

# HOWL

Written by

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"I felt something dark come over my body. I felt myself turning, almost like a werewolf, into a Bad Person."

- Britney Spears, "The Woman in Me."

**INT. BROWNSTONE HOME - NEW YORK - DAY**

A stately New York Brownstone, lived-in, a touch disheveled. Rug is crumpled, takeout on the counter, a TV still ON.

Also find: Movie posters, award statues (an Oscar and a Razzie) and dozens of therapy manuals and self-help books.

Float through the quiet house, down a set of stairs towards the basement, until we land on a LOCKED DOOR.

And this door is indestructible, steel or titanium. The bullet-proof door feels out of place in this cozy home.

On the door is a TIMER and it's counting down from five seconds. 4, 3, 2, and --

A soft beep, a green light, door springs open and ...

BAM! A **GOAT** BOLTS out of the door like a bat out of hell and OH FUCK! The Goat IS MISSING A LEG. Not an amputee, like his leg was YANKED OFF moments earlier.

Tripod Goat BARRELS towards camera, adrenaline coursing, a trail of blood, getting away from whatever was in that--

PRELAP: The sound of an ANIMAL HOWLING.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. HIGH RISE OFFICES - NEW YORK - NIGHT**

A **DASCHUND** peering out a window and HOWLING.

The alert dog is compelled to howl because 30+ stories below, ambulances whiz past the cluttered streets of Manhattan.

As the sirens fade, the dog quiets and crosses the room--

Allowing us to see that we are in an empty LOBBY.

Signage tells us we're at a cable network called **BUZZ**. Clock POSTERS for reality shows with names like, "**CHAOS: A PAGENT STORY**," "**TILL DEATH**" and "**LISA AND TINA DO MONTAUK**."

A REAL HOUSEWIVES-esque reality series plays on a TV. In it, a **GLAM WOMAN** is drunk, ugly crying, tequila rocks sloshing.

The dog prattles towards BIG SWINGING DOUBLE DOORS.

Behind the doors we see people running, hear shouting.

We want to enter and thankfully the dog does too as he squeezes past the double doors and into --

**A LATE-NIGHT TALK SHOW SET**

And it's controlled chaos. STAFFERS bustling everywhere.

A fast-moving **GRIP** nearly decapitates someone with a giant **LIGHT STAND**.

A **PROP GUY** shoves clown wigs and fake guns into a **PROP CART**.

A **GLAM WOMAN** hobbles on stilettos, searching for her lost dog. Recognize her as **LALA D'AMORE**, the crying reality star from that clip we just saw in the lobby.

A **MALE MODEL** in a "Bobby the Bottle Boy" shirt juggles liquor bottles and dances towards a **BAR** allowing us to take in:

**THE SET** -- which is all pop art, tufted furniture, and bookshelves organized by rainbow color. No desk, only chairs, and instead of the pre-set mug, there are martini glasses.

The **GAFFER** fastens bolts on a **GIANT LIGHT RIG** looming over the stage -- **WHEN** -- A **HOT LIGHT** crashes to the ground.

The nimble dog narrowly escapes the flying debris, passing a **POSTER** where the show's boyish, middle-aged **HOST** beams at us alongside the show's title: **ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN WITH ACE LANE!**

*Some of you might get that I'm taking very loose inspiration from Bravo's "Watch What Happens Live with Andy Cohen."*

Stay low with the pup threading past legs until he prattles to a stop at **A PAIR OF FEET** and looks up to **FIND**:

**A LOST-LOOKING YOUNG WOMAN** gazing down at the curious dog.

Wide-eyed, innocent gaze, backpack clutched tight like a nervous school-girl, she sticks out like a sore thumb on this lawless set.

This, is **FRANKIE** (20s).

**INT. STUDIO - BULLPEN - MINUTES LATER**

Frankie -- now cradling the rogue dog -- tip toes into the back-offices, which are just as high-energy as the set.

FRANKIE  
Where do you belong, little guy?

Frankie scans the flurry of activity as:

A young **SOCIAL PRODUCER** runs past, juggling multiple cells and yelling into a walkie like she works at the Pentagon.

SOCIAL PRODUCER  
--If I'm posting pre-show glam on  
social *after* the show ends, like  
what are we even doing here?

Two **OLDER SECURITY GUARDS** (Bill Burr and Luis Guzman) pass by carrying boxes. They check the producer out.

TALL SECURITY GUARD  
That's a beautiful dress, Stacie--

STACIE THE SOCIAL PRODUCER  
You can't say that!

TALL SECURITY GUARD  
I can't say what?

**HAIR & MAKEUP ARTIST** march by, watching show clips on phones.

HAIR ARTIST  
--If his wig is like this again I'm  
gonna have a panic attack--

MAKEUP ARTIST  
They give us 10 seconds to prep, I  
mean, what do they expect?

BACK ON FRANKIE, flagging the makeup artist.

FRANKIE  
Excuse me?

Makeup Artist stops, looks Frankie up and down.

MAKEUP ARTIST  
*You're not supposed to be here.*

Frankie balks at the brusque greeting.

MAKEUP ARTIST  
Audience members wait outside--

FRANKIE  
I'm not audience! It's my first  
day, reception sent me here but  
didn't say--

NOAH (O.S.)  
You the new PA?

WHIP to find **NOAH THE PA**, in a "Music By John Carpenter" shirt, staring at Frankie, annoyed.

FRANKIE  
YES, HI! I'm Frankie, I'm--

NOAH  
Did you steal LaLa's dog?

FRANKIE  
Steal? No, I--

NOAH  
That's so weird--

FRANKIE  
He was walking around--nobody was--

Noah snatches the dog from Frankie, walks away.

NOAH  
Don't stand there. Sam stands there. (into his walkie) Found LaLa's dog, the new PA stole him--

FRANKIE  
(following him)  
I didn't steal--Sorry, who is Sam?

NOAH  
The showrunner. Your boss. Are you brand new?

FRANKIE  
*Brand new?*

NOAH  
Is this your first set job? Do I have to babysit you?

FRANKIE  
First job on a set? Technically yes--

NOAH  
--Shutupshutupshutup--

And Frankie does as all the staffers *hush* because the aforementioned **SAM** (40s/50s) has just entered the bullpen.

Sam enters with her head in a notebook, rubbing her temple like ironing out a migraine -- clock a tan line revealing where a wedding band used to be. Without looking up --

SAM

Okay let's get into it. *Big show*  
tonight but we've run into an *issue*—

Sam looks up from her notebook. She scans the room -- briefly pausing on Frankie -- and then with a frown:

SAM

Where's Ace?

PRE-LAP a long, disgusting SNARRRRFFFF sucking sound...

### GREEN ROOM - SAME

**ACE LANE's** head jerks up from the rush of snorting a line of white powder off a vanity.

Crushed tablets and an RX bottle tell us it's Adderall, taken exactly like the doctor *didn't* order.

The host bops to the beat of a Dua Lipa song as he washes down a Xanax with a \$19 green smoothie. If it weren't for the Tom Ford suit, we might think he's pre-gaming for a rave.

Ace puts in eye drops. The show's poster behind him -- his clean-cut image a far cry from the strung out man before us.

VOICE OVER PA SYSTEM (O.S.)

Ace, we're inviting you to the all-staff? Ace, can you copy?

Ace ignores this. He smears rouge on his cheeks like a clown and does vocal warm-ups...*Peter Piper picked a peck of--*

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR interrupts his reverie, again.

ACE

I have my quiet sign on--

**TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER**, an anxious "yes man," slips around the door.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER

Sorrytobug--

ACE

Tommy I heard it, I'm coming--

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER

It's just that Sam wants to loop you in because...okay don't freak out cuz she *is* handling it ... but *Evan still isn't here.*

As Ace nearly chokes on his green smoothie --

# **BACK TO THE BULLPEN**

The all-hands meeting well underway.

SAM

--*Scream or Splash*, that's set. Act two, where are we at on *Milf*, *Mother*, *Mommy*?

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR

Graphics are in the can--

STAGE MANAGER

Yeah but the new spank paddles haven't arrived--

SAM

Are you serious? Does it play without the paddles?

ON Frankie struggling to follow the arcane and ping-ponging convo. It's like they're speaking another language.

SAM

Let's swap for *Ace In The Hole*--

JUST THEN -- Ace marches in, smoothie sloshing everywhere.

ACE

Evan's still not here???

But Sam doesn't flinch. Cool. Collected. Always a leader.

SAM

He is not. So my plan for Evan is-

ACE

It's 30 'till -- Why are we not calling it?

SAM

As I was saying, the *plan* is that LaLa's already here and prepped...

ANGLE on LaLa the reality star down the hall, reunited with her dog and filming videos on her phone.

SAM

...And we've got Ronnie on backup as the second guest *if* Evan bails.



Sitting in the corner of the bullpen is **RONNIE RAMIREZ** -- a big beefy dude in Crocodile Hunter khakis and surrounded by LIZARDS in animal carriers. He feeds a WHOLE EGG to a SNAKE.

ACE  
(grossed out)  
The reptile guy *again*? Jesus. Okay listen, I say Evan will flake, as he's wont to do, I'm giving him five and then *I'm* calling it.

Ace turns to leave, but Sam lays down the law.

SAM  
Actually Ace, for Evan Stone...we're waiting until showtime.

As we wonder who this "Evan Stone" is that's got Ace's panties in a bunch, SMASH TO:

--A **MAN** STREAKING NAKED THROUGH THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS. HE GETS STUCK TRYING TO HOP A FENCE.

--THE SAME MAN, RANTING TO A PODCAST HOST ABOUT ALIENS.

--THE SAME MAN, PRESUMABLY, EXITING AN ICE CREAM SHOP IN A RUBBER DOG-HEAD MASK AND HOLDING A WAFFLE CONE.

--THE SAME MAN, TOO HYSTERICAL AND SOBBING WITH PRIDE AS HIS POP STAR GIRLFRIEND ACCEPTS A GRAMMY AWARD.

--THE SAME MAN, NOW IN A PAPER HOSPITAL GOWN, THROWING ROCKS AT A PAPARAZZO.

#### **AUDIENCE AREA**

REVEAL the erratic mystery man footage is from a YouTube supercut called "Evan Stone Being Chaotic For 8 Minutes Straight," currently playing on AN IPHONE.

So *this*, is Evan Stone.

The VIDEO pauses on Evan smashing liquor bottles at a photo shoot. Chyron: "The Actor Celebrates Sobriety His Own Way."

NOAH (O.S.)  
Evan's unhinged.

FIND Noah and Frankie watching the video. Noah laughs, Frankie frowns at this Hollywood asshole throwing tantrums.

NOAH

His movies suck lately but his  
breakout role as a kid in TARANTULA  
is top ten horror performances--

FRANKIE

What is Evan promoting today?

BUT she doesn't get an answer as DOORS FLY OPEN on riotous  
and rowdy **AUDIENCE MEMBERS** spilling into the auditorium.

Noah grabs a box and marches towards the crowd.

NOAH

Phones out people, PHONES OUT! This  
is a PHONE FREE ZONE.

Frankie follows, grabbing the queuing audience's phones.

NOAH

Evan's promoting that Viking movie.  
*Assuming he shows*--PHONES OUT!

FRANKIE

Does Sam always wait until last  
minute like this for a guest?

NOAH

Hell no. It's cuz Evan's actually a  
celebrity PHONES OUT, PEOPLE! He's  
nuts, he's crazy, but he's way more  
famous than our usual braindead  
reality stars promoting whether or  
not they're on Ozempic PHONES IN  
THE BOX! Evan's a *big get* for this  
show and he just broke up with Ana  
fuckin Lopez. Though he'll probably  
stonewall relationship questions,  
the actors always do--NO, THIS BOX!

Frankie watches the Male Model pass cocktails to the  
audience. Some dance. Vibe is more nightclub than talk show.

FRANKIE

I get why the show wants Evan, but  
isn't it odd that *Evan* wants to  
come *here*? Seems like a weird fit.

NOAH

Yeah, no shit. But Evan does a lot  
of weird stuff.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER (O.S.)

Okay which one of you is ON Evan?

Find Tommy addressing the PA's with a clipboard.

NOAH  
NOT IT. Not trying to get fired.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
Okay, Noah on LaLa and... New PA?

FRANKIE  
Frankie--

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
When were they gonna tell me? It's  
always something here--whatever--  
You're on Evan.

NOAH  
(snickering)  
My condolences--

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
I'm being told he's en route--

FRANKIE  
I'm "ON Evan?"

NOAH  
It means you're his bitch. PHONES  
OUT PEOPLE, COME ON!

FRANKIE  
Sorry, "bitch?" As in?--

NOAH  
Get his latte, steam his tie, tell  
everyone to face the wall when he  
walks in, just do *whatever he needs*--

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
("don't listen to him")  
I need you to greet Evan and put  
him in his green room the second he  
arrives. Let's start there.

Frankie nods fast, nervous. Noah flashes her a devilish grin.

NOAH  
Don't stress. It's only a wildly  
famous asshole on your first day.

Frankie looks back at her phone -- A CLIP of Evan angrily  
walking off Diane Sawyer's show is playing. CHYRON reads:  
"The troubled child star to adult actor pipeline."

Frankie processes that she's this reactive diva's "bitch..."

ACE (PRE-LAP)  
I'm gonna kill Evan Stone...

# **SAM'S OFFICE**

Ace is pacing and ranting. Bitching to Sam about Evan.

ACE  
...He's not even here yet and  
already throwing his weight around.  
Got you bending over for him. Sam  
are you listening to me?

Sam half-listens and nods while scribbling edits to the  
rundown. Get the sense she has to listen to Ace vent...a lot.

SAM  
I'm *accommodating* a guest. Evan's  
huge for us. By the way, Hall of  
Shame is now in act one--

Notice that Sam's office has NO family photos, only photos of  
herself alone on the set.

ACE  
I know he's huge, I'm not a moron.  
But it's not too much to ask to be  
on time(then)Are you *sleeping here*?

FIND Ace staring at a SLEEPING BAG next to Sam's desk.

SAM  
Don't worry about that.

Sam yanks the sleeping bag out of Ace's eyesight.

ACE  
Did Mike kick you out? Sam if you  
want my rental in the village--

SAM  
I said don't worry about it.

LALA D'AMORE (O.S.)  
YOO HOO--

WHIP TO FIND -- LaLa in the door.

Sam and Ace immediately plaster on fake pleasant smiles.

ACE  
What is it hun?

LALA D'AMORE  
I was wondering if we could take it  
easy on me tonight?

ON Ace and Sam not understanding.

LALA D'AMORE  
In regards to my, uhm, *behavior*  
during the finale episode?

*Ohhhhh. Sam and Ace nod in recognition. Don't worry, we'll understand soon.*

LALA D'AMORE  
I don't feel *comfortable* harping on  
it and would prefer to promote my  
wig line.

LaLa unzips a wig case as Ace and Sam exchange A LOOK.

SAM  
(getting rid of her)  
Great idea LaLa. Why don't you hand  
off those wigs to Tommy.

A giddy and grateful LaLa scuttles back into the hall.

Sam and Ace return to their stand-off. Ace checks his watch.

ACE  
I'm calling Evan's publicist--

SAM  
He fired her--

Ace *groans*, is agitated. Sam puts down her notebook.

SAM  
What is going on? You deal with  
entitled assholes all the time. I'm  
prioritizing Evan, you feel what,  
out of control??? His lateness is  
disrespectful? What is it?

Ace huffs despite Sam's hypotheses being *exactly* correct.

ACE  
Okay, listen. You know how I'm very  
attuned energetically?

Sam sighs, *here we go*.

ACE  
There's something OFF about Evan.

SAM  
I think most people know that--

ACE  
No. Listen. It was New Years  
Rockin' Eve, 2006. I'm alone in an  
elevator when Evan walks in and...

Ace looks around, leans in like a campfire story.

ACE  
...He had the *darkest energy*.

Ace: *Take that in.* Sam balks: *That's it?*

SAM  
You want me to put a man with a  
snake on *instead* of Hollywood  
legend Evan Stone 'cuz you *caught a*  
*bad vibe?*

ON ACE, hearing how ridiculous he sounds.

ACE  
Okay when you say it *back* to me--

SAM  
Ace you have to trust me. (Sam  
stands, grabs her notebook)  
Give Evan until five 'till, we can  
sage his green room if you're still  
worried about *vibes*.

