

DeWalt of Horror:
Pilot

by

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EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A classic all-American suburb - Levittown, Pennsylvania. A classic creepy graveyard at the edge of town. Fog, crumbling headstones, gnarled trees, the works.

The full moon illuminates a 1950s suburban boy named DeWalt. He makes his way through the cemetery, armed only with a flashlight and a comic book tucked under his arm. He's about 12 years old.

Somewhere nearby...

Pounding footsteps. Heavy panting. Torchlight bouncing off of cobweb-covered cave walls. Someone is being chased.

DeWalt points his flashlight at a particularly bone-chilling mausoleum, somehow even spookier than the others.

DEWALT

I knew I'd seen it before...

Not far away...

The chase continues. Rushed footsteps climbing stairs. Boots and claws struggle to maintain their grip on a slippery stone staircase.

DeWalt holds up his horror comic - The Vault of Horror. On the cover is a snarling werewolf emerging from a mausoleum... A mausoleum almost identical to the one in front of him. The cover says "The Mark of the Werewolf! And other chilling *tails* guaranteed to make you *howl!* 10¢".

An eerie orange glow emanates from the mausoleum, making it look even closer to the illustration on the cover.

The glow gets brighter and brighter until... CRASH! The door breaks into splinters and the chase bursts into the cold night air.

A huge, snarling werewolf hurtles right toward DeWalt. He stands there, mouth agape as the werewolf pounces on him and begins snapping at his head with its huge blood-soaked jaws. DeWalt can barely manage to keep it from biting his face right off his skull.

Howls cry out in the distance as the werewolf manages to bite down on DeWalt's arm.

He looks to his left to see a woman standing above him. She's decked out in a large-brimmed black hat, a long flowing coat, and a tool belt packed with daggers, crucifixes, potions, and other occult items.

She whips out an ancient-looking pistol and shoots the wolf without hesitation. It flies off DeWalt and slams into a nearby tombstone. It slowly morphs back into a man as it dies.

The woman then turns her gun on DeWalt.

THE HUNTER

Sorry, kid. You're marked.

She cocks the pistol. DeWalt's awestruck face changes into a huge grin.

DEWALT

Whoa... Fuckin' awesome!

The monster hunter is a little put off by his reaction, but not for long. She's got a job to do. She's just about to squeeze the trigger when she sees what he's holding.

It's the comic, open to a full-page illustration that looks almost identical to her. Exact same outfit and weapons. Exact same worn face looking down the sights of her pistol. Except the figure in the comic is a man.

THE HUNTER

Are you kidding me?! God damn it.

She holsters her pistol and snatches the comic out of DeWalt's hand. She stomps back into the mausoleum, slamming the broken door shut behind her.

DeWalt tears off a piece of his torn pant leg and uses it to make a bandage for his arm where he was bit. He springs back to his feet and lets out a laugh as he follows behind this mysterious new friend...

Title Card: *DeWalt of Horror*

INT. CRYPT CAVES - NIGHT

DeWalt makes his way down the mausoleum steps and discovers that they lead to a series of underground caverns. He walks deeper into the tunnels, being sure to stop and marvel at all the creepiness along the way.

DEWALT
Skulls! Hell yes.

He can hear an argument echoing through the corridors of the crypt. The hunter is mad at someone, but he can't quite make out who.

The argument gets louder as DeWalt explores the chambers. He searches a bit until it's clear the sound is coming from behind a large wooden door. DeWalt grins and nods as he pushes it open.

INT. THE KEEP - NIGHT

DeWalt sneaks in and is immediately greeted with a room filled with more horror relics than he could ever imagine.

He can see the monster hunter arguing with someone, but his view of the person receiving her anger is blocked by a big wooden chair.

THE HUNTER
How could this get out? The whole world could be in danger now! I trusted you.

THE KEEPER
Please. Calm yourself. You have my word, this does not change a thing.

DeWalt is uninterested in their grownup talk - especially when he is beckoned by an imposing metal door, emblazoned with a plaque that says "The Vault - KEEP OUT".

The Hunter is too angry to even notice what he's up to in her periphery.

