

VENGEANCE IS NEVER FREE

by

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FADE IN

INT. ANTIQUE BOOK STORE - DAY

Floor to ceiling books. A rundown cashier counter sits to one side. An old air conditioner rattles as it runs.

MOIRA DUNN, (25), plain Jane, glasses, baggy clothes, and no make-up, stands on a rolling ladder, dusting books.

She descends and aligns those that jut out on the lower shelves.

A cow bell bangs against the wood door.

HENRY, (65), short, plump and bald, with a heavy Cajun French accent, steps in.

HENRY

Oh my God, it's hot out there,  
yeah.

He pulls out a handkerchief, wipes sweat from his face and neck.

Moira turns, smiles at him.

MOIRA

Hey, Henry. Anything good at the  
estate sale?

HENRY

Yeah. Got a few boxes out of old  
lady Richard. Rest her soul. Stella  
sure got a strange taste for  
readin' though.

MOIRA

I can imagine. You know people said  
she was a witch - heavy into  
Voodoo.

Moira finishes straightening the books, walks up to Henry. She looks at his red, sweaty face with a critical eye.

MOIRA

Henry, how many times have I told you not to go out in the middle of the day? It's too hot and humid.

HENRY

You trying to say I'm gettin' old, Cher?

MOIRA

No, but that raggedy truck is. When you gonna break down and get the air fixed? Better yet, get a new one. It's on its last leg anyway.

HENRY

God willing Moira, business will pick up and I just might do that.

Moira tips her head sideways, leers at him.

MOIRA

Sure you will.

Henry wipes his face once more and grabs the door knob.

HENRY

Well, let's start unpacking. Can't sell 'em unless people can see 'em.

Moira places a hand on the door, holds it closed.

MOIRA

I'll get the boxes. You go sit in front of the air for a minute and cool down.

HENRY

Damn Moira, you're worse than my wife was. All the time trying to Mother Hen.

Moira stands with her hand firmly planted on the door. She looks around and whistles.

Henry drops his shoulders, defeated. He grabs a chair and moves it in front of the air conditioner.

He glances at her in mock aggravation. He closes his eyes as the air blows on him. A thin smile parts his lips.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

It's lined with charming old buildings, many with balconies and several painted in bright, festive colors.

PEOPLE mill about, stare into store windows. TOURISTS have their heads buried in New Orleans street maps.

Henry's old truck, more rust than paint, sits in front of the store. One of the side view mirrors hangs by a thread.

Moira reaches into the back of the truck. She lifts a heavy box onto the edge of the tailgate, rifles through it.

Most of the books have damaged covers and loose pages. Moira roughly drops one of the raggedy books into the box, runs a hand through her hair and sighs.

She heads into the store with one of the boxes.

INT. ANTIQUE BOOK STORE - HOURS LATER

Henry stands behind the counter, counts up the store's sales for the day. He slams the register drawer, disgusted.

Moira sits on the floor and unpacks the last of the boxes.

She glances at Henry, notices the look of disappointment on his face. When his eyes meet hers, she quickly turns away.

HENRY

We gonna have to wait on the rent.

MOIRA

I've got some money saved up if  
you...

Henry holds up one hand.

HENRY

No girl. You better save that  
money. I can barely pay you either.

Moira turns back to the boxes. She pulls out a book and  
stares at it.

The cover has no title, nor does the spine - just a strange  
looking star inside a circle, with nature elements around it.  
The book is old, ragged and dusty.

Henry stuffs the small amount of cash into a bank bag and  
glances at a clock on the wall. It's 5:15.

HENRY

Gotta make it to the bank before  
they close. You stayin' late again?

Moira blows the dust off of the strange book, opens it. Her  
eyes stay fixed on it.

MOIRA

Just a few minutes. I'll lock up.

Henry pauses before he steps outside. He crosses his arms  
over his chest, points the end of the bank bag at her.

HENRY

You know you always comin' in early  
and leavin' late.

How you ever gonna find a nice man  
to marry up with?

Moira closes the book, grins at Henry.

MOIRA

Now why do I need to get married  
when I have you to take care of?

HENRY

Oh, Cher... If I was forty years  
younger, ya' know.

Moira rolls her eyes and shakes her head.

MOIRA

You're all talk Henry.

He grins at her and steps outside.

O.S. The truck engine coughs a couple of times, then cranks.

Moira opens the book again. Some of the pages sit loosely,  
detached from the rest.

A puzzled look covers her face. The print is archaic, as if  
written by a quill pen.

The pages have recipes for spells and incantations. She flips  
to a page with the title, "Spells for love".

O.S. Loud, distinctly male laughter

Moira jumps up, excited, grabs a towel from the counter and  
heads for the front door.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER STREET - CONTINUOUS

Moira wipes the store window, glances down the sidewalk.

RYAN DUPUIS, extraordinarily handsome, late twenties, strolls  
towards her. He's dressed to the hilt, every shiny hair in  
its place.

On his arm is a DATE, who looks like she just stepped off the cover of Cosmo.

They whisper and laugh. The date hangs on Ryan like she can't get close enough.

Moira steps out as they approach her.

Ryan and his date grow suddenly quiet.

Moira smiles brightly, brushes one of many stray clumps of hair out of her eyes.

MOIRA

Hi, Ryan.

Ryan tips his chin at her.

His date, tosses heavily sprayed hair over her shoulder, swats Moira in the face.

Moira narrows her eyes, watches with envy as they walk away. She turn, goes back inside the store.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER STREET - EARLY EVENING

The street lights are on.

Moira walks down the sidewalk, the spell book under her arm. She passes vendors who set up small tables to sell watches, Voodoo dolls, various trinkets and New Orleans souvenirs.

A STREET VENDOR, a black man in his sixties with bloodshot eyes, and a mop of hair badly in need of a good brushing, grabs her by the arm. He tries to pull her over to his table.

STREET VENDOR

Come see. Come see what Jessie got  
for you.

His face is close enough for Moira to smell his breath. She looks horrified, wrinkles her nose at the vile scent.

MOIRA

No, I'm not looking for anything  
tonight. Thanks.

The vendor grips her arm tighter, reaches over to his table.  
Her purse slips off of her shoulder and dangles at her other  
wrist.

He grabs a bracelet, with crawfish and Tabasco bottle charms  
all around it.

STREET VENDOR

Only four dollars.

He lays it against the skin of her wrist.

STREET VENDOR

See? All women love jewelry. It  
makes you feel pretty huh?

As a COUPLE comes near them on the sidewalk, Moira yanks her  
arm away.

MOIRA

I feel pretty enough!

She steps further away from him, takes a deep breath.

The vendor looks at her, shocked. He laughs.

STREET VENDOR

You? You pretty enough huh?

He continues to laugh.

The passing couple laughs at her too.

Moira's lip quivers. She's holding back tears, turns and  
quickly trots away.

LATER

Moira passes TWO YOUNG BLACK BOYS tap dancing on the sidewalk. In front of them is a rusty, worn out cooking pot, with a few dollars and some change inside.

The boys dance fiercely - sweaty and out of breath. One of them is around ten and the other slightly older.

Moira stops to watch them. The tap shoes are regular boots, with bottle caps imbedded into the toe and heel.

One of the boys sits down, presses a loose bottle cap back in place. He stomps his foot on the ground a couple of times, then picks up time with the other dancer.

Moira digs her wallet out of her purse. The boys dance more furiously as she pulls out a five dollar bill.

The oldest boy smiles at her.

Moira drops the money into the pot, watches for a few moments, then continues down the sidewalk.

EXT. RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Moira stops and leans her hand against an outside wall of a restaurant. "Priola's" is stenciled on the front window.

She places the spell book on the window ledge, removes one of her low heeled pumps and rubs her aching foot.

She mumbles to herself.

MOIRA

Ughhh... I really gotta buy a car.

She glances inside the front window of the restaurant.

Ryan and his date sit at a table. They sip on drinks and hold hands.

The restaurant is nice, but nothing fancy, with white linen table cloths and shiny floors, decorated with catfish, lobsters, crawfish hanging from fish nets on the walls.

Moira watches their every move. Ryan leans over to his date and kisses her. She smiles and runs her fingers, adorned with beautiful, long painted nails, across his face.

She stares forlornly through the window, mumbling to herself.

MOIRA

This one won't work out either.  
When are you ever gonna learn?

Moira looks at her reflection in the glass of the restaurant, does her best to smooth her unruly hair. She straightens her skirt and steps inside.

INT. PRIOLA'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The seating host is busy seating a large family. Moira slips past him and heads straight for Ryan's table.

His back is to her, so his date notices Moira first. She leans over and whispers to Ryan.

DATE

Ryan, it's that girl from the book store.

Ryan furrows his brows, turns to look over his shoulder.

Moira smiles at him.

MOIRA

Hi. I saw you when I was passing.

Ryan sighs in aggravation. He speaks with a heavy Cajun French accent.

RYAN

Hi Moira. This is Carla. Carla -  
Moira. She lives in my building.

The two women shake hands - barely touching fingertips.

Moira glares at the date for a second, then turns her attention to Ryan.

MOIRA

I just wanted to tell you Mrs. LeBlanc is going out of town for a while - sick family member or something. She asked me to look after the place.

RYAN

I appreciate that Moira, but she already told me.

MOIRA

Oh... well okay.

Moira nods her head and stands staring at Ryan.

He shifts uncomfortably in his chair, glances at Carla, then rolls his eyes.

His gaze drifts to the book under Moira's arm. When she grips it tighter against her ribs, he shoots her a "you're weird" look.

RYAN

Well, see you later then.

MOIRA

Oh, right. Sorry. I'll let you get back to your dinner. It was nice to meet you Carla.

Carla has just brought a glass of wine to her lips, so she waves quickly with the other hand.

Moira walks out of the restaurant, shoulders slumped in defeat.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER STREET - CONTINUOUS

Moira mumbles to herself as she walks away, the restaurant fading into the distance.

MOIRA

One day Ryan, you'll see it's me  
who loves you. Me. Not her.

EXT. ANTEBELLUM BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

The name on the mailbox reads, "LeBlanc".

Moira is making her way through the gate and up the brick walkway to the steps of the beautiful, old, three story house. The lower part of the house is surrounded by a concrete retaining wall, indicating a basement.

Many of the other houses on the street are similar, but not as large or well kept.

The only lights glow from the first floor windows.

Moira puts her key in the lock, opens the door.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Decorated with a Victorian flare, with dark carpets and rich wallpaper, clean and homey.

The landlady MRS. LEBLANC, with solid gray hair, is asleep in a chair in the living room while a television plays.

Moira creeps past her up a large, ornate wooden staircase.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A one-room efficiency apartment, it has a kitchenette, an area with a TV, sofa, end table, a chair and a bed, separated by a folding room divider. Various plants, and floral prints brighten the room.

Moira, wears a pair of pajama pants, and an oversized T-shirt.

With a cup in her hand she makes her way from the small kitchen area to the sofa, picks up a women's magazine. One of the feature articles is "How to Make Him Notice You".

She settles down on the sofa, with her legs folded beneath her, opens the magazine, flips to the article. She reads for a few moments occasionally sipping from her cup.

She grins.

MOIRA

Offer to help him do something he's been procrastinating. Tried that. Bake something yummy and leave it by his door. Hmmm.... probably just throw it away. Offer to watch his pet while he's away.

