

the following is an early draft of a script i wrote for school and would like to continue to develop. it's probably rife with spelling errors and contains my trademark capsless typing, but these are all just roadblocks. anyway, everything on here is copyright brian dodge and this is one thing on my site that i'd rather not be used or changed without my permission. as long as we're all understanding each other, enjoy!

HEXT. A SUBURBAN STREET NIGHT

it's a dark, quiet night on a small suburban street lined with modest houses. all the homes have their lights turned off. everybody's asleep.

a large, rusted station wagon whips around the corner. it's windows rolled down, smoke and rock music billowing out into the night. the car slows slightly and swerves it's way up the street. as it passes the houses by, newspapers fly out the windows, left, right, left, right. every paper lands on the houses doorstep. perfect. the car slows to a crawl in front of a small square house covered with christmas lights, sitting at the top of the hill. its long driveway stretches farther than anyone could be expected to throw a paper. the car stops.

the car door opens. Greg gets out. he's 19 years old, has matted unkempt hair and four days of stubble. his beaten up canvas jacket is covered with whiteout doodles of cartoon characters and band names. Greg breathes in deep, as if to summon courage, and starts to tiptoe his way up the driveway.

Greg gently lobbs the paper at the front door. it hits the ground, bounces and smacks into the storm door with a dull thud. it triggers a motion sensitive porch light that turns on, illuminating Greg. a light goes on in the house.

GREG

crap.

the door opens. Sylvia, a 21 year old girl pokes her head out. her silvery blond hair shags over her eyes and shoulders. she stands in doorway so as not to get cold, since she's only wearing shorts and a ratty green t-shirt.

SYLVIA

morning greg

Greg freezes, his back to Sylvia, poised to run for the car. he stops and turns slowly.

GREG

oh. um, hey Sylvia. i didn't mean to wake you up. it's just, the paper just bounced and it hit the door. I'm usually a better toss than that.

Sylvia rolls her eyes and smiles, as if this exact exchange has happened a million times before.

SYLVIA

it's alright Greg. for the last time, I'm always awake at night. I'm a werewolf, remember

GREG

right, sorry. i just forget that.

beat

GREG

so, what do you do at night anyway?

SYLVIA

most of the time i watch infomercials on TV. except when the moon's full of course, then i go hunting.

GREG

cool, hunt what?

SYLVIA

well, remember those three deer they found decapitated at the edge of the woods last month?

GREG

yeah

SYLVIA

i hunt the things that did that

GREG

cool. well, i mean, the hunting one night a month sounds cool. the rest sounds kinda. eech.

SYLVIA  
well, yeah. I'll admit it can be a  
pretty crappy way to spend the  
night.

GREG  
so maybe.

pause

GREG  
maybe I'll talk to you tomorrow  
night.

Sylvia gives a sigh and smiles

SYLVIA  
sure Greg. I'll see you tomorrow.

GREG  
cool, yeah! tomorrow!

Greg starts to walk backwards. Sylvia steps backwards into the house and slowly closes the door. as soon as Greg hears the latch he spins around and stomps down the driveway, cursing and repeating the conversation over and over with a self patronizing tone. he slumps back into the car, grabs the steering wheel, and starts ramming his head into it. the car bobs up and down with the impact of Greg's head. Greg starts yelling at himself, one word between each slam of his head.

GREG  
you. mother. fucking. timid. ass.  
dihareah. drinker. why. can't.  
you. just. fucking. ask. her.  
OUT?!

Greg suddenly stops beating his head and stares down at his feet. on the car floor is a folded up newspaper. at the top of the page is an add.

TEXT  
lack confidence? unmotivated? we  
can help! call to enroll in our  
intense self improvement seminar!  
what doesn't kill you makes you a  
better you! call max 478-3563  
mon-fri: 12-6pm

EXT. IN FRONT OF A SUBURBAN HOUSE DAY

Greg is standing outside a large three story suburban house holding the newspaper. He walks around to the back of the house to a back yard strewn with boded together pieces of computers and home appliances. he finds a cement staircase going down to a ratty green door on the back of the house. Greg walks down the stairs and knocks.

MAX

hold on!

Max answers the door wearing only underwear and a housecoat. He scratches his greasy, shoulder long blond hair.

MAX

Greg right?

GREG

yeah

MAX

cool, you find the door ok?

Greg follows Max inside

INT. HOUSE BASEMENT DAY CONT.

