

MOONSHINE

Episode 1- Pilot

Logline: In Prohibition-era Georgia, a guard infected with werewolf spittle attempts to reach his family after he is attacked by the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. Weak and low on blood, he must find a way out of the hills before he is enslaved by the GBI as a "sniffer dog."

Written by

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Based on
Moonshine (short screenplay)

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EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A forest stretches through the 1920s, rural Georgia mountains. A partially hidden fire on the hill heats a whiskey still as snow falls on the pines.

Down the hill from the fire, JAKE SAWSBY, late teens, stands guard in a wooded area in the mountainous hills. He holds a shotgun and rubs his arms to ward off a chill.

GEOFF, a moonshiner in his 40s, walks up to Jake from behind.

GEOFF

Cold as a witch's titty, eh Jake?

Jake whips his head around to see who is behind him but relaxes when he catches sight of Geoff.

JAKE

Oh, yessir. It's not so bad, though. How is it at the still?

Geoff grins and passes Jake a jar of moonshine.

GEOFF

Good. We're on the final distillation. In a few hours, we'll have all that shine in jars for distribution. Then we can move the still.

Jake takes a swig of the jar. He coughs and wipes his mouth.

JAKE

Move the still?

GEOFF

Yeah, boss is worried. Seems bureau boys are in the hills. He wants to set up shop elsewhere until they wander away.

Geoff takes the jar back from Jake and takes a quick drink before screwing the lid back on.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

If that weren't bad enough, the varmints is pro-test-ing our in-cursion.

JAKE

What? Animal attacks?

GEOFF

Yeah, couple guys turned up dead across the valley. Their replacement crew got there to relieve them and found blood everywhere and a blown still. Probably were doing something dumb like cooking meat. Animals get hungry and scents carry out here.

JAKE

The still blew?

GEOFF

Yeah, if it gets too hot, the pressure builds and the whole thing pops like a fire cracker. If it's a second or third distillation, like we're doing, leaks will get the fire growing and can cause an explosion too.

Geoff hands the jar back to Jake and turns to leave.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Anyway, keep your eyes peeled. Billy is down there but, well, you know Billy. Few hours till pay day.

Jake stands under the tree and tries to stay warm as Geoff departs up the hill.

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Jake fights to keep his eyes open but is failing when GUNSHOTS echo off the hills. Flashes of light from two guns reflect off the trees down the hill from Jake.

Jake snaps awake, crouches behind the tree, and points his shotgun down the hill.

BILLY, another guard, just older than Jake, limps out of the trees with a bloody splotch coming through his shirt. Jake starts to point his weapon.

BILLY

Damnit, it's me. We have to tell Geoff. That was the bureau's men.

Jake looks through the trees toward the valley behind Billy. Jake grabs Billy's arm, pulls it over his shoulder and helps Billy climb the hill.

EXT. WHISKEY STILL - NIGHT

A massive still sits atop a fire partially obscured by metal plates. A copper coil coming from it drips moonshine into jars marked "XXX".

Geoff is keeping an eye on the still thermometer as he switches out the large jugs catching the liquid.

Jake and Billy walk into the circle of light. Geoff sees them, juggles the jar to the ground and points the coil into a large, empty bucket.

Geoff rushes to help carry Billy.

GEOFF

What the hell happened?

JAKE

Bureau men were coming up from the valley.

GEOFF

Thought that was one of you morons shooting at a deer or something. How many?

BILLY

Just two I saw. I got one for sure but I don't know about the other. We have to get out of here.

Geoff looks down the mountain then at the jars.

GEOFF

We can't, not yet. This batch is coming out now. It's worth thousands.

JAKE

Better losing it than getting hemmed up.

Geoff looks down the mountain again and hesitates before he speaks.

GEOFF

No- No. You said two of them, right? Probably just two agents looking for medals. It'll be late tomorrow before they can get a posse in the hills. We'll be long gone.

A wolfish howl comes from down the hill and all three men turn to look.

JAKE

What if they weren't alone? Or he didn't get the one? I'm telling you-

Geoff lays the protesting Billy against a fallen tree trunk near the fire.

GEOFF

It'll be fine, you'll see.