THE HUNTER
No. This changes plenty. This could expose our entire operation.

THE KEEPER
I assure you, our SHOCKperation

will be fine.

The Keeper's booming voice echoes through the room. DeWalt lets go of the door's massive handle and turns towards the adults in the room.

DEWALT

The Vault Keeper? No fuckin' way!
He's real?

He walks toward the big chair in the center of the room. He creeps around the side... only to see a minuscule shriveled up man.

DEWALT

The fuck? Is that you, Vault
Keeper?

THE KEEPER

Excuse, me. What is this please?

THE HUNTER

Oh, just some kid that got bit by
the werewolf. Don't worry, I'll
kill him in a second. It'll take a
couple hours before the werewolf
curse takes hold.

The Hunter pulls out an old-timey pocket watch and quickly sets its alarm.

DEWALT

Couple hours? Can I change now if I
concentrate hard enough? Or if I
look at a picture of a moon?

THE HUNTER

Don't distract me. What was I
talking about? Oh yeah, why am I a
man? And why are all the women in
here such morons?

She smacks the comic in her hand for emphasis.

THE KEEPER

I only supply the stories. The
editorial staff edits the material
as they see fit. Art reflects the
time in which it was made. These
periodiSKULLs are no different.

THE HUNTER

They certainly didn't omit those
tedious puns. Aren't these comics

supposed to be scary? Why are they full of jokes?!

DEWALT

Whoa, hey, don't be talking shit on the puns. That's a Vault Keeper signature.

THE HUNTER

Shut up, kid. I'll deal with you shortly.

THE KEEPER

Clearly someone appreciates my body of work.

DEWALT

Yeah, it kicks ass. The puns, the twist endings, the Frankensteins and their monsters. It rules. But uh... Why do you look all fucked up? Your picture in the comic is different.

The Hunter flips to a picture of the Vault Keeper introducing a story - he's portrayed as much more menacing and full-sized than he is in reality.

THE HUNTER

Let me guess, the editors also decided to make you look not all tiny and shriveled?

THE KEEPER

Why do I appear as you see before me? "Shriveled", or "fucked up", as you say? It is quite a tale... I suppose I do not see the harm in a final story before the boy is euthanized.

DEWALT

Hell yeah! I get to hear how The Vault Keeper became a fucked up raisin man, AND I'm gonna turn into a werewolf? This is my lucky night.

THE HUNTER

Wonderful, you got him going.

THE KEEPER

Centuries ago, on this very land, I lived in a peaceful village. I was a young man much like yourself,

fascinated with black magic and the occult. One night, during the festival of Samhain, I wandered a too far into the woods and I came across a coven of witches performing a sacrifice. It was just like the horror stories I had heard, but all too real. Terribly real. They spotted me and began to approach with murderous intent. I pleaded with them: Let me live. I don't want to die.

With a great cackle they said "Your wish is granted." I would not die that night. I would not die any night. I was cursed with immortality. Cursed to live forever for my transgression. Cursed with endless time to learn and contemplate my situation. But as my intellect grew, my body continued to age. Shrink. Gravity and time wrinkled and compressed my frame into what you see before you. Despite my small stature, my knowledge is so vast. I am able to accurately predict the actions of men, as well as the actions of monsters, demons, and those that look to conquer the overworld. With alarming HACKurracy.

The Hunter rolls her eyes at the pun. DeWalt pumps his fist.

THE KEEPER

Now I am the protector of that knowledge. The teller of tales. The Keeper of the Vault of Horrors.

THE HUNTER

All while I'm out there doing the dirty work for you fighting evil. Then you sell those secrets to the comics industry for some extra cash? Not anymore. I'm done. I'm the best monster hunter in the world, not some cheap dancing clown for delinquents like this kid.

DEWALT

Wait, wait, wait. Wait a fuckin' second here... So it's all REAL? The mummies, zombies, black lagoon

creatures? Everything in the comics is stuff that will happen?

THE KEEPER

Yes, each month's issue is a glimpse into the horrors that will take place in the coming weeks.

THE HUNTER

But you won't be hearing about it anymore. I'm done. I'll fight evil alone.

