm as his **forehead, nose and jaw bulge, wolf-life**. His normal foot changes to match the other.

But then Frank concentrates. The changes **stop**.

His face and feet return to **normal**.

He looks at them.

Frank

See? It works!

Mary

...How do you feel?

Phyllis

His signs are returning to normal.
If we know what normal is.

Frank

It worked. I know how to control it.

One of his eyes bulges out dramatically, then returns to normal.

Phyllis

We should take blood.

Mary

You're doing great, Frank. I can
see that.

*He grunts and **abruptly sits up**. They back away. Frank is no longer in pain. The changes are rapid as he gets off the bed. His arms grow longer and hairy. His hands change to a wolf's, with vicious long claws. His legs, under the pants, have also changed. His face completely changes with long jaws and sharp fangs.*

He is a werewolf—a monster.

He looks at them.

They look at him.

He growls.

He takes a few steps, feeling his new body, then shivers, concentrates, and returns to normal. He starts to collapse.

Mary catches him before he falls to the floor.

She and Phyllis help him back onto the bed.

Mary looks at Phyllis, both extremely worried.

Dissolve.

Interior, daylight, Frank's house, kitchen.

Mary and Frank are in the kitchen. Frank is not a tidy person and his kitchen reflects that. He sits at the kitchen table, *confident*. Mary has brewed coffee and now pours it into two cups. She takes one cup, black, over to Frank. She is *apprehensive*.

Frank

Mmmm, caffeine. Thanks.

Mary

Last thing you need.

He sips his coffee.

She puts milk and sugar in hers, watching him.

She does not sit at the table with him.

Mary

What's your next step?

Frank

Present.

As in "present" to a committee.

That stops her. She stares at him. He stares back.

Frank

Why wait?

Mary

It's less than one day.

Frank

We've worked on this three years.

Mary

Four.

Frank

Three.

Mary

Four.

Frank

Nothing has changed.

Mary

Isn't that why we started this?

Frank nods.

Frank

We present. To select colleagues.
In a controlled setting. As soon
as possible.

Mary

This isn't "we" anymore.

Frank

Sure it is.

Mary

I don't want anything to do with it.

Frank

You were the one who developed the serum. This is your glory day, not mine.

Mary looks at him.

Wipe.

Interior, daylight, University building hallway corridor.

Frank and Mary stand in front of a closed door, about to enter. Students and professors walk around them. Frank is confident. Mary puts on a brave face.

Frank

We already know all this, but for them it's a lot of exposition.

Mary nods. Frank opens the door.

Interior, daylight, observation room.

There are cameras in the ceiling, their red lights on. Frank and Mary enter. Two colleagues are in the room: Jane and Dr. Phil. Frank steps forward as Mary closes the door behind him.

Jane and Dr. Phil stand. Both are friendly towards Mary. Jane looks sympathetically at Mary.

Dr. Phil glares at Frank. Frank does not offer to shake hands and they do not extend their hands.

Mary steps forward and they smile at her and shake her hand.

Dr. Phil

Hey Mary. Always good to see you.

There is an awkward pause.

Jane

Mary. Frank. Shall we proceed?

Jane and Dr. Phil sit on a couch and wait.

Mary walks to an armchair next to the couch and sits, nervous.

Frank stands facing them.

Frank

Thank you for coming. You know Mary and I have been working on several projects. We haven't told you about one of them. Today I will demonstrate it, in front of you.

Dr. Phil

Demonstrate?

Frank

I don't have to tell you I have an anger problem.

Jane nods. Dr. Phil stares in stony silence.

Mary looks down.

Frank

Long story short, Mary here developed a serum. We worked together. The idea was to create a serum which would release my anger. Where it would take physical form. Where I could reshape it. Work with it. Get rid of it. A new kind of self help.

Dr. Phil

Physical form?

Frank

First, do not be alarmed. I am in complete control. Second, I am in the very first stages of the experiment. I wanted you in on the ground floor. I injected myself only two nights ago.

Jane leans forward.

Jane

You injected *yourself*?

Frank

Third, I can only growl.

Dr. Phil

Growl?

Frank

Inside, it is still me. Outside, you will now see my anger.

Jane and Dr. Phil are alarmed. Mary bites her lip.

*Frank is between **Jane and Dr. Phil and the door.***

His muscles bulge, face changes, shirt rips off and shoes shred. (Still wears his socks.) He enjoys it. Fully transformed into the appearance of a vicious werewolf, Frank, jaws open and drooling, long sharp fangs glistening, holds his clawed hands out in a victory pose—look at me, isn't this great?

On the couch are two terrified colleagues who see a monster between them and the door. Mary puts her face in her hands.

Interior, daylight, University hearing room.

A large rectangular room with a long rectangular table. At the end of the table sit Jane and Dr. Phil sit on one side, Frank and Mary on the other. Mary sits two seats separated from Frank. She looks wrecked. Frank is confident. Dr. Phil gloats. Frank notices.

Jane

Dr. Trump.

Frank nods.

Jane

We and your colleagues have completed an initial review of the documentation. We are here to present our first findings.

Mary begins shaking her head, face down.

Jane

It is the unanimous decision of the panel that you violated numerous University policies as cited in the allegations. You secretly altered budgets. You misappropriated equipment. All without Mary's knowledge. You misled us about your work. More important, Frank, you scared the crap out of us.

He looks at them and leans forward:

Frank

Want to see it again? I can—

Jane

No.

Frank leans back.

Jane

Pending the results of the final review, you are suspended. You are not allowed access to your records or equipment. You are not allowed in your laboratory.

Dr. Phil

You are not allowed anywhere on campus.

Jane

Frank, go home. Take some time to think.

Dr. Phil

We'll call you.

Frank is shocked.

Mary is defeated.

Dr. Phil gloats.

Frank sees.

Exterior, daylight, Frank's house.

Nice house in a nice suburb. There is a driveway next to it, and a large wooden garage. The backyard has a high fence. A sporty car pulls up outside fast, brakes in front of the house, quickly turns into the driveway and abruptly stops at the end.

Frank, angry, driving, gets out, slamming the door. Mary, in the passenger's seat, is in shock.

Interior, daylight, Frank's kitchen.

*From inside Frank's house, we see him open the kitchen door, come inside and slam it shut. The top of the door, glass, **breaks**. Frank does not notice.*

Frank

What the hell's the matter with them?

He storms around, furious. Mary opens the door, comes inside. She stands on the broken glass.

Mary

They're worried about you.

Frank

Not Dr. Phil!

Mary takes a step towards him—we hear the broken glass under her shoes.

Mary

Frank, I think you need to sit down, take a stress pill, and think things over.

Frank trembles with anger. Barely listening.

Mary

I'll take a cab and call you later.
Do you want her to know? I'll call her for you. Don't do anything, okay? I'll call her for you. I'm going.

He says nothing. She edges out as she says the last lines, then quickly leaves. Frank walks into the living room. He looks at himself in a mirror.

Frank

Isn't this why you did it?

Music: *Werewolves of London* (Warren Zevon) begins. It continues over the next several scenes, as noted:

Frank makes himself *change*.

He spreads his arms, his muscles bulge and, as he transforms, his clothing rips off (except for his pants.)

When transformed, he takes off his socks carefully and puts them on the dining room table.

Frank is a werewolf.

He growls, looking at his long sharp claws.

He looks at the dining room table.

He trails a sharp claw on its beautiful polished surface.

He takes away the claw.

He looks at the padded couch and shakes his head.

He sees a large throw pillow, on it a replication of *The Scream* by Edvard Munch.

He picks it up, pushes a long claw into it, then stops.

He puts the pillow down.

He walks out of the living room, growling.

Exterior, daylight, back of Frank's house.

Frank walks over the broken glass and outside.

He stops, growling, and picks a large piece of broken glass from his foot.

There is a little blood.

He throws away the piece of glass, goes to the wooden garage and goes inside.

