

<Title>

an original screenplay by

<your name here>

<your Name here>  
<your address>  
<city, state, zip>  
<phone>  
<email>

FADE IN

MUSIC BEGINS - **SHADOW OF THE WEREWOLF THEME**

MUSIC ENDS

MUSIC BEGINS - **NATURE CALLS**

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A sense of danger fills the cold night air. There is a rustle of leaves as the troubled wind begins to moan. Footsteps are heard in the distance.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

A twigs snaps.

EXT. TREE - NIGHT

The owl reacts to the sound.

CLOSE-UP OF AN OWL IN A NEARBY TREE

The owl turns his head towards the sound.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

A woman is walking alone in the woods.

EXT. BUSHES - NIGHT

A pair of eyes watches her as she moves like a frightened prey.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

She is lost. She stops, for a moment.

PAN UP FROM HER FEET TO HER FACE

Her body is voluptuous. Her face is beautiful.

EXT. BUSHES - NIGHT

The figure in the bushes begins to breathe heavily.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

She turns and looks all around her. She hesitates, for a moment. Then, she continues on.

EXT. BUSHES - NIGHT

The mysterious figure begins to follow her. Quietly. Silently. Without fear. Without conscience.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

It is deathly still. She listens closely. A cold wind kicks up again.

EXT. TREES - NIGHT

The wind begins to play hide and seek with the branches.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

She turns back and begins to walk faster.

EXT. BUSHES - NIGHT

He continues to watch her every move. Admiring her essence. Desiring to be close to her body. Possessing her in every way.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

Her childhood fears begin to overtake her.

SLOW MOTION BEGINS

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

Her body begins to move up and down. She begins to run faster and faster.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

A dark cloud drifts past the full moon. It slices the luminous celestial body in half.

SLOW MOTION ENDS

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

There is a sound that fills the woods. A sound of pain. A sound of loneliness. A sound of desire.

MEDIUM CLOSE-UP OF HER FACE

She listens closely to the sound. She picks up the pace.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

She comes to a hill on the trail. She quickly moves up the hill.

EXT. HILL - NIGHT

She stops, for a moment, at the top of the hill.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

She sees the main road in the distance.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

She continues to race towards it. She hears a noise. She comes to an abrupt stop. She turns around.

EXT. TREES - NIGHT

She watches as the owl spreads his wings and takes flight. He lands on a nearby tree branch.

CLOSE-UP OF HER FACE

She takes in another deep breath. She tries and looks at the surroundings all around her.

EXT. BUSHES - NIGHT

There is no movement.

EXT. TRAIL - NIGHT

She turns back. From out of the darkness comes a wild creature of the night.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF THE CREATURE

The creature bares his teeth.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP OF THE VICTIM

EXT. TREE - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP OF THE OWL

The sounds of a wild animal enjoying his feast are heard throughout the forest.

CLOSE-UP OF THE OWL

The owl looks back at us.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The sounds of a wild animal enjoying his feast are heard throughout the forest.

CLOSE-UP OF THE OWL

The owl blinks his eyes calmly.

MUSIC FADES

FADE IN

EXT. BED AND BREAKFAST INN - DAY - MORNING

A softer wind blows across the path of a man who is walking towards a quaint yet clean bed and breakfast inn.

MEDIUM CLOSE-UP

He stops, for a moment, and take in the fresh smell of croissants and black coffee. **VICTOR STEFANI**, thirty, is the seventh son of a wealthy Argentine businessman. He is handsome, well mannered and moves gracefully like an athlete. He continues forward and walks up the steps of the inn.

INN. BED AND BREAKFAST LOBBY - DAY

Victor slowly walks in.

CLOSE-UP OF A CAMERA'S FLASH BULB

Its flash goes off.

Victor looks over to his left and notices that there are news reporters, photographers and police all over the restaurant. A **HOSTESS** greets him.

HOSTESS

May I help you?

Victor turns and responds to her.

VICTOR

Yes. I'd like to get some breakfast.

HOSTESS

Just one?

VICTOR

Yes.

HOSTESS

Follow me.

The hostess grabs a menu and leads the way. Victor dutifully follows.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST DINING AREA - DAY

The hostess stops at a table near the kitchen. Victor speaks up.

VICTOR  
I'd like a table near the window,  
please.

HOSTESS  
Sure.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST TABLE - DAY

The hostess finds a suitable table right next to a window.

VICTOR  
Thank you.

HOSTESS  
You're welcome. Your waitress will  
be right over.

Victor nods. The hostess walks away. Victor surveys the  
site.

One reporter is talking to a couple nearby.

A couple of detectives are speaking to another individual.

A **WAITRESS** approaches Victor's table.

WAITRESS #1  
Hello.

Victor looks up.

VICTOR  
Hello.

WAITRESS #1  
What can I get you?

VICTOR  
I'll start with a cup of coffee. No  
sugar. No cream. Very black.

WAITRESS #1  
And would you like breakfast?

VICTOR  
Yes. I'll try those croissants.

WAITRESS #1  
Anything else?