Ace smirks. Sam and Ace share a moment, their long-running  
work marriage has its ups and downs.

ACE  
Although I historically *do not* gel  
with Geminis, I want what's best  
for the show. I trust you.  
(then, snarking)  
But *should* we tell snake man to get  
his anaconda camera ready?

Off these two assholes erupting into cackles, we SMASH TO:

# **INT. VAN - TRUNK**

AN INDUSTRIAL METAL LOCKBOX rattles around the trunk of a  
van. GLITCHY ATONAL NOIZE plays over the vehicle's speakers.

The van comes to a HALT, lockbox SLAMS against the walls.

**INT. TV STUDIO - BULLPEN**

Anxiety and excitement as the staff does last-minute prep.

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR  
Am I prepping Evan graphics or  
Ronnie graphics or what?

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
Plan for Evan, prepare for the  
worst--

STAGE MANAGER  
Does anyone know why this man put  
*Neosporin* on his rider?

FIND Frankie, duty-bound to wait by the door for Evan's  
arrival. She practices her greeting under her breath.

FRANKIE  
Hey...hey Evan?...Hi--could I show--

Ronnie the reptile guy approaches Frankie.

RONNIE  
Do you know if I'm going on?

FRANKIE  
I'm just the PA--

RONNIE  
Well can you ask your boss if they  
can still throw me a segment?

Frankie futzes with her walkie as SAM'S VOICE COMES OVER IT.

SAM (OVER WALKIE)  
DOES ANYONE HAVE EYES ON EVAN?

FRANKIE  
(into walkie)  
Hi, New PA Frankie here. I'm on  
Evan, still no sighting, but Mr--

RONNIE  
RONNIE--

FRANKIE  
(into walkie)  
Mr. Ronnie wants to know--

SAM (OVER WALKIE)  
Give Evan one more minute.

Click. Static. Frankie shrugs at Ronnie: "*I tried.*"

Ronnie pads off annoyed as Frankie sets a phone timer for a minute. The timer counts down... 59, 58, 57, and ...

**EXT. STUDIO - STREETS OF MANHATTAN - NIGHT**

SWISH! SPRINTER VAN DOOR flies open and out steps **EVAN STONE**.

Ray bans, white tee, jeans, Evan's got that ~Hollywood cowboy~ Marlon Brando acolyte thing going on.

Evan takes a hit of his vape pen AND --

Within seconds he's swarmed by a dozen paparazzi assholes pushing cameras in his face, pelting him with questions.

Evan -- escorted by his **DRIVER** acting as a bodyguard -- moves towards the back of the van as the paparazzi close in, the incessant yammering, the sound of cameras shuttering.

DRIVER  
Give him space, guys.

Head down to avoid the cameras, we see Evan's unshaven, a resting scowl face.

Evan seemed erratic in that supercut, but here, he seems... *fragile*. A tortured prince. Hot and haunted.

They reach the trunk. Driver lugs out that mysterious LOCKBOX and hands it to Evan. Driver gets the hell outta there, WHEN:

Evan holds out a stack of cash. Driver takes it, surprised.

Evan shakes the driver's hand, makes intense eye-contact and--

EVAN  
(ominous)  
I'm sorry for...everything.

As the Driver is left to ponder *that*...

An invigorated Evan muscles past the paparazzi losers as we ZERO IN on the LOCKBOX rattling at his side and --

**INT. STUDIO - BULLPEN**

Frankie watches her iPhone countdown end as Tommy races in.



TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
 Alright, Evan's a no show. Pivot to  
 PLAN B. I repeat, PLAN B.

Everyone groans. LaLa scuttles over, dog under her arm.

LALA D'AMORE  
 Am I still on?! Am I safe?

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
 Yes, LaLa, you're still on.

JUST THEN -- LaLa's DOG starts BARKING.

LALA D'AMORE  
 Charlie, no barking, shhh--

BUT the pup is now barking and growling. The dog's wriggling  
 in LaLa's arms like he's trying to FREE HIMSELF.

ON FRANKIE overwhelmed by the barking WHEN --

EVAN STONE MARCHES INTO THE BULLPEN.

AND all eyes go to him.

Sudden tension as the once noisy staff is SILENT. Imagine  
 that one MUSE song playing here, *you know the one.*

EVAN is intense, sunglasses still on, plowing through the  
 bullpen, a man on a mission.

STAFFERS trade looks, none brave enough to approach him.

THE DOG is wriggling like hell, still *yapping*.

LALA muzzles her dog, shouts worthless commands.

And FRANKIE IS FROZEN as Evan breezes RIGHT PAST HER. Frankie  
 had ONE JOB and she's blowing it.

*Shit*, Frankie slinks around bodies to catch up to Evan when --

EVAN HALTS BEFORE THE DOG.

THE DOG sneers at Evan, lips curled, teeth gnashing.

LALA D'AMORE  
 I'm so sorry, he never does this.

But Evan GRABS THE DOG, puts him on the ground, and--

EVAN  
NEIN.

And the dog shuts up.

Everyone is DEAD STILL. You can hear the collective THUMP-THUMP THUMP-THUMP of heart-beats.

FRANKIE stops. Holds off on approaching Evan.

BACK ON EVAN, who commands the dog to:

EVAN

SITZ.

...and the dog... sits.

EVAN

ROLLE.

Dog rolls over. Staffers trade looks: *Evan's doing...German dog commands?*

Evan gets on the floor, presses his face into the dog's snout and... *whispers* something, until finally...

EVAN

Und frei.

And the little dog prattles off down the hall.

Evan stands. And then, in a softer voice --

EVAN

Beautiful creature.

Finally, Evan looks around until he FINDS FRANKIE looking official in her headset, though staring at him mouth agape.

EVAN

My green room this way?

Frankie -- still reeling from *whatever that was* -- gives him a vacant nod "yes" and Evan marches down the hall.

Everyone lets out a collective exhale.

STAY on Frankie, mind racing, thinking that *Evan isn't behaving like the unpredictable Hollywood asshole she expected. Bizarre, sure. But asshole? I wouldn't say that--*

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER

Go get Evan his drinks!

Frankie snaps out of it, runs off in the opposite direction.

PA SYSTEM (O.S.)  
10 Minutes 'till show. 10 minutes!

# **EVAN'S GREEN ROOM**

Evan enters his green room. He drops his box and immediately pushes the COUCH against the wall as Tommy appears...

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
Hiii, Evan. *So great to have you,*  
but we are running late--

But Tommy stops because Evan is dragging the makeup CHAIR.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
What--what're you doing?

EVAN  
Do you have a towel?

Tommy the Talent Producer shakes his head "no."

Evan shrugs, that's fine. Next, Evan removes all the contents from his pockets. Phone, keys, wallet. He takes off his jacket. His shoes. Tommy watches this, *unsettled*.

Next, Evan grabs a water bottle from the vanity. CHUG CHUG CHUG he drinks the *entire bottle* and finally:

EVAN  
Mind closing that door?

Tommy, though concerned, complies. As the door slams SHUT --

# **HALL**

CU on a tray of COCKTAILS moving down the hall. They jostle under Frankie's nervous hands WHEN --

FRANKIE  
Wait. Evan's sober, right Noah?

Frankie remembers details from that supercut video as she turns to Noah for confirmation, but instead --

Frankie finds herself face to face with SAM.

FRANKIE  
Omigod. Hi, sorry. I'm the new--

SAM  
I know. Noah said this is your first TV job?

FRANKIE

It is! But I feel like I'll fit in here, I'm a really hard worker--

SAM

I don't need *hard workers*.

Frankie: *Oh?*

SAM

I need hustlers, grinders, killers. This job is trial by fire, so if you *survive*--

ACE

Jesus Sam--it's not Squid Game.

Find that Ace has arrived. He winks at Frankie, then, to Sam--

ACE

Sam is this a typo? (Ace reads from NOTECARDS) "Ask Evan about his breakup..." Blah-blah-blah oh here we go "Since Evan and Ana Lopez split, Ana has been MIAMI?"

SAM

MIA. *Ana has been MIA*. She hasn't been *seen* since they broke up, she's off the grid--

ACE

Ohhhhhhh. That makes sense why the segment is *Where In the World Is Ana Lopez*, it's a play on--

SAM

--Carmen Sandiego.

ACE

Very funny, very clever Samantha.

Ace skips away, his good pre-show mood returning. Sam turns back to Frankie and --

SAM

("why are you still here?")

Get those drinks to Evan.

Frankie nods quick, apologetic. As she scuttles off, Frankie throws one last nervous look back at Sam who --

SAM  
 (into walkie)  
 Tommy, what's Evan's status? He's  
 camera ready, right?

# **EVAN'S GREEN ROOM**

CU on Tommy The Talent Producer, hand to ear, looking  
*terrified*. LOUD MUSIC RAGES in the background.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
 Uh, he isn't *ready* yet--

SAM  
 (coming thru headset)  
 Okay? When *will* he be ready?

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
 After he's finished...*dancing*?

WIDEN to reveal Evan ... *actually is* dancing.

Thrashing, faux guitar playing, it's a primal ballet as he  
 sings along to Japanese metalcore.

Tommy, held captive, just.. *watches*...until...

The song ends. Evan wipes his sweat, puts his shoes on, and  
 like nothing happened, he grabs the metal lockbox.

EVAN  
 Okay. We can start.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
 (stopping him)  
 What's with the box?

The mysterious actor looms over the producer, who backs up.

EVAN  
 I need it.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
 You're gonna go *onstage* with it?

EVAN  
 I have to go onstage with it.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
 (almost scared to ask but)  
 What's in it?

EVAN  
 (a beat, then)  
 Your salvation.

And Evan walks out of the room with his box. Tommy mouths "what the fuck" to no-one and follows the weird actor out.

# **BACKSTAGE**

Stage Manager in the wings, pacing and yelling into headset.

STAGE MANAGER  
 Five minutes 'till show. Need eyes  
 on Evan. What's his 10-4?

EVAN (O.S.)  
 Behind you.

STAGE MANAGER  
 JESUS FUCK--

Stage Manager JUMPS as Evan materializes behind her.

STAGE MANAGER  
 Go go go, get out there--(into  
 headset) Evan walking--

# **STAGE**

A **WARM-UP GUY** fist-bumps to dated mid-aughts garbage -- let's say "BOOM BOOM POW" by the Black Eyed Peas.

WARM-UP GUY  
 Let's go let's go! Keep it moving  
 and keep the vibes high! Let's go!

LaLa is on the couch, she sips a martini, bops to the beat.

The Male Model dances and refills the audience's cocktails.

JUST THEN -- Evan shuffles onto the set and --

# **THE AUDIENCE**

CHEERS! Including one **ALARMINGLY ALREADY WASTED GIRL** who --

ALARMINGLY ALREADY WASTED GIRL  
 (slurring)  
 Yas! Slay, king! Yaaa!

# **BACK ONSTAGE**

Evan gives the audience a small nod and a wave as --

STACIE THE SOCIAL PRODUCER  
Quick, Evan! Do the *glam cam*!

But before Evan can ask "what the hell is a glam cam?" -- Social Producer Stacie is ushering Evan stage right where a BEDAZZLED CAMERA IS ATTACHED TO A PODIUM.

SOCIAL PRODUCER STACIE  
Pre-show ritual. It's gonna go  
around you like this--

Stacie points at GIANT SCREENS on the stage where LaLa's glam cam footage is currently playing on a loop: It's a 360-DEGREE SLOW-MO CLIP of LaLa twirling, her dress billowing in HD.

Evan steps onto the glam cam podium.

SOCIAL PRODUCER STACIE  
Give us a moment to remember!

Evan peers into the lens. His eyes get real *sad and haunted*.

The audience whooping peters out.

SOCIAL PRODUCER STACIE  
Uhm? Let's try something *fun*?

Evan grunts: *Something...fun?* He thinks, nods: *Go again.*

Producer CLICKS a remote, camera WHIPS around Evan's body...

ON THE SCREENS -- the glam cam footage broadcasts simultaneously and it's a SLOW-MO video of a dead-eyed Evan grinning like a haunted ventriloquist dummy.

#### ON THE AUDIENCE

A second of silence. *Is this freaky? Is this fun? ...*

And the audience LOVES IT! As the crowd ROARS even louder --

#### INT. RANDOM APARTMENT - SAME

In a *Truman Show*-esque look at the people at home watching, we find a **WOMAN** on a couch, pants unbuttoned, bowl of popcorn on her belly. She throws popcorn into her mouth, misses.

LALA D'AMORE (O.S.)  
TURN THE CAMERA OFF! I'M NOT  
FILMING THIS SHIT ANYMORE--

The Woman is watching LaLa's reality show.

In this scene, LaLa pulls off her MIC PACK in a frenzy. Mascara running, LaLa lifts a wine bottle, and just before she SMASHES it, the IMAGE CUTS OUT.

ON SCREEN, a message: "Please call 1-800-DISH for support."

WOMAN  
JESSSS! Cable box is down again!

Woman grumbles, goes to the cable box, passing her "Live, Laugh, Love" and "Wine O'Clock" art on the walls.

WHAM -- the woman slams her fist on the cable box HARD.

The television works again. An "up next" teaser for tonight's episode of *Anything Can Happen* is playing.

Woman settles back on the couch, ready for the show.

STAGE MANAGER (PRE-LAP)  
Two minutes!

# **INT. STUDIO - STAGE**

Evan sits on the couch studying the audience, intense, stoic.

FRANKIE (O.S.)  
Uhm, sir?

Frankie has arrived with the drinks tray --

EVAN  
No thanks, I don't drink--

FRANKIE  
I know--

Frankie lowers the tray, revealing ONLY: Diet Coke and water.

And Evan is *taken aback*. Tender, Evan takes the Diet Coke like it's holy water as Frankie ducks away.

EVAN  
What is your name?

FRANKIE  
(surprised)  
Frankie.

EVAN  
From the Latin Franciscus?

FRANKIE  
Err, from Francesca.



EVAN

Francesca. Franciscus. (then, in perfect Latin). Francisca altam coniunctionem habent eorum affectibus et misericordia et empathy ducunt.

FRANKIE

Whoa--that is--

SAM

(coming over Frankie's walkie)

NEW PA! GET OFF THE STAGE!

FRANKIE

Sorry sorry sorry!

Evan watches Frankie run offstage as a curious look crosses his face.

#### ON ACE

Heading towards set, makeup artist dusting his nose, Tommy on his left. Ace spots Evan and *that lockbox*. His eyes narrow.

ACE

What's with the box? Sam okay that?

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER

When I asked she said "I don't have the bandwidth for that Tommy, make an executive decision," so...

Ace grumbles, but chooses not to worry about that because ...

STAGE MANAGER

We're on in 30--

#### BACK ON EVAN

Watching as Frankie collects empty cocktail glasses.

For a second, Evan's steely resolve morphs into something closer to worry, WHEN --

A HAND grips Evan's ARM.

FIND ACE leaning over. Big phony saccharine smile.

ACE

EVAN! What a joy to meet you!

EVAN  
Thanks for having me.

ACE  
So as you found out, we *do not* do  
pre-interviews because I like to  
keep it off-the-cuff, unscripted--

EVAN  
*Anything Can Happen*. I've seen the  
show. That's what I *like* about it.

I know that no "pre-interview" seems unbelievable, but it's  
actually a proud hallmark of Andy Cohen's actual show.

ACE  
Oh? I love to hear that. But see,  
it's *Anything*, as long as it's *fun*.  
So we'll keep it fun and *respectful*  
and fun. Just follow my lead, kay?

EVAN  
You're the boss.

Ace likes the sound of that. He settles, stacks his cards.

ACE  
I'm excited to chat about your film--

EVAN  
I'm *not* going to talk about that.

ACE  
Sorry what!?

STAGE MANAGER  
Cuing theme and --

THE THEME SONG PLAYS. The crowd cheers. A spray of fuchsia  
lights beam onto the stage.

The energy of the show is fast and frenzied, kind of like a  
Japanese game show.

STAGE MANAGER  
And we're live in five, four--

Stage Manager counts down with her fingers --

A bewildered Ace quickly switches into "go" mode, he DANCES  
IN HIS CHAIR to the music and --

ACE  
 Welcome to Anything Can Happen! I'm  
 your host Ace Lane!