DEWALT

Holy shit! No wonder so many buildings around here look like the comics. It's real!

(Beat)

Wait, what about the one where you fight the evil girl selling poison lemonade and she's like, "on a hot day, lemonade can be really defleshing" but then you show up and you throw her a shiny new quarter fresh off the mint and you're like--

THE HUNTER

Quiet. That's an old one. That already happened. No more stories, though. This arrangement is finished.

The Hunter yanks an amulet from her neck and throws it to the floor.

DeWalt picks it up and examines it.

DEWALT

You never realized what was going on here? This amulet is a comic.

THE HUNTER

What? No it is not. It's some sort of monolith.

DEWALT

A monolith that opens up and has little pages and panels like a small metal comic book charm? You sure you don't want this? This rules.

He shrugs and pockets the amulet.

THE HUNTER

Shut up! Why are we wasting all this time anyway. You're marked. I kill you, and I end the werewolf bloodline. Finally. I leave your corpse here for the raisin keeper to clear up and I walk away. A fine end.

She raises her gun.

THE KEEPER

Ha, a bit early in your solo venture to be making such GRAVE mistakes, no? There are more werewolves besides this horrible boy.

THE HUNTER

If you weren't immortal I would kill you with pleasure right now. I hope a bird eats you. And shits you into a trash can.

DEWALT

Oh hell yeah, more werewolves.

THE HUNTER

No problem. I'll kill them too.

THE KEEPER

If only you knew where they reside.

DEWALT

Like in a werewolf house? That's where this month's issue takes place.

He grabs the comic from The Hunter and flips to a page showing an eerie house crawling with vicious werewolves.

DEWALT

There's one that looks just like it in the woods nearby. Scoped it out a few days ago.

The Hunter and The Keeper both look at DeWalt as they simultaneously realize there could be more to him than they thought.

The Hunter lowers her gun and smiles at DeWalt.

THE HUNTER

Show me.

THE KEEPER

Shit.

- END OF ACT 1 -

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - NIGHT

The Hunter and DeWalt hike through the woods on the edge of town.

DEWALT

What about the issue from a couple months ago with the bouncy castle from a couple months ago? Where the guy is using the souls of his victims to fill it up?

THE HUNTER

That's another old one - everything before this month's issue has already happened.

DEWALT

I'll keep an eye out for it at my next birthday party anyway.

THE HUNTER

Yeah, thanks.

The Hunter flips through the comic DeWalt had earlier.

THE HUNTER

What's the deal with the guy that looks like me?

DEWALT

The monster hunter guy is a recurring character, along with the Vault Keeper. He introduces the story, you take down the bad guys.

THE HUNTER

That sounds about right.

DEWALT

Does that mean I'm the new Vault Keeper?

THE HUNTER

No. It means your obsession with these things bought you a few more hours of life. Make yourself useful, give me intel on where we're going.

DEWALT

OK so the story this month is called "Enter the Werewolf House of Wolves."

THE HUNTER

What happens in it?

DEWALT

Well, you--or sort of you... What should I call you anyway? In the comic they just call you "The Hunter".

THE HUNTER

The Hunter is fine.

An awkward silence.

DEWALT

My name's DeWalt by the way.

She gives him a look.

DEWALT

Well, my last name anyway. That's what my dad calls me. Like a military thing or something, I don't know.

The Hunter motions towards the comic.

THE HUNTER

Give me details. This is life or death.

DEWALT

Oh right. So, this one is great. You go into the werewolf house and meet this guy who is bit by a werewolf, but he hides it from you. You start getting along, but then the moon becomes full and he turns into a werewolf. So you have to go up into the attic to find the werewolf talisman that gives them power. Him and a bunch of werewolves are surrounding you and you're all like "nooooo" and you smash the amulet and kill all of them, including your friend. It's nuts, there's blood and guts everywhere and when they die the were--

THE HUNTER

OK I get it. That is not great. But I'll figure it out. Shut up. We're getting close. I can feel it.

An animal howls in the distance.

DEWALT

Oh shit, a werewolf!

THE HUNTER

Coyote.