VICTOR  
Some fruit. Banana, strawberries.  
That's it.

WAITRESS #1  
Got it. I'll be right back with  
your coffee.

VICTOR  
Thank you.

She begins to walk away.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
Excuse me ... miss?

She turns around and walks back to him.

VICTOR (CONT'D)  
I don't mean to be nosy. But, what  
is going on around here?

WAITRESS #1  
Oh. The reporters and the police?

VICTOR  
Yes.

WAITRESS #1  
Seems like there was a murder last  
night.

VICTOR  
Really?

WAITRESS #1  
Yeah.

VICTOR  
Where did it happen?

WAITRESS #1  
In the woods.

VICTOR  
Who was it?

WAITRESS #1  
One of the waitresses. Sandra.

VICTOR  
Did you know her?

WAITRESS #1  
She had only been here a few months.  
But she certainly knew the owner.

VICTOR  
Oh?

WAITRESS #1

There was a rumor that she was working overtime. If you know what I mean?

VICTOR

An affair?

WAITRESS #1

Yeah. And he's married.

VICTOR

Did his wife know?

WAITRESS #1

She was suspicious.

The waitress looks over to a table in the corner.

WAITRESS #1 (CONT'D)

She's sitting right over there ...  
talking to the police.

MUSIC BEGINS - **VALENTINA**

Victor turns and looks.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST CORNER TABLE - DAY

He is struck at the beauty and grace of the woman who has just slowly crossed her right leg. **VALENTINA SANTORI**, early thirties, is a very attractive woman. She turns and sees that Victor is looking at her. She softly smiles.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST TABLE - DAY

Victor's heart jumps and begins to beat faster. The waitress brings back to earth.

WAITRESS #1

She's married.

Victor turns and responds.

VICTOR

Yes. You had stated that before.

WAITRESS #1

I'd be careful.

VICTOR

And why is that?

WAITRESS #1

Her husband is a very jealous, very controlling ... and very dangerous.

VICTOR

I see. Well. Thanks for the information.

WAITRESS #1

Sure. I've got to get moving.

VICTOR

Understood. Thank you.

The waitress walks off. Victor looks over and sneaks another peek at Valentina.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST CORNER TABLE - DAY

Valentina catches him looking at her again. She softly smiles.

INT. BED AND BREAKFAST TABLE - DAY

Victor smiles back.

MUSIC FADES

EXT. WOODS - DAY - MID-MORNING

A vehicle pulls up near the scene of the crime. Two detectives, **JORGE CORREA**, mid-thirties and **SEBASTIAN FRENTI**, mid-thirties, step out and begin to survey the site. Jorge is anal and shoots from the mouth. Sebastian is cynical and burnt out.

SEBASTIAN

What do you know about the husband?

JORGE

He's got a record. Been arrested for intoxication in a public place, assault and battery, illegal possession of a fire arm.

SEBASTIAN

Sounds like a bundle of joy.

JORGE

Yeah. Definitely want to stay on your toes with this one.

SEBASTIAN

Where is he now?

JORGE

He was spotted cutting wood out here ... about a half hour ago.

SEBASTIAN  
Let's go talk to him.

JORGE  
Okay.

EXT. WOODPILE - DAY

They spot him in a clearing just over the ridge. They approach him cautiously.

**MAURICIO SANTORI**, mid-thirties, hears them coming. He pretends to ignore them.

SEBASTIAN  
Excuse me. Mauricio Santori?

Mauricio slowly looks up.

MAURICIO  
Yeah.

SEBASTIAN  
Can we have a few words with you?

MAURICIO  
That depends.

Jorge and Sebastian look at him intently.

MAURICIO (CONT'D)  
On what you have to say.

SEBASTIAN  
This won't take long.

MAURICIO  
Who are you?

SEBASTIAN  
We're detectives. Special agents brought in to investigate last night's murder.

MAURICIO  
Great! Still doesn't tell me what I need to know.

JORGE  
Shut up and sit down!

Mauricio slowly puts his ax down.

SEBASTIAN  
I'm Sebastian Frenti. And this is  
my partner, Jorge Correa.

Mauricio sits down on a nearby tree stump. Sebastian leans  
over him.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
You'll have to forgive my partner.  
This job can be a lonely one. He's  
a little on edge.

MAURICIO  
So, tell him to find a woman that'll  
satisfy him.

Jorge takes a step towards Mauricio. Sebastian puts his  
hand out to stop him.

SEBASTIAN  
Once again. You'll have to forgive  
my partner. He has a tendency to  
over react to people who are rude an  
arrogant.

Mauricio looks away.

MAURICIO  
Go ahead and ask.

SEBASTIAN  
Did you know Sandra Banegas?

MAURICIO  
No.

SEBASTIAN  
Are you sure?

Mauricio becomes indignant.

MAURICIO  
I said no!

SEBASTIAN  
I think your lying.

Mauricio turns and faces his accuser.

MAURICIO  
Okay. She was a waitress at the  
inn.

SEBASTIAN  
Ah. Now we're getting somewhere.