The audience erupts and Ace absorbs their adoration with pride. This show is chaos but Ace is its capable ringleader.

ACE  
 You love her fiery freakouts on  
 "BEVERLY BOULEVARD," welcome back  
 our friend LALA D'AMORE!

LaLa waves to the cheering crowd.

ACE  
 And joining us for the first time --  
 give it up for the legendary, the  
 infamous EVAN STONE!

Evan gives a self-effacing prayer hand gesture.

ACE  
 But let's back it up a bit. LALA.  
 Tonight's episode? Yikes?!

LALA  
 I know. It wasn't my...best look.

ON THE GIANT SCREENS: The manic reality show clip of LaLa from earlier plays, this time she physically assaults the production crew with a shattered wine bottle.

SO THIS was the behavior LaLa asked Sam & Ace NOT to harp on.

Even Evan reacts to the footage: *Damn*.

ACE  
 During tonight's finale episode,  
 LaLa threatened production with the  
 sharp edge of a Sauvignon Blanc!

ON THE SCREENS: A distraught LaLa SCREAMS at co-stars & crew.

LALA (ONSCREEN)  
 CHOKE IN HELL YOU CRUSTY [BLEEPS]!

The audience shrieks with glee as LaLa shoots a desperate look at Ace: *You said we wouldn't show this?*

ACE  
 (ignoring her)  
 Not the crusty c-word! LaLa! We  
 have to add that to...

DEEP ANNOUNCER VOICE  
...the HALL OF SHAME!

A HERALDING TRUMPET sound effect plays and the MALE MODEL dances over, placing a PLUSH KING'S CROWN on LaLa's head.

ACE  
The Hall of Shame: Where the most depraved insults go on to live in infamy! Alright, censor guy, this is your five second warning. Everybody, say it with me --

ACE/AUDIENCE  
CHOKER IN HELL YOU CRUSTY CUNTS!

The audience squeals as a HALL OF SHAME graphic appears on the screens and LaLa stuffs her shame deep down.

ACE  
WE LOVE IT! Now. I've got a few things to ask...EVAN.

Ace faces Evan dead-on. **CAMERA OPERATORS** all pivot to Evan.

Ace takes a beat, Evan's last-minute refusal to promote his movie still in his mind. But Ace is a professional, so...

ACE  
Evan can be seen next in the film NORTH HUNT, where he plays a Norse God seeking revenge on those who murdered his pet fox? (*double checks his cards*) Okay that IS the premise. Evan, how much did you LOVE filming in Iceland--

EVAN  
At 12:23 I turn into a werewolf.

SILENCE.

Evan pants like he's been waiting a lifetime to say that.

Ace gawks: *Uhhh what???*

**AUDIENCE**

Scattered chuckles but mostly confusion. *What'd he just say?*

**CONTROL ROOM**

Furrowed brows, collective slack-jaws open for too long.

SAM  
I heard *werewolf*, did you hear  
werewolf?

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
I definitely heard werewolf.

Murmurs of agreement, confusion. *What does that even mean?*

# **STAGE**

Ace, getting it together --

ACE  
Sorry, I thought you said that you  
are going to *turn into a werewolf*--

EVAN  
I did. 12:23. That's the full moon.

Now the audience laughs with Evan. *Okay, we get it, ha ha.*

EVAN  
(but there's more...)  
...That's when I become a beast  
from a nightmare, a macabre  
barbarian, a demonic canine  
abomination forever cursed to toil  
in my sorrowful skin.

Audience mouths hang open. *Uhhhhhhhhh?*

ACE  
That was...*poetic*, if not *alarming*--

JUST THEN -- SOUND EFFECT: WILHELM SCREAM.

ACE  
("thank fucking god")  
Oh! Saved by the bell!  
You know what that means, it's time  
to play: SCREAM OR SPLASH!

Ace's relief is palpable as a *Scream* or *Splash* graphic  
appears & Male Model skips out with a SUPER SOAKER WATER GUN.

# **CONTROL ROOM**

Sam and co steady themselves from that *emotional whiplash* as  
a sheepish Technical Director looks up from his switchboards.

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR  
What? I cue the sound effects at  
the pre-determined time slots.

SAM

The man just said he's a werewolf!

TECHICAL DIRECTOR

It was time for Scream or Splash.  
11:35 is Scream or Splash.

SAM

(sighing, into headset)  
Ace, play the game and then get  
back to the werewolf stuff--

# **STAGE**

Ace continues with the bizarre game of "Scream or Splash."

ACE

Okay! I say a fact about you and if  
it's true, you get splashed, but if  
it's false, you better SCREAM!

ON EVAN: *Trying to understand the rules of the game.*

ACE

Okay LaLa, SCREAM OR SPLASH.

ON LALA: *Lit up, she knows the drill.*

ACE

You hooked up with Bria's ex during  
the Aspen trip in Season 4?

LALA

That's true! Tom just looked so  
sexy in that jacuzzi!

ACE

LaLa, I'm sorry girl, but--

ACE JUMPS TO ACTION, COCKS THE WATER GUN, AND HOSES LALA  
DOWN, RELISHING IN IT SCARFACE-STYLE.

Audience squeals at the drenched woman as Male Model tosses  
her a towel.

SOUND EFFECT: A BUZZER SOUND.

ACE

Oh! That means LaLa said the secret  
word "JACUZZI" and has to go again--

EVAN

The premise of this game makes zero  
sense--

ACE  
 LaLa. Fans think you *only* dated  
 Ryan to get on the show. True?

LaLa is silent for a beat and then -- she lets out a tiny  
 shrill SCREAM. The audience howls with delight.

ACE  
 Okay! Evan, your turn! You famously  
 crashed your Mercedes G-Wagon into  
 a Home Depot garden center?

EVAN  
 That's not true, it was a Lowe's.

ACE  
 OMIGOD SCREAM! SCREAM THEN!

Evan, bewildered, flails, he won't scream.

ACE  
 SCREAM, MAN! SCREAM!

FUCK IT. Evan lets out a PRIMAL SCREAM. IT IS A ROAR AND IT  
 IS LONG AND IT IS TOO MUCH FOR THIS SHOW. Evan finishes, and--

ACE  
 (rattled)  
 --And that's how he won his Oscar.  
 Okay, LaLa, scream or--

EVAN  
ENOUGH!

Evan is SO LOUD it triggers an ear-piercing FEEDBACK CRY.

And now the thus-far low-key Evan shows off that unstable  
 energy he's so known for.

EVAN  
 I JUST SAID I'M A WEREWOLF. ASK ME  
 ABOUT IT. YOU HAVE ONE HOUR!

# **BACKSTAGE**

Frankie's locked in, watching Evan's mad and breathless image  
 linger on the monitors. REMEMBER THIS!

NOAH  
 Hey, move to your left.

Find Noah with a shit-eating grin and filming the chaos  
 onstage with his iPhone, documentary style.

**STAGE**

Ace sweats, uncharacteristically at a loss for words.

ACE

Well. That was uh--Evan's signature  
*unpredictable charm*. What is it  
with former child stars, amiright?

**CONTROL ROOM**

Sam watches Ace spiral.

SAM

Goddamn it Ace, get it together.

Ace continues to sweat. Sam needs to save him.

SAM

Shit. GO TO COMMERCIAL!

ON THE CONTROL ROOM MONITORS:

ACE (ONSCREEN)

More with LaLa and Evan the  
hilarious when we're back.

**STAGE**

STAGE MANAGER

And we're out--

Ace is agitated, red faced, *so much for Evan following his lead* -- WHEN -- Ace's hand goes to his ear-piece, eyes widen.

**HALLS**

The Security Guards watch the show live on monitors.

SHORT SECURITY GUARD

I swear, every actor is (makes  
"cuckoo" gesture).

ANGLE ON Ace RUNNING past them.

**BACKSTAGE**

Evan marches into the backstage. Pissed off, he puts in eye drops as Frankie runs up carrying tiny water bottles.

FRANKIE

Evan, you need anything?



EVAN  
(noticing the water)  
No.

FRANKIE  
You good then?

EVAN  
(a beat)  
No.

Evan marches away. Frankie recoils. This guy is hot and cold.

# **CONTROL ROOM**

Sam, surrounded by staffers, dictates into her walkie.

SAM  
(into walkie)  
PA's, come in. I need cards for Ace  
with talking points on *werewolf*  
*stuff*--

An out-of-breath Ace STORMS in. He yells into Sam's walkie:

ACE  
Do *not* get me cards with "werewolf  
stuff." Check Evan's green room for  
DRUG PARAPHERNALIA! I repeat, DRUG  
PARAPHERNALIA!--

FRANKIE (OVER WALKIE)  
Copy that?

Sam pulls the walkie from Ace. *What are you doing?!*

ACE  
This is that dark energy I was  
talking about. This is chaos--

SAM  
The show is always chaos, that's  
the *brand*--

ACE  
This is different, don't gaslight  
me. I think Evan relapsed. How do  
we know he's not on drugs right  
now?

SAM  
Ace, you're on drugs right now.

ACE  
Okay well but that's different.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
Is he high or is it a *bit*?

TECHICAL DIRECTOR  
The man loves a bit. Remember when  
he lived with his shaman?

SAM  
Maybe it's method acting,  
performance art. Does it matter?!

ACE  
It matters because it's  
embarrassing for me! Okay?! I look  
like an idiot yapping about  
werewolves--

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
*Okay don't hate me* but as talent  
liaison I do have to play *devil's*  
*advo....* Do we have reason to be  
concerned? You know, for Evan?

Silence for a beat. *Concern for Evan??* THEN --

ACE	SAM	
NO. I'm concerned <i>for me</i> --	--He's a grown ass man--	*

ACE	SAM	
--An accessory to his mania--	--Can handle himself--	*

SOCIAL PRODUCER STACIE (O.S.)  
OMIGOD--

Social Producer Stacie runs in, juggling laptops and tablets.

SOCIAL PRODUCER STACIE  
LOOK!

Stacie hands Sam and Ace her laptop, it shows line graphs  
reacting to real-time data.

SOCIAL PRODUCER STACIE  
Livestream and social views  
*exploded* in the seconds after he  
said "werewolf." Social engagement  
is so high I can't even keep up  
with it. If broadcast views follow  
the same trend, these would be  
*record ratings* for the show.

*Seriously?* Ace leans in, squints at the numbers.

But Sam is HIGH, thrilled that her instincts were right.

SAM

Ace. You have to trust me--

ACE

This is insane--

SAM

(losing her patience)

And insane makes great TV!

Sam's reaction hangs in the air for a second.

SAM

We are fighting for our lives every night on this network. Our ratings are shit--

Ace bristles. He knows the ratings are shit, but his ego doesn't like to acknowledge it.

SAM

--We are one lobotomized housewife with zero media training away from being canned. It's *my* job to keep you alive and that man just walked onto our set serving us virality on a platter. *This* is good for the show. Full stop.

Ace fumes. He *hates it*, but he *gets it*. Finally --

ACE

Fine. But you owe me. I want to do my musical idea at upfronts. (then) Get me the goddamn werewolf cards.

Ace storms off with a pouty twist. But Sam is energized.

SAM

Alright, you heard the man. I need all new graphics, werewolf shit--

Technical Director makes an "Aye aye captain" gesture.

SAM

Stacie, get people talking, directing them to turn on the TV. I want constant BTS on social, a werewolf watch like those livestreams at the zoo--

Stacie grips her phone like a gun and is off.

SAM

Tommy, check costumes in 8H, see if we can borrow anything... *wolffy*?  
Let's also get a ticker onscreen, a countdown to--

SAM/TOMMY

--The full moon.

Tommy squeals with delight, Sam smiles, she's flying high.

### AUDIENCE

The pulsating beats of pop music have returned. Audience yukking it up, shaking off the weirdness.

WARM-UP GUY

Evan got that dog in him. When we come back, can I get a big belly laugh whenever our guy says "werewolf?" Can you do that for me?

WARM-UP GUY sits in Evan's chair, does an impression of him.

WARM-UP GUY

(grizzled voice)

Hey, I'm Evan and I'm a werewolf.  
(like the cookie monster)  
Werewolf hungry. Nom nom nom.

Laughter as Warm-Up Guy reaches for a T-SHIRT CANNON.

WARM-UP GUY

Biggest laugh gets a t-shirt!

The audience howls with laughter. OFF the t-shirt BLASTING out of the cannon, BOOM! --

### BACKSTAGE

Ace marches towards set, angry whispering under his breath like a mantra.

ACE

*My stage, my show, I'm the king--*

A producer runs up and hands Ace the "Werewolf cards."  
Producer is trailed by Noah, his iPhone up in Ace's face.

ACE

Get that camera out of my face.

Ace swats Noah away as Ace steps back onto the --

**STAGE**

To find an equally pissed Evan also returning to his seat.

ACE

Evan? (Evan looks over)  
I ask the questions. You answer.  
It's very simple. Kay?

Ace's forced grin hides his simmering resentment, but the message is clear: *Stay in your fucking lane.*

STAGE MANAGER

And we're back in three, two, and--

Ace takes his seat and turns it BACK ON.

ACE

And we're back with the American  
Werewolf in Manhattan.

The audience laughs. Ace sneaks a peek at the cards and leans in like he's a serious interviewer.

ACE

So Evan, you're going to turn into  
a werewolf at (checks notes) 12:23?

Evan sizes Ace up, sees that we're doing this for real, so--

EVAN

Yeah, that's the full moon. Though  
I'm more of a WOLF.

Audience snickers. Evan doesn't flinch. He is stoic again.

ACE

You don't seem all that thrilled  
about it?

EVAN

I'm not. I hate it.

ACE

Oh?

Evan takes a breath and like a dam has been broken --

EVAN

I'm miserable being a wolf. My body  
hurts all the time.

When I transform I'm consumed with  
bloodlust, but I can't act on it,  
so I eat ... livestock.

ACE

Okay gross.

Chuckles. Evan continues, he's a sad dog getting it all out.

EVAN

Since I became *this*, my life's one  
long rock bottom. It's why I use  
drugs, it's why I'm depressed and  
agitated--LaLa you get me, right?

LALA

(self-conscious)

I, wait--no, What?

#### CONTROL ROOM

Sam watches Evan on the monitors, eyes narrow.

SAM

(into headset)

Ace this is dark. Let's keep it  
light. I'm sending next segment  
stage right. Standby...

OFF the techies hitting buttons --

#### STAGE

Evan continues, contemplative, his low voice drawing you in.

EVAN

I've tried everything to reverse  
this curse, to make *it* go away, to  
make the affliction manageable...

The audience leans forward: *Go on...*

EVAN

But I can't get rid of the wolf.

JUST THEN -- A GIANT FURRY WOLF MASCOT -- Just a dead-eyed  
*Masked Singer*-style abomination -- tip-toes onto the stage  
*behind* an oblivious Evan AND THREATENS THE AUDIENCE WITH AN  
EXAGGERATED "SHHH" GESTURE.

QUICK, audience throws hands over mouths, *HOLDING IN LAUGHS*.

ACE  
 (trying not to laugh)  
 Can you elaborate on how you tried  
 to stop being a werewolf?

EVAN  
 I tried experimental treatments, I  
 went to ashrams in India, I prayed  
 to ten types of gods...

The Wolf "prays" to the sky. Ace grips onto LaLa, tears  
 escaping as he swallows his laughter.

EVAN  
 ...I actually got so desperate that  
 I told my girlfriend, *well ex-*  
*girlfriend now--*

ACE  
 Wait. You told *Ana Lopez*?

#### CONTROL ROOM

SAM  
 Shit, roll the *Ana Lopez* b-roll--

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR  
 Already ahead of you.

#### ONSTAGE

ON THE SCREENS, footage of the aforementioned **ANA LOPEZ** (30s,  
 an "arty" pop star in that Lady Gaga way) appears.

In the CLIPS, Evan holds Ana's train on a carpet, they play  
 lovers in her music video, they get matching tats. They seem  
 in love, though perhaps of the toxic \*twin-flame\* variety.

ACE  
 What did Ana do when you told her  
 you're a werewolf!?

EVAN  
 She laughed at me.

Wolf Mascot reacts like being shot through the heart -- this  
 causes several audience members to let a few chuckles escape.

