

"AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN PARIS"

by

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Based on characters created by

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BLACKNESS.

Pink Floyd's "Dark Side of the Moon (Brain Damage)" plays as WHITE TITLES appear over black. As the song crescendos at the first chorus, SUNLIGHT flares over the lunar horizon and a crescent sliver of THE MOON is illuminated - huge, filling the screen from top to bottom. We're in space, circling around from the dark side until a HUGE FULL MOON fills the screen with whiteness - TITLES continue as we pull back from the moon, into the earth's atmosphere, through CLOUDS, until we reveal

PARIS AT NIGHT

We come to rest on an ancient, vaguely wolf-like GARGOYLE high atop a gothic cathedral in the Latin Quarter - a maze of narrow, twisting streets - desolate at this late hour. Clouds move over the moon. End TITLES. The song fades. A THUNDER CRACK. Rain drops spatter on the church's metal roof. Water trickles out of the gargole's mouth. We follow the STREAM OF WATER down to street level where it falls onto

A YOUNG COUPLE

wobbling down the street, sharing a bottle of wine. They open an umbrella and stand underneath it, smooching and giggling. We follow the STREAM OF WATER from their umbrella to the street, where it swirls into drain holes in the MANHOLE COVER that they're standing on. Suddenly...

CLANG!! The manhole cover pushes up under their feet. He flinches - bites down on her lip, drawing blood. She yelps.

CLANG!! The cover thrusts up again. They lose their balance, fall to the ground - the wine bottle smashes. The manhole cover flips off it's hole. Horrified, they scramble from it. Then, out of it comes...

TERRENCE MCDERMOTT

a fiftyish college professor in a turtleneck and old tweed jacket, clutching a well worn leather shoulder bag and gasping for breath. He's balding, with longish gray hair and intense eyes. He climbs out of the hole, replaces the cover and dashes off desperately through the rain, looking back over his shoulder as he disappears into a narrow alley.

The couple watch him go, befuddled. She touches her hand to her lip and looks at the blood. She slaps her boyfriend upside the head.

GIRL

Idiot!

The guy shrugs. Then...

BAM!! The manhole cover explodes off the hole, sails twenty feet into the air and clatters to the ground some distance away. We cut to the couple's horrified reactions as they watch something emerge from the hole.

ON A NEARBY STREET

Terrence, running, hears the couple's horrible SCREAMS echo through the twisting streets. He comes to A STONE STAIRWAY and hurries down it, four steps at a time. At the bottom he turns right and arrives at a star shaped five way intersection.

A low, muffled growl stops him in his tracks. He stands in the rain, panting, looking around at the dark maze of streets, trying to pinpoint the source of the sound.

TERRENCE

(American accent - to himself)

Where are you, you sick bastard...

A TAXI appears a block away. He waves his arms and calls out in a very good French accent.

TERRENCE

Taxi! Ici, s'il vous plait!

It turns and drives towards him. He starts off towards it. He glances over his shoulder - sees nothing. He's twenty feet from the taxi. He smiles. Then -

He's jerked violently downward into A STORM DRAIN. He screams. Some monstrous force pulls him down, his bones crushing as his body is forced through the too-small drain.

The CABBY gets out and runs up to the drain, where Terrence's thrashing upper body is quickly disappearing into the hole. Horrible growls and sounds of ripping flesh emanate from the sewer. BLOOD spurts through the grate. Terrence reaches up to the cabby, SCREAMING for help.

TERRENCE

My God! Help! Au secours!

The terror stricken cabby shakes his head and starts backing up. Terrence lunges forth and grabs the cabby's leg. The cabby screams and tries to get loose. He falls to the ground and is dragged towards the hole. He grabs the bumper of his cab and strains to pull himself away, kicking at Terrence's hand with his free foot.

LIGHTS come on in an adjacent building. A MAN in pajamas runs out into the rain. The cabby loses his grip on the bumper and he and Terrence are jerked closer to the sewer but the man grabs the cabby's hand and pulls. Some OTHER RESIDENTS gather on the sidewalks. A police car SIREN approaches.

Something gives and the man in pajamas falls backwards into a puddle. The small crowd looks down and sees TERRENCE, pulled free from the hole, moaning semi-consciously. We move down his body, past the bleeding stumps where his legs used to be, and follow the BLOOD as it swirls into EDDIES of rain water and flows into the BLACKNESS of the storm drain.