Geoff places a jar of shine in Billy's hand and walks to Jake. He pulls Jake a few feet from the fire.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

You alright? Look, here's the thing. We go back without this shine, no one gets paid. I know an industrious young man like you doesn't want that. The trucks will be here in three hours. I can get everything bottled before then. I just need you to make sure those agents don't come back.

Jake looks uneasily into the woods. Geoff sighs and walks to a small pile of jugs. He wraps two bottles with cloth and hands them to Jake.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

These have meth-a-nol in them, wood alcohol. It'll blind you so don't drink it, but you see bureau trucks, you light the rags and throw the jars. Kick off a warning shot and we'll all run into the woods. But we'll be fine, you'll see. They won't be back for days.

JAKE

I don't know. That batch can't be worth a stretch down south.

Geoff clenches up, but forces himself to relax. The tension eases a bit from his body and he speaks.

GEOFF

It's worth a lot. Look, I wasn't kidding. This isn't the first time they've tried to raid us. That agent is going to limp down the hills.

(MORE)

GEOFF (CONT'D)

He'll be lucky to survive the walk back to town and he won't make it there before morning. It'll be hours more before the cavalry comes to find us.

Jake opens his mouth to make another argument.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

You got a fiancée, right? You want to buy her something nice when you get back? You take these jars, you watch the road, and you collect an extra fifty dollars. How does that sound?

Jake starts to move his hands to the jar but still hesitates.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Jake, no one is coming tonight. And, if they do, we slip into the woods. No state copper knows the woods better than we do.

Jake nods, takes the jars and heads back into the woods.

EXT. FOREST - ROADSIDE - NIGHT

A small road cuts through the dense forest. It's just wide enough for one car or truck moving slowly.

Jake sits in a clump of bushes near the road. The jars are next to him.

Coughing engines are heard and headlights show up through the trees.

Jake hurriedly gets onto his knees and fishes a box of matches from his pocket. He picks up one of the jars and faces the road.

The vehicles come into full view. Two sputtering cars lead a box truck up the dirt strip. Each cab has two AGENTS in it and they all have shotguns.

Jake uses the bush for concealment as he struggles to get the rag lit. Both cars pass him before he gets it lit. The rag finally takes and Jake throws it hard at the truck.

A massive fire bursts where the jar hit. Jake starts running as soon as he gets the jar out of his hands.

Jake stops to look over his shoulder for a second. AGENTS have ran to the back of the burning truck. One of them, JENSEN, late 20s, cruel, wraps his coat around his hands and reaches through the fire.

Something shuffles in the back of the truck, like a dog pacing in a kennel. SCRATCHES and GROWLS emit from the truck.

JENSEN

You smell it? You smell those bastards? Get 'em! Go on boy!

The truck cargo door opens and a MASSIVE SHADOW leaps from the back and into the woods. Jake sees it coming and gets the shotgun up just in time to fire both barrels.

The shadow leaps over Jake as the gun goes off and both shots scatter snow. Jensen laughs from near the convoy.

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

Guns won't help you now! Better to try and play fetch with it than try shooting!

A HOWL splits the night. Jake looks up the hill in the direction the shadow ran.

JAKE

Shit. No, no, no-

Two GUNSHOTS come from up the hill and are followed by a scream. Jake sprints up the hillside as fast as he can, running to

EXT. WHISKEY STILL - CONTINUOUS

Jake runs into the still area. Crates and jars are shattered and strewn about. A pool of blood sits where Billy was before Jake went back down the mountain. Geoff is sitting, clutching his side.

JAKE

The agents-

Geoff cuts off Jake by shaking his head. He can barely speak but he manages to through clenched teeth.

GEOFF

Not the agents. Animal.

Geoff shakes his head.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

Fuck that. Monster. Got... other
guy.

Jake looks into the shadows in the trees as he speaks.

JAKE

We have to get out of here.

Geoff shakes his head.

GEOFF

I won't... make it.

A snarl comes from the darkness outside the fire. Geoff gives a cry of fright and grabs a revolver from the ground. He whimpers as he points the barrel into the darkness.

GEOFF (CONT'D)

I can't face him again. So fast, so
brutal. I can't-

A branch breaks and a low growl comes from the forest.

Geoff whimpers again and chokes back a sob. Jake faces fearfully into the woods as, behind him, Geoff puts the barrel in his mouth and pulls the trigger.

Jake jumps at the sound of the SHOT, turns and sees Geoff's body. He starts to cry.