She sighs, closes the magazine and lays it on the sofa beside her.

The book of spells sits on the coffee table in front of her. She leans down and picks it up, then runs her fingers over the strange symbol on the cover.

She opens it and quickly becomes engrossed.

She turns the pages quickly, then pauses, eyes wide. She holds the book closer to her face and reads aloud.

MOIRA

Spells for Love...

Moira giggles.

MOIRA

For this spell you must have seven smooth stones, three candles, one pink, one blue, and one red, a dove and a ceremonial bowl. Lay a white cloth...

There's a knock at the door.

Moira jumps. The book flies out of her hand onto the floor.

She puts a hand to her heart and goes to answer the door.

When she opens it, Mrs. LeBlanc stands poised to knock again.

MRS. LEBLANC

Hello, honey. I didn't see you come in, so wasn't sure you were home.

MOIRA

Yes ma'am. How you doin'?

MRS. LEBLANC

Oh you know...can't complain. Just wanted to leave the keys with you. Me and Sister'll be leavin' in the mornin' early.

Mrs. LeBlanc hands Moira a large key ring with several keys, then leans over, pointing.

MRS. LEBLANC

They're all labeled. See?

Moira takes a closer look. Among them are keys labeled, "basement" and "Ryan".

MRS. LEBLANC

Now, I talked to Ryan already and he said he'd be glad to take care of it, if somethin' needs doin' around the house.

Moira is visibly pleased, a dreamy eyed look on her face.

MOIRA

He's nice that way. Isn't he?

MRS. LEBLANC

He sure enough is. I'm gonna miss him when he's gone.

Moira's face is suddenly cloaked in shock.

MOIRA

What?

MRS. LEBLANC

He gave his notice this week - be movin' out the end of the month.

MOIRA

No... he can't.

Moira's voice trails off to whisper.

MRS. LEBLANC

What was that, dear?

Moira recovers and gives the old woman a weak smile.

MOIRA

Nothing. Don't worry. I'll take good care of things.

Mrs. LeBlanc turns to leave, gives Moira a backward wave.

As she descends the steps she calls back.

MRS. LEBLANC

We'll see you in three weeks.

Moira leans against the door frame, her face a mask of misery.

She looks down at the key ring in her hand and fingers the one labeled "Ryan". Her eyes wander over to the book of spells on the floor.

She smiles a sly, sideways grin.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE, DINING ROOM - MORNING

There's a huge table, seating for eight, with a lace table runner extending from one end to the other. A pair of ornate candlesticks, with tall candles sit in the center, unlit.

The walls are papered in a busy print of roses and ivy. A ceiling fan sways slightly. A light breeze floats through the room.

Moira lays out a full breakfast for two - eggs, bacon, grits, biscuits, all on Mrs. LeBlanc's best china.

O.S. Footsteps on the stairs

She lurches from behind the table and enters the --

FOYER

Just in time to catch Ryan before he leaves. He's handsome in a suit, ready for work.

He forces a smile.

MOIRA

Good morning, Ryan.

She points in the direction of the dining room.

MOIRA

I've made breakfast.

Ryan glances inside at the spread and then back at Moira.

RYAN

You shouldn't have gone to the trouble.

He shifts, uncomfortable, then moves toward the front door.

He pauses with his hand on the door knob, turns back, eyes straying everywhere except Moira's face.

RYAN

I'll be eating my meals out while  
Mrs. LeBlanc's gone.

Moira steps toward him. He turns the knob and shuts the door hard behind him - almost slamming it in her face.

Awash with disappointment, Moira's face crumbles as she stares at the closed door.

INT. ANTIQUE BOOK STORE - AFTERNOON

Moira sits at one of the few tables in the store, with a stack of antique books in front of her. She thumbs through an antique book value guide, occasionally stops to write down information on a note pad.

Henry stands behind the counter, rings up a sale. As the CUSTOMER, a middle aged man with a stylish suit leaves, he calls out.

HENRY

Thank you. Come back now, real  
soon.

The cow bell clanks. Henry smiles down at the register, then looks at Moira.

HENRY

That was a big one. Near 'bout four  
hundred dollars.

Moira doesn't stop to look at him.

MOIRA

Uh huh.

Henry turns and looks at the clock behind him. It's 4:45.

HENRY

Ewwee, this day done gone like the  
wind. It's almost closin' time,  
yeah.

Moira's head jerks up, eyes on the clock.

She quickly heads for the counter, reaches down behind it and  
grabs her purse.

MOIRA

You can close up, huh Henry?

Henry narrows his eyes and grins.

HENRY

What you got - a hot date, Cher?

Moira glances back at him, her face reddens.

MOIRA

No. I'm just... gonna catch up on  
my reading.

Henry shakes his head.

HENRY

It's only so much fun you can get  
outta a book, ya know.

Moira heads toward the door. She mutters under her breath.

MOIRA

We'll see...  
(to Henry)  
Bye!

INT. VODOO APOTHECARY - LATER

It's dark and shadowy. Moira passes down the aisles, examines  
candles of every color, handmade cloth voodoo dolls, voodoo  
gods and goddesses in plaster effigy, potions and powders.

A wiry black woman, BESSIE LAPIERRE (60's) watches Moira from across the store. She has a basket on her arm.

Moira picks candles of pink, red and blue, some smooth stones, and a white satin cloth.

Bessie sidles up to her, a smile on her wrinkled face.

BESSIE

You believe in magic now do ya',  
child?

Moira jumps, startled by the woman's intrusion, stumbles over her words.

MOIRA

What? I guess. I'm not really...

Bessie pokes a gnarled finger around in Moira's basket.

BESSIE

Looks like the makin's of a love  
spell to me.

Moira stares at her, dismayed.

She skirts around Bessie quickly, and heads for the cashier counter.

A tall, thin, black male CASHIER totals the bill.

Moira walks down the length of the counter, eyeballs the jars that sit all along it and the strange contents therein.

Frogs, small lizards, chicken feet, chicken heads, alligator claws, and some unidentifiable objects, float about in cloudy liquid.

The cashier watches Moira out of the corner of his eye. He grins when her face screws up at the stuff in the jars.

## CASHIER

Sure you don't need no gator egg today? Maybe some lizard tail or chicken foot?

Moira looks at him, horrified. She shakes her head.

He laughs. Bessie wanders over, just in time to laugh along with him.

Moira quickly withdraws a twenty dollar bill from her purse and shoves it at the cashier. The second he gives her change and her bagged items, Moira rushes toward the door.

Their laughter follows her, as she turns back to look over her shoulder at Bessie.

## BESSIE

Don't go gettin' yourself in trouble now. You need some help with that spell, you let me know.

## EXT. VODOO APOTHECARY - MOMENTS LATER

Moira hurries out of the shop with a large bag clutched in her hand.

She rushes down the street near a trot, glances at her watch and mumbles to herself.

## EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - LATER

Moira crosses the street to the boarding house, then takes the steps two at a time to the front door.

## INT. BOARDING HOUSE

The house is unusually quiet. Moira's shoes echo in the emptiness as she climbs the stairs.

## ON THE LANDING

She pauses, listening, then steps up to the door across from hers - Ryan's apartment.

She tucks the bag under her arm. With shaky hands she pulls the key ring Mrs. LeBlanc gave her, out of her purse.

With a quick glance around she chooses the one labeled "Ryan", sticks it in the lock and steps inside.

## INT. RYAN'S APT.

Moira locks the door behind her.

Light from the windows illuminates the room. Moira stands a moment, an awestruck expression on her face, as she glances around the room.

It's an efficiency like Moira's, yet masculine. There's a bed, and a small chest of drawers with a cedar box resting atop it.

There's also a small dining table with two chairs. In the corner a large antique wardrobe, with its doors swung open, sits against the wall. Ties with various prints are draped over one of the doors in a haphazard way.

Moira sets the bag and her purse on Ryan's unmade bed. She picks up his pillow and presses it against her nose, breathing his scent in deeply.

She moves toward the wardrobe, slips one of the ties off the door and brushes it up against her cheek.

She replaces the tie and moves toward the chest of drawers.

## INT. BOARDING HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS - SAME

Ryan steps through the front door, to the foyer, trailing a puppy, on a leash. The puppy wanders across the foyer, sniffs at the baseboards, corners, and furniture.

INT. RYAN'S APT.

Moira opens the cedar box and fingers the items inside. She chooses a gold tie clip, slips it in her pocket.

From there she moves to the bed again, where she runs her hand lovingly across the ruffled sheets.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE, STAIRWAY

Ryan makes his way up the stairs, the puppy's feet tapping against the wood. He pulls out his keys.

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT

O.S. Footsteps and a whimpering puppy

Moira's head snaps to the sound - alert, listening.

She twists around, looks for an escape route.

There is none.

O.S. Footsteps, now louder and closer.

Moira drops to her knees and leans down to crawl under the bed. A key turns in the lock.

Her eyes fly to her purse and the voodoo shop bag. She whispers to herself.

MOIRA

Shit.

She quickly yanks both the bag and her purse off and pulls them under the bed with her.

Ryan opens the door to his apartment, looks around, his brows furrow.

He holds the puppy's leash taut, while the puppy tries to check out the room.

Ryan ties the leash to the door knob. He takes his shoes off by the door.

Seeing nothing out of the ordinary, he walks across the room, empties his pockets on to the top of the chest of drawers.

#### UNDER THE BED

Moira sees his shoes and the puppy. Her face is masked in panic and fear.

#### IN THE ROOM

The puppy spots Moira under the bed. It whimpers and barks, goes for the bed, but Moira is just out of reach.

Ryan sits on the bed. The old mattress creaks and sags above Moira.

He removes his socks, drops them on the floor. The bed creaks again as he stands. His pants fall to the floor in a pile.

The puppy grabs one of Ryan's socks, plays with it for a few moments.

#### UNDER THE BED

The puppy lays his head on the floor, staring under the bed at Moira and whimpering.

Moira is scared stiff, her breathing short and choppy.

#### IN THE ROOM

Ryan removes his shirt, lifts his pants from the floor and lays them both across the bed neatly.

He reaches down, pats the puppy on the head.

RYAN

What are you doing huh? There's nothing but dust bunnies under there boy.

He lifts the dog off the floor and cradles it like a baby, pets it. The puppy happily gnaws on his hands.

He sets it back down on the floor. The puppy stares up at him, tail wagging and tongue hanging out, ready to play.

Ryan points a finger at the puppy.

RYAN

Now you be good and don't go chewing up the furniture.

The puppy barks at him.

UNDER THE BED

Moira is nearly cross-eyed from fear and excitement. She watches Ryan's bare feet pad across the room to the bathroom.

She watches as the puppy follows, but is soon snapped back by the leash around its neck.

The door to the bathroom swings closed.

O.S. A shower runs

Moira rolls her eyes and blows out a ragged breath. She climbs stealthily from under the bed, clutching her bag and purse.

IN THE ROOM

The puppy barks loudly, jumps around and nips at her ankles. Moira places a finger at her lips to hush him. Still he barks.

She opens the door, just wide enough to slip through. The puppy tries to get out, and Moira has to shove it back inside with her foot.

She lets herself out of the apartment quietly, into the --

HALLWAY

Moira steps across to her apartment. Before letting herself in, she leans against the door frame to catch her breath.