DEWALT

Sounded like a pretty standard werewolf howl to me.

THE HUNTER

Werewolves don't howl.

She gets right up into DeWalts face and speaks in grave tones.

THE HUNTER

They scream.

DEWALT

(Similar hushed tone.)

That kicks ass.

DeWalt spots some light ahead in a clearing.

DEWALT

Oh damn, I see it!

The Hunter unholsters her pistol and becomes deadly silent.

DEWALT

Do you see it? Right up ahead in the clearing.

She brushes him off.

DEWALT

What's the deal with werewolves anyway?

THE HUNTER

They're dangerous. That's all you need to know. Quiet.

DEWALT

How come sometimes they are just wolves, and other times they are

like, people-wolf hybrids?

THE HUNTER

They will kill and eat you. That's all you need to worry about.

DEWALT

It's just inconsistent, you know? Don't you think--

THE HUNTER

Listen. I'm not your mommy. I'm here to stop evil. If we can't break this curse in time, I will kill you and feel nothing. The moon is full tonight, which means that if you're right, that house ahead could be full of werewolves. So be quiet and don't be an idiot, OK? I have work to do.

DEWALT

Yep. Cool. Kick ass.

She checks her watch.

THE HUNTER

You have 30 minutes. Let's move.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

They move into the clearing and see an extremely average suburban house. It has many windows and all the lights are on, so it's easy to see a woman happily serving food to her contented husband.

DEWALT

What the fuck! It's all windows.

THE HUNTER

You can see right in... The whole house.

DEWALT

Where are all the werewolves? I thought we were gonna get to be mauled and devoured.

The Hunter scowls.

THE HUNTER

The attic, right? I'd bet they're in there. I'm going to find a way

in. Stay here.

DEWALT

You always sneak into places! Then you just end up getting ambushed when you least expect it.

THE HUNTER

Not every time...

DEWALT

Let's be more proactive! Let's use the element of surprise on those damn werewolves. I know a war maneuver from my Two-Fisted Tales comics.

THE HUNTER

Two Fisted?

DEWALT

Macho war comics. Means punching, I guess.

THE HUNTER

I don't know what you're talking about. Shut up and don't move. If there's one thing I learned it's this: Evil is unpredictable. We have to be cautious.

DEWALT

No, no, this could work. You flank right - I go to the left. It's called the Soldier's Gambit or something.

THE HUNTER

God dammit, don't--

DeWalt charges to the left and immediately knocks over a garbage can, creating a huge racket.

The husband from inside swings open the door mere seconds after.

HUSBAND

Hello neighbor!

DEWALT

Hello sir! Where are the damn werewolves?

The Hunter clenches her fists in anger from her hiding spot

in the trees.

THE HUNTER

(To herself)

I could kill him right now.

HUSBAND

Ha, very funny you! Say, why don't you join us for supper? The wife made plenty. We'd love for some company.

The husband grabs DeWalt's arm and starts pulling him inside the house.

THE HUNTER

(To herself)

Could just let them kill him for me...

She weighs her options for a second.

THE HUNTER

(To herself)

Dammit.

She runs up to the door and manages to catch it just before the husband closes it behind him.

THE HUNTER

Hi there. Hello sir. Sorry about the boy. Kids say the darnedest shit don't they? That little scamp. My uh... My son. My bad son. Me and my bad son will join you.

DEWALT

I thought you didn't want to be my mommy?

The Hunter nudges him with her pistol just out of view of the Husband.

THE HUNTER

(To DeWalt)

We tried your way. Now listen to me. Play along so I can scope this place out - or we're both dead. Got it?

DEWALT

Right. Um... Yeah.

(To husband)

Fine and dandy Mr. Dipshit!

HUSBAND

This son of yours sure has some
spunk!

THE HUNTER

Ha. Ha. You could say that. He
better watch himself.

HUSBAND

Well don't just stand outside!
Aren't you coming in?

They both hesitate for a moment, then enter.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The Husband sits them down at the table, which is covered in
a lavish 1950s meal. All the staples from back then. Roasts,
casseroles, probably some sort of savory Jell-O dish.