Interior, daylight, garage.

The garage has a stocked work bench, some neatly placed tools, but also many boxes and bags—junk.

*Frank unleashes his rage, ripping them apart with his **hand claws**.*

*Then he uses the **claws on his feet**, ripping apart more stuff.*

*Excited, he slashes with **both** arms and feet.*

*Out of control, he slashes a perfectly good tire--on a rim and full of air so it **bursts**.*

*The sudden loud **noise** stops Frank.*

*He **looks** at the destroyed **tire**.*

*Then he **looks** at his **claw**.*

*He **likes** the claw.*

He looks at another tire but does not slash it.

He returns to slashing but is deliberately selective, ripping to shreds some stuff, not others.

He puts some boxes to one side, feeling good he is being selective.

Interior, daylight, Mary's apartment.

It is a nice apartment, tidy, in a good apartment building.

*Mary sits on the couch, cell phone in her lap, open to **Jenny's** in the phone menu.*

Mary touches Jenny's face.

As the phone rings, Mary readies herself.

Jenny

How many times do I have to tell you?

Text me!

Mary

Sorry, hon. I couldn't text about this.

Jenny

...what's he done this time?

Interior, daylight, Frank's garage.

Almost everything he can has been slashed.

Frank savours the mess and his power.

There is nothing left in the garage.

He growls.

He wants more.

Exterior, daylight, Frank's house.

From outside the garage, we see Frank step outside.

He looks down the driveway.

A car goes by on the street.

Frank looks at the back yard.

*Behind his property there are **woods** (could this be North Vancouver?)*

*Excited, Frank suddenly runs like an upright wolf, whatever that may be, across his back yard, makes an **unnaturally high leap over the back fence**, and is **gone** into the woods.*

Exterior, daylight, the woods.

Frank runs freely among the trees enjoying the raw power.

As he runs he slashes trees and bushes with his hand claws.

He stops at a large lovely bush and rips it to pieces.

He hears a dog growl.

He turns and sees a large dog baring its fangs.

Frank growls back.

The dog runs off.

Frank slashes what is left of the bush and returns to running.

Exterior, daylight, lake in the woods.

He comes to the lake.

There is a small raft in the middle.

Ducks by the shore are friendly and swim up to him.

Frank looks down on them.

He bares his fangs.

Frank growls.

Interior, daylight, Mary's apartment.

Mary is still on the phone with Jenny.

Mary is drained.

Jenny

I'm coming down.

Mary

He'd love to see you.

Jenny

I could care less. Exams are over.

I have time.

Mary

...thanks, sweetie.

Jenny

I'll be there tomorrow night.

Mary

I'm sure dad will get through this.

Jenny

Yeah, right. Stay away from him.

See you tomorrow, mom.

She ends the call.

Mary looks exhausted.

Exterior, daylight, by the lake.

Frank in closeup, his upper body.

There is bright red blood dripping from on his fangs and hand claws.

He looks at the blood.

He is happy with what he sees.

Music "Werewolves of London" ends.

Exterior, evening, Frank's house.

Establishing shot.

His car is at the end of the driveway.

A second car pulls up behind it and stops.

Mary drives, Jenny sits next to her.

They sit in the car.

Interior, evening, Frank's house.

Frank is in his living room, nervous.

He makes last checks things are tidy.

He turns off the flatscreen tv—it has been on, without sound, an ad:

The lettering is "America Knows! Buy a gun! Protect your home now!"

The titles are flashed over a photograph of a Glock handgun.

Frank looks at himself in the mirror, tries a smile.

There is a knock on the kitchen door.

Frank takes a breath and walks into the kitchen.

The kitchen door's glass has not yet been repaired.

Through the broken window, he sees Mary and Jenny standing outside.

Frank

Door's open.

Mary enters, followed by Jenny.

Frank smiles at her.

Silence except for the sound of the broken glass under their feet.

Jenny glares at Frank.

Frank

Let's talk in the living room, then.

Frank leads them out of the kitchen and into the living room.

Jenny and Mary sit on the couch.

Frank stands facing them.

Jenny is angry.

Frank

Anyone know a joke?

Jenny

No.

Mary

It's been four days since we talked.

Frank

Three.

Mary

Three. Yes. Three days. How are you?

Frank

Never better. I love running in the woods. My new body has so much power.

Jenny

Mom says you change into a werewolf
or something.

Frank laughs, nervous.

Frank

Werewolf? Is that what she told you?

Silence.

Frank

Well okay, that is what it looks like
for some reason, sure.

Mary

It was to help with his anger. How is
it going, Frank?

Jenny

Yeah dad, how's it going? You left
the garage door open. I looked inside.

Frank

I can show you.

Jenny

No.

Frank

I want you to believe me. What can I
do to convince you I'm all right?

Jenny glares, hostile.

Interior.

Tight closeup of a sign on a wood office door: Dr. Jason Schwartzman, Psychiatrist

Interior, day, Dr. Schwartzman's office.

Dr. Schwartzman is a man in his early seventies, shaggy white hair and beard, overweight. His clothing is clean and neat but none of it matches.

The office has some books in shelves, framed paintings of landscapes, diplomas.

He and Frank sit facing each other, in comfortable chairs, with a coffee table between them.

On the table are partly drunk cups of coffee, and dainties.

On Frank's side, there is one dainty left, he has eaten the rest.

On Dr. Schwartzman's side, there are three untouched dainties.

*He holds one **partly eaten** dainty in his hand.*

He is...wary.

Dr. Schwartzman

Frank, we have made excellent progress
in our first talk.

Frank

Thank you.

Dr. Schwartzman

I have questions about how your
transformation helps you control your anger.

Frank

Of course.

Dr. Schwartzman

That first time you ran through the woods.

Frank

Yes.

Dr. Schwartzman

The raw power of running, of your new body, excites you.

Frank

I never felt such power.

Dr. Schwartzman looks at him, pauses slightly, and continues.

Dr. Schwartzman

And then you began using your claws to slash trees and bushes.

Frank

I channeled my anger onto them, yes. It worked. I enjoyed shredding them.

Dr. Schwartzman

Good. Excellent. And the dog?

Frank

We both growled. It ran away. I didn't do a thing to it.

Dr. Schwartzman

Did you want to?

Frank blinks.

Frank

No.

Dr. Schwartzman

Did you encounter other animals in the woods?

Frank

No.

Dr. Schwartzman waits.

Frank

No other dogs. Nothing. Not even ducks. I just ran.

Dr. Schwartzman

Ducks?

Frank swallows, smiles nervously.

Dr. Schwartzman

How many did you kill?

Frank

All I could.

Dr. Schwartzman

Thank you. Very good. Yes. Now we can proceed. I've seen the videos the University provided of your transformation.

Frank

You want to see it?

Dr. Schwartzman

Yes.

Frank

I still can't talk.

Dr. Schwartzman

I understand. And you've brought replacement clothing. ...You could take your clothing off first, you know.

Frank

I like it ripping. It feels good.

*Dr. Schwartzman says **nothing**.*

He nods for Frank to proceed.

Confident, Frank stands, straightens his clothing, smiles at Dr. Schwartzman, and concentrates.

*The focus is on **Dr. Schwartzman's face**.*

*We only **hear** the transformation.*

Clothes rip, Frank growls.

Dr. Schwartzman struggles to display calm.

*What he watches is **horrifying**—both visually and **what it means for his patient**.*

Daylight, interior, Frank's house.

*Kitchen. A strong athletic man, **George**, is with Frank.*

They are having breakfast, sitting opposite each other at the kitchen table.

***George is eating** eggs and toast.*

*Frank has the same breakfast in front of him, **untouched**.*

*The glass in the kitchen door has been **replaced**.*

Frank

I really don't need aides.

George nods, keeping an eye on Frank.

George

Nice eggs.

Frank

Don't get me wrong.

George

No problem. Salt? Mary and Jenny are supposed to come by later. Think they will?