CUT TO:

A FIERCE BULL

charges through the matador's red muleta, snorting blood. The CROWD goes wild. We're in a bull fight arena, under the blazing Spanish sun.

The camera dollies past cheering SPANIARDS and finds a small group of AMERICAN STUDENTS, early twenties.

GORD

Man. I can't believe I paid good money to watch a guy in tight pants kill a cow.

SHERRY

Disgusting. This makes American Gladiators look highbrow.

The camera settles on ANDY MCDERMOTT, 22, as he joins the crowd in a rousing cheer, waving a bottle of wine with native gusto. He's good looking in a scrappy sort of way, with shoulder length brown hair, grungy plaid shirt, khakis, and glasses.

ANDY

Whoo! Ole!

(to his friends)

Man, you guys are losers! This is poetry! Death in the afternoon, a tragic dance of man and beast, just like Hemingway said. God, Spain is it! These people know how to live.

SHERRY

I still say we should've gone to Paris.

ANDY

Paris!? Ug! If I wanted to be in an overpriced, overrated city full of obnoxious assholes I would've stayed in New York! Please!

Another friend, MIKE, joins them.

GORD

Where've you been? Beatin' off in
your sombrero again?

Mike swats Steve in the head playfully and grabs the wine
from Andy. He hands him a crumpled telegram.

MIKE

McDermott, your dad sent this to the
pensione. Supposed to be urgent.

ANDY

(concerned)
What's it about?

MIKE

(defensive)
I didn't read it.

Andy takes the telegram. Mike leans in close to Sherrie and
whispers the gossip.

MIKE

His uncle is in the hospital.

Andy reads the message. His face falls. For a second, he's
silent. His friends see something's wrong.

GORD

Hey, man. You okay? What is it?

Andy grabs the wine away from Mike and takes a long swig. IN
THE BULLRING - the matador plunges his sword between the
bull's shoulder blades and makes the kill.

CUT TO:

INT. PARIS HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WARD - EARLY EVENING

BLOOD splatters on white paper. Pull back to see a CHEF with
a cut finger standing at the admitting counter, dripping
blood on a form. The uptight Parisian NURSE scolds him and
pulls out a new form.

ANDY, lugging his back pack, trudges through the sliding

glass doors marked "St. Severin Hospital". Bleary eyed, hung over, burdened by a heavy backpack and carrying the crumpled telegram, he approaches ANOTHER NURSE at the counter.

ANDY

Um, excuse me... hello...

A STOUT WOMAN with a POODLE charges in front of Andy and launches into a loud French argument with the nurse over the hospital's "human's only" admission policy.

WOMAN

(French)

Pitou needs a real doctor! He's melancholy!

ANDY

Hey, wait a minute...

Andy tries to push his way back in, but the shrill little dog yaps at him. Andy grabs his aching "hangover head" in agony. The bleeding chef walks away, dripping, leaving the other nurse free. Andy approaches her. She has her head down in some paperwork.

ANDY

Pardon... Excusez moi. 'Allo.

Without looking up, she holds up a "please wait" finger. Andy sighs. The poodle yaps at him again. He winces and tries to get the nurse's attention.

ANDY

(to Nurse)

Umm...

She raises her finger sharply and glares at him. She goes back to her paperwork. Andy starts chatting politely with her, pretending she's responding.

ANDY

So, you ever been to Spain? You'd love it. It's friendly, sunny, cheap... And you'd be the only raving bitch there instead of just one in

the crowd up here.

MARCEL BOULARD, a short middle aged cop in a rumped coat approaches. He taps Andy on the shoulder.

MARCEL
Andrew Mc-dair-mo?

ANDY
That's McDermott, but yeah.

Marcel flashes his badge.

MARCEL
Detective Boulard. We've been expecting you. This is Inspector Leduc.

LEDUC, in his fifties, taller, heavy set, droopy mustache, nods gruffly and starts towards the elevator, motioning for them to follow.

MARCEL
He's in charge but, uh, between you and me, my English is better.
(they hurry to catch up with LeDuc)
This way... So you're from New York eh? I love those Hill Street Blues...