She unlocks her door.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT

She checks her watch, stashes the bag in a cabinet, then leaves her apartment and heads downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN

Moira pulls some items out of the fridge and makes herself a salad.

LATER

Moira washes her supper dishes.

O.S. Footsteps on the stairs.

She peeks around the wall of the kitchen, as Ryan steps out of the front door.

She smiles slyly and murmurs under her breath.

MOIRA

You don't know what you're in for  
Ryan Dupuis.

INT. MOIRA'S APT. - LATER

Moira's hair is wet, freshly showered, and she's donned a fancy dressing gown.

She lays a white cloth over a small table in front of her sofa - her makeshift altar - and places a pink candle at one end, a blue candle at the other.

In the middle is a dark bowl with a thick red candle inside. Also inside the bowl is a small ceramic dove and Ryan's tie clip.

Last, she lines the seven smooth stones up in front of the bowl. When she's finished laying out the ceremonial items Moira turns out the light and sits, cross-legged in front of the altar.

First she lights the pink and blue candles, then the red candle.

Shadows play in the candlelight as Moira begins the love spell.

MOIRA

Great loa Erzulie...

She places one of the stones in the bowl.

MOIRA

Accept my humble offering and bring  
my love to me...

Another stone goes in the bowl.

MOIRA

Spirit of water, spirit of light,  
in this spell take your rightful  
part...

Another stone.

MOIRA

Bring us together, never to part.

Another stone.

She gathers the last three stones in her hand and holds them over the bowl. Her eyes close and a slight smile parts her lips.

She drops one stone each time she utters Ryan's name.

MOIRA

Ryan Dupuis, Ryan Dupuis, Ryan  
Dupuis... This spell is cast.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Moira sits on the bed, a hair brush in one hand and a big mirror in the other. On the bed are various cosmetics, hair bows, and barrettes.

She brushes her hair, tries different styles. She picks up a large barrette, then pulls up the front part of her hair, and clips it.

She goes for lipstick next, has to wipe off a couple of shades before finding the perfect light pink. She opens some mascara, and starts to apply it. She flinches when she sticks herself in the eye.

One more attempt and she gets it right. She picks up the mirror and stares at her reflection for a moment.

MOIRA

(to her reflection)  
Oh, I don't know Ryan. I may have  
plans. I'll have to check my  
schedule.

She giggles, tosses the mirror on top of a pillow.

She's attired in snug fitting, revealing clothes. She reaches to pick up her glasses from the bedside table, but pauses, then puts them back down.

At the sound of footsteps on the landing, Moira rushes to her door. She flings it open and sees Ryan, puppy in tow, heading down the stairs.

She unbuttons a couple of the buttons of her shirt, then leans with one hand against the stair railing.

MOIRA

What ya' got there?

Ryan stops about midway down the stairs and turns to look up at her. His eyes wander to her breasts.

RYAN

This is Buster. I saved him from  
the gas chamber yesterday.

Moira descends the stairs, slow and sexy toward Ryan. His eyes are glued on her.

Moira leans down in front of Ryan to pet Buster.

Buster licks at her hands, while she rubs his head and neck, and talks baby talk to him.

MOIRA

Oh, you're so cute aren't you? Yes  
you are.

She glances up at Ryan, and notices he's staring at her. She smiles.

MOIRA

What kind is he? German Shepard  
or... part husky maybe?

Ryan doesn't answer. He's too busy staring down her shirt.

He even leans forward a bit to get a better view. When Moira stands up, her face is close to Ryan's.

He doesn't step back. He swallows hard and stares into her eyes. He stumbles for the right words to say.

RYAN

You look... different.

Moira smiles at him, tilts her head to the side.

MOIRA

Different?

RYAN

Nice. It's nice.

Moira nods.

MOIRA

Thanks. Where are you taking him?

Ryan has a far away, dreamy expression.

RYAN

What?

MOIRA

Buster, where's he going while you work?

Ryan glances down at Buster.

RYAN

Oh... I have to take him to the kennel during the day, just until I get moved into my new place.

MOIRA

Yeah, I heard you were moving out. We're gonna miss you.

Ryan jumps eagerly at that comment.

RYAN

I won't be far. Just a few blocks, to be closer to the office.

MOIRA

It's strange that Mrs. LeBlanc didn't mention you bringing a dog in here. The lease says no pets - big bold print - not even a fish tank.

Ryan picks up the puppy and holds it close to his chest.

RYAN

I know, but we'll be gone before she gets back.

He glances at the puppy in his arms, and then at Moira, who's smiling at him.

MOIRA

It's okay. I can keep a secret.

Moira touches Ryan's hand, and gets a surprised look on her face, as if she's had a brainstorm.

MOIRA

Hey you know what? I have the week off. Why don't you let me watch him while you're at work?

RYAN

You would, really?

MOIRA

Sure.

Moira reaches out and musses up Buster's fur on the top of his head. He licks her.

MOIRA

Unless you just want to stick him in a smelly kennel, where he'll get fleas, ticks, and God knows what else.

Ryan shakes his head and hands Moira the puppy.

RYAN

Well, that's it then. Oh...

He reaches into his pocket and holds out his keys to Moira.

Moira stares at the keys.

MOIRA

No, I don't ...

She stops herself.

RYAN

His food's on the floor next to the fridge, and he needs to go outside every couple of hours.

MOIRA

Alrighty. We'll be just fine. We're gonna have lots of fun.

She rubs her nose against Buster's. He licks her face as she talks baby talk to him again.

MOIRA

Aren't we? Yes we are. Oh you precious little thing.

She turns back to Ryan.

MOIRA

I'll take good care of him.

Ryan turns and trots down the stairs. He calls back to Moira.

RYAN

Thanks. I owe you.

He stops at the door, to eyeball Moira once more.

MOIRA

Dinner?

Ryan smiles at her and nods.

RYAN

Done.

He opens the door and steps outside.

EXT. MRS. LEBLANC'S BOARDING HOUSE - SECONDS LATER

Ryan starts down the front walk. He opens the gate, then looks back at the house and shakes his head, confused.

INT. MRS. LEBLANC'S BOARDING HOUSE - MOIRA'S APARTMENT

Moira holds the puppy in her arms, the leash wrapped around her arm and dangling. Moira smiles, tickled pink with Ryan's reaction to her. She picks up her purse and leaves the room.

INT. BOOK STORE - MINUTES LATER

Moira steps through the door. There's the familiar clang of the cow bell against the door as she closes it.

Henry looks up at her, from behind the counter. He's sits on a tall stool, reading a newspaper - The Times Picayune.

He looks at her, and then does a second take, lowers his head to peer over his glasses.

MOIRA

Hey Henry. Look what I've got.

Isn't he precious?

She holds Buster out for Henry to get a better look. Then she rubs her face against Buster's neck and kisses his little black nose.

HENRY

What did you do Moira? You look like a whole other person.

Moira smiles, turns around in a circle, modeling for Henry.

MOIRA

You like? I thought it was time for a change.

HENRY

Change is good, yeah. Now if we can just get you to spend some time with your nose outta these books we can get you a man.

MOIRA

Well, that's sort of what I wanted to talk to you about.

Henry moves from behind the counter, to stand by her. He reaches out and strokes Buster, grins at Moira.

HENRY

Whatcha gonna do with this little fella while you workin'?

MOIRA

There's a guy... a man in my building. I really like him Henry - have for a long time.

HENRY

Oh that's good, Cher.

MOIRA

This is his puppy. I kind of offered to watch it while he works.

Henry glares at her sideways.

MOIRA

It's only for this week, and besides, you said it yourself - you can barely afford to pay me as it is.

HENRY

You gonna take a week off with no pay to watch a dog? You sure he's worth it?

MOIRA

Oh yeah. He's worth everything.

Henry sighs, as if contemplating. He smiles and motions her away with his hand.

HENRY

Go on then. Get to your puppy sittin'.

Moira smiles brightly and kisses Henry on the cheek. He's still grinning when he heads back to his newspaper.

Moira turns for the door and blows a kiss at Henry.

INT. NEW ORLEANS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's a cafeteria style steak house, not as nice as the ones Ryan takes his girlfriends to.

Ryan is dressed in jeans and a T-shirt, and Moira is a bit overdressed for the place, in a slinky, revealing, black dress. Her make up is darker than she's worn thus far.

They approach the table and Ryan sets his tray down, then takes Moira's tray and pulls out the chair for her.

She smiles at him and tosses her hair.

MOIRA

Such a gentleman. Thanks.

Ryan sits down, stares at Moira. His expression wavers off and on between confusion and attraction.

Moira meets his eyes time and again and she shifts uncomfortably in her chair.

MOIRA

So, tell me something

RYAN

About what?

MOIRA

About you. I don't know much except that you work in the State building, you like puppies, and have lots of... friends.

RYAN

Not that many close friends. I date a lot.

MOIRA

What do you like to do when you're not working? What exactly is it you do for the state? Do your folks live around here?

RYAN

Whoa...

He giggles and holds up one hand.

RYAN

I like movies, tennis, golf. I work in the oil and gas well permit department, issuing drilling permits. It's not as glamorous as it sounds.

He giggles at his own joke, and Moira smiles a bit uneasily, as if she doesn't see the humor in it.

RYAN

Anyway, my parents died in a house fire almost three years ago, and I was an only child. Did I miss anything?

MOIRA

Well, you already know where I work. My family's all up in Michigan. I moved here a few years ago. I like reading, taking a walk or feeding the ducks in the park.

Moira notices that Ryan is looking around the restaurant, perhaps disinterested in what she's saying.

MOIRA

Making you love me.

Ryan's head snaps to around at that comment.

RYAN

What did you say?

MOIRA

I said the smell is making me hungry.

Ryan looks at her as if he's not buying it. He glances down at his watch. It's only seven o'clock.

RYAN

Yeah. I hope they hurry with the food. It's getting late and I gotta work tomorrow.

MOIRA

So it's just dinner then? I was hoping we could go... I don't know; take a stroll down Bourbon Street or something. I love to watch the street performers.

RYAN

They're some real characters aren't they?

Moira grins and nods.

RYAN

I guess we could squeeze in a short walk. But I really gotta get home by ten.

Moira smiles and nods her head.

MOIRA

Don't worry, we'll be home early. Heaven forbid we should keep all those millionaires waiting on their permits.

RYAN

It wouldn't be a pretty scene.

A WAITRESS, (40's), plump and tired looking, comes up to the table, places the food in front of Ryan and Moira.

EXT. OUTSIDE, BOURBON STREET - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Moira and Ryan stroll down the street. In the background are the sounds of street musicians playing Zydeco and Jazz.

The voices and laughter of the bar patrons float into the street, as the bar doors are always open on Bourbon Street.

Twenty feet above their heads, a scantily clad woman sits in a swing that juts out from one of the buildings.

All along the street, there are strip clubs, bars, souvenir stores selling x-rated T-shirts, mugs, beads, voodoo dolls, etc.

People mill about, carrying fluted glasses, especially made for the New Orleans party drink - the Hurricane.

Moira and Ryan stop near a small group of musicians playing some slow, sexy, blues music.

Moira grabs Ryan's arm, pulls him closer to the music. She wraps her arms around his neck, runs her hand down his face.