Frank

When Jenny stopped talking to me, I was devastated. Devastated. My only child. It's gone on for years. That was why I had the idea for the serum. That was why I told Mary to create it. I have a daughter but I've lost her. I must get her back. I had to show her I could manage my anger. I had to win her back.

George

Pass the salt?

Frank passes the salt.

Frank

No. They won't come. Neither of them.
Even Mary doesn't want to see me.

George

That's tough, man. Want to play catch
again?

Interior montage without words.

*Mary and Jenny talking with Phyllis (worried),
Jane (worried),
Dr. Phil (gloating.)
Mary is getting very worn.
Jenny supports her.*

Exterior, daylight, University parking lot.

*Mary and Jenny at Mary's car.
They get in.
Jenny gets behind the wheel.
Mary is too upset to drive.
Jenny starts the car and they drive off.*

Exterior, early evening, Frank's house.

Only his car is in the driveway.

Interior, early evening, Frank's house.

*Frank and Mike (another aide, similar build) sit in the living
room.
Frank watches the tv but his mind is not on it.
Mike watches the tv, keeping an eye on Frank.
The flatscreen tv shows a scene from **The Thing From Another
World.**
Kenneth Tobey and the cast are in a dark room.
A door is shoved open, revealing James Arness as the Thing.*

Arness is doused with kerosene and set on fire.

He rampages through the room, is doused with more kerosene, and dives through a window to escape.

Frank

Washroom.

He stands and leaves.

Mike watches him, then takes a cell phone from his pocket and taps an icon.

Exterior, Frank's house, near dark.

The large bathroom window by the kitchen is wide open.

Exterior, hill in woods, near dark.

Full moon.

Frank stands on top of a small hill, the woods around him.

Before him he sees his community, the houses and street lights turning on.

Music: a song: Who Let The Dogs Out?

The song continues over the next several scenes.

Frank transforms, his clothes ripping apart until he only wears pants.

He takes off his socks.

Then he looks down at the community, growls and runs down the mountain, towards the houses and lights.

Exterior, darker, community street.

Frank is on his street, in the shadows.

He looks at the cars driving by.

Frank growls.

He hears noise down the street—a party in a backyard!

People laughing, music!

Frank moves towards the house—stalking.

Exterior, dark, outside the house Frank has stalked.

He is now by the fenced backyard.

A dog on the other side barks.

Talking and joking and loud music from the other side of the fence.

Frank growls, his claws extended.

Several dogs on the other side of the fence begin to bark.

Frank growls more and approaches the closed door of the fence.

The dogs are barking very loudly and angrily.

Frank reaches out with his claw for the door.

Woman's Voice

Something's out there.

Man's Voice

Maybe another bear. Let the dogs out.

Frank hears the door latch being opened and the dogs barking angrily.

He runs off as the door opens.

Three large dogs run out, barking, fangs bared.

They run after Frank.

The song "Who Let The Dogs Out" fades out:

Exterior, night, outside Frank's house by the kitchen.

Frank runs up as a human, sweating, exhausted.

His pants are torn, and they and his hands are covered in blood.

As he runs up to the open bathroom window, Mike opens the kitchen door and walks out.

He looks at Frank and folds his arms across his chest.

Frank stops, panting.

They look at each other.

Interior, daytime, Dr. Schwartzman's office door.

*George stands outside, by the door, texting on his cell phone.
Mike stands next to him, staring into space.*

Interior, day, Dr. Schwartzman's office.

*Frank and Dr. Schwartzman sit across from each other.
There are two partially finished cups of coffee on the table.
The dainties are uneaten.*

Frank

None of this was what I expected.

Dr. Schwartzman

No.

Frank

I want to see Jenny again. I want her to smile at me.

Dr. Schwartzman

And she will. And what about Mary?

Frank

Her too. They're breaking my heart.

*Dr. Schwartzman looks at him **thoughtfully**.*

Dr. Schwartzman

You had a very good idea with the serum, Frank.

Frank

Mary developed it.

Dr. Schwartzman

You've said that before. Do you say it so if something goes wrong, she takes the blame?

Frank

Of course not.

Dr. Schwartzman

...Good. So where to begin. Let's say you did not think the idea completely through.

Frank

Do I really need *two* aides all the time?

Dr. Schwartzman

You have not demonstrated control.

Frank

Agree.

Dr. Schwartzman

You must learn how to control your transformation. Use it to control your anger. Then you can go public, and the world will appreciate what you have done.

Frank

How long will I need two aides?

Daylight, interior, medium sized meeting room.

Coffee table, couches, padded chairs.

Frank and Dr. Schwartzman are already in the room.

Frank paces, rubbing his hands.

Dr. Schwartzman sits, watching him.

There is a knock on the door.

Mary opens the door, comes in and, a moment later, Jenny enters.

It is awkward, the focus on Frank and Jenny.

Frank steps forward towards Jenny, not projecting his usual confidence.

Jenny does not extend her hand.

Neither does he.

Jenny sits on the couch.

Mary sits next to her.

Frank sits in an armchair directly across from Jenny.

Frank

Shall I show you—

Jenny

Seen it.

Mary

She watched the videos.

Frank

I want you to know this is all about
you.

Jenny

Really?

Frank

My anger destroyed my marriage with mom and my relationship with you. I talked it over with her and we worked together on the serum. She really created it.

Jenny

Yeah.

Frank

If I could manifest my anger physically, I could control it. I honestly believed it would manifest as something I could work with. A tiger. A lion.

Jenny

It didn't come out as the King of the Jungle. It came out as a monster.

Frank

Agree.

Jenny

Because you still don't get it.

*Frank is **unable** to continue meeting Jenny's gaze and looks away.*

Daylight, exterior, outside the Research Building.

Mary and Jenny walk outside.

*Jenny stops and **breaks down**.*

Mary holds her.

*Mary **herself** is about to break down.*

Interior, daylight, the formal meeting room.

Frank stands by the window, looking down at Mary and Jenny.

A tear falls from one eye.

Dr. Schwartzman stands next to him.

Dr. Schwartzman

She has a point, Frank.

Frank

Yeah.

Dr. Schwartzman

Your anger comes out as a vicious beast.

That is what it is. You do not control it.

It controls you. Our first step is for you to transform into something else. Something without claws and fangs.

Frank

No king of the jungle.

Dr. Schwartzman

The opposite.

Music. The Eurythmic's "Sweet Dreams (Are Made of These)".

Evening, interior, small observation room.

We notice cameras in the ceiling, their red lights on.

Frank and Dr. Schwartzman and Phyllis are in the room.

*Frank sits in a chair **by himself**, centre stage.*

Dr. Schwartzman and Phyllis sit in chairs, next to each other.

Each chair has a built in flat writing surface, on which is a pad of paper.

Dr. Schwartzman holds a pen.

Phyllis' pen is on the pad of paper.

Set up near Frank, so he can see himself, is a mirror.

Frank **concentrates**.

He tries to be calm, not angry.

Slowly his face **begins shifting**.

A form is **pushed out**.

The **werewolf** face briefly starts but **melts back**.

Frank concentrates **harder**.

Abruptly his face transforms into a **sheep's**.

A white curly haired harmless sheep's head.

Dr. Schwartzman is calm and takes notes.

Phyllis stares at Frank, her face struggling with **WTF?**

Frank looks at them.

His mouth widens into a **scary wide grin**, revealing teeth that are **fangs**.

His eyes turn blood red.

Frank growls.

He looks at the mirror.

Reactions from Frank, Dr. Schwartzman, Phyllis: **try again**.

Montage, interior, closeups.

Frank tries different approaches of manifesting his anger.

We see:

A **grumpy hamster**.

An adorable panda which bares its fangs.

A **vicious bunny**.

An **angry dolphin**.

An **evil Santa Claus**.

An **outraged Tom Hanks**.

Music "Sweet Dreams (Are Made Of These)" ends.