Greg follows Max through a ratty basement. The once high quality carpet is covered in stains and burns. Beer and vodka bottles litter the floor. Half eaten burritos lay festering on every surface. the walls are covered with posters for bands like Megadeath and Iced Earth. Strange contraptions that look pieced together from washing machine and microwave parts fill the room. Max motions Greg to sit down on a couch that looks like it was picked off a curb after a major storm.

MAX

so, what can i do for you?

GREG

well. i guess my biggest problem right now is. well, there's this.

MAX

it's a girl right?

GREG

yeah.

MAX  
it's always a girl. what's her  
name?

GREG  
Sylvia

MAX  
nice, nice. what's she like.

GREG  
Well, she's really nice. I work  
this paper rout, so i sleep all  
day, and she's the only person  
ever up. so sometimes she comes  
out to talk to me.

MAX  
what do you talk about?

GREG  
our days, weather, monsters, that  
kind of stuff. last night she told  
me she's a werewolf. i thought  
that was awesome.

MAX  
cool, cool. now what does she look  
like?

GREG  
really good. like, really, really  
good. she has this short blond  
hair that she sometimes wears in  
these really small pigtails. it's  
great.

MAX  
alright man. alright. she sounds  
worth the effort. I'll tell you  
what. I'm gonna help you.

Max walks over to a small beaten up fridge in the corner of  
the room. Max opens the fridge.

MAX  
you want anything to drink?

GREG  
yeah. what is there?

MAX  
let's see. I've got cola,  
some...purple stuff, and sunny  
delight.

GREG  
i guess I'll have sunny delight.

MAX  
cool.

Max pulls out the sunny delight and pours a glass. He hands it to Greg. Max sits back down opposite Greg.

MAX  
OK, so I'm going to let you know  
now, my methods are a little  
unconventional. First of all...

Max is cut off as somebody starts vacuuming upstairs. The centrivac in the corner of the room turns on loudly.

MAX  
son of a bitch!

Max grabs a broom off the floor and starts beating the ceiling with it.

MAX  
Mom! Hey Mom! I'm with a client  
down here!

The vacuum turns off. Max sits back down looking perturbed. Greg looks around nervously while drinking.

MAX  
Sorry about that. Now...

the vacuum turns on again

MAX  
(yelling)  
Mom!

Greg gets up and finishes his drink

GREG  
you know, maybe I should just go.

MAX  
don't stand up!

Greg's eyes suddenly roll back in his head. He wobbles trying to regain his balance, trips, falls and lands flat on the floor.

MAX  
i hate it when they stand up.

INT. HOUSE BASEMENT DUSK

Greg opens his eyes. His blurred vision slowly becomes clearer. He sees Max standing over him wearing a doctors mask and magnified glasses. Bright lights surround Max, blinding Greg.

MAX  
Hey! look who's awake! common, let me help you up.

Max helps Greg up and walks him over to a wall.

MAX  
just stand there, perfectly still please.

Max pulls over a large white machine with a lens on the end. He adjusts it, then steps back and pulls on a lead vest. He picks up a cord and pushes a button on the end.

MAX  
say cheddar

the machine makes a slight humming sound. Max opens the back and pulls out a sheet of x-ray paper. Max steps over to Greg and holds the paper up to the light.

MAX  
OK, check it out!

GREG  
what the hell is that?!

MAX  
it's an x-ray of your chest.

GREG  
no, what's **that**?

Greg points to a small black dot on the left side of the x-ray.

MAX  
oh, that's a bomb i attached to  
your heart after you passed out.

GREG  
(yelling)  
What?!

MAX  
yeah, it's going to go off at 12pm  
tomorrow unless you make out with  
Sylvia first.

GREG  
(yelling)  
What?!

MAX  
well, OK, kiss Sylvia first. but  
why not aim high?

GREG  
(yelling)  
WHAT?

MAX  
hey, don't shoot the messenger.

GREG  
what messenger? you put a bomb in  
me!

MAX  
yes. yes i did. and just to prove  
I'm not bluffing, check this out

Max takes a small remote out of his housecoat and aims it at  
a stuffed bear sitting on the table. he pushes a button and  
the bear explodes in a hail of stuffing and fur.

MAX  
cool eh?

GREG  
you're insane!

MAX  
good, good! you're angry! that  
shows you've got passion! now take  
that anger and turn it into  
determination.

Greg turns to leave.