ANDY
Right. Listen, my uncle, it's not serious is it? Did he eat some bad snails? Slip on the bidet? What?

They step into the elevator as LeDuc holds the door open. Marcel and LeDuc trade uneasy glances. LeDuc sighs.

LEDUC
Merde.

MARCEL
He says -

ANDY

Yeah okay. My French isn't that bad.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

TERRENCE lies comatose under a clear plastic oxygen tent. An ORDERLY changes the dressing on his bloody stumps. A NURSE fiddles with the vast array of beeping, burbling, sucking, life support machinery.

Andy, dumb struck, watches from a few paces away. Marcel, pad in hand, asks him questions. LeDuc stays in the background, listening and studying Andy intently.

ANDY

Jesus...

MARCEL

How well did, er, do you know him?

ANDY

Not too well. He taught at the Sorbonne, right? Dad always calls him his "hippie brother". Did some work with Timothy Leary I think, and - Is he... is he going to die?

MARCEL

No. The doctors say the machines should keep him going a long time. But basically he is, how you say, a legume.

ANDY

Legume? You mean, a vegetable?

MARCEL

Vegetable, right. My mistake. It seems he was attacked by a maniac, maybe two or three maniacs, just after midnight. yesterday. They fled into the tunnels beneath Paris, that's all we know...

ANDY

What do you mean, maniacs?

MARCEL

Well, here's what I think happened.
A chemistry professor goes to a bad
part of town late at night. Why?
Perhaps he's making a few francs on
the side. The psychedelic drug market
is big these days. He gets mixed up
with a bad crowd and, like they say,
if you lie with dogs, you get fleas.

ANDY

Yeah, well, these fleas must have
teeth like fuckin' chain saws.

BEEP BEEP! Something's wrong with uncle Terrence's machinery.
The IV bottle is sputtering and bubbling, the EKG monitor is
flashing. The orderlies snap into action and pull the curtain
shut, waving "no problem" to Andy and Marcel. Marcel leads
Andy away, trying to calm him down.

MARCEL

Maybe we should go now. You must be
very tired. We'll call if any new -

ANDY

I can't believe this. Why don't you
go down in the tunnels and find the
goddamn... animals that attacked my
uncle?

MARCEL

Andy, it's not so easy. There are
hundreds of kilometers of tunnels
under Paris. It's a whole other city,
crawling with drug addicts, lunatics,
skinheads... It's no man's land.

Andy's about to protest when LeDuc steps in and hands him
uncle Terrence's leather bag.

LEDUC

Here.

MARCEL

Your uncle was carrying this. The keys to his apartment are in there. I talked to his assistant, Madame Flocquet. You'll be staying there a while?

ANDY

Yeah. I guess so.

(they walk him to the elevator)

Did he say anything? Before the coma?

MARCEL

Just the name of this hospital, St. Severin. He repeated it a few times then he lost consciousness.

ANDY

Why would he pick this one?

MARCEL

I don't know. There were others much closer. He was religious?

ANDY

Not that I know.

MARCEL

Well, when you're about to pop off, what have you got to lose? Thanks for your help.

Andy's dumfounded at Marcel's lack of tact. The elevator doors start to close. LeDuc nods "good-bye". Marcel leans in and sneaks in one last comment.

MARCEL

And remember Andy, let's be careful out there. Heh-heh... Ouch!

The elevator doors knock him on the head as they close. Andy shakes his head.

ANDY

(to himself)

Inspector Clouseau, on the case.
Great.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRENCE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Andy opens the gate of this beautiful 19th century building and walks through THE COURTYARD to the main entrance. A POODLE yaps at him. The dog is in the open doorway of the Concierge's apartment, which opens into the courtyard. The nosy concierge, MADAME CHRETIEN calls the dog, LULU, back in and shuts the door.

Andy enters the dark LOBBY, finds the timed auto shut-off light switch and turns it on. He boards the old fashioned wire cage elevator and presses the button for #4. McDermott. The elevator ascends painstakingly slowly. Andy resigns himself to waiting, thumbs through his uncle's date book.

Andy turns to the day Uncle Terrence was attacked. A circled, cryptic entry at the bottom of the page reads "Meet Claude, Medusa - 11:00". Andy wrinkles his brow. At this second, the light goes out.