JAKE

Fuck, fuck...

A throaty GROWL comes from the woods, this time it is directly in front of where Jake is standing. Jake jumps back and trips over Geoff's body. Jake grabs the gun.

He stands back up with Geoff's gun pointed at the trees. The sounds of breaking branches and rustling vegetation seem to come from all around and Jake swings the barrel haphazardly at every noise.

The shadow leaps out of the trees at Jake. It's a WEREWOLF.

Jake gets one useless shot out of the revolver as the werewolf knocks him down.

Jake, whimpering, crawls toward the fallen gun. Before he can reach, the werewolf is on top of him again. Jake turns to face the animal and it closes its jaws on Jake's face.

Flesh is torn and Jake cries out. His hand reaches the gun and Jake fires a shot into the werewolf's head.

The werewolf YELPS and darts into the treeline again.

Jake is now openly crying as he crawls toward the fire. The werewolf stalks back out of the treeline, closing on the crippled Jake.

Jake is now covered in cuts, blood covering swaths of skin as he crawls. Behind him, the shadow of the werewolf looms larger as it closes on him.

Jake shoots the bottom of the still, punching holes in it. Streams of moonshine shoot out and become lakes of fire under the still.

The gun clicks empty as the shadow reaches Jake. Jake keeps pulling the trigger.

The temperature gauge on the still is climbing higher.

The werewolf begins mauling Jake mercilessly.

The temperature needle reaches the end of the gauge.

The werewolf bites Jake's stomach and tears a strip of flesh away.

The werewolf raises one large claw into the sky and the sobbing Jake tries to cover his face in a futile gesture.

The still EXPLODES open from the built-up pressure. Shrapnel and fire catch the exposed werewolf and blow him into the snow.

The werewolf rolls on the ground, trying to put itself out but inadvertently rolling through puddles of still burning shine.

Jake passes out.

EXT. BLOWN STILL - MORNING

Jake wakes up to find bureau agents walking through the site of the former still.

There are SIX AGENTS. Two are kicking through scraps left from the explosion. Two are walking around the perimeter of the site. Two, CHARLES BUCHANAN, late 40s, and Jensen are leaning against a car.

Jake gives a quick glance over his body. He winces and rubs two fingers across the cut on his cheek. His fingers come away red.

Jake starts crawling away from the site. Charles sees him.

CHARLES

Hey, we got a runner.

Jake gives up sneaking and tries to run away as fast as he can but he's unsteady from all the damage. One of the agents walking the perimeter quickly blocks his escape.

The other agents close in on Jake and Jake surrenders. Two agents hold his hands behind his back.

JENSEN

Well, good try, boy. No break though.

AGENT 1

He's not our wolf. Ours was by the fire.

Charles wipes a finger through the cut on Jake's cheek. Jake tries to pull away but is held firm by the agents.

CHARLES

See how thick the blood is? It's got some clear pus shit mixed in, too? Dead giveaway. He'll go tail-up soon as the moon rises.

Agent 2 looks into Jake's eyes.

AGENT 2

I guess I thought they'd look different. He's got a lot of blood on him.

CHARLES

Yeah, the fact that he's still alive, let alone defiant is another sign he's been infected.

Jake spits into Agent 2's eye.

JAKE

You can keep your damn moon. I'll be long gone 'fore it rises 'gain.

Agent 2 punches Jake.

Charles grabs Agent 2's shoulders and pushes him away from Jake.

CHARLES
(to Agent 2)
Don't hit the dogs, moron. Leave
that to us trainers.

JENSEN
(to Jake)
You the one who killed our dog?

JAKE
Wasn't like any dog I've ever seen.

Jensen laughs.

JENSEN
Well, you'll be seeing a lot more
like it from here on out. Any
mirror you pass.

Jensen laughs.

JENSEN (CONT'D)
Hell, or bowl you drink out of!

Agent 1 chuckles but Agent 2 glares at Jake while Charles
frowns at Jensen.

CHARLES
Damnit, Jensen. Come on. If he's
infected we better get him to the
station. Who's got chains?

The agents, except for Jensen and Charles, look at each other
nervously. One shrugs his shoulders and hands at Charles.

Jensen scoffs and Charles frowns.

JENSEN
Fucking yokels.

Charles looks at Jensen with a note of disapproval.