GREG

I'm getting the hell out of here

Max calls after Greg as he works through the cluttered room towards the door.

MAX

hey, just don't go to the cops or anything. remember who has the explosive remote? the crazy mad scientist, right? OK? oh yeah, and what say i come with you on your route tonight eh? see the mark for myself?

Greg slams the door.

MAX

OK, cool. So, I have your number so...

suddenly a child's scream pierces the air. Max turns around to see a small girl standing on the stairs.

LITTLE SISTER

Mom! Max exploded my toys again!

Max looks at the stuffed bear on the table, then back up to see his little sister running upstairs. Max starts to run upstairs, yelling up to the next floor.

MAX

No i didn't! She's lying again!  
She always lies!

EXT./INT. GREG'S CAR - NIGHT

Greg's car pulls up outside Sylvia's house. It's raining lightly. Greg looks up the driveway and sees Sylvia standing beside a window, eating a bowl of cereal. Suddenly the passenger door opens. Max tumbles into the passenger seat. His hair is pulled back and styled and he's wearing a pressed shirt and suit jacket.

MAX

Alright, is that her? Nice man, real nice. I can understand your hesitation now. you don't wanna screw that up.

GREG  
Where the hell did you come from?

MAX  
oh, I've been following you,  
pretty much all day. hey, i see  
what you were saying about her  
hair.

GREG  
you're **stalking** me?

MAX  
what? No!..well...yes

GREG  
this has to be the...did you get a  
haircut?

MAX  
yeah, what do you think?

GREG  
well, i guess it's...

MAX  
OK, never mind that. I want you to  
go up there, talk to Sylvia, and  
just... envision your goal.

GREG  
but, Sylvia...is my goal.

MAX  
yeah

GREG  
so... I'm supposed to envision  
her... while I'm talking to her?

MAX  
...just get out of the car.

EXT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Greg knocks on the front door, then turns away and starts  
muttering to himself.

GREG  
 see her, envision her, talk to  
 her, kiss her, don't explode. see  
 her, envision her, talk to her,  
 kiss her, don't explode.

Sylvia opens the door and leans on the door frame cradling  
 her bowl of cereal in one arm

SYLVIA  
 hey Greg! how's things?

GREG  
 oh, pretty good. I was just  
 dropping off your paper, and i  
 thought I'd just say hi, so...hi!  
 ...yeah...i guess...

Max briskly walks out from behind the bushes.

MAX  
 Greg, did you get those bandages  
 yet? We really have to get back on  
 the r...

Max really catches sight of Sylvia for the first time.

MAX  
 Hi

SYLVIA  
 um...hi

MAX  
 oh, I'm sorry. I'm Max, part time  
 co-paperboy. Greg didn't want to  
 bother you, but well, we were  
 sorting through papers just now and  
 Greg got the biggest paper cut  
 I've ever seen.

SYLVIA  
 (worried)  
 you're cut? let me see it.

Max sneaks up behind Greg, takes out a pocket knife and  
 slits Greg's palm. Greg yells in pain and pulls up his  
 bleeding hand.

SYLVIA  
wow, that's, oddly bad. Maybe you  
should come inside.

Max nods and shoves Greg forward. The three walk inside.

MAX  
by the way, are those Trix you're  
eating?

SYLVIA  
yeah

MAX  
i can never find them anywhere

SYLVIA  
yeah, i know i guy. he's got a  
connection.

MAX  
that's the best thing i've ever  
heard

INT. SYLVIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

the interior of Sylvia's house is dimly lit with dozens of lamps, candles and Christmas lights instead of one or two large lights. odd knickknacks and archaic looking texts cover shelves. Greg scans the dvd collection and sees a copy of the first season of degrassi junior high sitting on top of a copy of the lost boys

SYLVIA  
just sit anywhere. i'll be right  
back. you guys are lucky. if it  
wasn't raining i'd be out tonight

GREG  
where?

MAX  
it's a full moon tonight. no moon,  
no lycanthropic transformation.

SYLVIA  
actually, that's just a myth. i  
can transform at will, the moon  
just strengthens my powers.

Sylvia leaves the room. Max sits down in a large wicker chair, Greg sits on one end of a large, ratty looking couch. Greg picks up a book off the table and starts flipping through nervously.

MAX

hey Greg, I've got to ask. how serious are you about Sylvia?

GREG

what do you mean?

MAX

just, like, how set on her are you?