Interior, daylight, same room.

Dr. Schwartzman and Phyllis *observe* Frank.

He stands in the centre of the room.

We hear *Beethoven's Sixth Symphony*, the *Pastoral*, softly play.

A large flat screen tv is by Frank.

On it are butterflies gently going from flower to flower.

There is a teddy bear on a little table by Frank.

Frank

I want to kill the teddy bear.

Dr. Schwartzman makes notes on a pad.

There are a *number of pages* turned over—many observations.

Phyllis looks at Frank, brows furrowed, still struggling with not indicating her shock and concern.

She has made *a few notes*.

Interior, daylight, observation room.

Dr. Schwartzman and Phyllis sit and *observe*.

More pages have been folded back on Dr. Schwartzman's pad.

Phyllis watches, not hopefully.

Frank is in a flotation tank, wearing swim trunks.

He has headphones on.

His eyes are closed, he smiles.

On the top edge of the device, near Frank's head, is the teddy bear.

Frank opens his eyes.

He looks at the teddy bear.

He struggles.

In a moment he becomes a *shark*, *lunges* up with his huge white mouth and teeth and dead eyes and *eats the teddy bear*.

Water splashes out of the tank.

Evening, interior, Mary's apartment.

Mary and Jenny sit on a couch, Phyllis next to them, on a chair.

Phyllis

The University remains supportive.

Mary

Putting him on disability helped.

Phyllis

He hates it.

Jenny

I bet.

Mary

He's struggling, honey.

Jenny

The whole idea was stupid. How could you not have thought of this?

Mary

I hoped it would work out.

Jenny

Hope is not a plan.

Phyllis

We have more than hope. Dr. Schwartzman thinks we've gone about it all wrong.

She does not believe it will work.

Mary

It's a great idea.

She does not believe it will work.

Jenny

For dad to confront the people who
make him angry? And for them to
apologize to him?

She does not believe it will work.

Phyllis

We've run out of ideas. He insists.

Mary

It could work. Dad will be prepared.

Phyllis

And it will be controlled. Both aides
will be there. And me.

Jenny

Isn't the whole point dad can't control it?

Phyllis nods.

Interior, a building observation room, no windows.

*Frank and Phyllis sit on a couch together, but not close.
He is at one end, she the other.*

Phyllis

Dr. Schwartzman is late. I've got another meeting.

Frank

Don't blame him. Look, Phyllis, thanks. I haven't said that enough.

Phyllis

Agreed.

Frank laughs. Phyllis laughs back. He leans back.

Frank

We should have thought of a serum to **stop** the transformation.

Phyllis

Kind of late now.

Frank

I thought I'd have to force it out.

Phyllis

You opened a door and it walked right through.

Frank

... It all comes down to me. I know how they see me.

Phyllis

Jenny wants this to work.

Frank

... I have to think this through.

Phyllis smiles, weakly.

The black shape of the werewolf's jaws closing on the scene, then opening, revealing a new scene:

Interior, daylight, Frank's home.

The living room.

Frank sits in a chair, waiting, confident.

Phyllis sits on a couch with Dr. Schwartzman.

Mike stands by a wall, watching Frank.

George stands on the other side of the room, also watching.

Both have the long police flashlights that are also clubs.

Dr. Schwartzman

It is a good idea, Frank.

Frank

Confront who makes me angry. They apologize. I thank them.

Dr. Schwartzman

But you will control yourself. You will not transform.

Frank

Agree.

*There is a **knock** on the door.*

*Frank **stands**.*

*Mike goes to the door and **opens it**.*

Dr. Phil is revealed.

He looks at Frank, then the others, then walks inside.

Dr. Phil

Dr. Trump.

Frank

Dr. Phil.

Dr. Phil sits in a chair facing Frank, not too close.

Frank stands, facing him.

They stare at each other.

Frank

I appreciate your coming here today.

Dr. Phil

Anything to help.

Frank

You understand what this is about.

Dr. Phil

It's been explained.

Frank

Good. How are you?

Dr. Phil

Fine. How's your long-term disability working out?

Something hardens in Frank.

He stiffens.

Frank

It's short term.

Staring at Dr. Phil, **Frank transforms.**

The beast comes out.

Frank looks down on Dr. Phil and **bears his sharp fangs**, drooling.

He **growls** ominously.

Dr. Phil is **terrified.**

He **stands.**

Frank's **claws rise.**

Mike stops leaning against the wall.

As does George.

Dr. Schwartzman

Frank!

Phyllis

Stop him!

Dr. Phil **runs** for the front door.

Frank **snarls.**

Mike gets in front of Frank.

Frank casually swipes Mike with his arm.

Mike goes flying across the room, hits a wall and slumps, **unconscious.**

George hits Frank with his **club.**

Frank **casually** swipes George with his arm.

George also goes flying across the room, opposite Mike, also slumping to the floor, **unconscious.**

Dr. Phil **opens the front door.**

Frank starts after him.

Exterior, daylight, Frank's house.

Dr. Phil *runs to his car*, parked by the sidewalk in front of the house, and gets inside.

Frank follows, faster now, *stalking*.

Front door of the house is *wide open*.

Dr. Phil *rolls up his car windows* and struggles with the *keys* as Frank *circles* the car.

Before Dr. Phil can start the car, Frank *slashes the left front tire* with his claws, looking at Dr. Phil.

The tire *explodes* and goes flat.

Frank moves a few feet and *slashes the right front tire*, again staring at Dr. Phil.

It also explodes.

The front end of the car *sinks*.

Dr. Phil watches, *terrified*.

Frank looks at him through the front window of the car and *snarls*, baring his fangs.

Dr. Phil

I'm sorry.

Frank comes back to the driver's side, *snarling*, claws extended, staring at Dr. Phil.

Dr. Phil

I'm sorry. That's what you want to hear, right? *Oh God I'm sorry.*

Frank *stops*.

Staring at Dr. Phil.

Dr. Phil

I was awful to you. I hate you.
Okay? I'm sorry. Please! Don't kill me!

Frank *straightens*, continuing to stare at Dr. Phil.

Dr. Phil

I'm sorry. It's all my fault! Don't
kill me!

Dr. Phil *breaks down*, sobbing.

Frank *transforms* back to his normal self, still looking at Dr. Phil.

Frank

Thank you.

Frank *turns* and *walks away*, back to the house.

Dr. Phil, sobbing, *watches* him.

Phyllis and Dr. Schwartzman stand outside, by the front door, watching.

Now it is Frank who *gloats*.

Interior, day, Frank's house.

Frank walks inside.

Phyllis and Dr. Schwartzman follow, uncertain what to say.

Frank

I'll go through them, one by one,
until I'm not angry any more.

He looks at Mike, who remains unconscious on the floor, bleeding a little from his mouth.

He looks at George, on the other side of the room, also unconscious.

Frank

Someone should call an ambulance.

Instrumental music begins, building over the next several scenes.

Establishing shot, coffee shop, evening.

Interior, evening, coffee shop.

Phyllis sits with Jenny at a booth, away from anyone else.

Jenny

He's going to kill mom with this.

Phyllis

She's on top of it.

Jenny

No, she isn't.

Phyllis

Yes, but we can't tell her that.

Jenny

No.

Phyllis

Yes.

They look at each other and sigh.

Phyllis

We got to stop meeting like this.

Jenny laughs.

Jenny

You should never have gotten involved with dad. For everyone, this is all about him. As usual.

Phyllis

She's in denial.

Jenny

She's falling apart.

Interior, evening, Dr. Phil's house, his study.

Tight close-up of Dr. Phil.

He is very angry.

*He pulls **three darts** from a dart board which we do not see.*

Camera POV the wall the dart board hangs on.

He walks back, turns, looks at the dart board.

He throws as if he is throwing a knife at someone.

A close-up of the dartboard.

It is covered with a large colour photograph of Frank.