MOIRA

Dance with me Ryan.

He stands with his hands at his sides for a moment. He glances around uncomfortably, as people stop to watch them.

RYAN

People are watching, Moira.

Moira grins at him and grabs his arm. She rests it on her hip.

MOIRA

So what? You can dance can't you?

Ryan grins at her and shakes his head.

RYAN

You're full of surprises Moira  
Dunn.

He whirls her around, dips her, and then pulls her back up. Their faces are inches apart.

Moira leans in and plants a kiss on his lips.

At first, his eyes remain open. He doesn't respond. In a few moments, he gives in to the urge to kiss her back, and they stand kissing, barely moving, while onlookers watch them.

After several seconds of deep, passionate kissing, someone in the crowd starts to clap and hoot. Others join in.

One man whistles loudly.

At that moment, Ryan's eyes spring open and he steps back away from Moira. His voice is slow and trembling.

RYAN

This isn't right. Something isn't  
right here.

Ryan is suddenly dizzy. He puts a hand to his head. He narrows his eyes at Moira.

RYAN

What is this? Why am I here...

His eyes are filled with confusion.

RYAN

With you?

Moira pleads with him.

MOIRA

I-I... what's wrong, Ryan? You asked me... You wanted to be with me. You did.

Moira panics and her eyes well up. She steps toward him, raises her hand to touch his face.

MOIRA

Please, Ryan...

His voice raises a few decibels, and everyone in the crowd can hear him.

RYAN

I have to get outta here.

He turns and quickly trots down the street, a bit unsure of his steps. He turns into an alley and disappears, leaving Moira standing alone.

Soon, the people in the crowd laugh and point at Moira. Her head spins with confusion and shame. She sways as if she might faint.

Moira screams at them, her eyes full of tears.

MOIRA

No! No! Shut up! Just shut up! A  
curse... a curse will fall on you  
all!

One MAN in the crowd wiggles his fingers at her and laughs.

MAN

Wooo Woooo... A curse... Oh no  
please!

He laughs even harder, showing a mouthful of rotten teeth.  
The rest of the crowd continues to laugh along with him.

Moirra covers her ears with her hands and runs down the street  
crying.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - LATER

Moirra stumbles up the steps, sobbing.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT

She slams the door behind her, leans against it, crying.

Her makeup runs down her eyes, making her look demented.

She storms to the --

BATHROOM

In one angry motion she sweeps the new makeup off the shelf  
into the trash.

She looks up into the mirror.

MOIRA

I hate you! I hate you!

Moirra picks up a jar and throws it at her reflection. The  
mirror cracks.

She stomps toward her bed. Several fashion magazines lay there. She picks one up with a beautiful model on the front. She tears the cover off, then continues at each page that shows a beautiful woman.

MOIRA

Ugly... ugly. That's what you are!

Tears stream down her face.

Moira scatters the tattered pages and throws herself on the bed. Her body shakes with racking sobs.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Daylight streams in the windows as Moira lies asleep on the bed.

OUTSIDE

A door opens, closes.

INT. HALLWAY

Ryan, trailing the puppy on a leash, moves toward the stairs.

The puppy wanders over to Moira's door, looks up at Ryan, whimpers.

Ryan tugs on the puppy's leash.

RYAN

Come on boy.

The puppy reluctantly follows Ryan down the stairs.

INT. MOIRA'S APT. - SAME

Moira stirs on the bed. She's wearing the clothes she had on the night before. Her makeup is even more smeared.

O.S. Ryan and Buster's footsteps on the stairs.

Moira lurches off the bed. She races to the window to watch him as he heads down the front walkway.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - SAME

Ryan and Buster walk down the street. Buster stops now and then to investigate something along the sidewalk.

INT. MOIRA'S ROOM

Moira watches until Ryan and Buster are out of sight.

She moves from the window. Her mouth is pulled in a dismal frown as she makes her way to the kitchen.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - EVENING

Ryan leads Buster up the steps. Buster runs ahead, tugs on the leash.

At the door Ryan pauses, kneels down and pets Buster. The puppy does a happy dance. Ryan stands, puts his key in the door.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ryan enters, takes the stairs up to his apartment.

INT. MOIRA'S APT. - SAME

Moira's apartment is a mess. Empty food containers litter the floor.

Moira - still in the same clothes she slept in - lies on the sofa asleep. She's even more disheveled than before. She looks like hell.

The slamming of Ryan's door wakes her. She sits up, wipes a hand over her face and yawns. She sits for a moment, thinking. Her face is sullen, with the thoughts of last night.

INT. MOIRA'S APT. - LATER

Moira, freshly scrubbed, back to her old self, sloppy clothes and no make up, sits on the sofa, as though waiting for something.

O.S. A key turns in a door.

Moira jumps up, grabs her purse and stands in front of her door, looks out the peep hole.

In the fish eye lens Ryan stands in the hall locking his door.

He moves out of her vision toward the stairs. She hears his footsteps descending.

As he steps out the front door, Moira slips out of her apartment.

EXT. CITY STREET - MINUTES LATER

Moira follows Ryan at a discreet distance for several blocks.

Ryan crosses the street to a bustling area full of sidewalk VENDORS with TOURISTS and LOCALS milling about shopping and passing to and from restaurants and quaint shops.

Ryan slows his pace, stops, appears to consider something, then steps over to a VENDOR selling fresh flowers.

Moira ducks into a nearby alcove and watches.

Pausing to make his selection, Ryan peruses the merchandise. He chooses a small bunch of delicate flowers and pays for them.

He moves on down the street.

Moira follows, again keeping behind him and out of sight.

They approach a trendy restaurant when a beautiful red-haired woman, PATTY, turns toward Ryan, smiles, lifts her hand to wave.

Patty steps toward Ryan, holds her arms out.

Moira stops dead in her tracks and stares at the red-haired woman.

Ryan steps into Patty's embrace.

Moira's face falls. A look of despair twists her features miserably.

Ryan and Patty kiss.

Arm in arm, Ryan and Patty turn and walk into the restaurant.

Moira follows the couple inside.

INT. PRIOLA'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Once the couple is seated Moira walks up to the table. Tears fall down her face.

Ryan stares up at Moira with a distressed, quizzical look on his face. His expression quickly changes to one of anger.

RYAN

What the hell are you doing here,  
Moira?

Patty looks from Ryan to Moira, perplexed.

MOIRA

How can you do this to me, Ryan?

Ryan looks around at the other DINERS. They're beginning to stare. He speaks in a deadly whisper.

RYAN

I mean it Moira, leave. Now.

PATTY

Ryan, who is she?

RYAN

Nobody.

Moira starts to blubber.

She falls to her knees in front of Ryan. Between sobs she begs him.

MOIRA

We're all just nobody to you aren't we? Please don't do this to me. Last night meant something. I know it did. When you kissed me there was love in your eyes...

She puts a hand on Ryan's arm, looks up at him with watery, pleading eyes.

PATTY

Kissed her?

MOIRA

This woman's just like all the rest. She won't love you like I do.

Patty is fuming now.

PATTY

Ryan, what the hell is going on?

Ryan stands, yanks his arm away from Moira. His face is red, his voice raised a couple octaves. He turns to Patty.

RYAN

Nothing except this freak... I think she's stalking me.

(to Moira)

Look, I don't want to hurt you, but just leave me alone. Please!

Ryan reaches into his pocket, pulls out a five dollar bill, throws it on the table.

He moves around Moira, bumps roughly into her, knocks her off balance.

Moira falls to the floor, catches herself with her hands.

A WAITER comes over, helps Moira stand.

Ryan takes Patty's hand. They leave the restaurant.

Between sobs she looks up at the people at the other tables staring at her. She brushes herself off, jerks away from the waiter and walks out of the restaurant.

EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Moira steps out onto the street. To her it appears that everything is at an unrealistic stop. PEDESTRIANS and PASSING MOTORISTS stare.

She turns and hurries away.

INT. MOIRA'S APT. - LATER

A dim light, from a tiny lamp casts a mournful shadow in the room where Moira stoic, on the sofa.

Amid the trash and strewn clothes on the floor, is the book of spells. It seems to glow in the sparse light of the room.

As if it called her name, Moira turns, looks at it. A look of grim determination sets in her features. She reaches down, picks the spell book up.

She thumbs through its pages. With each turn of a page her eyes shine with fury.

She stops flipping pages when she turns to one with the heading, "Spells for Revenge". Her mouth twists in a bitter smile.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Moira walks down the street toward the Voodoo Apothecary. She carries the book of spells, holding it tightly against her chest.

INT. VODOO APOTHECARY - CONTINUOUS

The shop is empty except for the same cashier that rang her up last time. He grins and nods in her direction.

Moira lifts a hand basket from the corner and moves down the aisles collecting ingredients.

She reads from the spell book, "four thick black candles, a small black bowl, white chalk and a large coarse, black square of cloth".

Moira looks down at the items in her basket, then back to the page in the spell book.

She scans the items on the shelves once more then turns to the cashier.

MOIRA

Where would I find a wolf's tooth  
and chicken's blood?

The cashier stares at her quizzically.

CASHIER

Chicken blood? They sell fresh  
chicken - still cluckin' at the  
butcher's market on 12th. The  
wolf's tooth though... not so  
easily found.

Moira hoists the basket up and leans against a display, an impatient, no nonsense expression on her face.

MOIRA

Do you have it or don't you?

The cashier motions to her to come to the counter. He opens a door behind the counter, slips through and closes the door behind him.

Moments later the door opens and he steps up to the counter with something wrapped in gauze and tied off with a black cord.

Moira holds her hand out for the item.

The cashier moves it out of reach.

CASHIER

Anybody hears I gave you this, and I'll be shut down. We can't hunt wolves any more.

Moira sighs. Her features harden.

MOIRA

How much?

CASHIER

One Benjamin.

Moira glares at him.

MOIRA

This is a real wolf's tooth, not from some road kill right? You'd better not be cheating me because if I find out...

The black man looks hurt.

CASHIER

I don't play around with the Voodoo. Just be sure you don't either.

INT. MOIRA'S APT. - LATER

Moira pushes chairs and tables back against the wall to clear a large space on the floor in front of the sofa.

She goes over to the sink. There's a decapitated chicken, and on the counter is a small pill bottle, filled with its blood.

She suddenly hears foot steps from the hallway.

She pauses, quickly caps and picks up the pill bottle, then rushes to the peep hole to look out. She sees Ryan letting himself into his apartment.

Moira grins - fiendish, sadistic.

A large sack sits on the sofa. Beside the sack is the book of spells.

Moira pulls the black cloth from sack, lays it on the floor. It covers a 4 x 4 area. She places the pill bottle of chicken blood on the cloth.

She grabs the sack and spell book, kneels on the floor at the edge of the cloth. From the bag, she removes the four black candles and places one at each corner of the cloth.

Moira opens the book of spells to a place she has marked with a slip of paper, takes the chalk from the sack and moves to the center of the cloth.

Following a drawing in the book she draws a ragged circle. Inside the ragged circle she draws something that resembles a dog.

Satisfied with her artwork, Moira leans back on her feet, reaches into the sack once more for the wolf's tooth, still wrapped in gauze, and the small bowl she'd bought.

She places the bowl in the center of the circle.