Max is cut off when Sylvia walks back in carrying a roll of bandages. She sits down cross legged next to Greg and starts wrapping his hand.

SYLVIA

so Greg, like my house?

GREG

yeah, it's great. hey, what's that?

Greg points to a large, curved piece of bone sitting on a shelf.

SYLVIA

oh, that's a Chupacabra jawbone. it was killing off my uncle's goats.

MAX

i thought Chupacabra's only lived in Latin America?

SYLVIA

no, they migrate to Maine every spring. This one probably just got lost along the way. I wanted to just capture it, but, well.

MAX

you're in a hard line of work

SYLVIA

yeah, i guess so. hey, do you want anything for that hand?

Greg, who's been focused on Max snaps back to attention

GREG  
um, no, it's probably fine.

SYLVIA  
i don't have any anesthetic or  
anything, i have some pot if you  
want

MAX  
that's a great idea.

SYLVIA  
alright then

Sylvia disappears upstairs again.

GREG  
dude, what the hell?

MAX  
what?

GREG  
you're hitting on her!

MAX  
what? no I'm not. well, ya, OK i  
am.

Sylvia leans around the corner

SYLVIA  
either of you have a lighter?

BOTH  
no

SYLVIA  
maybe i have some matches

Sylvia disappears again. Greg and Max carry on in hushed  
whispers

GREG  
What? what the hell is wrong with  
you?! You say you'll help me with  
Sylvia, now you're coming on to  
her and you're going to kill me in  
what...six hours? So what, are you  
like, actually Satan, or are you  
just employed by him?

We see Sylvia coming back downstairs, then pausing around the corner from Max and Greg to listen.

MAX  
dude, settle down.

GREG  
Max, come on! i've known this girl for months! you've known her five minutes.

MAX  
sometimes that's all it takes

Sylvia's ears perk up and down intently. She smiles and comes back around the corner carrying a small cookie tin.

SYLVIA  
found some matches.

Sylvia sits down between Greg and Max and starts packing

MAX  
so Sylvia, how'd you become a werewolf? were you bit or cursed?

GREG  
isn't that a little personal?

MAX  
why?

SYLVIA  
i committed a deadly sin

GREG  
oh yeah, that turns girls into werewolves for seven years right? i think i read about that in The Fables of Mkhitar Gosh

SYLVIA  
you mean that book sitting right in front of you

Greg looks down at the book he was flipping though

GREG  
OK, so i read about it recently.

Sylvia laughs and lights a small joint. Greg smiles back, then looks over Sylvia's shoulder to see Max looking at him sternly.

MAX

(coy)

so Sylvia? what mortal sin did you commit?

SYLVIA

none of your buisness

Sylvia turns to Greg, smiles and winks. Greg looks behind her at Max slowly pulling the explosive remote he used earlier out of his breast pocket. He raises one eyebrow and looks at Greg. Sylvia passes the joint to Greg while keeping her eyes on him and slowly exhales to the side. Greg looks into Sylvia's eyes, then back to Max.

GREG

so Sylvia, did you know Max here is an inventor.

Sylvia's gaze drops. Max pockets the remote

MAX

yeah, I'm actually about half way to building a flux capacitor. I just need my mom's permission to use the old dryer as a containment shell and I'm golden.

SYLVIA

that's all you need? so you have enough plutonium to generate 1.21 Gigawatts of electricity?

MAX

actually it's not that hard to get, you just have to know where to mine for the stuff and have a decent enough

Max rattles on and on. Sylvia takes another toke and slowly slides back on the couch, leaning up against Greg. Max doesn't notice at first. Greg tenses up and tries to shift his weight. Sylvia leans in closer. Max pauses and looks at Greg, then continues. Greg looks down at Sylvia. Sylvia exhales deeply and closes her eyes, shifting all her weight against Greg. Max goes for his pocket. Greg springs off the couch, Sylvia falls backward onto the cushions.

GREG  
oh crap, my hand opened up again.

Sylvia watches him run for the bathroom, a confused look on her face.

SYLVIA  
well, let me help you

she follows after him. Max looks after her, stutters and trails off on his rant, now annoyed.

INT. SYLVIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Greg splashes water onto his face, breathes a sigh of defeat and looks into the mirror for a second. The door rattles as Sylvia tries to open it.

GREG  
occupied!

the doorknob jerks around quickly, splintering from the door. Sylvia opens the door and steps inside.

SYLVIA  
you know Greg, i think it might be time for you and your friend to leave.