Next to it is another colour photograph of Frank, totally covered with dart holes.

This photo is new.

A dart hits Frank's left eye.

A second dart hits his right.

A third hits between his eyes.

Interior, daylight, Jane's office on campus.

Jane, Frank and Mary sit in the office.

Jane is not behind her desk, but on a chair facing them.

*Mary sits on a couch, **alone**.*

Frank sits on a chair next to her.

*Frank is **angry**.*

Mary looks as if the floor has vanished from under her feet.

Frank

What do you mean none of them will see me?

Jane

I tried my best.

Frank

All I want is get each of them to apologize to me.

Mary says, almost to herself:

Mary

It's Dr. Phil.

Jane

You threatened him, Frank.

Frank

He apologized. It's over.

Jane

You slashed the tires of his car.

Frank

I thanked him.

Jane

Dr. Trump. He apologized because he thought if he didn't, you would kill him.

Frank

Agreed.

Jane

You've been at war since you've met.
Let's call it a personality conflict.
He hates you. You hate him. I've spent
too much time resolving your battles.
Between yourselves and everyone you work
with.

Frank

Okay. I know.

Jane

How can him saying he is sorry, when
otherwise he thought you would kill him,
be a freely given apology?

Frank

I was never going to hurt him.

Jane

Your colleagues see no reason to apologize
to you. They say the problem *is* you. I
think the problem is you. I will not
apologize to you for your own anger
and how it makes me feel. It should work
the other way around.

Frank is stunned.

Mary appears ready to cry.

Daylight, exterior, the JK Rowling Research building.

Frank, followed by Mary, comes out the front door.

He takes a few steps to clear the building, stops, takes a long breath, controlling himself.

Mary walks up to him, lost in unhappy thoughts.

They start to walk down the path.

Students and academics walk around them.

*A few people **notice Frank** and **whisper** to each other.*

*Several **widen** the area between them and Frank as they walk by.*

Frank does not notice.

Mary does.

She trembles.

Instrumental music stops.

Late afternoon, exterior, Mary's apartment block.

*Jenny in a small hatchback **drives up fast**, screeches the brakes, stopping at the entrance to the parking lot underground, then turns and screeches into the underground lot.*

*She **drives exactly as Frank did earlier**, when he was angry and drove up to his house and into the driveway.*

Late afternoon, parking lot garage underground, interior.

*Jenny drives up fast to a visitor parking space, screeches to a **stop** and gets out as **quickly** as she can.*

*She is ready to **cry**.*

*She **runs** to the elevator.*

Late afternoon, apartment block hallway, interior.

*The elevator door **opens** and an anxious Jenny runs out.*

*She runs to a **door**.*

*She **stops**.*

She composes herself.

*Then she **opens** the door.*

Late afternoon, interior, Mary's apartment.

Mary is sobbing on the couch.

Phyllis sits next to her, unable to comfort her.

Phyllis stands and lets Jenny quickly take her place.

Jenny hugs her mother, trying to comfort her.

Mary cannot stop sobbing.

Mary

It never stops.

Jenny

Forget about him.

Mary

They hate me. I'm such a fool.

Jenny

No one hates you.

Phyllis

They hate him. Not you.

Mary

The divorce didn't make any difference.

Phyllis hesitates.

Phyllis

Forget the blame game.

And she sobs even more.

Jenny holds her.

Phyllis can do nothing but watch.

Night, interior, Mary's apartment.

*Mary sits by herself on the couch, **ashen**, a shell.*

*Jenny sits in a chair very close to her, **soundlessly crying**.*

Interior, day, Jane's office on campus.

Jane and Mary sit on a couch, not far apart.

Jenny sits in a chair nearby.

*Mary is **still ashen**.*

*Jane is **comforting**.*

*Jenny **struggles** not to cry.*

Jane wants to hold Mary's hand.

*Mary **won't let her**.*

Jane

I refuse to accept your resignation.

Mary

You don't understand.

Jane

I've been your friend for years.

Mary

I see it in your eyes.

Jane

You did leave him.

*Mary **shakily stands**.*

Mary

I have to go.

Mary starts towards the door.

Jane and Jenny stand, worried about her.

She ignores them.

Exterior, daylight, just outside the Research Building.

Mary walks out, Jenny quickly following, to catch up.

Jenny wants to hug Mary but Mary is distant.

Mary

I want to go home.

Jenny

They like you.

Mary

They pity me. I need a drink.

Dissolve from Mary's face to Phyllis':

Frank's house, interior, evening.

Phyllis has just entered.

*It is obvious she has **never** been in Frank's house before.*

Frank smiles.

George stands in the background, watching, Mike also.

*Both have visible **bruises**.*

*Phyllis looks around **awkwardly**.*

*Frank is **concerned**.*

He leads her to the living room.

They sit facing each other.

*Phyllis is **tired**.*

Frank

How is she?

Phyllis

Not so good.

Frank

It's awful.

Phyllis

It sure the hell is, Frank.

Frank

Seeing all this happen to me. She must feel guilty about her role in it.

Phyllis

For Christ's sake, Frank.

He stops.

Phyllis

It isn't always about you.

Frank

I know that.

Phyllis

Do you? How many times have I talked to you about Jane or Tim or Andrea?

Frank

Who?

Phyllis

Our colleagues. For ten years, I've defended working with you. For ten years, they've told me I'm stupid. I don't like my friends thinking I'm stupid, Frank.

Frank

You have a PhD, you're their equal, you're—

Phyllis

No, Frank. They think I'm stupid because I put up with you.

Frank

Oh.

Phyllis

The hardest part is some of them won't talk to me any more. Not really.

Frank

Oh.

George leans off the wall and says to Phyllis:

George

Like some hot water and lemon?

Other Aide

We got some in the kitchen.

Phyllis

Thanks, I could use some.

Phyllis looks at George and nods, thanking him.

Frank feels as if he is seeing aliens from another planet.

Jenny, interior, art gallery.

Jenny performing a performance art piece about anger.

It is wordless.

Jenny is surrounded by photographs of people in her life, especially Mary and Frank.

She points to Mary with love, fear and anger to Frank.

Music starts: Staying Alive from Saturday Night Fever. It continues over the following sequence:

Exterior, day, street outside Frank's house.

Frank walks outside.

George and Mike are with him.

A long police heavy flashlight is in George's belt—a club.

And Mike's.

George has a black eye.

As Frank walks, he looks at people interacting, observing them as if he was an anthropologist observing an alien culture.

A bus drives by with a large photo of Margaret Mead on the side, advertising one of her books.

Interior, daylight, a room in a facility.

Mary is in a room with five other women and a woman moderator—Mary is in group therapy, in an institution.

Interior, daylight, the Research Building cafeteria.

Phyllis with some of her colleagues in the cafeteria.

Although the others are eating lunch together and chatting, Phyllis is alone and isolated.

The others keep their distance.

Interior, daylight, Jenny's college dorm room.

She sits with several friends.

*They are **all crying**.*

***Posters** from Jenny's performance art pieces are on the walls.*

Interior, day, fast food restaurant.

Frank sits at a table with George and Mike.

There is no food at their table.

Frank watches people who could get angry but do not.

George and Mike watch Frank.

*Frank sees a woman with a **crying child**, getting the boy to sit and **be still** before eating.*

*He sees a man arguing with a woman, then they hold hands and **kiss**.*

*He sees a father sitting with his daughter—**same ages** as Frank and Jenny.*

*She has **earbuds** plugged into her cell phone and is playing a game.*

*Her father watches, **smiling**.*

Interior, daylight, Dr. Phil's apartment.

*Dr. Phil is at his desk, assembling **papers and bound reports**, and putting them into a **box**.*

He is still angry.

*On his computer plays the **video** of Frank demonstrating himself in front of Jane and Dr. Phil.*

*The file is being **copied** to a usb stick.*

The *Staying Alive* song increases in volume:

Interior, nightclub, a large dance floor with a lit revolving glittering ball above it—the set from *Saturday Night Fever*.