The Husband and Wife stare at DeWalt and The Hunter with
frozen smiles as they eat.

WIFE

It is positively wonderful to have
guests. Please, help yourselves!

The Hunter grabs a roast with her bare hands. DeWalt puts it
back on the serving dish and gives her utensils.

DEWALT

Sorry, my not fake mom sometimes
forgets that non-monster hunters
eat with forks and shit when they
want to be inconspicuous.

HUNTER

Right. Yeah. Of course.

HUSBAND

Say, what brings you two out here
at this hour? Why yes, that's a
fine conversation topic, indeed.

WIFE

Such a fine topic! I simply cannot
wait to hear the fine answer our
guests will provide.

DEWALT

Oh we were uh... Hunting.

She nudges him again.

THE HUNTER

Hunting for a... Kite. Yep my son here was flying it earlier today and it got away.

HUSBAND

I see.

DEWALT

Right, yeah, it may have landed on your roof. Do you have a way we could access it somehow maybe? A creepy attic?

THE HUNTER

Um, yes right. My darn son. He really should be careful.

WIFE

Say, isn't this just a fine dinner we are having?

HUSBAND

And a fine conversation, to boot.

THE HUNTER

Have you noticed anything unusual lately in your home? Any unexplained noises?

WIFE

No, not that I can think of...

DEWALT

Anything at all? Rattling bones? A screeching bat, the animal friend of horror?

HUSBAND

Oh no, nothing of the sort. This is a very quiet domicile.

WIFE

Except for the occasional sound of...

HUSBAND AND WIFE

Kissing!

They start kissing, much to the shock of our heroes.

DeWalt leans over and whispers to The Hunter.

DEWALT

We gotta get the fuck outta here.
This is so boring. Why are they so
nice?! This sucks.

THE HUNTER

It's your fault we're here in the
first place. You shouldn't be
bored, you should be scared. It's
highly likely werewolves are
lurking around here somewhere and
these weirdos don't even know it.

DeWalt perks up at the mention of werewolves, frustrating
The Hunter further.

HUSBAND

So, Bobby was it?

DEWALT

No.

HUSBAND

So, how are things at school,
champ?

WIFE

Oh, yes. School. Bobby!

DEWALT

DeWalt. I'm doing very bad in
school, actually. I'm really bad at
it. I spend too much time reading
comics and drawing corpses and
shit.

He takes a moment glance at the comic. He flips to the
werewolf house story just to confirm: Yep, the werewolf
house looks exactly like the one he's in, except,
predictably, it's full of werewolves. And The Hunter's male
counterpart is slaying them with lots of blood and gore.

DeWalt and The Hunter look up, totally disheartened at the
smiling, supportive husband and wife.

WIFE

Oh, those comics, I am not a fan.

HUSBAND

So violent. Terrible.

DEWALT

Hey, watch it.

WIFE

I was just reading about that study
- the one that proves horror comics
are connected to juvenile
delinquency.

THE HUNTER

That rings true to me, from what
I've seen.

HUSBAND

It makes sense. Those comics set
nothing but bad examples, every
character is a truly deranged
person.

THE HUNTER

OK, cool it. That's not true.

DEWALT

I am not a delinquent you batty
fuckers.

WIFE

Truly. Kids need real role models,
not ghouls and Frankensteins.

DEWALT AND THE HUNTER

Frankenstein's monster.

HUSBAND

They are just so... Lurid.

WIFE

Those comics give kids the wrong
idea of what the real world is
like.

HUSBAND

I hope someone will ban those
things--and soon.

WIFE

Such awful things. So lurid...

Both DeWalt and The Hunter are fuming, though the couple are
still smiling their wholesome smiles.

HUSBAND

But we know you both are doing your
absolute best.

WIFE

We're proud of you.

DEWALT
What in the fuck?

THE HUNTER
That's just about all I can take.
Can we go to the attic please? Time
to kill that--

DEWALT
Kite.

WIFE
Of course, dears.

HUSBAND
There's a door that leads right to
the roof in the attic.

DEWALT
Dear god, let's go.