EVAN  
 Yeah, exactly like that.

ACE  
 So what did you do?

EVAN  
I had to break up with her.

ACE  
*That's why you split!?*

Evan nods, misty-eyed.

ACE  
Now it makes sense why Ana's been  
MIA. If *my* partner was calling  
himself a werewolf, I'd be so  
embarrassed I'd change *my* identity--

Wolf Mascot beats his chest like King Kong. The audience is  
exploding with silent hysterics, *bursting at the seams*.

EVAN  
I didn't want to, I still love her.  
I probably could have continued  
living like this if she--

...BUT *the seam rips* and the audience ERUPTS WITH LAUGHTER.

EVAN  
I get this is funny but it's not  
*that* funny.

Evan cranes around and spots the Wolf Mascot. The mascot  
freezes, "caught." Evan darkens.

EVAN  
What is this?

ACE  
This is our friend Wolfie from  
"Hidden Voice." The only singing  
competition where the costumes are  
louder than the voices!

A "Hidden Voice" ad (Masked Singer) plays over the screens.

ACE  
Catch "Hidden Voice" Wednesdays at  
8pm eastern on our sister network  
CBN! Round of applause for Wolfie!

The audience cheers as dumbass Wolfie tap dances offstage,  
accidentally SLAMMING into the couch on his way out.

ACE  
Look THROUGH your mouth hole  
Wolfie. Your MOUTH is your EYES!



Evan is shaken, ashamed he let his guard down. The cruel juxtaposition of Evan unloading his pain as a wolf mascot mugs for the camera.

ACE

So you were saying you're at rock bottom and Ana thinks you're crazy?

Evan puts his armor back on.

EVAN

Yeah.

ACE

Does ANYONE else know?

EVAN

My driver.

#### **CONTROL ROOM**

Sam and the techies watch the monitors, locked in.

ACE (ONSCREEN)

Your driver KNOWS you're a werewolf?

EVAN (ONSCREEN)

He KNOWS I do messed up stuff every month and he doesn't ask questions.

SAM

(into headset)

Ask if we can talk to the driver?

#### **EVAN'S GREEN ROOM**

Noah and Frankie pilfer through the personal items Evan left in his green room as they look for "drug paraphernalia."

EVAN (ON THE MONITORS)

...He should be at my house. I can't stop him from talking...

Frankie looks through a pocket notebook that contains an odd assortment of Evan's to-do lists, drawings of Ana Lopez, and disturbing doodles of what appear to be...*screaming banshees?*

SAM (OVER WALKIE)

PA's come in--

FRANKIE

(into walkie, quick)

We haven't found any drugs--

SAM (OVER WALKIE)  
I don't care about that. I need you  
to run *an errand to Evan's house...*

# **BULLPEN**

The PAs gather supplies as Sam gives marching orders.

SAM (OVER WALKIE)  
...Bring a laptop, the podcast mic,  
and a ring-light. I want to know  
everything that driver knows.

FRANKIE  
Copy that.

Noah speeds off. Frankie trails after, not as enthusiastic.

Notice they pass by the Wolf Mascot stumbling around as it  
removes its head to reveal Male Model was inside.

# **ONSTAGE**

ACE  
...Let's play a game, it's called  
Blink Twice If This Is All Just  
Research For A Role--

EVAN  
I'm not *in character*--

ACE  
You're a method actor! You sent a  
dead snake to Alicia Vikander as a  
wrap gift--

EVAN  
The snake was ALIVE when I sent it  
to Alicia Vikander. ALIVE--

ACE  
Alicia Vikander would beg to differ--

EVAN  
(exasperated)  
Ace, I've been following your lead,  
but *you're asking the wrong*  
*questions*. We're getting real close  
to the full moon--

ACE  
Okay okay (checks notes) How did  
you become a wolf? Did you get bit?

EVAN

(sighing)

I got bit in a blackout. Early aughts. I don't really remember.

ACE

Don't remember?! Cuz we remember what you were doing in the aughts--

Ace makes a YIKES face. The crowd snickers.

EVAN

Yeah it was kind of hard to keep track of random *bite marks* when you're battling a meth addiction, being sued by paparazzi and single-handedly keeping TMZ in business.

ACE

Wait. When you become a werewolf, are you going to bite *us*?

EVAN

Yes.

Scattered laughter.

EVAN

I will attack everyone. When I'm wolf, I can't control myself. I am ruthless, violent, I am pure rage--

ACE

Hold on now--

EVAN

You should all vacate, seriously. Stop watching. I'm not holding you hostage. There's the door.

The laughter stops. Audience exchange looks. Is that a joke?  
AFTER A BEAT -- TWO AUDIENCE MEMBERS stand, shuffling with urgency out of the auditorium.

ACE

Whoa whoa whoa, no-one has to leave, he's joking, Evan's joking--

EVAN

I'm not joking.

As Ace scrambles for his next move --

**INT. VAN - SAME**

Noah drives a VAN through Manhattan. Frankie shotgun.

NOAH  
Crazy getting an errand like this  
on your first day. You could really  
prove yourself, y'know?

But Frankie isn't listening. She's watching a LIVE-STREAM of  
the show on her phone.

FRANKIE  
I think Evan's having a nervous  
breakdown.

NOAH  
One thousand percent Evan's having  
a nervous breakdown.

Frankie: *Oh?*

NOAH  
(Duh)  
That's this *entire network's deal*.  
Nobody wants to watch emotionally  
regulated, well-adjusted people.

Frankie: *That is an apt description.*

NOAH  
Here's some career advice. Research  
a gig before you take it. And when  
you get there, just do your job.

Messaged received. Frankie pulls up Google Maps on her phone  
as Noah babbles on about the ethos of the Buzz network --

**INT. STUDIO - STAGE**

The audience fidgets. The dead air is palpable. Ace gets the  
train back on track, but his trembling hands give him away.

ACE  
While we digest *Evan's threat on  
our lives--*

A few weak chuckles from the crowd.

ACE  
Let's uh, try something lighter.  
How about...

ON THE SCREEN: MICHAEL J. FOX'S *TEEN WOLF*, TYLER POSEY'S *TEEN WOLF*, AND TAYLOR LAUTNER'S SHIRTLESS *TWILIGHT WOLF*.

ACE  
...MARY KISS KILL...HOTTEST  
WEREWOLVES EDITION--

BUT EVAN GROANS.

EVAN  
Ace, we don't have time for that!

And Evan grabs that MYSTERY LOCKBOX.

#### CONTROL ROOM

EVAN (ONSCREEN)  
With all due respect, Ace, I *have*  
to take over--

Ace protests, but --

SAM  
Ace, let's see what's in the box--

#### STAGE

Evan manipulates the series of complicated locks on the box.

EVAN  
There's only one way to kill a  
werewolf...

Evan opens the box -- facing him, so we don't see the  
contents -- and pulls out:

A SINGLE BULLET.

Evan holds it out, a deranged show-and-tell.

The audience leans in, a collective: *What IS that?*

ACE  
Is that ... a silver bullet?

EVAN  
Bingo.

ACE  
(uncomfortable)  
Mmmkay Van Helsing...

Scattered nervous chuckles. *This is still a joke, no?*

**CONTROL ROOM**

It's TENSE in here.

TECHNICAL DIRECTOR  
Should we go to commercial?

Sam raises her hand: *NOT YET.*

EVAN (ONSCREEN)  
I know you all don't believe me...

**STAGE**

EVAN  
...But when you see what I'm  
capable of later, you're gonna need  
to use *this* (holds up  
bullet)...with *this*.

Evan wrestles with the contents of his lockbox and pulls out:

An ANTIQUA HANDGUN.

A GASP is heard.

ACE  
I'm sorry, you want me to--

EVAN  
PUT BULLET IN GUN. KILL WOLF WITH  
SILVER BULLET. ONE PLUS ONE EQUALS  
TWO. ACE, KEEP UP WITH ME.

Ace stares open-mouthed at the gun. He's thrown.

EVAN  
I told you I'm miserable. I want  
OUT. I've BEEN wanting out. And if  
being a werewolf isn't bad enough,  
when Ana rejected me, I found out  
that rock bottom has a fuckin'  
basement. So here we are. Without  
her, I've really got nothing to  
live for but now I've got the tools  
to do something about it.

Evan holds the gun and the bullet up. No-one speaks.

EVAN  
This is the only thing that will  
kill me and it ONLY WORKS when I'm  
in werewolf form. I can't die as a  
human. And believe me, I've tried.

ACE  
(disturbed)  
What does that mean?

EVAN  
If I die as a human, I *regenerate*.

LALA  
Like Wolverine???

EVAN  
Literally yes. Good job LaLa.

Ace is too stunned to speak, so Evan takes the opening.

EVAN  
That movie you wanted me to promote today? Here's your promotion. We filmed in a village in Iceland, which is where I got the tip that *this* (shows gun) existed. Forged in the lava of the Fagradalsfjal volcano, blessed by a coven of practicing witches--

ACE  
Coven of practicing witches??

EVAN  
--I stayed in Iceland for months tracking it down and now I finally have it. There you go Lionsgate. I promoted the movie! I'm a good little monkey!

Evan waggles the gun in the air. LaLa ducks.

EVAN  
Ace, don't you see? THIS IS THE  
THING TO END MY SUFFERING.

Now Evan is ramped up, becoming manic, euphoric, even. He presents the GUN and BULLET to Ace like a birthday present.

EVAN  
Ace. When it's time. *After* I turn.  
I want you to pull the trigger.

ACE  
Me? No! Why do I have to do it!?

EVAN  
Because the wolf doesn't have thumbs.

For the first time, EVAN LAUGHS, grinning like a clown.  
And the audience IS SILENT.

EVAN  
Oh now it's not funny?

A few more audience members stand up to leave.  
Ace is flailing, he pushes Evan's gun away.

EVAN  
THIS IS FOR YOU ACE--

ACE  
I don't want it!

EVAN  
Aren't you the boss? Isn't this  
your stage? You can't stand me,  
don't act like you won't love this!

Ace leans away, uncomfortable.

EVAN  
I am giving you a gift, Ace. I am  
gifting you an incredible episode  
of television and all you have to  
do is kill me for it.

And then Evan puts the gun in Ace's lap and puts the bullet  
in his palm, closing Ace's fist around it.

EVAN  
Your entertainment comes with a  
cost. But you already knew that.

OFF Ace gawking at the gun in his hand.

**EXT. EVAN'S BROWNSTONE - SAME**

Frankie and Noah on the stoop of a stately brownstone  
KNOCKING. Nobody answers. Noah, growing impatient WHEN --

Frankie twists the door handle to find...it's unlocked.

A look. *Why are unlocked front doors always so ominous?*

FRANKIE (PRE-LAP)  
Hello?



**INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The PA's creep into Evan's empty home. No Driver in sight.

But what IS here are: A surprising amount of legal boxes -- one labeled "Emancipation trial ('96)"; an alarming amount of RX drugs; a dartboard above a messy kitchen table -- the bullseye is Evan's MUG SHOT as printed out from TMZ.

Noah takes videos of the house.

NOAH

I'm gonna parlay this into a found footage thing. Docu-drama. *The night Evan lost his sh...* Oh fuck is this a Banksy? Sick.

Frankie gazes at a series of framed PHOTOS on a hutch.

The photos show Evan the child star. He's cheery, precocious, full of light. But as the photos progress and Evan ages, he becomes hollow-eyed, sallow-skinned, the light gone.

Frankie is uncomfortable. She moves on, stopping at a SIDE TABLE where a half-opened drawer is loaded with drugs. Pills, baggies of white powder, hallucinogens. *Maybe he is high?*

Frankie shakes her head. This house is...*distressing*.

FRANKIE

If the driver's not here, let's go--

BUT -- Frankie spots BLOOD STAINS at the base of the wall.

Getting closer, see that it's a *trail of dried blood*. Curious and a little freaked out, Frankie follows the blood trail --

**DOWN A HALL**

To find A PURSE, its contents scattered. Frankie inspects the wallet, finds ANA LOPEZ'S ID. Frankie's breath catches.

Frankie peers into a BEDROOM -- spots a blouse and two half-full wine glasses on the vanity. One with lipstick marks.

NOAH (O.S.)

Did he dump Ana or *kill* her?

FIND Noah STARING at the trail of blood which leads down stairs, stopping outside a STEEL DOOR.

The two -- now very-alarmed -- PA's exchange worried looks.

**INT. STUDIO - CONTROL ROOM**

It's bedlam in here. SAM shouts at a still-catatonic Ace as a producer feeds her scribbles on notecards.

SAM  
...Silver bullets are a genre  
cliche, LEAN INTO THE  
RIDICULOUSNESS OF THAT, Ace. Tell  
him Comic Con called and asked for  
his silver bullet back--

EVAN (ONSCREEN)  
Oh NOW you wanna clutch pearls?

Sam's head whips to the monitors, frowning: *What's this now?*

**STAGE**

Evan stares AT THE AUDIENCE with contempt. They are SILENT.

EVAN  
*This is the shit you live for. You  
loved my sitcom when I was being  
shipped back and forth from rehab  
to set. You go to throwback movie  
nights to watch the films that paid  
for my parent's fucking kitchen  
remodel. You gossip with coworkers  
when I go off my meds and grace a  
podcast with my erratic presence.  
(then) So don't act like you  
haven't been rooting for this all  
goddamn night.*

Crickets. You could hear a pin drop.

EVAN  
So much of my life has been beyond  
my control. Let me direct my final  
performance. (beat) Now. I have to  
prepare.

Evan UNBUCKLES HIS BELT --

AND THIS snaps Ace out of his fugue state.

ACE  
WHOA WHOA WHOA--

EVAN  
I'm sorry, is undressing CROSSING A  
LINE? (eye roll) Do I have your  
consent to remove my clothing?

Audience jaws hang open. Bleary drunken stares gawking.

ON EVAN -- *Well, do I?*

THEN -- from out of the silence, someone HOWLS.

WHIP TO FIND the Alarmingly Already Wasted Girl, cocktail sloshing in air, barking like a lunatic.

ALARMINGLY WASTED GIRL  
AWHOOOOO! AWHO AWHO AWHOOO!

For a beat it's just the sound of her howling UNTIL -- a few people chuckle.

And whether it's nerves, booze, the false sense of security of being in a TV studio, the general madness, or some combination -- BUT MORE AUDIENCE MEMBERS START HOWLING, TOO.

EVAN  
(hates these people)  
I'll take your howling as an  
enthusiastic YES.

And Evan drops his trousers.

PAN ACROSS THE AUDIENCE as some howl, some laugh, some remain frozen with shock. Warm-Up Guy is on a bullhorn attempting to corral some order, and oh look, two more people just left.

BACK ON EVAN -- down to his boxers and socks as he ramps up the audience like a coked-out orchestra conductor until -- fuck it -- Evan howls along with the crowd too.

EVAN  
Howwwwwll! Ow, ow, owwwwww!

ON LALA turning to Ace --

LALA D'AMORE  
Can't you do something?

Ace flails as Evan FALLS TO HIS KNEES like a rock star.

EVAN  
ARE YOU NOT ENTERTAINED!?

# **INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - BUNKER - SAME**

Frankie steps into what appears to be Evan's SERIAL KILLER BUNKER. Clothes strewn about, cleaning supplies, dried blood.

FRANKIE  
Ana? Ana are you in here?

NOAH  
Fuck this shit.

Noah darts back into the house. Leaving Frankie alone.

Frankie ventures deeper into the bunker, peers down a dark hall, fearful she'll find Ana's body WHEN --

Frankie's PHONE buzzes with a message. Frankie jumps out of her skin. She looks at it, reading.

FRANKIE  
She did WHAT?

# **INT. STUDIO - CONTROL ROOM**

Sam sweats. It's hardly a show anymore, just random mayhem.

SAM  
What's the temperature on social?

STACIE THE SOCIAL PRODUCER  
Freaky and strange but people are  
leaning in. Eyeballs still  
increasing on all platforms--

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER (O.S.)  
SAM!

Tommy the Talent Producer runs into the room.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
I've been calling you! (then)  
Security just let her in--

And before Sam can say "let *who* in" --

ANA LOPEZ steps into the room.

The larger-than-life pop star is in jeans, no makeup. Here, she's just a girl who messed things up with her boyfriend.