Frank is on the dance floor, like John Travolta.

Only Frank is a werewolf, wearing only white pants.

Frank has his hand up in Travolta's classic pose and **starts dancing**, a parody of Travolta.

Mary comes up, **starts to dance** with him but backs off and dances by herself.

Jenny does the **same**.

So does Phyllis, Jane and Dr. Phil, who gloats.

John Travolta shows up, as himself, in the white suit.

He starts dancing with Mary.

He turns to Frank and starts to say something.

Exterior, night, night club parking lot.

There are **no** cars, except for Frank's.

He stands by the car with George and Mike.

Frank is alone, and it is a very big parking lot, all the parking spaces **empty**.

End Staying Alive song.

Interior, day, observation room.

There are **video cameras** in the ceiling, red lights on.

Frank is in the room with Phyllis.

They sit on a couch, facing each other.

In front of them is a coffee table.

Nothing is on the coffee table and they hold **nothing**.

Frank

Like some more tea?

Phyllis

Thanks.

Frank

Do you take milk?

Phyllis

For the last ten years.

Frank

I am very sorry. I should have noticed.

Phyllis

Like you mean it.

Frank leans forward.

Frank

I'm such a jerk. I never gave you a second thought.

Phyllis nods.

Phyllis

Let's do the one where I'm talking about my work.

Exterior, morning, institution.

Mary and Jenny walk out of an institutional building.

Mary looks **better**.

Jenny is **relieved**.

Night, interior, Dr. Phil's office.

He sits with a young graduate student.

*On a desk next to them is the **box** of file folders, with the usb stick on top.*

Grad Student

Thanks.

Dr. Phil

Your PhD is in that box.

Grad Student

When can I interview him?

Dr. Phil smiles, not nicely.

Dr. Phil

Not yet.

Interior, day, Frank's house, kitchen.

Frank and George and Mike are in the kitchen.

George sits at the table, Frank stands with a pot of tea.

Mike leans against a wall, arms folded, bored.

Frank

You take milk, don't you?

George

No, I've always taken it straight.

Frank

I'm such a jerk. I never gave you
a second thought.

George nods.

Frank

Can you forgive me?

George and Mike give him a look.

Frank nods and leaves.

Interior, morning, Frank's bathroom.

Frank looks at his reflection in the mirror.

Frank

I'm so sorry. I finally realize
this isn't all about me. ...I'm so
sorry. I finally realize. ...This
is about you, not me at all. ...I'm
really sorry. I finally realize...realize...

Interior, evening, mediation room.

Mary and Phyllis sit in separate chairs.

Dr. Schwartzman sits apart, observing.

Frank stands.

He faces Mary.

Mary is confident.

*George and Mike stand to one side, leaning against opposite
walls, watching.*

Phyllis also observes.

Frank

I realize it isn't about me being
angry. And it isn't about how I
destroyed our marriage. It's about
how I've damaged everything in your life.

Mary nods.

She waits.

Frank fumbles.

She waits.

Frank

Can you forgive me?

Mary stands.

Without a word but looking at him, she leaves, closing the door on him.

Frank watches her go.

Phyllis quietly smiles.

Interior, day, outside the meeting room.

Mary comes out, closing the door.

Jenny stands by the door, waiting.

Jenny has been crying.

Mary hugs her, comforting her.

They start to walk away.

Exterior, daylight, outside the Research Building.

Mary and Jenny slowly walk from the building, Mary hugging Jenny.

Frank runs out of the building and approaches them, desperate.

George and Mike run out behind him but keep an appropriate distance.

Frank

I'm trying to learn. Please.

Let me try again.

Mary turns to him.

Mary

Sure. Phone me when you've got it right.

Mary *walks away*, with Jenny.

Mary *does not look* at Frank.

Jenny *glares* at him.

Frank stands *alone* on the sidewalk, George and Mike watching nearby.

Instrumental music begins.

Interior, day, Dr. Schwartzman's office.

Frank sits with Dr. Schwartzman.

Frank is *despondent*.

Dr. Schwartzman searches for something to say.

Mike and George are in the background.

Interior, evening, Frank's living room.

Frank sits with Phyllis.

Frank is *despondent*.

Phyllis searches for something to say.

George and Mike are in the background.

Interior, night, Frank's bathroom.

Frank stands alone.

He looks at his image in the mirror.

There are now *bars* over his bathroom window.

He is *despondent*.

Interior, day, University cafeteria.

Phyllis sits at a table *by herself*.

A *woman colleague walks up*, holding a lunch tray.

Woman Colleague

I was a jerk.

Phyllis

Welcome to the club.

*The colleague sits across from Phyllis and **they start eating lunch.***

Interior, night, Jenny's dorm room.

*Jenny and two of the students seen earlier are all crying, but this time are hugging each other with **relief.***

Interior, night, Frank's house.

*He sits in a chair in his living room, **thinking.***

Behind him, in the background, stand Mike and George, always watching.

The flatscreen tv is on, but the sound is turned off.

An ad is on.

*The lettering is "**America Knows! Buy a gun! Protect your home now!**"*

*The titles are flashed over a photograph of a **Glock** handgun.*

Interior, evening, Mary's apartment.

Frank, Mary, Phyllis and Jenny.

***No dialogue** that is audible.*

*The women all look **healed.***

Frank looks worse than ever.

The women are talking among themselves.

Frank starts to say something but then stops.

Interior, night, Frank's living room.

Frank, George and Mike.

George sleeps.

Mike watches a movie on his phone, with ear buds, keeping an eye on Frank.

Frank sits watching the tv, flipping channels.

There is the evil Nurse from "One Flew Over The Cuckoo's" nest, grinning over Jack Nicholson's body (doesn't happen in the movie).

Tony Curtis, on the cross, from Spartacus.

"Dr. Strangelove," with Slim Pickens riding a nuclear bomb down to destruction, shouting "Yahoo."

Interior, daylight, Dr. Schwartzman's office.

Frank and Dr. Schwartzman sit facing each other.

On the table are two coffee cups and dainties.

All are untouched.

Frank

This has worked out great so far.

For everyone except me.

Dr. Schwartzman

But you're glad they've healed.

...Good. And?

Frank

The serum hasn't worked out. Obviously.

I have to try something else.

Dr. Schwartzman

Such as?

Frank

Not transforming. It's the only

thing before the last step.

Dr. Schwartzman

Last step?

Frank

Yeah.

Dr. Schwartzman

...So. You'll try keeping it inside.

That is how you began.

Frank

I don't think it'll work.

Dr. Schwartzman nods.

The next few scenes are a sequence with music: Tom Waits' "Emotional Weather Report."

Exterior, day, Frank's backyard.

He is playing catch with George and Mike.

He is trying to act relaxed but is simmering.

Exterior, evening, Frank's car.

He is driving, Mike sits next to him.

George is in the back seat.

A driver suddenly cuts him off.

Frank is starting to boil.

Interior, casino.

Frank is at a slot machine, feeding it quarters.

George and Mike stand next to him.

Frank feeds his last quarter and the slot comes up: LOSER LOSER LOSER.

Frank's eyes bulge out in anger.

Interior, day, Dr. Schwartzman's office.

Frank and Dr. Schwartzman sit facing each other.

*On the coffee table between them is **nothing**.
George and Mike sit in the background, playing checkers.*

Frank

It wants to come out.

Dr. Schwartzman

It's hungry. We knew—

Frank

I control it but not really.

Dr. Schwartzman

Putting you in situations which get
you angry feeds the beast within.

Frank

So I should get away from anything
that gets me angry?

Dr. Schwartzman nods.

Frank shrugs—why not?

Exterior, our lake, raft in the middle.

Frank is on the raft.

Ducks swim around, birds fly overhead.

It is sunny.