THE HUNTER
Yep. We'll be on our way up now.

WIFE
We sincerely hope you find what
you're looking for.

HUSBAND
Best of luck...

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

The Hunter and DeWalt climb up a staircase into the house's
attic.

DEWALT
OK, so in the comic, the talisman
is the key. You get cornered and
you have to smash it and everyone
dies. Including your... Plucky new
friend. So, try not to get
cornered.

THE HUNTER
I know how to hunt werewolves.
Trust me.

She looks at her watch.

THE HUNTER
We need to hurry. You've got 5
minutes before you turn.

The run up the stairs, but when they reach the top they both are stunned. It's... Normal?

They're flabbergasted. It's as mundane as the rest of the house. Old photo albums. Christmas decorations. Not even a scary mannequin or anything.

The Hunter spins around to see a sign that says "BLESS THIS MESS" hung on the doorway that leads to the roof.

THE HUNTER

What kind of fucked up place is this?

DEWALT

Did I go through all that bullshit for nothing? No werewolves?

THE HUNTER

This place feels wrong. It's so... Nice.

DEWALT

What is the deal with these freaks? The comic was extremely incorrect, maybe your raisin friend is just an ugly old fucker and not as smart as he says he is.

THE HUNTER

Normally the info he gives me is correct.

DEWALT

He couldn't have been more wrong here. It's just the most normal piece of shit couple on earth. Swear to god, that guy was about to tousle my hair.

THE HUNTER

You think I'm happy about it? I know how to shoot werewolves with deadly accuracy, not chit chat. Are you sure you know this comic as well as you say you do?

DEWALT

Are you kidding me? I know that comic by heart. You know what it had? Fuckin, werewolves, blood, arms being torn off and shit! Instead I had to sit here and listen to some boring-ass couple

talk about Jello recipes and
besmirch all my favorite things.
Give me a fuckin' break.

THE HUNTER

Well, the good news is that you're
gonna get some of that gore you
wanted. You've been living on
borrowed time long enough. Time to
break the curse.

DEWALT

Fine, whatever. Guess I'm just
delinquent good-for-nothing after
all. Didn't even get to become a
werewolf.

THE HUNTER

Guess I learned my lesson about
trying to go out and monster hunt
on my own.

She pulls out her weapon. As she looks down the sights, the
alarm on her pocket watch goes off.

DEWALT

Is that your alarm? Hell yeah,
werewolf time! At least I get to go
out in a cool way.

He closes his eyes and waits for the transformation to
happen, but nothing.

DEWALT

Why is nothing happening? I got
bit, the curse has taken hold...

THE HUNTER

No moonlight up here - no
transformation.

DEWALT

Can I go out in the moonlight
before you kill me? Pleaaaaaase?

THE HUNTER

Sorry, can't risk it.

DEWALT

PLEEAAAASE?

THE HUNTER

No.

DEWALT

Shit. Can't even turn into a werewolf before I die. This night sucks.

THE HUNTER

It's been a bad night for the both of us, kid.

Before she can pull the trigger, the husband and wife appear on the stairs near the entrance. Their faces glow eerily in the light streaming in from the well-lit house below.

HUSBAND

Pardon us, we just were wondering. Will you be joining us for coffee and pie in the rumpus room?

THE HUNTER AND DEWALT

Rumpus room?!

THE HUNTER

Unfortunately no. Please leave us alone.

DEWALT

I'm trying to die here dude, fuck off with the rumpus room.

THE HUNTER

Rumpus room. Like this day could get any worse.

DEWALT

Seriously.

HUSBAND

I'm afraid our little get-together isn't quite over yet. Dear, would you join me upstairs?

WIFE

Of course, honey.

HUSBAND

You two were right about one thing.

WIFE

This is the werewolf house.

DEWALT

Yes! Knew it!

HUSBAND

But we're not werewolves.

THE HUNTER

But... The full moon?

DEWALT

Get the hell out of the werewolf house if you're not werewolves! Frauds.

The husband begins climbing up the stairs, out of the warm light of the house and into the darkness of the attic.

WIFE

We're werehumans.

THE HUNTER

What?