ANA  
I've never seen him like *this*. Can  
I speak to him?

Sam gazes at Ana like a golden goose just fell into her lap.  
*This is great.*

**BUT ONSTAGE**

Ace is not great.

The howling, the strange combination of audience hollering and audience discomfort is dizzying.

Ace's control over the show is slipping away from him, he can't hide his contempt for Evan much longer.

Ace leans into Evan -- currently pacing like a caged animal --

ACE  
(low so only Evan hears)  
Enough. This is my show. Not your  
show. My show.

BUT JUST THEN -- Ace's hand flies to his ear, listening to his ear piece -- his eyes go big: *Really?*

ACE  
(snapping out of it)  
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--

The audience quiets. Even Evan stops howling, confused.

ACE  
We have an incredible surprise  
guest who just got dumped, but I  
think she wants the wolfman back--

Audience is feverish. A DRUMROLL sound effect plays --

ACE  
Please welcome to the stage...

And EVAN spots ANA stepping into the wings. She waves at him, a soft smile. And Evan's FACE GOES WHITE. FULL TERROR.

Ana mouths: *"It's okay."* And for a second, Evan melts, gazing at his lover with longing.

ACE  
...Miss Ana Lopez!

Ana hesitates. Evan is sweaty now, shaking, looking *sickly*. *Like in the throes of detox? Maybe.* Ana and Evan communicate through looks, until --

EVAN  
You can't be here. *It's too late.*

Now Evan's head is on a swivel, game-time decisions AND --

EVAN RUNS OFFSTAGE.

A split second of WTF and...

**INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - BUNKER - SAME**

Frankie watches the livestream. She relaxes, a little. *But if Ana's alive, then WHAT is happening in this bunker???*

Frankie inspects the bloody walls. Squinting, she notices CLAW MARKS that she didn't see before. Claw marks everywhere, actually. Plus, the clothes on the ground are shredded.

JUST THEN -- **BAAAAAHHHHHH!** Frankie SCREAMS!

REVEAL -- It's a GOAT, mindlessly chewing hay. BAAAAHHH.

Frankie inhales, watches the goat turn a corner.

Alarmed, but desperate for answers, Frankie follows the goat until she SLAMS INTO: A GIANT COMPOSTER.

Cautious, Frankie lifts the lid off the composter to find: AN OVERFLOWING MOUND OF ROTTING GOAT CORPSES.

Frankie stumbles back. She retches, dry heaves. And now -- Frankie's seen enough.

She panics, the room spins. Blood, claw marks, dead goats, alive goat, shredded clothes, blood, claw marks, dead goat...

FRANKIE  
(whispering)  
Omigod. Evan's really a...

**INT. STUDIO - HALLS - SAME**

CU on a HALF-FINISHED CARDBOARD CUTOUT OF A WEREWOLF.

ANA (O.S.)  
Evan?

WHOOSH Ana runs past looking for Evan. Alone.

ANA  
Evan I just want to help...  
It's just me.

Ana pops her head into a dark empty room, WHEN --

LaLa's DASCHUND races past --

-- Followed by a TRAIL OF RATS.

Ana jumps out of the way, shrieking, watching the rats run.

After a beat, Ana runs in the opposite direction--

But WE PUSH IN on the WEREWOLF cutout, specifically the "COUNTDOWN TO WOLFEN' TIME" clock accompanying it that tells us there's about 15 minutes left until ... "*Wolfen' Time.*"

#### **ELSEWHERE IN THE BUILDING**

Evan RUNS. He's looking for somewhere to HIDE.

--Evan skids to a halt at the ELEVATOR. Hits the button. Elevator car indicator says LEVEL 3. Too slow. Evan is off.

--Evan goes to a stairwell. It's locked. DAMMIT.

--Evan darts by an empty STUDIO. One of those "STOP -- RECORDING" lights outside. Evan stops, studies the door. Thick, steel, some cold war-era shit. *This'll do.*

Evan throw open the DOOR and WE CUT TO:

#### **INT. RANDOM APARTMENT - SAME**

The woman at home is giddy explaining the events of the evening to her ROOMMATE. Each has a giant glass of wine.

WOMAN

--THEN he starts howling--

ROOMMATE

Omigod at WHAT?

WOMAN

I don't know? The moon?

ROOMMATE

Where is he now?

WOMAN

He ran OFFSTAGE because, I shit you not, Ana Lopez showed up.

ROOMMATE

Stoooppp. Is he coming back out?!?

WOMAN

Bitch, he better!

**INT. STUDIO - CONTROL ROOM - SAME**

CU on the live graph tracking the audience eyeballs. Line graph shows a steep DROP OFF.

SOCIAL PRODUCER STACIE  
Audience traffic was steady...  
*until he ran offstage.*

Sam, Ace, and staffers watch the line graph nosedive.

SAM  
Then we need to get him back  
onstage.

ACE  
Back onstage?!

SAM  
(into headset)  
Security, lock all stairwells and  
watch the elevator, Evan can't  
leave the building--

*Sam's preventing Evan from leaving?*

ACE  
Sam are *you* okay?

SAM  
I'm fine--

ACE  
--Because I feel like your *problems*  
*at home* are affecting your--

SAM  
I'm doing my job, I'm managing a  
situation--

ACE  
And the situation is fucked!  
It's Anything Can Happen with ACE  
LANE! Not come see what the fuck is  
happening with this fucker!?

Hands shaking, Ace unscrews his pill bottles. Throws back his  
Adderall and Xanax one-two punch.

Ace clocks Stacie eyeing his drugs.



ACE

One to go up, one to go down. It's fine, it's balanced! Sam, this is a car crash--

SAM

And people watch those, don't they?

ACE

--This is Britney Spears--attacking--the-paparazzi-with-an-umbrella, this is--

SAM

(shrill, an outburst)  
I can't lose this show!

ON SAM -- face spasms with fear. "I can't lose this show is" code for *"This show is all I have."*

ON ACE -- recoiling. *Is his fearless leader losing it?*

SOCIAL PRODUCER STACIE

Can I say something?

Ace and Sam's heads whip to the producer: *WHAT NOW??*

SOCIAL PRODUCER STACIE

I was just gonna say that yes, views ARE dropping since Evan ran off, but social is loving you, Ace.

Suddenly Ace perks up. *Really? Moi?* He grabs Stacie's phone.

ACE

"Give Ace an EMMY for putting up with all of that." I mean, could I? Are we within the nomination timeline? (Stacie motions to keep reading) "Go off Ace, Jimmy Fallon COULD NEVER." He really couldn't. Fallon's not as loose as I am. "Evan needs to be 5150'd producers should be ashamed--" well, we don't need *all* of these--

Ace hands back the phone. He walks back his earlier tantrum.

ACE

You know what, Samantha? You're right. Get Evan back onstage and pull these reactions up onscreen. We have a finish line to cross!

Ace saunters off as Sam exhales, composing herself.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
 Okay but when we find Evan, he's  
 not gonna play ball. Get him back  
 onstage and do *what*?

*Sam seethes. Good question.* Just then, Sam's PHONE RINGS.

A call from "MAYBE: FRANCESCA..." *Shit, forgot about the PAs.*

SAM  
 (answering)  
 Hi, yeah sorry, we're killing the  
 Driver segment--

But Frankie IS SHOUTING on the other end.

SAM  
 Calm down, what is happening?

#### INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Frankie runs through the house, shouting into the phone.

FRANKIE  
 EVAN'S ACTUALLY A WEREWOLF! He's  
 got dead goat bodies in a goddamn  
 fruit composter, you need to get  
 everyone OUT of the building, it's  
 not safe there! CHECK YOUR TEXTS!

#### INT. STUDIO - HALLS - SECONDS LATER

Sam, alone in the hall, earbuds in, watching on her phone  
 what we assume is a video of the "evidence."

Frankie's still on the other end but we only hear Sam's side  
 of the conversation.

SAM  
 You took these in the house?

STAY on Sam's face, which goes through a series of emotions,  
 from *this is a joke* to shock to disgust to dissociation, and  
 finally, back to shock. Sam's heart races.

SAM  
 This is legit?

Sam looks so TERRIFIED that we can tell she believes it.

Sam inhales: *I have a werewolf in my studio.*

SAM

Thank you for warning me. Evan and everyone in the studio will be fine. Don't worry, I'll handle it.

Sam ends the call. Breathless, mind racing as --

**EXT. STUDIO - STREETS OF NEW YORK**

Sam marches onto the streets, dictating into her walkie.

SAM

--Attention staff, I am personally handling the *delicate* Evan situation. Until I'm back, Tommy is your point person. I repeat, no need to look for Evan, I'm on it--

Sam comes to a halt outside when she sees:

Ronnie the reptile guy packing his van, which is filled with various cages, tools, and apparatuses.

SAM

I can get you on the show.

Ronnie turns around, he's holding heavy-duty snake tongs.

SAM

But do you have anything that can be used on ... *larger animals*?

**INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - SAME**

Noah is pacing, muttering, having a panic attack.

FRANKIE

Noah let's go, Sam's on it--

Frankie's halfway out the door WHEN the livestream resumes on her PHONE. Ace is back onstage with LaLa. ON Frankie: *WHAT?*

**INT. STUDIO - STAGE**

ACE

--Ladies and gentlemen, our long national nightmare is over.

Scattered nervous laughter.

ACE  
But first, gonna put this *artifact*  
away.

Ace puts the gun and the bullet back INSIDE the lockbox as Male Model runs onstage, whisking the box away from Ace like a *Deal or No Deal* girl.

Stay with the Male Model as he marches --

# **BACKSTAGE**

-- And is immediately flagged by Tommy, who--

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
I need you out there refilling  
drinks. Keep that audience  
pacified.

Male Model sets the BOX down and skids off.

From the BOX'S VANTAGE POINT, we can see Ace onstage.

ACE  
While Evan's on a break, let's...

An ANNOUNCER VOICE finishes his sentence...

ANNOUNCER VOICE  
...LIVE IN THE COMMENTS SECTION!

The aforementioned online fan reactions appear ONSCREEN.

# **INT. EVAN'S HOUSE - SAME**

Frankie watches the show in disbelief.

FRANKIE  
They're just *sitting there*!?!?  
They're just watching???

JUST THEN -- the goat trots past.

OFF Frankie watching it, getting an idea --

# **INT. VAN - SECONDS LATER**

Frankie SLAMS the driver's seat SHUT. The goat in the backseat on a dog leash.

Frankie sets an alarm on her phone for 12:23 aka Full Moon aka the time Evan announced. She labels the alarm "WEREWOLF?"

NOAH

You're gonna go back there?!?! To  
the place where the werewolf is!?

FRANKIE

Nobody's warning the audience. Sam  
isn't doing shit! *Somebody has to  
help them!*

Frankie starts the car, peels away from Evan's house as Noah  
shouts after her from the street.

NOAH

You're gonna get fucked! This is  
stupid!

#### **INT. STUDIO - HALLS - SAME**

Ana creeps down halls alone when she notices a "STOP --  
RECORDING" light outside another studio flicker ON, then OFF.

#### **THE EMPTY STUDIO - CONTINUOUS**

LIGHTS TURN ON as Ana enters a set dressed like a lounge.

PHOTOS on the wall tell us this is where the network films  
the "reunion episodes" of their reality shows. Every photo  
features someone sobbing, screaming, or angry finger wagging.

A RUSTLING SOUND breaks the eerie quiet. Ana's head whips to  
see, A CURTAIN RIPPLE.

#### **CURTAIN FLIES OPEN**

ON EVAN barricading himself in a closet. If he was looking  
sweaty and sickly before, he's NOW doubled over in intense  
agony, shaking, hiding like dogs do when they're dying.

Evan gazes up at Ana with sad, yearning eyes.

EVAN

Ana, I love you, but it's not safe  
for you. You have to leave. Shut  
that door, barricade me inside, if  
I get out there I'll attack you too-

ANA

ENOUGH.

Evan recoils: *Excuse me?*

The woman who, just seconds ago, appeared to be a love-lorn dumpee coming to win back her fragile ex now towers over him in the darkness looking more villain than princess and--

ANA  
KEEP MY NAME OUT OF YOUR MOUTH.

# **BULLPEN**

It's empty except for the HAIR AND MAKEUP ARTISTS cleaning their brushes and yapping about the show.

MAKEUP ARTIST  
I don't want to be that guy, but  
what if he's (muttering) actually a  
werewolf?

HAIR ARTIST  
What?

MAKEUP ARTIST  
Is he actually a werewolf?

HAIR ARTIST  
Marcus be real.

MAKEUP ARTIST  
I don't know, I'm just saying what  
everyone is probably thinking.

HAIR ARTIST  
Nobody else is thinking that.

JUST THEN -- DOUBLE DOORS BANG OPEN ON Frankie barreling at us like a bat out of hell, a goat on a leash trailing behind.

FRANKIE  
GET OUT! RUN! EVAN'S REALLY A  
WEREWOLF!

The Glam Artists watch her run past. Exchange A LOOK --  
*That's worrisome....*

# **STAGE**

Ace is reading the social reactions, but he's clearly running out of pro-Ace tweets.

ACE  
(reading a tweet)  
"Hey Ace, let the wolfman cook..."  
Okay I don't know what that means?

**BACKSTAGE**

Staffers watch the show from the wings. All cringe at Ace.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
(into walkie)  
Sam, Ace's segment is *overstaying*  
*its welcome*. What's your ETA on  
Evan?

SAM (OVER WALKIE)  
I'm dealing with...*it*. Just keep  
the train running until I'm back--

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
(into walkie)  
Okay but where are you?

We hear grunting and murmurs on Sam's end.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
(into walkie)  
Sorry, what was that?

But Tommy doesn't get Sam's answer because --

FRANKIE (AND GOAT) CAREEN INTO THE BACKSTAGE and --

FRANKIE  
He's a werewolf! Evan's a monster,  
I saw the insides of his goats,  
he's got a blood splattered bunker,  
we have to go!

AND NOBODY REACTS TO THIS NEWS.

FRANKIE  
Come on! Get out of here! Clear the  
audience! Nobody's safe!

Frankie is wild-eyed, she clocks everyone's NON-reaction.

FRANKIE  
Do you all want to die? Let's go!

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
(re: the goat)  
Why do you have *that*?

FRANKIE  
TO QUELL EVAN'S BLOODLUST  
OBVIOUSLY!

Tommy throws a look at Stacie: *Okay the new PA is insane too.*

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
Where did you get it?

FRANKIE  
HIS HOUSE WE DON'T HAVE TIME--

STACIE THE SOCIAL PRODUCER  
Why don't you take a seat, you want  
a Kombucha? Let's fly in a kombucha  
for the PA--

FRANKIE  
I don't want a kombucha!

Stacie pushes a Kombucha at Frankie. Frankie swats it away.

Frankie takes in everyone looking at her like she's out of  
her mind. She peers out at the stage and at the audience, all  
oblivious, watching the show. Everything seems...*fine*.

And Frankie doubts herself.

FRANKIE  
No. But I saw--

FRANKIE'S POV: The room swirls, vision going in and out. Did  
*I overreact? Maybe he's what, a psychopath who kills goats?*  
*Elaborate performance art? A sick joke?*

FRANKIE  
No. Text Noah...He saw too... He's--

The sounds of the staffers fade and Frankie SEES FLASHES of  
the bloody bunker, the claw marks, the dead goats and ...

Frankie snaps back into focus.

FRANKIE  
I would rather do something and  
find out it was nothing then stand  
around watching and waiting for  
someone to fucking die.

Frankie's EYES dart around the room when she spots --

THE FIRE ALARM.

FRANKIE drops the goat leash, the goat trots off --

AND FRANKIE LUNGES FOR THE FIRE ALARM.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
Somebody grab her!



And just as Frankie's hand reaches out to pull the alarm --  
WOMF! She is PULLED to the ground by a HUGE GRIP.

FRANKIE writhes in the arms of the Grip --

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
...It's just one thing after  
another today...

TOMMY sorts through a giant PROP CART, opening drawers,  
pulling out rainbow clown wigs, throwing aside confetti,  
until he pulls out: FUZZY HANDCUFFS.

Tommy looks between Frankie, the handcuffs, and a vertical  
rail/pipe near the wall.