CHARLES
Oh well, cuffs will do till
nightfall and the train station
isn't that far.

Charles pulls a pair of handcuffs from his belt and slaps
them on Jake.

Jensen laughs at Charles.

JENSEN

The station. The station. Don't church it up for him. We should tell him what's after the station.

Jensen turns to Jake.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

You're going to the damn kennels!

JAKE

You think I'm scared of a prison? I'm not the first in my family to do a stretch. Won't be the first to escape when I get out, either.

Jensen laughs as Charles frowns. Charles pushes past Jensen and walks to the car.

CHARLES

Come on, dog catcher. You're driving.

Jake is thrown in the back of the car. Jensen starts it and climbs into the driver's seat as Charles gets in the front passenger seat.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The car drives down the dirt country roads. It's remote. Pine trees line either side of the road.

Jensen turns in his seat to mock Jake.

JENSEN

Oh, yeah, you mutts have a good old time at the kennel. First, they'll give you a bath to get all those fleas out of your mangy fur.

Jensen looks back to the road for just a second.

CHARLES

Jensen, leave it alone.

Jensen looks at Charles but turns to Jake and continues anyway.

JENSEN

No bitches there either. Those are taken to Dawsonville to be put down.

(MORE)

JENSEN (CONT'D)

Guess you can count yourself lucky
you're working with the right e-
quip-ment.

While Charles looks forward and Jensen watches Jake, Jake raises his hips, grabs his crotch through his pants and shakes his equipment at Jensen. Jensen's eyes go wide.

JENSEN (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch! Agent Buchanan,
that son of a bitch just shook his
dick at me!

Charles sighs and leans back in his seat. He pushes the back of his hat up so the front slopes down to cover his eyes.

CHARLES

Jensen, don't fuck up my nap.

Jensen looks at the way Charles is sitting before turning to glare at Jake.

JENSEN

Sir, it ain't too smart to stretch
your neck out like that in front of
the dog. Never know when he might
snap. Fuckin' animals.

CHARLES

He won't do anything in this form,
especially before his first change.
Just drive.

Jensen looks back at Jake, this time locking eyes with Jake for the duration of his dialogue.

JENSEN

Don't you get any bright ideas just
because he's asleep. I've got my
eyes on you, you uppity asshole
piece of shi-

As Jensen speaks, the car is approaching an intersection. Jensen, turned around to threaten Jake, doesn't see the truck coming from the other side.

The car t-bones the truck with a loud SMASH. Jensen smacks the steering wheel with his shoulder and breaks his arm. Charles goes through the open front, sliding across the hood and over the truck.

Jake tumbles over the front seat and out of the car. He stands up to find himself bruised but not broken.

Jake runs to Jensen who is rolling on the ground clutching his arm. Jake stomps Jensen's face twice.

Jake starts to run into the woods but stops and looks at the handcuffs on his wrists.

Jake runs back to Charles who is breathing but is unconscious. Charles has a large cut across his forehead.

Jake searches through Charles' pockets and takes out the key. Jake undoes his handcuffs and starts to turn from the agent.

He turns back to Charles and checks the cut on his forehead.

Jake goes to Jensen who is still whimpering. Jake punches him in the face and Jensen finally passes out.

Jake tears off one of Jensen's sleeves.

Jake goes back to Charles and ties the sleeve around his head in an impromptu bandage. Red immediately seeps through.

JAKE

Well, better than nothing.

Jake looks at the TRUCK DRIVER.

The truck driver is clutching his wrist but otherwise OK.

The truck driver looks between the fleeing Jake and the two GBI agents.

TRUCK DRIVER

You're lucky. Get in a wreck like that and walk away.

The truck driver nods toward Jake's bloody clothes.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

Especially with wounds like that.

JAKE

Yeah. Maybe I'm just tougher than them. You gonna tell them which way I go?

The driver looks at the agents.

TRUCK DRIVER

Those are bureau boys?

Jake nods.

Truck driver flips a tarp off of his load in the back. Under it are crates of jars with clear liquid.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

Probably best I be gone 'fore they
wake back up.

Jake nods and starts loping toward the woods.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

MONTAGE

-Jake runs through the woods.

-Jake crosses a shallow stream.

-Jake crests a tall hill.