HUSBAND

Werewolf house isn't named as such because's it's full of werewolves.

WIFE

It's called werewolf house because in here, if you get bit by something, you turn into that thing. Every full moon.

As the husband enters the shadows of the attic, he begins to gradually change. Hair begins to sprout from his head and arms.

THE HUNTER

All those windows...

DEWALT

To let the moonlight in!

HUSBAND

We were just a couple of wolves, looking for shelter in a storm when we came in here.

WIFE

We got bit by some awful human. Now we have to spend every full moon in these horrible bodies. Pretending we're "normal" people with these gross fleshy bodies that have hair in only the most embarrassing places.

DEWALT

OK, that part I understand.

HUSBAND

I think it's time for us to finally be ourselves, don't you think dear?

WIFE

Yes, you have no idea what it's like to have to live in different skin. It's hell.

HUSBAND

Oh, I think they'll have a very good idea of what it's like. Every full moon.

WIFE

That's right... Once we bite you, you will be...

HUSBAND AND WIFE

Werehumanwolves!!!

The husband takes a few more steps and is soon immersed in shadow. The wife follows closely behind her husband, her head and arms begin to change as well as she leaves the light of the house below and enters the darkness of the attic.

DEWALT

God damn! Finally!

The wolf that formerly was the husband of the house jumps on DeWalt and begins snapping at him. The wife completes her transformation and moves to attack The Hunter.

DEWALT

Oh hell yeah.

They argue as they try and fend off attacks from the wolves.

DEWALT

I told you, they always appear when you least expect it.

THE HUNTER

Why didn't the comic say anything about this?!

DEWALT

The raisin guy did say that the publishers change stuff? They must have taken a lot of liberties. Less

explaining, get right to the gore.
Guess that's what the kids like.

THE HUNTER

Just don't let them bite you! I
don't even know what'll happen,
that's too many curses to keep
track of.

The conversation with DeWalt distracts The Hunter and a wolf pounces on her. As she is trying to hold it back, she notices something around its neck: the exact same amulet she wore when she worked for the Vault Keeper raisin man.

THE HUNTER

He didn't change the story because
it wasn't gory enough! He changed
it so people wouldn't find out the
truth! These wolves work for him!

DEWALT

He isn't stopping evil... He's
recruiting it.

THE HUNTER

They're like me. Fodder for his
fuckin' stories. Hey, wait a
minute...

THE HUNTER AND DEWALT

The amulet!

They nod to each other. The Hunter kicks the werewolf off of her and runs toward the door leading to the outside.

She pulls out her pistol and tries to aim, but she can't get a clear shot. DeWalt and the wolf are rolling around and wrestling on the floor.

She thinks for a moment, then shoots a large hole in the door. A beam of moonlight shines across the space and hits DeWalt and the wolf on top of him.

DeWalt and the werewolf fight, both transforming as the moonlight hits their bodies--DeWalt into a werewolf, and the werewolf back into a guy.

DEWALT

Hunter look! I'm doing it! I'm a
werewolf!

The Hunter is fending off the other werewolf, when she glances, DeWalt is back into his human form.

DEWALT

No you, missed it! Look... Now!

THE HUNTER

I'm a little busy right now.

DEWALT

Hunter look! Look now I'm changing!

She looks over to see DeWalt move into the moonlight--but it only hits his bottom half. The wolf he has been battling is in mid-chomp when the light hits, causing the husband to bite DeWalt with his human teeth just as they both change. The husband's human teeth bite down on DeWalt's bare wolf leg where he ripped his pants earlier.

DEWALT

Ow! Asshole.

The bite causes DeWalt to start changing back into his human form despite the moonlight shining on him.

DEWALT

He cursed me with humanity! You motherfucker...

THE HUNTER

Focus! The amulet.

The Hunter rips the amulet from the wife's neck, and DeWalt pulls the other from his own. They both "bite" the wolf couple by pinching them with the 2 covers of the comic book necklace.

THE HUNTER

Turns out the saying isn't true--
moonlight is the best disinfectant.

DEWALT

No, do a pun!

THE HUNTER

I like my thing.