From her pocket she removes Ryan's gold tie clip. She places it and the other items side by side at the edge of the cloth.

She stands, grins down at her handiwork, then turns all of the lamps off in the room except one which she covers with a dark maroon scarf.

Once again she kneels at the edge of the cloth. From her pocket she pulls a pack of matches. She lights one, holds it in one hand and picks the book of spells up in the other.

Each time she lights a candle she says a line from the spell.

MOIRA

Spirits from the deep, who never  
sleep... Spirits from the grave,  
without a soul to save... Spirits  
of the air, foul and black, not  
fair... Spirits of the dead, that  
glide with noiseless tread...

She extinguishes the match and reaches for the chicken blood.

She uncaps it and pours it into the bowl.

MOIRA

Spirits of cold and ice, phantoms  
of crime and vice...

She places the wolf's tooth in the bowl. The gauze soaks up the blood as she speaks.

MOIRA

I pray you send hither, send  
hither...the great gray shape that  
makes men shiver...

Finally she adds Ryan's tie clip to the contents of the bowl.

MOIRA

Ryan Dupuis, Ryan Dupuis... Come  
next full moon a wolf you will be!

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ryan plays with Buster, tugs lightly on his ears and pokes him in the sides. Buster nips at Ryan's hands and jumps at them with delight.

He barks playfully, wagging his tail, as he waits for the next opportunity to get a grip on Ryan's fingers.

After a few moments, Buster gets excited, and nips too hard. Ryan pulls back his hand, and one of his fingers has a bloody scratch.

RYAN

Shit.

He eyeballs the wound and inspects it to see if it's deep. It's not.

Buster barks once more at Ryan, as he heads for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ryan opens a mirrored cabinet and grabs some peroxide and some plastic bandage strips.

INT. LIVING AREA - LATER

Ryan sits in front of the TV, on the sofa. He looks pale. He rubs his forehead and notices how much he's sweating. He rises from the sofa - slow and awkward.

LATER

Ryan sleeps, tossing and turning fitfully. He sweats and mumbles.

DREAM

Visions of a wolf tearing at flesh enter his dreams time and again. There are more visions of a wolf-like creature standing on all fours.

END DREAM

Ryan lurches upright in bed, when the wolf-like creature of his nightmare howls loudly.

He stumbles to the --

BATHROOM

He stands at the mirror and stares at himself for a moment. His eyes are bloodshot, and his sweaty face is ash gray. He swallows hard a couple of times, and then rushes to the toilet, where he promptly vomits.

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

On the sofa, Ryan looks worse than just hours before. He fumbles for the phone on an end table, dials seven digits and waits for an answer.

PATTY (ON PHONE)

Hi! This is Patty. You know what to do, so do it. Bye!

Ryan groans into the receiver and hangs up. Then he dials another seven digits. The phone rings and rings, but there's no answer. He dials again.

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

Permit section. Leonard Morris, how can I help you.

RYAN

Leo, this is Ryan. I'm not going to make it in today. I'm sick as a dog.

LEONARD (ON PHONE)

Shit. The permits are already backed up, and your vacation - so you can get moved, is just around the corner. How long you gonna be out?

RYAN

Just today probably. I hope.

Leonard sighs on the other end of the phone line.

LEONARD (ON PHONE)

All right. Take some drugs, rest. See you tomorrow.

RYAN

Uh huh.

Ryan hangs up and grabs a small throw hung over the back of the couch. He shivers and bundles up, under the throw.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT - LATER

Moira's dressed in a pair of checkered print sleeping pants, a tank top, no bra, and ratty looking, fuzzy slippers. Her hair is tucked on top of her head with a clip.

The spell items sit on the floor, just as she left them the night before. Moira picks up the black cloth, and puts it, with the other spell items in a sack, then stuffs the sack under her bed. She moves to the:

## BATHROOM

At the sink she cleans up the remnants of the chicken, shoves its decapitated body into a plastic shopping bag and ties it tight, then tosses it into a trash can.

She heads for the door of her apartment, trash can in hand.

## INT. BOARDING HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Moira steps outside.

O.S. Coughing from the direction of Ryan's place.

She walks over to the door and presses her ear against it. Ryan sounds as if he's coughing up a lung.

Moira puts the trash can on the floor, knocks on Ryan's door.

## INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT

He's still on the sofa, looking pretty sick.

RYAN

It's open.

Moira steps inside, saunters over to the sofa, one hand on her hip.

Buster lies on the floor. He barks at Moira, but doesn't approach her.

Ryan rolls his eyes and then closes them again, seemingly too weak to fight with her.

MOIRA

Gee Ryan... you look like shit. Did you tie one on last night? Or maybe you should just be more careful. Probably picked up something soap and water won't wash off.

Ryan coughs loudly and covers his head up with the small blanket.

RYAN

God Moira... just go away.

MOIRA

I'm going to the market. Thought I'd stop and see if you need anything.

Ryan pulls the blanket down just enough to show his eyes, and speaks through the material, a bit muffled.

RYAN

Nothing. Just leave me alone. Stop following me. Stop embarrassing me in front of my dates.

Ryan coughs violently again. He covers his head back up, then turns to face the back of the sofa.

Moira grins sadistically and turns to leave. She stops with her hand on the door knob.

MOIRA

Oh don't worry. I'll be the least of your problems.

Moira exits the apartment.

Ryan pulls the blanket off his head. His brows furrow as he stares at the door.

INT. BOOKSTORE - LATER

Moira works the register, a CUSTOMER stands at the counter with a stack of books. Moira's face is drawn tight and sullen. Her clothes are rumpled and her hair a mess.

Henry eyes her at a distance.

She rings up the sale, bags the books wordlessly.

The customer leaves.

Henry steps up to the counter, leans an elbow on it.

HENRY

You're not yourself today, Cher.

Moira lifts her head, glares at him.

MOIRA

The old Moira is dead.

Henry lifts an eyebrow, narrows his eyes at her.

HENRY

This got somethin' to do with your  
new man?

MOIRA

Yeah. Somethin'...

Henry purses his lips.

HENRY

Wasn't nothin' wrong with the old  
Moira, if you was to ask me.

Moira's features soften.

MOIRA

Sorry, Henry. I shouldn't take it  
out on you. It's just that my life  
sucks right now... really sucks.

Henry lifts her chin with a finger.

HENRY

Don't worry your head. A good man  
gonna come along for you.

Moira offers him a weak smile.

Satisfied, Henry wanders off to the back of the store.

Moira's smile melts to a frown as she watches him walk away.

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - HOURS LATER

There's a knock on the door. Buster barks. Ryan, still on the sofa rises slowly and stumbles to the door, then opens it.

Patty steps inside. Concern covers her face and she touches Ryan's forehead.

PATTY

Oh my God Ryan. You're burning up.  
How long have you been like this?

She helps him to the sofa, and plops down next to him. He shivers and she covers him up.

Ryan's voice is weak and trembling.

RYAN

Since last night. I think I got  
some bad food.

PATTY

Did you call the doctor yet?

Ryan shakes his head. He's very weak and barely coherent.

Patty stands and goes to the door, where Ryan's shoes are sitting. She returns with them and slips them on his feet.

RYAN

We going somewhere?

PATTY

To the emergency room. Food  
poisoning can kill you Ryan.

She wraps Ryan's arm around her shoulder

PATTY

Hold on to me.

She leads him out of the apartment.

They pass a calendar tacked to the wall. It shows the next full moon, marked on a dated block, near the end of the month.

There are X's on the other dates, preceding a block that says "week off for move", with a wiggly line through the following five days - the work week.

The block marked with a full moon is still several days away.

INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

Ryan lies on the exam table. He sweats, coughs and shakes.

RYAN

(loud, irritated)

What's taking so long? It's just a  
God damned blood test.

A NURSE passes by, wrinkles her brow at Ryan's cursing and loud tone.

Patty glances at the nurse, shifts uncomfortably.

PATTY

I'm sure they're going as fast as  
they can. It's a busy hospital  
Ryan.

Patty looks down the hall, through the open door and sees a middle aged male DOCTOR heading toward them.

PATTY

Speak of the devil.

The doctor enters the room and closes the door. His face is twisted with confusion and concern.

RYAN

So am I dying or what?

Ryan giggles weakly.

The doctor sits on a rolling stool, and opens his clipboard. He stares down at the document, Ryan's test result, and clears his throat.

DOCTOR

Well now, we can't have that happening can we? There's a treatment. It's just... this is different than what we've seen before.

Ryan glares at him, a freaked out expression on his face.

RYAN

Out with it please. What's wrong with me?

The doctor sighs and closes the clipboard. He stares into Ryan's eyes.

DOCTOR

Mr. Dupuis, have you been bitten or scratched by any strange animals - maybe a neighbor's pet or...

Ryan glances down at the scratch Buster left behind. There's no bandage and the scratch looks swollen and red.

RYAN

No. Well, I have a new puppy, but he's fine. I mean he seems fine. What are you trying to tell me?

DOCTOR

You have what... by all appearances, seems to be a new strain of rabies.

Ryan practically yells, shocked and horrified.

RYAN

Rabies? As in foaming at the mouth  
and going nuts rabies?

The doctor holds up his hand trying to calm Ryan. Patty looks on with disbelief and shock on her face.

DOCTOR

That's what happens to infected  
animals, not people. Humans become  
very ill... can die if not treated.

Ryan eyeballs him, his face a mask of fear and stress.

PATTY

A new strain? Will the treatment  
still work then?

DOCTOR

I can't offer you any guarantees.  
I'm sorry. Rabies treatment is  
neither pleasant nor quick. It  
takes a series of treatments, over  
a period of a few weeks.

RYAN

So we just have to wait and see if  
it works? Well... that's  
comforting.

DOCTOR

Like I said, we've never seen it  
before. The virus that causes  
rabies has a different biological  
make up than what you've come in  
contact with. This one... it has  
it's own DNA properties.

RYAN

Oh God... Should I be really  
worried about this?

PATTY

DNA? Of what?

The doctor pauses, stares down at his clipboard nervously, and then opens it, as if he's forgotten what it says.

DOCTOR

Canine.

Patty and Ryan are both stunned.

The doctor stands up.

RYAN

This doesn't make any sense.

DOCTOR

I'm sending animal control to retrieve the dog. If he's fine, then you have nothing to worry about... except figuring out where this came from. If not, he'll be put down. The CDC isn't going to take any chances that a new strain could infect the animal population.

Ryan coughs uncontrollably, so much that he can barely breathe.

Patty grabs a napkin from a nearby dispenser, holds it over Ryan's mouth.

The doctor looks on, concerned. His eyes meet Patty's and he shakes his head.

DOCTOR

We'll start the treatments in the morning. In the mean time, you'll be admitted, so we can try to get your fluids back to normal.

PATTY

Thank you.

The doctor nods and leaves the room.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - DAYS LATER

Ryan lies on an operating table, dressed in a paper hospital gown, and looking worse by the minute. His eyes are more bloodshot than ever, and his facial stubble has grown enormously.

A NURSE (60's) stands nearby, with a paper mask on. She sorts and preparing items, including a transfusion machine and a large syringe with a long needle.

The doctor enters, and as he approaches Ryan, he immediately notices the extraordinary growth of Ryan's facial hair.

He turns to his nurse and waves her over. He speaks to her in a whisper.