FRANKIE eyes the cuffs. *You wouldn't?*

But Tommy looms over Frankie with the fuzzy handcuffs.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
Sam will kill me if she found out I  
let you ruin the show.

And Tommy and the Grip handcuff Frankie by one arm to the  
vertical rail.

FRANKIE  
What is wrong with you people!?

QUICK Frankie sees her PHONE on the ground. She reaches for  
it with her free hand as Tommy kicks it away from her.

THEN -- the typically overwhelmed and yes-man-y Tommy gets  
real close to Frankie and whispers into her ear:

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
And if you try to tell anyone about  
this, I will say you were a danger  
to yourself and others and I had no  
choice but to do this to protect  
everyone's safety. You understand?

In such disbelief at what just happened, defenseless, and now  
processing just how deep in the DNA the toxicity runs at this  
workplace -- Frankie can only nod "yes."

#### **EMPTY STUDIO**

Evan is crumpled in a heap. Fetal position.

But Ana doesn't give a fuck, she lays down the law.

ANA  
This BIT you're doing? This  
attention seeking so-called *cry for*  
*help* is harming MY reputation--

EVAN  
Ana I don't--

ANA  
I need you to listen for once.

Evan shuts up.

ANA  
They're devouring me online. Saying  
that if *I* was more supportive then  
you wouldn't have become the  
goddamn Joker! That *I'm* the  
heartless bitch that made you lose  
your mind.

Evan's face is WET with sweat, but he's curious, listening.

ANA  
(imitating online  
comments)  
Oh Evan's fucked up because she's a  
miserable whore. How could anyone  
live with a ego monster like Ana.  
You're crazy and I'm the  
insensitive cunt--

EVAN  
I'm sorry, I didn't intend for you  
to be collateral in this. I didn't--

ANA  
I'M NOT DONE.

Evan reacts: *Oh, she's mad MAD.*

ANA  
I have stood by your side, I have  
cleaned up your messes *for years*,  
now you need to do one for me. Tell  
them you're off your meds or you've  
relapsed, which (a spasm of  
concern) is that what's happening  
here? Fuck whatever. I am so tired  
of this shit. Blow up your career,  
I don't care, but you will *not*  
bring me down with it. Now go out  
there and make it extremely clear  
that *I* had nothing to do with this.

Ana stomps away WHEN --

EVAN  
(small voice)  
...But why did you laugh at me when  
I told you what I was?

Ana stops. Now, she FUMES, she's had enough of him. She bellows at this quiet crumpled man.

ANA  
I laughed because it's insane, I  
called you crazy because you are.  
HOW DID YOU HOPE I WOULD REACT WHEN  
YOU SAID YOU'RE A WEREWOLF!? What  
did you WANT me to do Evan?!

Evan is depleted, broken, no fight left. The one person who carried a glimmer of hope that she could be on his side has officially abandoned him.

Evan gazes up at his former lover one last time.

EVAN  
I wanted you to *see* me. I *wanted*  
you to be *different* than everyone  
else. I just want somebody to be  
different.

And before Ana can react, EVAN CRIES OUT and we hear the unmistakable and sickening sound of BONES CRACKING.

ANA, big eyes: *WHAT THE FUCK?*

# **ONSTAGE**

LaLa proudly finishes promoting her collection of wigs.

LALA D'AMORE  
--And that's why I only use the  
finest cruelty-free human hair.

ACE  
Riveting stuff. When we're back,  
we'll hopefully have Evan Stone.

STAGE MANAGER  
And we're out.

Ace leans into LaLa for commercial break patter, but--

LALA D'AMORE  
Uhm Ace, Evan scares me, does he  
HAVE to come back?

ACE

Yes. As much as I can't stand him,  
the public has made it very clear  
that Evan is far more compelling to  
watch than you are. Maybe you  
should bitch slap him when he comes  
back, I don't know.

LaLa reacts to *that* as Ace marches off-stage.

# **BACKSTAGE**

ACE

Is Evan *in* the building?? How hard  
is it to get an actor on a stage--

Ace STOPS when he sees Frankie handcuffed. Tommy grovels.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER

She was trying to pull the fire  
alarm, she thinks Evan's a--you  
know--I made an executive decision--

JUST THEN -- A CREW GUY stumbles past, trying to pull a wig  
out of the stubborn goat's mouth.

PLUS, the MAKEUP ARTIST is dropping his kit and hurrying out.

MAKEUP ARTIST

Sorry, this is all weird, I'm out.

Ace looks at the goat. At the makeup artist. At Frankie.

ACE

You went to Evan's house?

Frankie lights up. *Maybe Ace will believe her?*

FRANKIE

I know it's crazy but Evan is a--

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER

See what I mean?

Ace throws up his hand to silence Tommy. The host recalls his  
earlier conversation with Sam about Evan's *dark energy*...

ACE

(to Frankie)

What do you know?

# **AUDIENCE**

Audience is restless. Drunk Girl is live-streaming now.

DRUNK GIRL  
 (talking to her camera)  
 I dunno what's happening anymore. I  
 hafta pee. Evan's AWOL--

WARM-UP GUY  
 Hey, where'd you get that? You were  
 supposed to turn in your phones?

ANOTHER AUDIENCE MEMBER  
 What's going on?

Murmurs of agreement.

WARM-UP GUY  
 Just hold tight. I know it's been a  
 weird night. But hey, that's what  
 you get at Anything Can Happen.  
 (audience groans) Hey, who wants  
 another t-shirt?

"Boos" from the crowd.

WARM UP GUY  
 (into headset)  
 Guys, we need some guidance out  
 here? Is Evan coming back or what?

Warm-up Guy gets static on the other end.

# **STAGE**

Ace shuffles back onto the stage, in a daze.

LaLa flags him, he ignores her. Ace slumps down on the couch.

ON ACE -- processing the wild tale the PA just told him. *It can't be true? Unless...* Ace stares into the middle-distance and WE CUT TO:

# **INT. A RANDOM TALK SHOW SET - FANTASY**

We're on the set of a daytime talk show like THE VIEW. FIVE WOMEN sit around a half-circle with ACE sitting dead-center, the guest of honor. Note that his ARM is in a SLING.

ACE  
 ...I'm just grateful to be alive.

FEMALE CO-HOST  
 I can't even imagine living through  
 something like that.

ACE  
 Honestly Janine, it's still a blur.  
 NONE of us could have prepared for  
 that. I mean, a werewolf? Come on.  
 Sometimes I still think it was all  
 a nightmare.

Audience shakes their head: *Mmmm, you're telling me.*

FEMALE CO-HOST  
 Wow. We are so thankful to you for  
 surviving and sharing your story.  
 One more time for our friend Ace!

As the audience does sanctimonious head nods of agreement,  
 Ace beams -- a demure martyr -- and we SMASH BACK TO:

#### **INT. STUDIO - STAGE - PRESENT**

ON ACE considering his imagined future. It invigorates him.  
 The trash talk show host could become *The Man Who Survived*.

Ace blinks and flags the Stage Manager --

ACE  
 I need to speak to Sam privately  
 before I re-introduce Evan. How  
 much time do we have?

STAGE MANAGER  
 Time for what? For break? For the  
 rest of the show?

Ace looks around, nervous, thinking -- *No, until Evan turns  
 into a werewolf.*

#### **BACK IN THE EMPTY STUDIO**

Ana watches Evan convulse.

ANA  
 Evan stop this, how are you doing  
 this? Stop messing with me.

Ana leans a little further towards Evan AND GASPS AS--

THE BONE CRACKING SOUND starts up again.

STAY ON ANA, frozen in place as WE HEAR retching, cracking,  
 stretching, moaning, gagging -- all off-screen --

And instead of *seeing Evan* in this moment, his grotesque and  
 monstrous *sounds* instead play over...

**QUICK SHOTS FROM AROUND THE STUDIO --**

ACE crunching COCKTAIL ICE in his teeth with nervous energy, CLOSE ON teeth gnashing, bone and flesh, spittle, he's a pig made even more disgusting with *Evan's sounds* as the score.

AUDIENCE gripping cocktails, vice-like, a death grip, would kill for more entertainment, they lean in like vultures.

WARM UP GUY pacifying an unruly audience member, his veins about to burst, red face twisted like an angry ape.

MALE MODEL refilling drinks, oblivious, his gross laughter like a cackling hyena.

TOMMY and Co closing in on frightened Frankie, hands clutch suddenly-threatening grip tape, they look like the hunters.

The images and sounds merge in a gross, discordant, monstrous, cacophonous mess until --

**BACK IN THE EMPTY STUDIO**

Ana shakes, frozen, she CANNOT LOOK AWAY until --

EVAN (O.S.)

(low)

You should probably run.

AND ANA BOLTS THE FUCK OUTTA THAT ROOM.

**BACKSTAGE**

CU on an IPHONE TIMER labeled "WEREWOLF?" The seconds count down to zero and ends with a soft, uneventful beepbeep.

Frankie's quick hand mutes the alarm. Her breath catches.

A blinking DIGITAL CLOCK on the wall says it's 12:23.

Frankie inhales. *Did it happen? Did Evan...turn?*

Frankie's not willing to sit around and find out -- She yanks at her shackles, contorting her wrist, anything to escape...

**HALLS**

CU on A FULL MOON in a window as --

The blissfully unaware Security Guards shuffle past.

SHORT SECURITY GUARD

Remember when actors were REAL MEN?

TALL SECURITY GUARD  
You're telling me--

SHORT SECURITY GUARD  
These actors, they're all so  
fragile now--

TALL SECURITY GUARD  
Nobody does it like John Wayne,  
Bruce Willis--

TALL SECURITY GUARD  
Schwarzenegger!

SHORT SECURITY GUARD  
Schwarzenegger!

*OH! They fist bump: JINX!*

The guards open a stairwell, peer inside. Nothing. They lock the stairwell behind them and pad onwards.

#### **HALL OUTSIDE EMPTY STUDIO**

BOOM! The door to the empty studio goes flying off its hinges. From out of the darkness we hear: GROWLING.

#### **BACK ON THE SECURITY GUARDS**

...Still listing macho men!

SHORT SECURITY GUARD  
Bruce Lee. Harrison Ford--

TALL SECURITY GUARD  
--Tommy Lee Jones. Will Smith--

JUST THEN -- a FRENZIED ANA LOPEZ races past them.

TALL SECURITY GUARDS  
You okay hun?

Ana ignores them, racing past.

As the guards watch her run, a SHADOW falls over the guards. A ragged BREATHING is heard. Hair on their arms stand up as --

The guards turn to see that LOOMING ABOVE is a MASSIVE WOLF.

And this isn't a dude with fur and fangs -- this is a nine-foot-long, 1000 pound, CGI WOLF.

On all fours, pure canine instincts, the Wolf's only human quality is its sad human eyes, which are locked in on --

The Security Guards -- WHO SCREAM AS --



CHOMP -- THE WOLF BITES THE HEAD OFF THE TALL SECURITY GUARD.

Headless Security Guard's body flops to the ground as Short Security Guard, now blood-splattered, screams and RUNS.

**ON ANA**

Running, blubbering, sloppy. Hardly a final girl.

THE FLOOR SHAKES LIKE AN EARTHQUAKE, BECAUSE DOWN THE HALL...

THE GIANT WOLF is bounding towards her.

ANA screams and runs.

WOLF gaining on her.

ANA slipping, tripping, whimpering, a mess of panic.

WOLF agile and STARVING.

ANA dives into an --

**OFFICE**

-- Throwing the door closed behind her, but --

BAMF the WOLF LODGES ITS BODY IN THE FRAME before she can shut it.

ANA falls, army crawling backwards into the dark room --

WOLF closes in on her, snarling --

ANA hits the wall. No where else to go.

The Wolf stops, shows his teeth, head back to attack.

AS ANA BEGS FOR MERCY --

FWPT!

The giant beast convulses like he's been hit.

The Wolf staggers like a drunk and eyes going hazy -- the terrifying animal FALLS TO THE GROUND WITH A THUD.

TO REVEAL --

SAM and RONNIE towering over the Wolf.

Both are loaded up with rope and artillery like preparing for battle -- but most important:

Ronnie's clutching A TRANQUILIZER GUN.

NOW NOTICE -- A TRANQ DART jutting out from the Wolf's neck.

ANA scrambles past the duo and out the door.

Sam and Ronnie gawk at the sedated animal. A mixture of surprise that this impossible scenario is real and that the tranq gun worked.

Sam confirms that the Wolf is *konked out* and --

SAM

Let's move.

As Ronnie unloads CHAINS --

SAM

(into her headset)

Ace. Come in. I have...a *pitch*.

# **STAGE**

Ace is **STANDING**, rigid. Hand to his earpiece, intense. He talks to Sam through his lapel mic.

ACE

--So it was...uh huh? I do. Yes--  
Well, that's...no. Okay but how?

Ace gulps. He looks out at the audience. Lowers his voice.

ACE

--Of course...let's... I mean, who  
wouldn't want to see it?

STAGE MANAGER

Two minutes!

Ace takes his seat. Nervous, but composed, well, *trying*...

LALA D'AMORE

Is something happening?

Ace's eyes dart around. Heart racing. He doesn't answer.

# **BACKSTAGE**

ON Frankie, still cuffed, but she's switched to pleading.

FRANKIE

--If you just uncuff me I will keep  
my mouth shut, I'll leave--

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER

The second the show is over, sure--

JUST THEN -- Sam whizzes by, heading to the stage, alone.

SAM

Tommy, Stacie, follow me.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER

On it.

Frankie is left alone as Tommy and Stacie dart off after Sam.

STAGE MANAGER

Back in 30. 30 seconds!

# **STAGE**

Sam marches towards Ace.

ACE

Sam! Is it? Are we--

Sam nods at Ace. He nods back, solemn. They are in lockstep.

SAM

Tommy on my left. Stacie, get the  
livestream ready, do it from here.

Tommy and Stacie nod. Unsure about this change of protocol,  
but following orders regardless.

SAM

Camera A, I don't need a wide, I  
need you up here.

A confused CAMERA MAN grabs his camera, heads to the stage.

SAM

(into headset)  
Let's get a spotlight and give me  
the lights for Hot Seat--

Lights blaze RED and swivel into position.

SAM

(into headset)  
Ronnie you in position? Good.

STAGE MANAGER  
Sorry what's happening?

SAM  
Just count me down--

STAGE MANAGER  
Okay??? We're back in ten, nine--

SAM  
Ace, you ready?

ON ACE -- SPOTLIGHT ILLUMINATING HIM. The red mood-lighting casts a different kind of glow. Ace sweats, but nods "yes."

The THEME MUSIC plays as before and Ace...hesitates.

SAM  
(hissing at him)  
Dance! Ace, dance!

And like the good wind-up doll that he is, Ace does his theme-music chair dance like he's got a gun to his head and --

ACE  
...Welcome Back to Anything Can  
Happen. During the break we had an  
*interesting development--*

BUT before Ace can finish --

RONNIE STEPS ONSTAGE from the wings, dragging with him:

THE WOLF -- now heavily sedated, lumbering on drowsy limbs, leashed to a CHAIN, and loaded with DOZENS OF SHOCK COLLARS.

And everyone GASPS. *They believe Evan's a werewolf now.*

#### **THE AUDIENCE**

As SEVERAL audience members stumble over each other to RUN.

#### **STAGE**

A FEW STAFFERS make a mad dash, too.

MALE MODEL drops the martini shaker he was just shaking.

LALA grips onto Ace, shivering.

ACE is speechless. The wild beast is too compelling.

THE WEARY WOLF blinks back the gaze of the hot, blinding stage lights. Spotlight hitting him like flood lights.

Wolf YANKS against the chain and the shock collars covering his neck and limbs JOLT WITH ELECTRICITY.

FIND RONNIE laying on a remote control, shocking the Wolf into submission as the animal yelps in pain.

#### **BACK ON THE AUDIENCE**

Gasping LOUDER now. And yet, they REMAIN.

Leaning in, thirsty, compelled. The audience is paralyzed with fear, but they can't stop watching.

ANGLE ON the Drunk Girl's shaking hand cautiously raising her PHONE to film the action onstage.

#### **STAGE**

Sam snaps at a catatonic Stacie, who points the iPad at the Wolf, the "chime" of an Instagram Live revving up.

Next, Sam nudges a shaking, but duty-bound Tommy towards the Wolf as Ronnie pushes an ELECTRIC CATTLE PROD at Tommy.