DEWALT

Fangs for your hospitality,
fuckers!!

THE HUNTER

Ugh, fine.

The Hunter does a flying kick and destroys the door and the "BLESS THIS MESS" sign. It flies off its hinges and entire room is immediately filled with moonlight.

The husband and wife both stand for a second, tilting their heads at DeWalt and The Hunter like confused dogs, but then the moon's effect quickly takes hold. The couple howls as they transform into a couple comic books.

DeWalt speaks after a long silence.

DEWALT

Wait... So am I cured?

THE HUNTER

I think so. You got bit by a human, so...

DEWALT

Every full moon I'll just stay a human?

THE HUNTER

Close enough. Curse broken. Let's get the fuck outta here.

DeWalt smiles and nods.

- END OF ACT 2 -

EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - DUSK

The moon is starting to set behind the horizon as the Hunter and DeWalt walk out of the woods and back into town. A fine time to reminisce about all the wacky adventures they got up to this night.

DeWalt is flipping through the comics that used to be wolves.

THE HUNTER

Did the werepeople at least turn into decent comics?

DEWALT

Not surprisingly, no. They were boring as hell. Barely any gore. It's all just dumb jokes about family stuff. Too many words for me.

THE HUNTER

I like the parts with words.

DEWALT

You would.

(beat)

What are we gonna do with these? Won't they turn back into angry wolves once the full moon is gone?

THE HUNTER

I think I know just where we can store these...

DEWALT

Where?

THE HUNTER

Oh I thought we were on the same page there. Like we were with the amulets. I'm gonna put them in the raisin man's precious horror vault.

DEWALT

Fuck yeah.

THE HUNTER

Looks like he's finally gonna get his *just desserts*.

DEWALT

Damn, if anything that happened tonight had anything to do with dessert that would be a great line.

THE HUNTER

Listen, don't go too far OK? Might need your horror expertise to track down other evil he's got lurking out there.

DEWALT

So he's been orchestrating it all? The monsters and the hunter?

THE HUNTER

Guess that's how he's able to "predict" what'll happen.

DEWALT

But why?

THE HUNTER

For the stories, I think.

DEWALT

Dang, well, I don't necessarily agree with his methods but you can't argue with the results--this is good shit.

DeWalt holds up the Werewolf House comic, the caption reads: "The neighBEHEAD was quiet again... For now..."

THE HUNTER

Neigh-behead? What is that?

DEWALT

Like, neighborhood, and behead.

THE HUNTER

Goddamn raisin man.

DEWALT

By the way, can we fight a skeleton next time? Or a zombie or something?

THE HUNTER

It's not like I get to decide. He does. Maybe.

DEWALT

But not one of those boring

bleached white skeletons. Gimme a
real scary one with flesh and shit
hanging off--

THE HUNTER

OK. Go home now. Bye.

EXT. SUBURB - NIGHT

We cut between DeWalt and The Hunter wrapping up their
night.

The Hunter enters the Vault Keeper's crypt. She peers in and
sees that the raisin man is sleeping.

DeWalt returns home and sneaks past his sleeping father.
Clutched in his dad's prosthetic hand is a crushed beer can.
Next to him is a Purple Heart and other World War II
decorations proudly displayed.

The Hunter slowly opens the door to the Keeper's vault.

DeWalt makes himself a grilled cheese sandwich for a late
dinner.

The Hunter takes the 2 comics and places them on the shelf,
alongside hundreds of other comics of her past and future
exploits.

DeWalt looks over a similar collection of horror comics at
his house. He picks one off the shelf and takes it and his
sandwich into his room.

The Hunter exits the mausoleum and walks back into the
spooky graveyard. She sees the dead man from before.

THE HUNTER

Oh right, I killed that guy.

She looks at the headstone the dead man is up against - the
same one DeWalt was hiding behind. Its inscription reads:

MARY DEWALT

1916 - 1949

Beloved daughter, wife, mother.

DeWalt takes a big bite of his grilled cheese, turns off the
light and crawls under his bedsheets. He pulls out his
flashlight, cracks open his horror comic and begins to read.

The End