DOCTOR

Didn't I ask you to shave the patient?

NURSE

I did doctor, two hours ago.

The doctor stares at her and then glances at Ryan, puzzled. He shakes his head and sighs.

DOCTOR

Three treatments - no improvement whatsoever. I hope to hell the transfusion works. Otherwise...

NURSE

This is the strangest thing I've ever seen... and I've seen a lot in my years working here.

The doctor nods in agreement. He steps back to the operating table.

DOCTOR

Ready to get started?

Ryan rolls his head to face the doctor and speaks weakly, barely above a whisper.

RYAN

Anything beats feeling like this  
Doc. Make it quick and painless  
huh?

The doctor smiles softly and pats Ryan's arm.

DOCTOR

Sorry son. If I could I would.

The nurse rolls the instrument cart over to the operating room table.

EXT. OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Outside the door and across the hallway, is a family waiting room, with a few chairs, some end tables, coffee table, and magazines. Patty sits in one of the chairs. She bites her nails, looks worried.

O.S. Ryan groans.

Patty stares helplessly at the operating room door.

MONTAGE

As time passes, Patty changes positions on the chair.

She paces the floor.

She tries to read magazines, but can't concentrate on any of them.

She continually hears Ryan's faint moaning coming from the operating room.

MONTAGE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Patty holds a pan, while Ryan vomits in it.

Patty swabs Ryan's forehead, while he's feverish and sweaty.

RYAN'S DREAM

Flashes of the flesh eating wolf, and the wolf-like creature.

END DREAM

Patty cradles Ryan when he wakes screaming from his nightmares, still looking as though near death.

LATER

Ryan wakes, looking healthy. He glances over at Patty, who is sleeping, huddled into a ball in a straight back chair.

END MONTAGE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Patty stands next to Ryan's bed. Carla, (the woman Ryan took to Priola's restaurant) sits in a chair nearby.

Ryan smiles and looks quite well.

PATTY

I bet they let you go home today.

CARLA

I have dibbs on the first night out.

Ryan smiles at Carla.

Patty grins at her insincerely, then leans down to whisper in Ryan's ear.

PATTY

That's what she thinks. You're all mine.

She kisses Ryan on the cheek. He turns his face to her and they start to kiss.

Carla looks away sheepishly, then stands up and approaches Ryan's bed.

CARLA

I'm gonna get going now.

She looks down at her watch. She pats Ryan on the forearm and turns to walk away.

RYAN

Thanks for coming. I'll give you a call in a couple of days.

Carla nods.

CARLA

Glad you're feeling better.

She exits the room, and leaves the door to close by itself.

The doctor passes her and steps in through the open door.

DOCTOR

Well Mr. Dupuis, looks like we got lucky. We're sending you home today.

RYAN

Thank God. I'd starve to death soon.

PATTY

Ummm... hospital food.

She smirks.

The doctor takes a pen and a small pad of prescription forms from his pocket.

DOCTOR

I'm gonna give you some steroids to bring home, - the same ones you've been taking, and some antibiotics just for good measure. Honestly, I think it was the transfusion that put you over the top. Be sure you take all of the prescriptions. Don't miss any doses.

He writes the prescriptions quickly and hands the papers to Ryan.

RYAN

Thanks. You saved my life.

The doctor smiles.

DOCTOR

I had your puppy sent to Paws and Claws Kennel. You can pick him up there. He's clean, so now it's just me who has a problem.

The doctor sighs and rocks back on his heels.

RYAN

I wish I could help you, but I don't have a clue what it could've been. I wasn't around any other animals - none.

DOCTOR

The CDC is on me to find out where this came from. Once they get going, they don't let up, so if you do think of anything, give me call.

Ryan opens his mouth to speak, but Patty breaks in.

PATTY

We will. So we can go now?

DOCTOR

You can pick up the schedule for the rest of the treatments, from my office. Take care now Mr. Dupuis.

He extends his hand and Ryan shakes it. The doctor heads for the door.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - LATER

Ryan and Patty climb the stairs to his apartment, with Buster in tow. They giggle and chat.

Moira steps out of her door, and almost runs into them. Her makeup is very dark, and she looks plain evil. She sees how healthy Ryan looks, and she's perplexed.

MOIRA

Well look at that... he lives.

Ryan and Patty stop chatting and quickly skirt by her. Ryan glares at her hatefully.

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Patty sets some bowls, milk, and a box of cereal on the table. She's dressed in a skirted business suit and heels.

Ryan wakes, sits up in bed, then slips on a shirt. His eyes are bloodshot and his facial stubble is thick.

Patty glances at him, and then does a double take at his facial hair.

PATTY

I was thinking I'd stay at home tonight.

I haven't been back since we went to the hospital, and I really need to get in there and clean the place up.

Ryan is a bit slow, making it to the table. He plops down and rubs his eyes hard.

Patty reaches out and rubs his face.

PATTY

Didn't you just shave last night?

Ryan rubs his chin.

RYAN

Yeah. Weird huh? Must be the steroids.

PATTY

Yeah... must be.

Patty pours him a bowl of cereal.

He stares down at it for a moment, not impressed at all.

RYAN

I don't want that! Isn't there any meat in this house?

His eyes flash anger and he shoves the bowl away, spilling some of the milk onto the table.

Patty looks bewildered by his outburst, and then her expression turns to irritation.

PATTY

I don't have time for this. I don't have time to cook either. I'm late for work.

Ryan grabs her hand as she starts to walk past him, headed for her purse.

RYAN

I'm sorry. I don't know what the hell's wrong with me. I guess I still don't feel that great. Sit down... please.

Patty hesitates for a minute, before accepting his apology. She sits down and pours herself a bowl of cereal.

Ryan takes a bite of the cereal. He immediately begins to cough violently. He spits up blood first - a large amount of it.

Patty stands quickly and shrinks back away from him. She stares for a moment, in shock. She grabs a towel and hands it to him.

He continues to cough, with the towel over his mouth. When his coughing subsides, he looks down into the towel. It's full of blood, but there's something else... a large chunk of blood covered, gray hair.

Patty stares at it and then at Ryan, horrified. She steps toward him, and he coughs one big hacking cough, spewing blood all over her business suit.

Patty shrieks and takes several steps away from him. She breaks down.

PATTY

God! I can't take this any more.  
Days and days I watched you like  
this. I just can't...

She's near the point of tears when she grabs her purse and leaves.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE - STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Moira stands at her door. She looks dark and brooding, as she has lately. She closes and locks the door.

Patty rushes past her and Moira grins, watching her practically run down the stairs and then slam the door.

Ryan's door is partially open.

Moira can see him sitting at the table, head in his hands. He turns, and Moira knows he's spotted her, staring at him.

He stands and steps toward his door. Just before he can close it, Moira calls out to him.

MOIRA

I told you! They don't love you  
Ryan! They're all the same!

Ryan slams the door.

Moira laughs a loud humorless laugh.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Ryan walks along the cold case of the meat department in a rambunctious, hurried fashion. He wears a hooded sweatshirt to hide his prominent, hairy features.

He throws armfuls of various meats into his cart.

A FEMALE CHILD of about six, chubby, with full rosy cheeks, giggles, as she runs down one of the aisles. She bumps into Ryan's leg.

When Ryan looks down at her, her mouth pops open with surprise. They both stare at each other for a few moments.

Ryan moves the hood from one side of his face and growls teasingly at the little girl.

Her eyes spring open wide and she gasps. She turns and runs away as fast as her chubby legs can carry her, calling to her mother as she flees.

## LITTLE GIRL

Mommy! Mommy, it's a monster!

INT. MOIRA'S ROOM - DAY

Moira sits cross-legged on the sofa. The TV plays while she paints her nails, with slow even strokes.

A low-mournful wail comes from the direction of Ryan's apartment.

Moira's brows furrow. She glances at the TV to see if that's where the sound came from.

The wail turns to a blood curdling scream. Moira jumps. The nail polish bottle shoots out of her hand onto the floor, spitting a red stream across the carpet.

Moira looks toward her door, her eyes fearful. She scoots off the sofa, moves toward the door, opens it a crack.

O.S. Animalistic whining, from inside Ryan's apartment.

Quietly, Moira steps out, and across the hallway. She leans against the door, listens.

O.S. Cries of pain and fear from behind the door.

It's a pitiful sound that brings tears to Moira's eyes.

Moira knocks once... knocks again.

MOIRA

Ryan?

O.S. A strangled sound comes from the room.

Moira tries the knob but it's locked. She races back to her apartment, grabs the key ring.

INT. RYAN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Moira steps in, scans the room. It's a mess, as if someone tossed clothes and trash in a fit of fury.

The strangled sound again.

MOIRA

Ryan? Are you okay?

She takes a tentative step forward toward the bed. A mound of twisted sheets and blankets cover it.

A whining noise comes from under the bed.

Moira bends down, lifts the side of the blanket, near the floor.

UNDER THE BED

Buster cowers there.

Moira reaches toward him. He backs away from her.

IN ROOM

MOIRA

Come here, boy. I'm not gonna hurt you.

From atop the bed, under the covers a hand shoots out, grabs Moira's arm.

She screams. Buster yelps from his hiding place.

The hand is mottled red, with patches of coarse hair covering it. The blackened nails are long and sharp.

Horrified, Moira struggles to get away.

MOIRA

Oh God... no!

Moira twists, jerks away, pounds at the hand with her fist, but the hand holds fast.

Moira's shrieks fill the room.

The blankets rise and are tossed off to reveal a creature barely recognizable at Ryan.

His bloodshot eyes are red-rimmed, the coarse hair sprouts from every inch of his body and underneath. The skin is covered in dark bruises.

He sits up, clings to Moira.

She stares in horror. He pleads with her, his words slurred.

RYAN

Help me...

MOIRA

Ryan, I'm so sorry... I didn't mean...

Ryan looks at her, puzzled. He squeezes her tighter.

RYAN

What are you saying?

MOIRA

I didn't think it would go this far.

RYAN

You... you did this to me? What the hell?

MOIRA

It was a... just a stupid prank.

Ryan lunges forward grabs her by both arms.

Moira twists away from him with eyes full of tears.

Ryan tries to crawl from the bed. A white foam appears in the corners of his mouth.

RYAN

I'll kill you!

Moira runs from the room, slams the door behind her.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

O.S. A thud comes from inside the room, then a scraping noise across the floor.

Moira's hands shake violently as she sticks the key in the door to lock it.

O.S. Heavy breathing from behind the door as Ryan reaches it.

The knob jiggles.

O.S. An angry roar

Moira covers her ears, cries.

In a few moments... silence.

Moira hurries toward her apartment.

INT. MOIRA'S APT. - MOMENTS LATER

Moira wrings her hands and paces back and forth across the floor. Her tear-streaked face is set in a worried frown.

The book of spells sits on a table near the sofa.

Moira rushes over to it, turns the pages quickly, scans them.

MOIRA

Nothing... There's nothing.

She flips until she reaches the end, then lets out a whimper of fear. She starts at the front and flips through it again.

When she reaches the back of the book, tears roll down her eyes.

She casts her eyes heavenward.

MOIRA

Oh God, I'm so sorry. Please help  
me find a way to stop this.