-Jake slows and crawls to the edge of a ridge.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake is on top of a small ridge. Spread beneath him is a small, cleared valley. A farm house and a barn are visible through the trees. Two cars are parked at the front porch. One is a black car with a gold star on the side.

Jake looks around the valley and back to the cars.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - DAY

A small farmhouse that is in disrepair. The fields are overgrown and there are a couple of DOGS laying in the shade of the porch but no other livestock. This farm does not make its money from agriculture.

Jake creeps from the treeline to the back porch of the house.

He peeks in through the back window and sees APRIL CASTON, 17, Jake's fiancée, pretty in an old dress, humming to herself and skinning potatoes at the kitchen table.

INT. JAKE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is, like the rest of the house, in a state of functional disrepair. The floor is dusty, unpolished wood. The table is covered in cuts. The counters sag a little.

April drops skinned potatoes into a large pot of cool water.

Jake enters from the back door.

April look up to see him and stops humming. Her eyes go wide.

APRIL
You're alive?

Jake raises a finger to his lips.

JAKE
SHSSSH! Why the Hell is Dan here?

April stands up but doesn't move toward Jake.

APRIL
He's telling your momma that you're dead.

JAKE
What?

APRIL
He said you died in an accident up at the still and that a bunch of state agents had come and picked up what little of you remained. He said we'd have to go to the city to identify the fingers and other bits they found and that this is what you got for brewing the devil's drink.

JAKE
Aw, bullshit. Dan doesn't give a shit about moonshine except he wants us to brew where he can collect hi-- wait a second.

Jake looks at the potatoes and at April's dress.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You thought I was dead and you were sitting in here humming and making dinner?

April's mouth opens wide as she looks for a lie but she is saved by the entrance of DAN CASTELLAN, Sheriff, early 40s, from the door to the living room.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Shit--

CASTELLAN

I knew I heard your damn voice back here!

JAKE

Shit, Dan, listen.

CASTELLAN

What in God's name did you boys get yourself into? A fire lit up half the damn valley last night and then--
- Jesus, whose blood is that? If it were all yours you would be dead.

Castellan is interrupted by the entrance of ABIGAIL SAWSBY, Jake's Mother, early 50s. As soon as she sees Jake, she pushes past Castellan and hugs her son.

ABIGAIL

I knew it! I knew it couldn't be true! Not my baby! Not after what happened to your father, God rest his soul! It couldn't happen to me again, what happened to your brother, bless him! Good god, where did all this blood come from?

Jake tries to pry his mother away.

JAKE

(to Abigail)

I don't know, only some of it is mine. I love you too, but you have to let go.

(to Castellan)

Dan, why are you serving notice? I ain't dead.

CASTELLAN

Well, I know that now. But I saw that fire last night and then state agents came and said a still blew last night and three men were found dead. They shown me the bodies of Geoff and Billy, said there was a third body on its way to the city. Who was I to think it belonged to?

JAKE

Well, it ain't mine.

CASTELLAN

How'd you get away? You do like your old man and--

JAKE

I ain't my pops. I did nothing like him. They nicked me but I got away when they tried to drive me to the pen.

Abigail pulls away from her son and looks at him sternly.

ABIGAIL

Don't you speak ill of your father! He was a good man and that business in the war was--

JAKE

Mom, please!
(to Castellán)
I escaped after a traffic accident.

Castellán's eyes go wide and he looks earnestly at Jake.

CASTELLÁN

You escaped after a traffic accident? When was that?

JAKE

A couple of hours ago. I had to hoof it halfway from the still to get here.

CASTELLÁN

Shit! You got to go boy!

JAKE

What? Why?

CASTELLÁN

When those agents came to my station, both of them was patched up. One had a bandage on his head, the other a sling on his arm.

JAKE

Shit. Did they follow you?

CASTELLÁN

Probably.

Jake sprints to the back door, throws it open and hurls himself towards the trees.

EXT. JAKE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jake takes off from the back porch and toward the barn. He's only a few dozen feet from the house when dog BARKS erupt.

Jake looks over his shoulder to see Jensen stepping from the passenger seat of his beat up car while Charles is in the driver's seat. The back door is open and two DOGS are sprinting towards Jake.

JAKE

God damnit! Bo! Crawford! Come on boys!