GREG  
no, listen i

SYLVIA  
no, Greg, I'm tired of this. i don't know

GREG  
Sylvia, listen. I like you. I've always liked you. It's just, Max is a total psycho. he put an explosive in my heart and now he's going to blow me up unless you make out with him or something creepy like that.

SYLVIA  
you honestly expect me to believe that?

GREG

Sylvia, as an explosive newspaper boy to a crime fighting werewolf i ask you to believe that an eighteen year old mad scientist who may or may not have a time machine is trying to kill me so he can get in your pants.

Sylvia mulls this over for a second

SYLVIA

well, is there any way to deactivate it?

GREG

well, yeah, but...

SYLVIA

but what?

GREG

you have to kiss me to deactivate the bomb.

SYLVIA

oh come ON!

GREG

really!

Sylvia looks at Greg and sees the desperation in his eyes. She looks down, then back up.

SYLVIA

OK, fine. But if you stick your tongue into my mouth I'll rip out your throat.

Sylvia puts her arms slowly around Greg. He steps forward slowly until their bodies are pressed up against each other. Sylvia closes her eyes. Greg leans in slowly. Max burst through the door.

MAX

oh what the HELL?!

GREG

max i

Max goes into his pocket

GREG

Sylvia!

Sylvia's eyes glint and with lightning quick speed she grabs Max's arm and twists it behind his back. Max cries in pain but keeps the remote in his pocket. She grabs him by the belt with her other hand, picks him up, kicks open the front door and throws him halfway down the driveway. Greg steps up next to Sylvia.

GREG

that was really cool

SYLVIA

thanks

Max stumbles to his feet, his lip bleeding.

MAX

Oh yeah, yeah that's nice. Yeah  
Sylvia, you know what, you can  
have him.

He quickly pulls the remote out of his pocket

MAX

i just hope you don't have a  
problem dating burnt hamburger

Greg looks down at the stoop and sees a newspaper on the ground. He picks it up and quickly throws it at Max. The paper arcs powerfully through the air and knocks the remote out of Max's hand.

GREG

i told you i was a good toss

SYLVIA

that was really cool to

GREG

we are just all around cool people

SYLVIA

well yeah, that goes without  
saying

MAX

you guys suck!

Max lunges for the remote. Sylvia springs forward, in only two bounds she lands on top of Max, now suddenly and fully transformed into a hulking, hairy werewolf. Sylvia pins Max to the ground and breaths heavily on him, saliva dripping out of her huge, bone crushing jaws. She rears back for the kill, but pauses when she hears a slight beeping sound.

Max looks behind and sees the remote pinned under his shoulder. Sylvia looks back at Greg, who stairs at her with a look of absolute dread. Sylvia springs off Max and soars through the air, landing beside Greg, once again fully human.

GREG

Sylvia

SYLVIA

shut up

Sylvia wraps her arms around him, pulls Greg in close and kisses him deep and hard. Greg looks shocked for a second, then returns the kiss. They move away from each other slowly, eyes still closed.

SYLVIA

i told you no tongue.

They pause when they hear a dull hum fill the air them. They look around and see Sylvia's garage door slowly opening. Greg looks up and down the street and sees every garage door on the street opening along with it. Max sits up, taking his weight off the remote. It chirps again and all the garage doors begin to go back down. Greg stands over Max and grabs the remote away. He turns it over and reads the text on the back.

TEXT

MAXimum industries universal  
garage door opener. patten pending

GREG

a universal garage door opener?

MAX

heh, yeah.

GREG

...why?

MAX  
it seemed like a cool idea. next  
I'm gonna make one that flushes  
every toilet in a six block  
radius. but hey! my plan worked!

max checks his watch

MAX  
and with time to spare.

GREG  
so did i ever have an explosive in  
my

MAX  
pfft. no. that's ridiculous.

Sylvia steps up next to Greg

MAX  
you kids enjoy yourselves now,  
Greg, I'll call you later about my  
bill.

GREG  
sure Max, see you later.

Max turns and leaves

SYLVIA  
so, he's not actually crazy right?

GREG  
no, I'm pretty sure he's actually  
a psychopath. but i think he's a  
friend too.

Max is now half a block away and pulls out his cell phone  
and dials a number. he pauses while he waits for somebody to  
pick up.

MAX  
hey mom? yeah, can you do me a big  
favor? don't open the garage door  
until i get home.