*Frank wears **regular clothing**, not swim trunks.*

*A **cell phone** is on the raft next to him.*

*He **picks it up** and punches a number, frustrated.*

Frank

I'm living in a smiley face.

He puts the phone down.

He sees his hand is a hairy wolf's hand.

Interior, evening, Dr. Schwartzman's office.

Sitting in separate chairs, are Frank and Dr. Schwartzman.

Facing them is Mary.

In the background is Mike, standing and watching, and George.

Mary looks great.

Frank is in a hole.

Frank

I'm so glad for you.

Mary

They respect me again.

Frank

What about me?

Mary

What about you?

Frank

You're all doing great and I'm still on disability. It's been two months.

Mary

Three.

Frank

Two.

Mary *stands*.

Mary

You'll have to change before you
get anywhere.

*She turns and leaves, closing the door behind her, this time not
looking at him at all.*

Frank struggles to control his anger.

He looks at Dr. Schwartzman.

Dr. Schwartzman

It has been three--

Frank

Who asked you?

Dr. Schwartzman

..You should meet with Jenny.

Frank

Why? It won't make any difference.

Dr. Schwartzman looks at him.

Interior, evening, Dr. Schwartzman's office.

Frank, Mary, Jenny and Dr. Schwartzman are present.

George and Mike are in the background.

Mary and Jenny sit together on the couch, close.

Frank sits in a chair opposite them.

Dr. Schwartzman is off to one side, observing and managing.

Frank is tense and struggling.

Jenny

Dad, we should follow up. Just
you, me and the Doctor.

Frank

Uh huh.

Jenny

I'd like that.

Frank

I bet you would.

Jenny

Dad...

Frank stands, angry.

Frank

I'll think about it.

Frank leaves, slamming the door.

Jenny and Mary and Dr. Schwartzman react.

Mary is not surprised.

Jenny is worried about her father.

Dr. Schwartzman is deeply concerned.

George and Mike start to move.

Interior, evening, outside Dr. Schwartzman's office.

Frank storms away angry, out of the foyer and into a hallway.

George and Mike open the door, come out and watch Frank.

*He stops and looks at a series of **framed photographs** of the professors in the building, including **Dr. Phil**.*

*He slashes out--with his **claw**.*

The framed photograph of Dr. Phil is *ripped* from the wall and falls to the floor, *shattering*.

George

Let's go home. Now.

Interior, night, Frank's living room.

flatscreen tv is on and Frank sits, thinking.

Mike sits nearby, doing email on his phone.

George sits in another chair, watching a movie on his phone, using earbuds.

Both keep an eye on Frank.

The movie on the tv is *Forbidden Planet*.

The scene is at the end, where the Walter Pigeon character fights his own id: **"Guilty! My evil self is at that door! And I have no power to stop it!"**

Frank

Going into the kitchen for a snack.

He stands.

Mike

Sure, I'll go with you.

Frank sits.

Frank

I can wait.

Interior, Frank's house, bedroom.

He is in bed, in his pajamas.

He looks at his bedroom windows--bars are over them.

He gets up and starts to put his clothes on.

Evening, exterior, backyard of Frank's house.

A *full moon*.

Frank, Mike and George are playing *catch*.

Frank is at a *boil*.

He throws the ball hard.

Then harder again.

Then he glares arrogantly at George and *throws the ball over his head*, then quickly runs across the yard, makes an *unnaturally high leap over the fence*, is gone.

George grabs for his *cell phone* as Mike runs to the fence.

Evening, exterior, the woods.

He rips off his shirt, kicks off his shoes, gets rid of those socks and *runs*.

He does not slash anything.

Exterior, evening, the lake shore.

Frank runs to the edge of the lake.

The ducks scatter.

He keeps running, into the lake.

He dives into the water, washing himself.

A young girl walks up to the lake.

Frank sees her.

He transforms back into his human shape.

The girl sees him and walks up to the shore.

Girl

You're wearing your pants.

Frank

I couldn't wait.

Girl

Are you all right?

Frank walks out of the water, dripping.

Frank

Never better.

Girl

You're swimming with your pants on.

Frank

Not the craziest thing I've done.
Have you ever done crazy things?

Girl

Sometimes.

Frank

It's getting late. Do you live nearby?

Girl

Not far.

Frank

I'll walk you home.

They hold hands and walk along the shore.

Exterior, night, Frank's house.

George and Mike, upset, are talking to two police officers, Wanda and Jim.

Their police car is parked in the driveway.

Exterior, night, suburban house.

The girl walks up to her front door and *waves good-bye* to Frank. He *waves, then walks away*. As she opens the door, she sees him start to *run*.

Interior, night, a living room.

Dr. Schwartzman stands, *listening to a call* on his cell phone.

Exterior, night, hill top overlooking the town.

Frank, as the werewolf, looks at the community.

Multiple police cars, sirens on, alarm lights flashing, are converging towards bottom of the hill.

Stretching out his arms and claws, Frank looks up at the full moon and howls.

Early evening, exterior, bottom of the hill.

A *police car, alarm lights flashing, siren on, has just stopped*.

Two police officers, Wanda and Jim, *are stepping out*.

They *hear Frank's werewolf howl*.

Wanda

What the hell was that?

Jim

They *said* it was a crazy dressed up like a werewolf.

Wanda talks into the microphone/radio on her shoulder.

Wanda

Dispatch 12-114. On the scene.
We're hearing a dog or wolf howl.

Jim takes a *shotgun* from the police car.

Night, interior, Dr. Schwartzman's office.

*Standing anxiously are Mary, Jenny and Phyllis.
Dr. Schwartzman sits.*

Phyllis

Well we're all here.

Mary

Maybe we should split up.

Dr. Schwartzman

No no no. Who is he angriest at?

Mary

Me?

Dr. Schwartzman

No. He doesn't care about you.

Mary winces.

Jenny

Me?

Dr. Schwartzman

Too conflicted.

Phyllis

Well he better not be angry at me
or I'll punch his werewolf lights out.

Dr. Schwartzman shakes his head. He thinks.

Mary

Jane?

Dr. Schwartzman looks up at her.

Dr. Schwartzman

Of course.

Exterior, night, Dr. Phil's house.

An establishing shot.

It is a single floor ranch home.

Lights are on in in Dr. Phil's office.

We see him at his desk.

Interior, night, Dr. Phil's house.

He is in his office.

A flat screen tv on the wall near the dartboard is on, with the sound turned off.

There is an emergency news report.

*An announcer talks hurriedly, with a headline in red on the bottom of the screen: **Monster At Large.***

Dr. Phil gloats as he picks up some darts, looks at the dart board, then slumps happily into his chair, looking at the tv.

Exterior, night, Dr. Phil's house.

There is a very loud long werewolf howl.

From the trees and bushes next to the house, a shadow emerges.

*The shadow of **Frank** as a werewolf.*

Interior, night, Dr. Phil's office.

Dr. Phil has heard the werewolf howl.

He is terrified.

He has just answered his cell phone.

Dr. Phil

Doctor...

He quickly looks worse.

Exterior, night, outside Dr. Phil's house.

From Frank's POV, we see the outside walls of the house, stopping at a window, stopping at a door, while Frank moves.

He trails his claws along the walls, making a scraping sound.

Interior, Dr. Phil's house, his office.

Dr. Phil frantically looks for a weapon.

He picks up a letter opener, a walking stick, a baseball bat.

On the tv, without sound, is an advertisement.

The lettering is "America Knows! Buy a gun! Protect your home now!"

The titles are flashed over a photograph of a Glock handgun.

Dr. Phil sees the ad.

Dr. Phil

Drop dead!

He throws down the baseball bat and leaves the room, desperate.

Exterior, Dr. Phil's house, night.

Tight closeup of Dr. Phil's back door.

Frank's werewolf hand reaches out and tries the door knob.

The door is not locked.

The hand opens the door.

It swings wide open.

Night, exterior, base of hill.

A lot of police officers are running from the woods towards their parked cars.