As the agent's dogs pass the porch, Jake's dogs come flying out from under the porch and begin chasing the state dogs. The farm dogs are about 30 yards behind the state dogs but they're closing the gap. The state dogs remain focused on Jake.

Jake makes it to the barn ahead of the state dogs, gets through a door and slams it behind him.

The state dogs hit the door barking but are stopped and begin fighting the farm dogs.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The barn is dusty and dark. Dilapidated equipment fills it and Jake trips over tractor parts and old tools as he makes his way to the back exit.

He opens the door and steps into the light, immediately tripping as Jensen kicks into Jake's legs. Jake hits the ground so hard all the air is expelled from his lungs, launching a cloud of dirt away from his face.

JENSEN

Hey, mutt.

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

Jensen reaches down with his good arm, the other in a sling from the accident, and grabs Jake's belt as Jake tries desperately to get his wind back.

Jensen begins jerking Jake toward the car.

JENSEN

You damned, mangy, violent cur! You worthless, sniveling--

Jensen lets go of the belt and Jake falls to the ground, still trying to regain his breath.

Charles approaches the pair and handcuffs Jake. He turns Jake onto his back and tries to look Jake in the eyes but Jake is rolling back and forth on the ground.

CHARLES

You can't do those panicked gulps
for air or you won't get your lungs
back open. Look at me. Look at me.

Jake stops rolling for a second and Charles leans a little closer.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Now take slow, shallow breaths.
Like you're sipping air. You ever
made wine? Act like you're sipping
wine.

Jake starts to get his breath back, each sip of air being a little deeper than the last.

Jensen goes to kick Jake again but Charles leans over and puts himself in front of the attempted kick.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Stop, Jensen. Let's just get him in
the damn car so we can get out of
here. We don't have much more time
to get him to the station.

Charles stands Jake up and begins marching him toward the front of the farm. As they pass the corner of the barn, they see the dogs.

The farm dogs are backed against the barn with their tails between their legs, whimpering. The state dogs are growling with raised hackles.

Charles whistles.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Lou, Sam, get to the car.

The two dogs turn away from the farm dogs and sprint to the car.

As Jensen, Charles and Jake do the perp walk to the car, Abigail and Castellán walk onto the front porch. Abigail is sobbing and trying to run to Jake, but Castellán is holding her back.

JAKE

Don't worry, mom. I'll be alright.
You just take care of the dogs,
alright? I'll send money when I get
away.

Jensen smacks the back of Jake's head.

They arrive at the car and Charles pushes Jake into the
backseat. The dogs sit behind the backseat. Charles gets into
the driver's seat and Jensen gets in the passenger seat.

INT./EXT. CAR - EVENING

Charles drives the car quickly from the farmhouse. He checks
a wristwatch, looks out the window at the darkening sky, and
pushes the gas even harder.

JENSEN

Fucking mutts. You'll get yours
soon enough you little-

CHARLES

Did you eat?

Jensen looks at Charles.

JENSEN

What? I was-

CHARLES

Not you.

Charles looks in the backseat.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Did you eat? It's Jake, right?

Jake nods.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

OK. Did you eat?

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

No, I haven't ate.

CHARLES

Jensen, give him half of one of the
sandwiches. A bottle of pop, too.

JENSEN

What? Buchanan, you can't just-

CHARLES

I'm senior. Do it, agent. That's an order.

Jensen looks at Charles, aghast. He reaches into the floor board and pulls a sandwich wrapped in wax paper from a bag. He closes his fist around the wedge, squeezing it into a blob.

Jensen fishes a bottle from a case and throws it at Jake. It hits Jake in the stomach.

Charles watches the road as the events unfold, his face unchanging.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Be careful with the pop. Give it a few minutes or it'll fizz over.

Jake looks suspiciously at the front of the car. He smells the sandwich and takes a tentative bite.

JENSEN

I don't see why we'd feed that asshole after what he did today.

CHARLES

Jensen, you grew up in the city. You learned how to treat-

Charles stops himself and looks sideways at Jensen.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Or mistreat women. I grew up in the woods. I learned how to treat dogs. If you beat them every time they do anything, they'll never see a reason to behave. If you reward them when they're good, like when they come without fighting or sit when you tell them to, they'll behave.

Charles looks at Jake again.

JENSEN

He tried to run.

Charles sighs.