Her face brightens and her eyes widen as an idea comes to her. She jumps from the sofa, grabs her purse off the table and shoves the book of spells into its depths.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Brimming with people going in and coming out of the stores there.

Moira rushes through the crowd. She bumps into a WOMAN who turns and glares at her. Moira mumbles an apology and hurries toward the Voodoo Apothecary.

INT. VOODOO APOTHECARY - CONTINUOUS

Moira steps in the door, then heads for the counter. A YOUNG BLACK WOMAN, with "Shandra" written on her name tag, is behind the counter.

Moira steps up to the counter.

MOIRA

Excuse me!

The woman looks up, startled by her tone.

Moira looks around the store to make certain no one is in earshot.

MOIRA

I need a book on how to reverse  
spells.

The woman breaks into a grin, but seeing that Moira is dead serious, adopts a more serious expression.

SHANDRA

Somebody put a spell on you?

Moira shakes her head.

MOIRA

No, no. Not on me. It was me. I did it.

Shandra thinks a moment.

SHANDRA

We don't have any book like that.

Moira reaches across the counter, grabs hold of the woman's sleeve.

MOIRA

Please, you've got to help me.

Shandra shrugs, pulls away from her clutching hand.

MOIRA

Wait. There was a woman in here the other day...

(to herself)

What was her name?

She shuts her eyes tight, purses her lips, thinking hard.

MOIRA

Bessie!

She looks up at the cashier, eyes wild.

MOIRA

Do you know where I can find her?

The cashier hesitates.

Moira puts a hand in her purse, pulls out a twenty dollar bill, offers it.

MOIRA

Please. I have to find her.

Shandra takes the money, writes something on a piece of paper, hands it to her.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Moira examines the address written on the sheet. Her brows furrow. She looks up, scans the street.

She spots a cab and runs to catch it.

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - SAME

There's a knock on the door. Buster wags his tail and goes to the door, sniffs it. When Ryan opens it, just a small crack, Carla is standing there.

She smiles, then notices the hair on the side of Ryan's face that's peeking through the crack. Her eyes trail further down to his long, claw-like nails and hairy hand.

Her mouth drops open. Her face contorts with confusion and concern.

CARLA

Ryan... I just dropped by to see  
how you're doing.

Ryan just stares at her for a few moments. He opens the door wider.

Carla steps back and gasps in horror, seeing that he is shirtless, and covered in a fine coat of hair. She clamps her hand over her mouth to keep from screaming.

RYAN

I was sick for a while - couldn't figure it out. But now I'm great. Stronger than you can imagine.

A low growl escapes him. He extends his arm, as if to usher Carla in, and he grins in a sinister way. His teeth are slightly elongated.

RYAN

Come on in. You can help me shave.

He suddenly grabs her arm and starts to pull her inside. Buster barks and pulls at Ryan's pant leg.

Carla screams and wiggles away.

He laughs at her as she runs down the staircase at top speed.

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ryan stands by the sink, shirtless. He draws a glass of water and opens his bottle of steroids. He pours one into his hand, pauses, then pours out another. He gulps them down with one big swig.

He no longer looks weak and tired, but his chest and shoulders are extraordinarily hairy. He reaches up to scratch his neck, with long, sharp nails.

He goes to the refrigerator, stares inside. There's a smorgasbord of various raw meats. His eyes fall on one package containing a large, raw steak, dripping with blood.

He picks it up, sniffs it. His pupils dilate, breathing quickens. He licks the blood voraciously. He pauses, confused by his own actions.

A low rumbling growl resonates inside his throat, as he tears into the raw meat.

EXT. RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - SAME

A cab stops in front of a small clapboard house. The house is well cared for, the yard full of flowers and shrubs, and dotted with daisy windmills and cement garden statues.

Moira exits the cab and walks up the path to an open front door.

A chicken jumps up on the steps beside her and clucks, giving Moira a start.

She looks down at it.

MOIRA

Shoo!

The chicken ambles off as the door opens.

Bessie stands in the dark doorway looking expectantly at Moira. She smiles.

BESSIE

Found yourself some trouble did  
ya'?

Moira nods, looks away embarrassed.

Bessie stares at Moira. She puts a long, elegant cigarette to her lips, takes a long drag and blows the smoke out slowly. She flicks the cigarette out the door.

She turns, facing away from Moira, and wiggles an index finger over her shoulder, motioning for Moira to follow.

INT. BESSIE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Filled with old furniture, photos of family, and various voodoo items the house is spotless.

Moira enters, looks around.

Bessie sits in a chair and motions to Moira.

BESSIE

Sit down, Child. You have trouble  
with your love spell?

Moira's eyes mist as she takes a seat across from the old woman.

MOIRA

No. Well yes, but it wasn't a love  
spell. It's horrible.

She looks up, tears run down her face.

Bessie's brow furrows with concern.

BESSIE

Oh girl... the Voodoo is a powerful  
thing. What did you do?

MOIRA

I cast a spell on my neighbor and  
turned him into a werewolf.

Bessie looks skeptical. She grins and giggles. She pats  
Moira's arm.

BESSIE

Now, that'd be a mighty strong  
spell.

MOIRA

What? I'd make something like that  
up? He's changing every day... more  
and more.

Moira breaks down and sobs.

MOIRA

I can't stand it anymore. He's sick  
and he's in pain. You've got to  
help me stop it.

Bessie pats her on the back, but is still incredulous.

MOIRA

Please, I don't have much time.

Bessie stares at her, perplexed.

MOIRA

The full moon... It's tonight.

Understanding dawns on Bessie, her eyes widen, she nods.

BESSIE

You brought it with you - the book  
where you got the spell?

Moira nods and reaches into her purse. She hands the book to Bessie.

Bessie studies it for a moment, then opens it, thumbs through the pages.

She studies the page with the werewolf revenge spell. Her face is covered in concern. She shakes her head in disbelief.

Moira waits, expectantly.

BESSIE

I can't say for sure if this is  
gonna work but I can't find nothin'  
better to lift such bad magic.

Moira pulls a pad and pen from her purse. She pauses, on the ready to write.

BESSIE

Mash a clove of garlic in a  
spoonful of water-make it like a  
paste. Rub the paste on the bottom  
of his feet.

Moira is horrified.

MOIRA

I have to touch him?

Bessie looks up.

BESSIE

You do want to help him?

Moira nods.

BESSIE

Write his name on a piece of paper three times. Light a white candle and drop seven drops of wax on the piece of paper. Then burn the paper in the candle flame. Save the ashes and put 'em in a white cloth the size of your hand and tie it with a white string.

She pauses and watches Moira scribble on the paper.

Moira looks up.

MOIRA

Is that it?

BESSIE

No, that ain't it. What were you thinkin' - doin' this to somebody?

Moira lowers her head and stares at the floor, ashamed.

MOIRA

I wasn't thinking. All I knew was I hated him.

Bessie eyeballs her, glaring hatefully as if to impart as much guilt as possible onto Moira.

BESSIE

Where did you find this book girl?

MOIRA

The antique book store. It's where  
I work.

Bessie stares her down, waiting for Moira to come clean with  
the rest of the story.

BESSIE

There ain't but one person I ever  
knew, who'd even have the know how  
to do this spell.

Moira swallows hard, looks down at her paper.

MOIRA

Stella Richard. We bought all the  
books from her estate sale.

Bessie gives her an all knowing glare, and points at the page  
of notes Moira has in one hand.

BESSIE

Now you take that and hide it  
somewhere in his room. Hide it  
good, now.

She pauses, thinking.

Moira waits, hands folded in her lap. She grips the piece of  
paper tightly.

BESSIE

You listen to me girl, and listen  
good. You have to believe for this  
to work; really believe. And if it  
don't - then and only then; you can  
undo the doin'.

MOIRA

I don't understand.

BESSIE

All of it. Speak the words of the spell backwards. Undo what you did - the drawing - everything. Do it right. One syllable wrong, one ingredient you miss - the curse will come back on you threefold.

Bessie lights another cigarette and sits back. She stares seriously at Moira, then waves her hand, shooing Moira away.

Moira stands.

MOIRA

Is there anything I can do... to repay you?

Bessie blows out a slow puff of smoke.

BESSIE

One thing. The wolf will follow your scent to the ends of the Earth. If you fail, don't come back here.

Moira breathes out a slow, trembling breath.

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The room is scattered with raw carcasses of Ryan's past meals - chickens, steaks, racks of lamb, ham bones, packages of mostly eaten organ meats.

Flies buzz about, land on the carcasses.

Buster stands on the dining table, gnawing at the ham bone. The apartment is a mess, horribly disheveled. Clothes, pieces of paper, and magazines, are all over the place.

Ryan sits on the sofa inspecting his body. He's covered with a fine layer of hair. His stomach and chest are especially hairy.

Where his beard and moustache should meet, is one large patch, covering the bottom of his face. His eyebrows are now long and bushy, and intersect in the center, angled down toward his nose.

He stares at his hands. The palms are now thick with hair. He turns his hands over and looks at his nails. They look more like claws. His brow bones are prominent, like a Neanderthal, and his lower jaw is juts out.

The TV is off, and Ryan can see his reflection in the screen. He leans forward on the sofa - horrified by what he sees.

He reaches up to touch his face, runs his fingers along his sideburns, which intersect with all the other hair on his face. He places a hand on each cheek and then pulls down, making the skin below his eyes stretch and distort.

His eyes well up and he mumbles to himself.

RYAN

What's happening to me?

His eyes wander to the clothes he had on the day before. They're in a bundled mass on the floor and are bloody.

He has small flashes of memory, telling him why they're bloody.

FLASHBACK

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Ryan is on all fours, no shoes on, inside a small thicket of bushes.

He hangs over the body of a creature, clearly an animal, because of its fur, but it's so mangled that telling what species is impossible. He's eating ravenously at the animal's intestines.

END FLASHBACK

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ryan shakes his head, trying to dislodge the memory. He turns his eyes back to the TV screen, stares for a few more seconds, then grabs a glass and throws it at the screen. It shatters. He screams - a growl sounding, angry scream.

Buster jumps off the table, and runs to hide under the bed, whimpering.

Ryan turns and sees the state of his apartment.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Moira stands at the table loading the spell items into a paper bag.

She hears the crash and the scream from Ryan's apartment. She grabs a large, heavy, wood cutting board with a handle, from her kitchen counter top, and quickly heads for the door.

INT. BOARDING HOUSE, UPSTAIRS LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Moira races for Ryan's door and tries the knob. It's locked. She pounds on the door frantically.

MOIRA

Ryan! Open the door!

Moira hears a growl from inside. She steps back, afraid.

The door creaks open. Seeing no one, she takes a step slowly, and enters the apartment.

INT. RYAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Moira steps in further, and is horrified by the mess, particularly the raw animal carcasses. She makes a disgusted face at the smell and covers her nose and mouth with her shirt collar.

The door suddenly slams, and Ryan stands there staring at her.

Moira gasps and presses herself against the nearest wall. She holds the cutting board behind her back.

RYAN

What's wrong Moira?

He grins, showing slightly pointed incisors.

Moira just stares at him in horror.

RYAN

Don't like what you see? Maybe  
you've forgotten... you love me so  
much.

Moira's eyes well up. Her breathing is short and shallow. She swallows hard.

Ryan steps closer.

MOIRA

I remember. I'm so sorry.