The Wolf sneers at Tommy. Tommy stumbles back.

Ronnie gives Tommy a nod...

...And Tommy JABS the Wolf with the electric prod. It sizzles with electricity. The Wolf whimpers.

LaLa leans into Ace, covering her mouth.

LALA D'AMORE  
I want to leave--

Ace grabs her wrist.

ACE  
(under his breath)  
You stay--

LALA D'AMORE  
Get the gun, where'd you put it--

ACE  
Not yet.

LALA D'AMORE  
But he told us to shoot him--

ACE  
Not until we get the finale.

Ace turns back to his audience, "on" voice returning.

ACE  
Things have obviously taken a turn!

### THE AUDIENCE

Watching in captivated silence.

Like on auto-pilot, the Warm-Up Guy hits the LAUGHTER SIGN.

A few tepid audience chuckles escape.

### STAGE

ACE  
Turns out, Evan wasn't crazy...

The WOLF lunges drowsily at a nearby CAMERA MAN who BOLTS, not willing to risk his life for this shit.

Sam sees this, seethes.

QUICK -- SAM hops behind the vacant camera and motions to Ace to *keep going*.

ACE  
...Evan actually is a...well, you have eyes.

The Wolf idles a little too close to Ace and ZAP! Ronnie gives the Wolf a shock. Wolf whines.

ACE  
Ronnie, you got this under control right?

RONNIE  
I don't usually deal with this kind of animal...

ZAP! ZAP! ZAPZAPZAP!

But as Ace watches Ronnie shock the Wolf, Ace becomes emboldened, *the Wolf is under the show's control*.

ACE  
Ronnie, do you have an insurance policy for werewolf? Or am I gonna be on the hook for claw marks?

Ace mugs for the catatonic audience, the Wolf lumbers closer, electric jolts fire up again.

#### BACKSTAGE

Frankie -- equally restrained -- can see the stage from her angle. She flinches at every ZAP -- averting her eyes.

Minutes ago, Frankie was warning everyone to flee and save themselves from the future wrath of this violent wolfman...

*...But now...does she feel sad for Evan again?*

Frankie gazes with horror at the staffers crowding the wings to catch the show.

She watches Ace, Sam, and the scandalized audience and Frankie is filled with DISGUST. *Why did I come back to save these people? They don't deserve shit.*

Frankie grabs a nearby A-CLAMP and BANGS it against her cuffs. BANG BANG BANG --

#### STAGE

The Wolf thrashes and wails, lashing out and crying at each flick of the electric remote.

Ronnie laying on that shock remote anytime the Wolf so much as flinches.

ZAP ZAP, writhe, ZAP, spit, ZAP, groans --

It's horrifying, nauseating, the Wolf gasping in pain, sparks flying. ZAP ZAP ZAP ZAP.

ALL EYES ON THE WOLF. *What's he gonna do? Will he get loose?*

The unknowing is titillating, intoxicating, hands clutching hearts with faux concern.

But the more intense the situation becomes ... the *harder* Ace hosts. A grim quasi-delusional determination sets in and...

ACE

...This is a FIRST in TV, folks. A FIRST for this show certainly. I think it's fair to say this episode tops the time we had Alec Baldwin twerking on the couch--

The Wolf lunges at Ace. Again.

RONNIE

ACE. I need you to step aside!

Ace flinches. Nobody tells Ace how to behave on his stage.

ACE

Step aside? It's not national  
geographic, it's still *my* show  
ain't it?

And Ace slides closer to the Wolf to stay in the shot.

The audience GASPS again at how dangerously close Ace is.

ACE

Evan, if you're in there, is this  
how you imagined the night going?

The WOLF growls at Ace, bearing his teeth. ZAP. ZAP. ZAP.

ACE

(hammy, sweaty)  
I'll take that as a "no."

#### **ON SAM**

Beaming. Sam is SO CLOSE to victory.

A look of mania flashes across Sam's face, she has crossed  
the line from toxic producer to super villain.

#### **BACK ON ACE**

Waaaayyy too close to the Wolf, babbling some bullshit while  
doing a sort of taunting game of Chicken.

Ace inches forward, Wolf lunges, Ace jumps back.

#### **ON LALA**

Now crouched BEHIND the sofa.

LaLa glares at the Wolf, at Ace, back at Wolf, she doesn't  
seem concerned, she seems *angry*? At who? The Wolf? Or at...

#### **BACK ON ACE**

Tempting fate as...

...The WOLF is coming out of his fog, gnashing his teeth,  
lunging at Ace, getting closer, closer, closer ...

UNTIL --



THE WOLF SINKS ITS CLAWS INTO ACE'S THIGH.

AND ACE GOES DOWN CRYING. The claws retract.

Immediately, THE WOLF is shocked, yanked, and cattle-prodded from all angles like he's being electrocuted. Roaring, convulsing -- it's King Kong in chains.

RONNIE sweats, this isn't going to hold the Wolf much longer.

SAM is ON HER FEET.

ACE grips his thigh, overselling it like a fallen soccer player, his blood spills out onto the stage.

Everyone leans in, waiting for Ace's reaction and ...

ACE  
KILL IT! FUCKING KILL IT!

SAM  
NOT YET! Ronnie get the tranq! We need another shot!

ACE  
NO. Get the real gun!  
JUST KILL IT ALREADY!

RONNIE  
Where? Where is the gun?

ACE  
In the box! In the box!

RONNIE  
What box!? Where?

SAM  
Ace get it together--

ACE  
I NEED HELP SAMANTHA!

Ace cries, producers yell, audience flails, Wolf thrashes.

SUDDENLY -- from out of the melee -- a SHRILL voice SCREAMS.

Everyone is silenced for a moment until we FIND --

**LALA**

YANKING the cattle prod from Tommy's toothless grip.

Finally, the glam reality star is gone and the woman who threatened her crew with a wine bottle has come to play, and as LaLa's face is consumed with rage:

LALA D'AMORE  
(her infamous catchphrase)  
CHOKE IN HELL YOU CRUSTY CUNTS.

Because LaLa has her OWN beef with this show and Ace and much like a werewolf, well, sometimes humans hulk out too.

AND LALA BEGINS ZAPPING EVERYONE WITH THE CATTLE PROD!

ACE tells LaLa to knock it off! HE GETS ZAPPED!

SAM yells at a grip to subdue LaLa! SHE GETS ZAPPED!

Ronnie tries to pacify LaLa, ZAPPED!

Which sends Ronnie's SHOCK COLLAR REMOTE *flying across the stage.*

AS --

*AWHOOOOOO!*

### **THE WOLF**

HOWLS. Head thrown back with rage.

The tranquilizer's wearing off, the Wolf's sneering, bristling, getting his venom back and with no-one manning the shock collar remote...

A second for everyone to process what's happening and --

EVERYONE SCREAMS AND SCATTERS LIKE ANTS.

NOW. IT'S BEDLAM.

WOLF YANKS ITS HEAD, CHAIN LEASH ESCAPES FROM RONNIE'S GRASP, and OFF RONNIE BEGGING FOR MERCY, CUT TO:

### **BACKSTAGE**

Poor Frankie can't free herself from the handcuffs, she can't escape this horrifying workplace *just yet...*

Frankie watches the nightmare onstage and thinking fast --

Frankie uses her free hand to pull the PROP CART towards her, wedging herself flat between the cart and the wall, hoping this hiding spot might buy her some time.

**ONSTAGE**

QUICK SHOTS --

It's a BONKERS BATTLE SEQUENCE -- WOLF V. THE ASSHOLES:

--THE WOLF'S A WHIRLING DERVISH OF PAIN AS AUDIENCE MEMBERS JUMP OFF THE RISERS LIKE LEMMINGS TO ESCAPE.

--WARM-UP GUY USES THE T-SHIRT CANNON TO SHOOT PHONES, CLAMPS, ANYTHING AT THE WOLF.

--WOLF SLAMS THE BODY OF A CAMERA MAN INTO THE STAGE LIGHTS. EVERYTHING FLICKERS.

--THE DRUNK GIRL GRABS LALA BY THE HAIR TO GET AHEAD, BUT IT ONLY PULLS LALA'S WIG OFF, ALLOWING LALA TO ESCAPE TO FREEDOM, THROWING MIDDLE-FINGERS BACK AT THE GIRL.

--WOLF LUNGES AT STACIE THE SOCIAL PRODUCER USING AN IPAD AS A SHIELD -- WOLF BITES IPAD AND SPITS IT BACK OUT LIKE A SHOT-PUT, WHICH KONKS STACIE OUT, IPAD STILL LIVE-STREAMING.

--THE WOLF GETS STABBED IN THE BACK WITH A C-STAND, WOLF WHIPS AROUND AND HEAD-BUTTS A GRIP, SENDING HIM FLYING.

ANGLE ON A MONITOR as the mayhem plays out LIVE ON TV. *The audience has become the show.*

FINALLY -- THE STAGE IS QUIET.

The Wolf licks his chops, heaving, bristling, and seeing his work here is done, he tears out stage left in search of more.

**HALLS**

Ace, limping, trying to leave with a group of staffers.

ACE  
Who's got the gun?

Staffers ignore him as they make mad-dashes to escape.

ACE  
HELLO!?!? Where is the gun?!

**BULLPEN**

CU on the ANTIQUUE GUN in SAM'S HAND as she sprints towards a full ELEVATOR.

Sam spots Tommy at the front of the car, he's holding up a bruised and catatonic Ana.

SAM  
HOLD IT! TOMMY HOLD IT!

BUT THE ELEVATOR DOOR CLOSES...

...As Tommy, inside the elevator, jams the "door close" button over and over.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
Sorrrysorrrysorry--

The door WHIRRS shut. Sam SLAMS into the heavy steel door.

*Shit.* Sam looks around. WHEN --

SHE HEARS A SOUND.

Sam pulls the SILVER BULLET out of her pocket.

QUICK Sam loads the pistol, gets into gun-slinger mode, prepared to USE IT *if that's what it's come to* -- WHEN --

MALE MODEL runs past carrying two commemorative "Anything Can Happen 100th Episode" bottles of champagne.

Sam relaxes, it's JUST Male Model.

Sam runs off in the direction the model came from as Male Model speaks for the first time.

MALE MODEL  
Don't worry Sam, I can take him!

*Awww Male Model, no you can't.* He SMASHES the two champagne bottles into shivs and runs TOWARDS the Wolf sounds as --

#### **EXT. STUDIO - STREETS OF MANHATTAN - MOMENTS LATER**

BOOM! DOORS fly open onto the streets of Manhattan as Tommy, Ana, and staffers tumble out, crying, falling to their knees.

TOMMY THE TALENT PRODUCER  
This job is so fucking toxic. This  
job is so fucking toxic. This job--

JUST THEN -- CRASH! -- A WINDOW 30-stories up BREAKS.

Glass rains down on the sidewalk, followed by A SEVERED ARM falling to the ground, THUD.

PUSH IN on the severed arm's hand to find it's gripping an "Anything Can Happen" commemorative champagne bottle shiv!

AND -- EVERYONE SCREAMS!

Including Tommy and Ana, who both run directly into traffic where they are SLAMMED INTO BY A TAXI.

#### **INT. STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - BEHIND THE PROP CART**

Face pressed to the wall, Frankie cowers in her hiding spot behind the prop cart.

Frankie listens to the nightmarish sounds, taking stock of her situation.

She's literally handcuffed to a toxic job she doesn't want to be a part of anymore, just waiting for a Wolf to find her.

And Frankie gives up. This is the end. Frankie fights back tears WHEN --

She notices a show-branded t-shirt spilling out of a prop cart drawer.

Frankie grabs the shirt. She studies Ace's smiling face on the tee and her face contorts with rage.

As Frankie cries angry tears and thinks: Fuck this show -- This shirt -- this prop -- triggers her to *also* realize...*GIRL you have access to the props...*

Jolted out of her misery, Frankie pries open a prop cart drawer, throws her hand inside and --

#### **A GREEN ROOM**

Sam moves furniture, barricades herself in a green room WHEN--

The door BANGS open, catching on the sofa as --

Ace's BIG FACE appears in the crack -- *Here's Johnny!*

ACE

SAM! (then) DID YOU GET THE GUN!?

ANGLE ON the GUN on the ground by Sam's feet.

ON SAM considering her partner, the man she repeatedly asks to "trust her," and ...

Quick, Sam kicks the gun under the vanity. *Out of sight.*

SAM  
No, I couldn't find it. You?

And Sam lets Ace into the room.

ACE  
The gun's probably still on the  
stage. FUCK. Are we gonna die?

Sam doesn't answer. She pushes the sofa against the door.

Ace limps, his belt around his leg like a tourniquet. He  
falls onto the sofa as Sam is trying to push it.

ACE  
Listen, you're gonna hoist me up  
and I'm gonna crawl through the  
ceiling tiles.

Sam ignores him, pushes a chair against the door.

SAM  
I had it under control.

ACE  
(incredulous)  
WHEN? When you let that man take  
over my show or when you WALKED A  
FUCKING WEREWOLF ONSTAGE? What part  
was "under control?"

SAM  
You liked it.

ACE  
I liked it when you had a plan--

SAM  
I had one until you couldn't stand  
to be upstaged for five seconds,  
and now we're going to die.

ACE  
You threw a nightmare at me and  
screamed "MAKE IT FUN!"

SAM  
THAT IS WHAT WE DO ACE!

ACE  
(just then)  
SHHHH!

Ace points at the door. Muffled sounds of roaring and screaming coming from down the hall. The Wolf is coming.

Sam speeds up her barricading --

WHEN --

A CLAW SLICES THRU THE DOOR.

Ace screams! The claw retracts.

They brace for impact and ... NOTHING. It is silent.

A moment of cautious optimism.

ACE

I don't think he can get in.

Ace nearly cries.

ACE

FUCK YOU EVAN! YOU BITCH ASS!  
(middle fingers to the door) TRY  
AND COME FOR MY--

WHEN -- THUD.

SAM

Shut up.

They both go DEAD QUIET. Afraid to breath as --

THUD! AN INDENT FORMS IN THE DOOR.

THUD -- Another indent. And another and another. Like horizontal craters smash landing in the door.

CAMERA PANS SIDEWAYS THROUGH THE DOOR TO FIND:

The Wolf throwing all 900 pounds of his body against the door. BANG BANG BANG. Over and over.

### **BACK INSIDE THE GREEN ROOM**

Ace and Sam back AWAY from the wall with urgency as--

IN ONE FELL SWOOP, the door comes crashing down under the weight of the Wolf, its body like a battering ram --

-- And the DOOR LANDS ON TOP OF ACE, pinning him to the ground. Unclear if he's *dead or just unconscious?*

Sam stumbles backwards.

For a breathless moment. It's a face off. Sam vs the Wolf.

*Who's gonna draw first?*

Sam glances underneath the vanity for..

THE GUN...but it's out of reach. Gun is closer to the Wolf now than to her.

The Wolf moves in.

Sam tosses a TV MONITOR at the Wolf. The Wolf shrugs it off. She throws a laptop at him. Same.

The Wolf closes in, still prowling, relishing Sam's defeat, stalking, playing with his food.

And Sam tries a new tactic: *Pleading*.

SAM

This job is killing me too.

The Wolf cocks his head. *Listening?*

SAM

It ruined my marriage. I work the graveyard shift, I don't sleep at night anymore. I did what I did because this show is all I have. For better or worse, it's my life. Maybe you can...*empathize?*

A breathless moment. Both still. *Did that...work?* LOL NAH.

WOLF LUNGES --

SAM SWERVES and... *FUCK IT* --

SAM DIVES under the vanity --

Sam's hand is inches from the GUN, *she's gonna get it* WHEN--

KONK -- Sam is knocked out as the vanity SLAMS DOWN ON HER.

TILT UP to find the Wolf standing on one side of the vanity, depressing it beneath his weight like a see-saw.

The Wolf steps off, inspects Sam and Ace, decides they are both dead.

*Sniffsniff*, the Wolf's nose scrunches into the air, head whips towards the smell. HE TEARS OUT OF THE ROOM.



BUT WE STAY in the room with Sam and Ace both seemingly crushed, both their legs popping out from underneath fallen objects like dueling Wicked Witches of the East... until...