CHARLES

Whatever, Jensen. I'm senior and I say he gets a damn sandwich. Besides that, I'm a trainer and you're a junior handler so I'd be in charge right now anyway. He's going to eat his sandwich, drink a pop, and be at the damn station before he changes.

Charles looks at the sky again as he says the last part.

Jensen frowns at Charles but turns to look out the windshield. He speaks in quick asides over his shoulder while looking out the windshield.

JENSEN

It won't matter when you get to the kennels. There aren't any treats when they're breaking you in. It won't matter if you're "good". It won't matter-

CHARLES

No, Jensen. It won't matter. So keep your mouth shut.

Charles glances over his shoulder as Jensen sulks.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I guess you're wondering what this is all about. You probably still don't know what happened at the still, huh?

Jake keeps eating his sandwich, but he looks up for a second when Charles pauses.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You know that dog that bit you? Big old thing, right? Ran a little funny for a dog? Did you get good look?

JAKE

Not... not really. It was just a shape.

CHARLES

It wasn't a true wolf. That was our werewolf. And since it bit you, now you're going to be one.

Jensen turns and grins at Jake.

JENSEN

And then you'll belong to us.

JAKE

Werewolves aren't real.

Jensen starts outright laughing. Charles glances at Jensen disapprovingly.

CHARLES

How bad were your cuts last night?
You passed out, right? We found you
surrounded by streaks of blood,
agents who secured the scene
thought you were dead at first.

Charles glances at the sky. It's becoming darker fast.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

There are a lot of myths mixed in
with what's true and we don't have
time to go through all of it, but
humans don't heal like that. You
tried to walk away from injuries
you should have died from within
minutes. The healing is necessary
to withstand the change. Vets will
give you medicine to make it
easier, but only if we get there in
time.

JENSEN

I say just throw him in a cage and
make him ride it out like a feral.

Charles takes another look at the sky.

INT./EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The car arrives at a train station. The car pulls into a
small warehouse that is part of the station.

JAKE

Listen, guys, I don't know what
your game is and I reckon you can
do what you want, but you're not
convincing me of fairy tales. Just
do what you have to do.

Charles parks the car. He looks over his shoulder and arches
an eyebrow.

Jensen laughs.

CHARLES

Well, right you are. You know better than us.

The agents get out of the car. Charles pulls Jake from the back and into a warehouse. Three agents run up from where the warehouse opens to the train tracks. One is carrying chains.

AGENT WITH CHAINS

Cut it pretty damn close, guys.
What if he'd changed?

JENSEN

Then I'd would've had to pull him off your wife. You know how dogs like bacon.

A voice comes from the shadows as the agents chain up Jake.

SHADOWY VOICE

Your family is closer, Jensen.
Maybe he'd prefer to eat there?

The man with the voice, RICHARD "FROSTY" FONTONOE, a tough, leathery 50, head of the tracking program, steps from the shadows.

FONTONOE

No? Then get the dog in his cage.

CHARLES

Is there a vet to give him a dose?

FONTONOE

It's too late. He's already changing.

Jake frowns at Fontonoe as Fontonoe nods towards Jake's hands. Jake looks down to see them getting a brown layer of fur.

JAKE

Oh, fuck! What the hel-

Jake's words are cut off as his face erupts forward. His mouth and nose turn into a massive snout. The growing bone stretches out faster than the skin and his human face tears.

Blood erupts from Jake's body as changing bones shove through the meat and skin that had been stretched over the smaller, human skeleton.

The agents with the chains drag Jake quickly to an open boxcar.

INT. BOXCAR - NIGHT

The boxcar is modified with cages along each side. They are stacked two high and werewolves are jammed into each. Each werewolf is in a different stage of the change.

All of them are bloody messes with bone and muscle protruding from torn skin. A streak follows Jake where his blood is left on the concrete.

The agents huff as they drag Jake's growing mass to a cage. Jake writhes in pain. His cries turn to growls and snarls in his changing throat.

The agents get him into a cage and rush out, slamming the cage behind them.

Jensen walks up to the cage. He grins at Jake.

JENSEN

Don't like fairy tales? You're
going to love the kennels. They're
the opposite of happily ever after.

Jake starts to pass out from the pain. His last sight is of Fontonoe silhouetted against the moon seen through the open boxcar doors.

FADE TO BLACK.