Wanda and Jim are already in their car and burning rubber.

Their car's rooftop lights flash and the siren blares.

Night, interior, Dr. Phil's bedroom.

The door is closed.

Dr. Phil holds a large claw hammer.

Terrified, he hears footsteps outside his door.

The footsteps pause.

A werewolf fist punches through the door.

We see Frank through the large hole.

He easily pushes the door open and enters the room.

Frank looks at Dr. Phil.

Frank

Good evening.

It is Frank's voice but also a werewolf's.

Dr. Phil is even more terrified.

Frank

Yes. I can talk. I do all sorts
of things now. Want to play darts?

He steadily moves towards Dr. Phil.

Dr. Phil grips the hammer.

Frank

Got nothing to say?

Dr. Phil's mouth drops open in fear.

Frank

Something got your tongue? Here.
I'll rip it out.

Frank's claw lashes out, missing Dr. Phil's tongue by *nothing*.

Dr. Phil grips the hammer with *both hands*.

Frank is *very close* to Dr. Phil now.

We hear *police sirens* in the distance, quickly increasing in volume.

Frank *notices*.

Frank

The beast is out. I can't put it
back in. I don't want to.

Dr. Phil, gripping the hammer, *snaps his mouth shut*.

Frank

What would you do? ...You could beg
for your life.

They are *face to face*.

Dr. Phil drops the hammer, *shaking*.

The police siren steadily grows *louder*.

Frank

I'm a monster.

Dr. Phil *shakes badly*.

Frank

For the rest of my life.

Dr. Phil *collapses* to the floor in terror, immobilized.

Frank bends down, his claws inches from Dr. Phil's face.

Frank

Do you need your eyes?

Dr. Phil is unable to speak.

*The siren is **very loud**.*

*Frank **straightens**.*

Frank

I was a monster all along.

*We hear a **police car pull up** outside.*

*Frank **goes to a window**.*

*He sees the **police officers** in their car outside.*

Frank looks at Dr. Phil.

He looks back through the window at the police officers.

*He lets out a **loud horrific yowl**.*

He sees the police officers—Wanda and Jim—freeze in their car.

Frank turns from the window and goes back to Dr. Phil, crumpled on the floor.

Frank

Ever heard of death by cop?

Dr. Phil says nothing.

*Frank **walks out** of the room.*

*Frank is at **peace**.*

Interior, night, Dr. Phil's house.

*Frank walks **down the hallway** and passes Dr. Phil's office.*

*He looks at the **dart board** with his photographs, darts sticking out.*

*Next to it is the tv, sound off, with the news announcer talking. The headline: **Monster At Large!***

Frank walks to the front door.

Outside are the *sounds of more police cars* approaching.

Frank *straightens*.

He *opens the door* and steps outside.

Exterior, night, Dr. Phil's house.

The front door *swings open*.

Frank steps outside, *arms at his side*.

Ten feet away are Wanda and Jim.

Jim holds the shotgun, *pointed at Frank*.

Wanda holds a **Glock** handgun, with both hands, also *pointed at Frank*.

Frank looks at them, *quiet*.

This is the scene which began the movie and then froze.

Frank fills the image, the police officers off camera.

Frank suddenly *snarls and bares his fangs and claws menacingly*.

There is a *gunshot*.

It is *Wanda's Glock*.

Frank *clutches his chest and falls*.

There is *no freeze*.

He *keeps falling*.

Frank *falls to the ground, dead*.

As he lies there, we see the legs of the two police officers as they walk up to the body, on either side, and stand **framing him**.

Film goes to black.

Black screen continues.

The following **titles** appear, one by one, remaining on the screen after appearing:

There were no alternate endings.

We just started the film over again.

If you want a refund,

try going to the lobby and asking the Manager.

Complete credits then roll.

Note: if John Travolta agrees to do this, he should play Dr. Phil.

He should have a mustache, but obviously be John Travolta.

He'd be fine in the role.

He should have make up in that role so he looks a little like Nicholas Cage.

But he would still be "John Travolta" in the Saturday Night Fever dance sequence.

Then there would be this:

The credits start.

The first title is Really Angry Werewolf.

It is on for a few seconds and then is pushed to the left of the screen.

On the right-hand side, an image comes up from nowhere.

On the left, full credits roll.

On the right, we see John Travolta, in his white suit, on the Saturday Night Fever dance floor set.

The cast stands around him, looking tired.

He has just flubbed a line and laughs nervously.

The audience will expect a blooper reel.

The director asks voice over if Travolta is having a problem and notes it is take 17.

An irritated second off camera voice says no, it is take 19.

Travolta is nervous and embarrassed.

The director notes there originally was a full page of dialogue for him, a monologue.

Now it is down to one line, short, with simple syllables: "I can show you."

The line can't be easier.

Travolta tells the director he is owed an explanation.

The director, wearing headphones etc., enters the frame, looking frustrated.

Travolta explains.

No one knows this, it's an "industry secret."

His acting was passable on *Welcome Back Kotter* because he was part of a much larger ensemble and because tv standards are really low.

But in his first movie, *Saturday Night Fever*, he had a problem. He did all his own dancing, and that was great.

But none of his acting worked.

Even dubbing his lines over did not work.

In the end, he brought in an old friend to be his acting double, Nicholas Cage.

Cage, using make up, actually did all of Travolta's acting in *Saturday Night Fever*.

It worked out so well, Cage has done all of Travolta's acting ever since.

And Travolta is good with that.

Except for when Travolta wins awards, Cage keeps them in his house.

So there is a little friction, over the years.

In all his feature films, on screen Travolta has done his own dancing—except he only danced once again, in *Pulp Fiction*.

Otherwise, on screen he only does his own stunt work.

He uses an acting double, Nicholas Cage, but never a stunt double.

As an in joke, he explains that he and Cage made *Face/Off*.

In that movie, Cage played Cage, and Cage as Travolta, and Travolta as Travolta, and Travolta as Cage.

Travolta acknowledges Cage's remarkable versatility.

Travolta himself was never in *Face/Off*.

Not even doing his own stunt work.

By then, he was getting old. Anthony Hopkins was his stunt double in *Face/Off*, and has been ever since.

You might think Hopkins is too old for stunt work, but actually he is currently only 42.

He makes himself up to look older because he likes those roles and people are nicer to him in airports.

The director says he now understands why Travolta said he had lost his voice, and asked Nicholas Cage to act the role of Dr. Phil for him.

When the Director asks Travolta why he made this film, Travolta replies that he needs a new swimming pool.

The director starts to go off camera, for another take.

Travolta asks that none of this be in the film.

The director assures him that, as a director, he can trust him.

The director then looks straight into the camera.

The director is really angry.

This should be timed so that when all the credits are complete and the director looks into the camera, the screen goes black and the movie is over.

Unless **Nicholas Cage** agrees to a cameo! (He would be fine as Frank.)

Then Cage would show up at the end of the last bit, wearing the white suit, ready for the dance sequence, asking "Am I too late?"

If he does, he and Travolta would chat.

Inner tensions would arise.

The lines about him having Travolta's awards should be moved here, where is where the emotions would come up.

Normally Travolta would not criticize a fellow professional in front of a crew.

Now they are face to face.

The sequence could go on a while, in fact even after the credits are done.

Travolta asks if Cage has a better rug.

Cage says he enjoyed playing Travolta's role in the recent OJ Simpson mini series. Etc.

On the left-hand side, the credits would **continue to roll** until they are **completely over**.

(Remember the copyright notice! **Charade!**)

The left side would be **black**.

The right-hand side remains active.

Then *"There are no more credits"* would slowly roll up the left-hand side of the screen.

Then *"The movie is over"*.

After that, only black screen on the left.

The "bloopers" sequence would be edited to continue on the right-hand side of the screen until the left-hand side is completely dark.

The sequence would end on the final note as scripted, with the Director looking into the camera. We go to a black screen.

The End