ACE'S HAND REACHES OUT FROM THE RUBBLE.

Like a zombie with unfinished business, a not-dead-yet Ace climbs out from under the wreckage. He looks around and --

### **HALLS**

Bloodied and fucked up, disheveled, hair out of place -- Ace shuffles through the halls of his destroyed studio.

The beleaguered host empties his Adderall bottle into his mouth, crunching tablets between his bloody teeth.

Stay with Ace until he brings us to--

### **THE STAGE**

-- Where Ace painstakingly treks across and we see what he's going for: EVAN'S LOCK BOX.

Ace gets to the box and it's EMPTY. No gun. We knew this, but for Ace, it's devastating. It's game over, Ace.

Depleted and quickly losing blood, Ace finally surveys the destruction of his Kingdom.

Tears well as Ace picks up the water gun, holds it to his chest. He grabs the notecards, gazes at them lovingly.

Finally, Ace finds the King's Crown laying broken on the ground and tender, Ace places the crown on his head.

And from out of the corner of Ace's eye he sees the RED BLINKING "ON" LIGHT from a still-standing camera...

...And the gaze of the camera is like a salve to Ace.

Ace turns to camera, plasters on a demented smile, and mumbles *for the last time* --

ACE

Thank you ...for... joining us. I'm  
your host... Ace Lane... as always,  
this was ... Anything Can Happen.  
Goodnight.

And as the life leaves Ace's body...

SLOW MOTION ON Ace falling backwards into a frenzied spray of rainbow-colored (and now blood-splattered) remnants of his dumbass show -- Forever immortalized the King of chaos.

# **BACKSTAGE -- STILL BEHIND THE PROP CART**

With her one free hand, Frankie fishes around inside drawers.

But she's coming up empty. Frankie tries another drawer, and another, growing frustrated, impatient, until --

Frankie pulls out:

A tiny key ring with two keys. Two keys to unlock fuzzy handcuffs.

Frankie's eyes light up with *hope*.

Hand shaking, Frankie unlocks the cuffs with her free hand, PUSHES THE CART away, flies to her feet, ready to bolt, ready to escape from this studio from hell -- WHEN --

THE WOLF SKULKS INTO THE BACKSTAGE.

*SHIT*. Frankie ducks BEHIND the cart again, breath held, silent as a mouse.

The WOLF sniffs around. *He didn't see Frankie just yet.*

Protected by a row of production carts and other various boxes, Frankie scurries away on her hands and knees -- WHEN --

Frankie drops her hand on a piece of BROKEN GLASS.

She lifts her hand to see the STEM OF A MARTINI GLASS jammed through her palm. Frankie screams.

**THE WOLF --**

Hears the scream. He runs towards the sound, towards Frankie.

**FRANKIE --**

Jumps to her feet to see the WOLF COMING AT HER --

**THE WOLF --**

SLASHES, taking a lunging sweep at Frankie, but its feet and legs get tangled in the maze of electrical cords scatted on the floor.

**FRANKIE --**

SHOUTS, scared, and FALLS BACKWARDS into a CLOSET. Various lighting accoutrements come tumbling out.

**THE WOLF --**

Untangles itself from the cords, but when it looks up, Frankie is gone.

**STAGE**

Frankie flies across the stage.

She nearly trips over Ace's dead body, momentarily halting to register that OH SHIT ACE IS DEAD!

ABOVE HER, that LIGHT RIG the Grip was struggling to fix earlier, SHAKES. Seems a little loose WHEN --

CRASH!

A STEEL ROD from the rig CRASHES to the ground, nearly taking Frankie out! She stumbles and swerves.

**CONTROL ROOM**

Frankie SLAMS the DOOR to the control room SHUT. She catches her breath.

**STAGE**

The Wolf crosses the stage, stalking, sniffing, following Frankie's scent.

**CONTROL ROOM**

Frankie studies her hand impaled by the martini stem.

She grabs an extension CORD and bites down to silence her scream as she YANKS the martini stick out of her hand.

She rips her shirt and ties it around her hand.

**DOWN THE HALL**

The Wolf is getting closer...

**CONTROL ROOM**

Frankie puts ear to the door, hears the dull THUD THUD THUD of the Wolf approaching. She knows she only has seconds SO --

Frankie eyes the MASTER SWITCHBOARD. She surveys the various nobs and buttons and --

#### **STAGE**

A chaotic smattering of SOUND EFFECTS blast thru the studio. WILHEM SCREAM/DRUMROLL/TRUMPETS! All at once, a cacophony.

#### **HALL**

The WOLF'S head whips around, confused, he tears off towards the sound -- TOWARDS THE STAGE and *away from Frankie*.

#### **CONTROL ROOM**

Frankie takes the opportunity to leave, throwing open the door, running towards the --

#### **ELEVATOR**

Where Frankie skids to a halt to find the Elevator is stuck.

And by *stuck*, I mean, the elevator is half-submerged, a WOLF-SIZED dent in the doors suggests some carnage happened here. The steel doors open and close on dead bodies.

Shit. Frankie runs off.

#### **STAIRWELL**

Frankie speeds towards it, grabs the handle, but the stairwell's LOCKED. Frankie jiggles the lock, manic, WHEN --

-- THUD -- A TORSO falls from the ceiling panel. It's Ronnie, well, what's left of him.

Frankie covers her mouth to silence her scream as --

A ZOMBIE lunges at Frankie. Well, not a Zombie, but DRUNK GIRL, shuffling towards us, blood pouring out of her mouth.

#### **DRUNK GIRL**

I just wanted to see a show. I just  
thought it was funny?

Drunk Girl collapses. Frankie races to her side, checks the girl's pulse. Frankie's breath catches. The girl's dead.

ON Frankie, in panic mode. The walls are closing in on her. There are no exits. Her new job has literally become Hollywood Horror Nights and she can't find the way out.

It's almost like escaping this workplace is more of the test than surviving a Wolf attack.

JUST THEN --

SAM (O.S.)  
Pssst. New PA.

Frankie's head jerks up to find --

SAM, alive -- *barely* -- having crawled out from under the vanity a bit.

Sam's laying on the floor of the green room, waving at Frankie through the open door frame: *Come Here*.

# **GREEN ROOM**

Frankie races to Sam's side, tossing aside rubble to try and free Sam, but Sam only wants to know one thing:

SAM  
Do you know if we got any of that  
on camera?

Frankie stops helping. Absolutely disgusted.

FRANKIE  
You're sick, Sam.

SAM  
(a beat)  
I know.

Frankie stands, she's done with this lady.

FRANKIE  
Are there any other exits?

Sam's eyes flicker unconscious. Frankie slaps her awake.

FRANKIE  
Is there a service elevator, are  
there any other exits? Is there  
another way out!?

SAM  
Yes.

And Sam drags her arm out from under the vanity to reveal she's got the ANTIQUE GUN. *This is the other way out*.

Sam holds the gun up to Frankie in a gesture that says: *"Be like us. Do what I couldn't do."*

Terrified, but smart enough to know this might be her only survival option, Frankie's hand shakes as she takes the gun.

SAM  
You got this.

ON FRANKIE eyeing the gun: Do I got this?

### **BULLPEN**

Wolf gnawing on a dismembered and fully clothed LEG like a chew-toy. Chillin', enjoying his treat WHEN --

HIS EARS SWIVEL. He sits up.

### **HALLS**

GUN in her good hand, Frankie steps out, scans halls for signs of life. Not a soul. It's empty. Eerie.

She tip-toes down the same routes as before, but now the carnage has changed this place.

The lights flicker, shattered glass everywhere. Ace's poster is blood-splattered, fallen posters line the floors.

Frankie's head on a cautious swivel, breath held, *the Wolf could be anywhere.*

As Frankie makes her trek thru the halls, she doesn't see CREEPING BEHIND HER: THE WOLF.

Frankie moves, the Wolf moves. He is hunting his prey, fixated on Frankie, he almost seems entertained by this stealthy cat and mouse dance, until-

Frankie senses the Wolf's presence and looks over her shoulder to see:

THE WOLF in stalking mode. Low to the ground, ready to pounce. The Wolf bares its teeth, a twisted kind of smile...

Frankie considers her gun, *she only has ONE chance. Is this it? Is she ready to take the shot????*

NOT YET.

FRANKIE BOLTS.

Down the hall, 'round the corner, the Wolf HOT on her tail.

### **STAGE**

Frankie charges downstage.

**WOLF --**

Follows Frankie, careening onto the stage. The whole stage QUIVERS under his weight. Light rig above jiggling.

**FRANKIE --**

Throws looks over her shoulder. She knows she can't outrun the Wolf -- so she -- TOPPLES ONE OF THE CAMERAS.

**WOLF --**

Skids to a halt, avoiding the scattered debris from the camera.

**FRANKIE --**

Shoves the GLAM CAM to the ground, a few bedazzled rhinestones fall off, scattering like skipping rocks.

**WOLF --**

Is only momentarily slowed by these weak diversions. The animal SNAPS BACK into action and --

SLASHES FRANKIE IN THE LEG.

**FRANKIE --**

GOES DOWN. SCREAMING.

HER GUN GOES SKIDDING ACROSS THE FLOOR AS --

Frankie looks back at the Wolf in time to see --

EXTREME SLOW MOTION -- THE WOLF, magnificent, LEAPING across the stage --

FRANKIE THROWS HER HANDS OVER HER HEAD --

Back to REAL TIME -- the Wolf LANDS with a THUD on the EDGE OF THE STAGE, just inches away from Frankie.

A millisecond for Frankie to process this when --

WHOOSH!

The entire LIGHT RIG drops from the ceiling, landing on Frankie AND the Wolf, PINNING THEM BOTH TO THE GROUND.

Frankie is stunned, reacts to the impact. Shards of glass in her arm. Frankie's about to scream WHEN she notices:

**THE WOLF --**

Straining against the weight of the rig.

Wolf thrashes about but he can't get out from under the light grid. Plus, a heavy rod looks like it broke one of his legs.

**AND FRANKIE --**

Is immediately relieved.

Boosted by adrenaline as a pain-reliever, though not without effort, Frankie -- being smaller than the Wolf -- shimmies until she's able to crawl *through* the gaps in the steel grid.

NOW on her feet, breath ragged, bloodied from her assortment of injuries, Frankie watches the terrifying beast thrash about, she remembers what the Wolf's capable of and --

Frankie SCREAMS a warrior's cry. SHE IS DONE. SHE WANTS OUT.

Frankie DRAGS her wounded leg until she reaches... THE GUN.

Because now, Frankie has the perfect shot.

Frankie raises the gun at the trapped Wolf's head --

Her eyes flicker with violence, she's ready to kill this beast and end this thing once and for all -- WHEN --

FRANKIE STEPS ON SOMETHING. A CLICK. A WHIRR. AND --

Frankie's face appears on the **GIANT SCREENS**.

And that face is agitated, blood splattered, fragile, demented. But *how*?

Frankie looks around and FINDS --

The FALLEN GLAM CAM laying on the ground, pointed UP at Frankie and broadcasting her image to the screens now.

Frankie stares down the barrel of the camera, processing this, panting, mind-racing, eyes-darting, looking unraveled.

AS QUICK SUBLIMINAL FLASH -- Evan's similarly pained, red-faced, manic onscreen image from just hours ago appears.

And this JOLTS Frankie out of her momentary bloodlust.

Frankie blinks at her own fucked-up reflection, she glances at the gun and then at the Wolf.



And even though the Wolf is still violently convulsing under the rig...

Even though he would KILL HER IN A SECOND if he freed himself...

Frankie and the Wolf lock eyes with one another. The Wolf's *sad, strikingly human eyes* boring deep into Frankie's soul.

And now Frankie has a choice to make:

*Are you gonna be like everyone else and participate in the destruction of this man on the world's stage? Or are you gonna be different?*

Adrenaline fading, delirious from blood loss, and sickened with compassion... Frankie decides what kind of person she's going to be.

The New PA raises the gun and --

**FRANKIE SHOOTS THE SINGLE SILVER BULLET INTO THE CEILING.**

Stucco and debris rain down on the duo as the APPLAUSE LIGHT CRASHES TO THE GROUND, flickering OFF. Show is finally over.

A woozy Frankie COLLAPSES onto the ground.

AERIAL SHOT of Frankie and the Wolf laying together, both exhausted and wounded. Human hand outstretched towards Wolf paw. A fucked-up *Beauty and The Beast*.

CU on FRANKIE. Verge of passing out, eyelids heavy, breath slowing. *Stay with us girl.*

As her eyes flutter shut, everything goes BLACK.

**INT. STUDIO -- LATER**

TIME PASSES and NOW we're IN Frankie's POV.

Her eyes barely open, not sure how much time has passed. It's HAZY, DARK, but we can hear sounds, muffled, distorted.

See blurry glimpsing as we seem to be *moving*. Moving past... a hall... a window ... the sun is coming up.

Black again, then GLIMPSES OF bullpen and finally, elevator.

Sounds of grunting and thumping, a mechanical whirring, a clicking sound UNTIL --

A muffled, but unmistakable VOICE is heard. The voice echoes, warped. Frankie's eyes flit back open.

EVAN  
Thank you Francesca.

Frankie stays conscious long enough to see:

EVAN -- naked, wounded, but HUMAN again -- gazing at her with gratitude as elevator doors close on his face.

Blackness again until --

PRE-LAP: THE SOUNDS OF SIRENS.

# **EXT. STUDIO - STREETS OF MANHATTAN - JUST AFTER DAWN**

Frankie's POV still as she's being roused awake by EMTs pointing flashlights into her eyes.

EMT  
(muffled)  
Miss, miss, can you hear me?

ON FRANKIE -- oxygen mask, looking around, bleary-eyed.

POLICE and EMT have gathered.

A SWAT TEAM descends on the building.

COWORKERS in blankets. Others wheeled into stretchers.

GOAT is there, mindlessly chewing on shrubbery.

But Frankie is looking for EVAN. He's not there.

UNTIL --

A HOWL is heard. Over and over, the howling continues.

Frankie cranes around, searching for the origin of the HOWL.

And so is everybody else. The streets are a sea of Spielberg-faces, gazing UP at the--

# **BROKEN WINDOW**

Where Evan stands in the window of an upper floor -- still looking somewhat like a performance -- AND HE IS HOWLING.

But this is not the desperate, vengeful, swan-song howl from before, this is a howl of catharsis, of rebirth, of release.

TEARS well in Evan's eyes -- but not because he is sad -- because after a lifetime of affliction and pain and exploitation, all it took to challenge his cynical philosophy about humanity was for one person to see his.

And as the SWAT TEAM arrives in the window --

EVAN SMILES, because the man who arrived with a death wish now has *just enough* hope to try again another day.

### **BACK ON FRANKIE**

Watching Evan when suddenly -- like a dog hearing a siren -- Frankie finds herself HOWLING back.

The howls jump out of Frankie beyond her control and they are primal. Animal. She is compelled to howl.

Frankie and Evan find each others eyes one last time, howling at each other in their deranged secret language.

And as every person on the street *continues to gawk at Evan in the window -- as they continue to watch him --*

Frankie's stretcher is wheeled AWAY from the spectacle.

The PA who wanted to find her place in this world found out that she's not *for* this world. Unwilling to be complicit in a broken system, Frankie is OUT.

As Frankie is pushed away from the hellish workplace, STAY ON her wild face barking into the chaos of Manhattan and --

**CUT TO BLACK.**

### **MID CREDIT SCENE**

The Woman in the apartment swipes through her phone, ingesting as much footage of Evan as humanly possibly.

WOMAN

This is so fucked up (swipes) This  
is so fucked up (swipes) --

ANNOUNCER VOICE

--Up next on "TILL DEATH," one  
bride learns the hard way what cold  
feet actually looks like.

A TEASER for a *90 Day Fiance*-esque show plays on her TV.

In it, A BRIDE is hysterical, on her knees in agony as she clings to her GROOM, nearly being dragged as he storms away from the altar.

Their child, the FLOWER GIRL, sobs as mommy and daddy fight.

ANNOUNCER

Here only, on the Buzz network.

The woman pockets her cell. *Oh look, different emotionally distraught people onscreen for my entertainment.*

The woman flops back onto the couch, turns the volume up. She relaxes as her eyes glaze over, a dull smile returning.

**THE END.**