Moira brings the cutting board from behind her back and swings it across Ryan's head.

The blow knocks him to his knees.

Buster barks and nips at Moira's ankles. She kicks at him.

Moira lifts the board again and strikes him across the neck.

Ryan lands on the floor, out cold.

Moira turns Ryan over on his back and grabs him by the ankles.

She tugs and makes a face at the weight, then pulls harder, dragging him from the room.

As she tugs on him, she loses her balance and falls down on top of his chest, but he doesn't stir.

She steps toward her door.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Moira grabs the bag of spell items quickly, and steps back out.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

The basement is a large, unfinished room with boxes, old furniture, a roll away bed and a large freezer.

Ryan is still out. The bag of items is sitting on his chest.

Buster investigates the room.

Moira searches, finds a long length of clothesline and ties Ryan's feet and hands, knotting the rope several times.

She takes the items out of the bag, rummages around and finds a old dusty bowl.

She looks around - no water. She thinks for a second, then grabs the bag off of Ryan and plops it on the floor. She rifles through it and pulls out the spoon.

She goes to the freezer and opens it, then scrapes some ice from inside.

A gas water heater sits in one corner of the basement. She gets down on her knees and melts the water by sticking it in the opening at the bottom, where the pilot light is.

When the ice is melted, and she has a teaspoon of water, she begins making the paste.

Moira takes the bowl of paste over to Ryan, rubs it on his feet.

She sits crossed legged in front of him, pulls a piece of paper out of her pocket and reads from it.

MOIRA

With earthen herb and magic verse  
I turn around this wicked curse.  
As these words of mine are spoken,  
let this evil spell be broken.

Just as she speaks the last words, Ryan stirs and groans.

Moira stands quickly and backs away, staring at him.

He tries to move his arm up, to rub his aching head, but finds that he can't move. A low growl escapes him, as he stares at Moira with hatred.

RYAN

Haven't you done enough?

MOIRA

No Ryan. I haven't. I'm trying to  
help you.

Ryan glares at her. The pace of his breathing increases, and saliva drips from the corner of his mouth.

The color of his eyes changes to a deep yellowish brown.

Moira stares into his eyes, unable to comprehend the change.

RYAN

Why Moira?

Moira looks away, ashamed.

RYAN

Look at me! Look at what I've  
become!

Moira suddenly composes herself, as if remembering how  
horribly he'd treated her.

MOIRA

Me me me... Look what I've become!  
It doesn't matter to you though  
does it? I was desperate. Desperate  
enough to try anything.

Ryan eyeballs her as he wiggles, trying with all his might to  
get free from the ropes. He grunts and strains, but he's tied  
up pretty well.

RYAN

And it's all because I don't love  
you. I never could Moira. I can't  
even tell you why. It just isn't  
there.

Moira's eyes well up with tears.

Ryan struggles against the ropes. He tires for the moment.

RYAN

What am I? Lion, tiger bear...

Ryan starts to struggle again, and one of the ropes breaks.

He grins sadistically and his voice grows lower and more  
hoarse.

RYAN

Oh my...

Moira steps back and gasps. She drops the bowl the paste was  
in.

Ryan struggles more and another rope breaks. He's almost free.

Moira runs for the door.

Ryan gets the rope off his ankles and lunges for her.

Moira slams the door on his arm.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BASEMENT DOOR

Moira presses her back against the door, using all the strength in her legs to keep him from getting out.

Ryan retracts his arm, and Moira slams it shut, then bolts the dead bolt.

She slides down the door and sits there exhausted. Her legs are pulled in toward her chest, and she sits with her face in her hands and her elbows resting on her knees. She sobs.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ryan presses his face against the door, exhausted and defeated.

His voice is low and pleading.

RYAN

Just tell me what I am Moira.

He pounds on the door again, one big blast with his fist loosens the top hinge. He cringes and grabs his hand, sliding down the door.

RYAN

You owe me that much.

They both sit there against the door, neither one saying a word.

Moira continues to sob.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BASEMENT DOOR - HOURS LATER

Moira lies on the floor in front of the door, asleep.

A storm brews outside. The lights flicker. A sudden clap of thunder booms.

Moira jerks awake.

O.S. The sound of something brushing against the basement door.

Moira pushes herself up slowly, glances over her shoulder at the door, then over to a clock on the kitchen wall.

It reads: 5:25.

The thunder continues - low and rumbling.

Moira stands up slowly and presses her ear to the door.

MOIRA

Hello?

The lights flicker again - the sharp crack of lightening startles Moira.

RYAN (O.S.)

You can let me out now Moira. It's over.

MOIRA

It worked? Oh thank God!

Moira smiles and reaches for the dead bolt.

She wiggles and strains but the dead bolt won't give.

She grunts and tries even harder.

MOIRA

I wish you could know how sorry I am. It was stupid... a werewolf curse.

She scoffs.

MOIRA

I never really thought it would work.

INT. BASEMENT

Ryan is not at all cured. In fact he looks more wolf-like. His pants have split at the calves, as his legs have grown larger, and changed shape. His brows are more prominent and his teeth and nails longer.

He giggles and scoffs.

RYAN

Werewolf? A werewolf?

A low growl escapes him.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BASEMENT DOOR

Having heard this, Moira steps back and stops wiggling the dead bolt. Her face shows both the shock and disappointment that her cure didn't work.

MOIRA

I can't open it.

Ryan begins to pound on the door again, harder than ever. Dust falls from the door jam, and the wall cracks a bit above the door facing.

INT. BASEMENT

Ryan stands at the door. He breathes deep and paces in front of it.

He slams his fist into it again.

RYAN

Open this door you stupid pathetic  
little bitch or I'll break it down!

He slams his fist into the door again.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BASEMENT DOOR

Moira jumps, startled by the blow from inside. She steps away several steps.

A lightening bolt crashes nearby outside. Moira shrieks. The lights flicker briefly then go out. Moira's in complete darkness.

From inside, Ryan shouts at her.

RYAN (O.S.)

It's only a matter of time Moira. I  
get stronger everyday. You can't  
keep me locked in here forever.

Ryan pounds on the basement door. The sound echoes eerily in the darkness.

Moira whimpers. In the dark, she feels her way to the:

KITCHEN

She bangs against the kitchen table. A moment later she rattles a drawer, then...

A stream of light comes from a flashlight. Moira's face glows in the light like a fiendish mask.

The beam of light bounces in front of her as she makes her way up stairs.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT

Moira retrieves the bag of spell items from under her bed and heads back down stairs.

INT. BASEMENT - SAME

Ryan clutches and sits in a heap on the floor, convulsing. His cries ring out in the room.

INT. KITCHEN

Moira hurries toward the basement. The sounds from beyond the door are worse, louder. Her eyes tear.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BASEMENT DOOR

In front of the door she kneels and sets the flashlight on its end to shine up at the ceiling.

A dim light reflects on Moira's hands as she unloads the black cloth and other items used in the revenge spell.

She lays the cloth out...

MOIRA

Oh God! I'm trying, Ryan.

INT. BASEMENT

Ryan's body begins its final transformation. He lets out an unbearably tortured scream.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BASEMENT DOOR

Moira screams in response and clamps her hands over her ears, then prays quietly.

MOIRA

Please, God, let this work.

Moira places the candles at each corner of the cloth, lights them.

The sound of bones cracking as if snapped in two stops Moira cold. She holds still - listening.

More cracking comes from behind the basement door. Ryan screams and howls, an animalistic howl, in agony - then silence.

Moira's hands shake violently as she places the bowl in the middle of the cloth, followed by the rest of the chicken's blood, Ryan's tie clip, and the gauze wrapped wolf's tooth.

Once she's set out all of the spell items she reaches for the spell book and slowly reads from it.

She carefully recites the curse BACKWARD.

MOIRA

Spirits from the deep, who never  
sleep... Spirits from the grave,  
without a soul to save... Spirits  
of the air, foul and black, not  
fair... Spirits of the dead, that  
glide with noiseless tread...

And after the first line of the curse is read she extinguishes a candle...

The silence is broken by a sudden hammering at the basement door.

Moira jumps.

INT. BASEMENT

Ryan has fully transformed. He's at the door, slathering at the mouth, a low guttural rumble in his chest builds to a fierce howl.

All of his clothes have been shredded due to his transformation, and his beastly body is naked.

INT. OUTSIDE THE BASEMENT DOOR

Moira holds the spell book in quaking hands. She reads the next line of the spell BACKWARD.

MOIRA

Spirits of cold and ice, phantoms  
of crime and vice... I pray you  
send hither, send hither...the  
great gray shape that makes men  
shiver...

She extinguishes another of the candles.

The pounding on the door grows louder. The door cracks...

Moira, eyes wide with terror, jerks her head toward the door.

The door splinters. A piece of wood lands on the cloth almost knocking one of the lit candles over onto the floor.

Moira gasps. She casts terrified glances at the door, then back to the book.

She screams the last words BACKWARD.

MOIRA

Ryan Dupuis, Ryan Dupuis... Come  
next full moon a wolf you will be!

She extinguishes the last candle as a loud crack rings out and a piece of the door gives way.

A hairy arm with deadly claws slams through the crack in the door almost reaching Moira's shoulder.

She screams and moves out of the way, takes the items from the bowl, pours the blood out of the bowl onto the floor behind her.

More howling and loud animal-like breathing comes from behind the door and then another piece of the door flies across the hall.

Moira mumbles to herself incoherently as she rubs at the drawing on the black cloth, frantically trying removing the chalk outline.

Ryan's head - fully transformed, unrecognizable as his own - pokes through the door.

His wild yellow eyes spot Moira, and in a single frenzied movement he breaks the door down just as Moira erases the last of the drawing.

He lunges for Moira as she screams and turns to run. She makes it a few feet into the kitchen.

MOIRA

By these words this curse is done!

She screams out in pain as the fully transformed Ryan knocks her to the ground and bites her in the back of the shoulder.

He growls and lifts up to bite her again, but suddenly collapses on top of her.

He lies perfectly still.

Moira cries and bleeds from the shoulder wound. She wiggles out a bit and rolls him off of her. She staggers to her feet.

The lights flicker a couple of times and then come back on, lighting up the room.

She watches in astonishment as Ryan transforms slowly, back to human form, then lies still as a stone and naked.

She sobs softly and sits down on the floor, scooting back to lean against a kitchen cabinet.

EXT. BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

Ryan loads his things into a moving van. Buster runs around in the front yard of the house.

Ryan looks up to notice Moira watching him from her window. He stares hatefully at her for a second.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Moira watches Ryan as he loads the last chair into the moving van, calls to Buster to jump in, and drives away.

Tears stream down her face. She throws herself onto the bed and huddles into a small ball.

INT. MOIRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Moira tosses and turns fitfully in her sleep.

DREAM

Flash-like visions of an animal tearing away at raw meat and a strange, wolf-like creature howling on all fours.

END DREAM

Moira wakes with a jolt and turns over quickly to flip on her lamp.

She looks around the room, frightened. Seeing nothing out of the ordinary, she calms down a bit.

She runs her hands over her sweaty face and then a puzzled expression contorts her features.

She looks down at her hands.

The palms are hairy as well as the backs of her hands, and her nails have grown extremely long.

Shock and horror cover her face. She screams.

MOIRA

NO!!!

FADE OUT