Andy ascends the rest of the way in darkness. The doors open on the fourth floor. He gets out and finds his way to the apartment. He tries a key in the lock. It won't turn. He jiggles it. No luck. He goes through this with two more keys, grumbling under his breath. Finally he finds the right one. He pushes the door open and gasps.

He's face to face with a scary TRIBAL MASK hanging in the entrance way. It startles him for a second.

ANDY

This must be the place.

INT. TERRENCE'S APARTMENT

Andy walks in and sets down his bags. A gun COCKS. A young woman's voice screams at him in French.

YOUNG WOMAN

(in French)

Who are you!? What do you want!?

He turns to see SERAFINE, a beautiful young woman, around 22, casually dressed and aiming a pistol at his head. He drops the shoulder bag and reaches for the ceiling.

ANDY

Don't shoot! Jesus... uh... Je m'appelle Andy. McDermott. Je suis le... um, shit...

It dawns on her. She drops the gun to her side, embarrassed.

SERAFINE

(in English)

Oh fuck, you are his nephew...

ANDY

Yeah, that's the word. And you are?

SERAFINE

Serafine Flocquet. I work for your uncle.

ANDY

You? You're Madame Flocquet? I pictured a fat lady with an apron, not - I don't know - La Femme Nikita.

Serafine puts the gun away in a drawer.

SERAFINE

It sounded like someone picking the lock. After what happened, I guess I am a little nervous.

She lights a cigarette.

ANDY

Sure. I can follow that.

SERAFINE

It's a fucking nightmare, isn't it?

ANDY

Yeah. True. The cops weren't much help either. Their theory is he was moonlighting as a drug dealer or something. Make sense to you?

SERAFINE

Police. They have their head in their asshole and they still can't find shit.

ANDY

Well put. So, what exactly has uncle Terrence been up to lately?

As he speaks, he scans the apartment. It's cluttered with an overwhelming assortment of anthropological oddities from around the globe, medieval illustrations, molecular models, and an artsy periodic table that's been used as a dart board.

SERAFINE

He's doing a book with Professor Roussel, about medieval chemistry. I was just transcribing his notes onto the computer and - oh shit!

She races out of the room. Andy follows after her.

INT. TERRENCE'S STUDY

She runs in and finds the computer locked up. She smacks it a few times, clicks the mouse, taps the keyboard. No response.

SERAFINE

Salots! Shitfucker!

ANDY

(reacts to her loose grasp of American slang)

What?

SERAFINE

If you leave it for more than a few minutes it locks up. Now I must reboot and type a dozen fucking passwords.

He was security crazy.

She flicks a switch on the back of the computer, rebooting it. Andy pauses to look at some nearby photos of his uncle.

ANDY

I still can't get over it. The cops said it was a "maniac", but he looked like, I don't know, like he'd gone through a combine harvester or... something.

Serafine gets kind of emotional at the thought...

SERAFINE

They wouldn't let me see him. Family only. I told them, Terry was almost like a father to me, you know?

Andy reacts to her use of the informal "Terry" ...

ANDY

Depends. Was "Terry" a father like Ward Cleaver or a father like Woody Allen?

A beat. She grasps his meaning. She's offended. She starts typing on the computer, giving him the cold shoulder.

SERAFINE

You must not have known him very well. He's not like that.

ANDY

Hey, Sorry if I was out of line.

SERAFINE

You were. I have work to do. The publisher wants the transcripts by Monday. Go. Make yourself at home.

ANDY

Fine. My mistake. You know, I'm gonna be a writer myself some day.

SERAFINE

Uh-huh. Good for you.

Andy sees he's sunk. He heads for the door, but something on the wall catches his eye. A small flyer on the bulletin board with a big drawing of Medusa. He takes it down.

ANDY

Medusa... What's this? some kind of club?

SERAFINE

It's nothing. A stupid party. Not really a night club, it's, uh...

ANDY

Like an underground club?

SERAFINE

Yes. It's a bad place. Weird people. Strange things go on.

ANDY

And who's Claude?

Serafine looks at him hard, questioning.

ANDY

I looked through my uncle's date book. Writer's curiosity.

She points to a paperback on the desk. It's French, with a psychedelic cover depicting a man, half King Louis XIV, half witch doctor. The title, (in French) "History Inside Out - Psychic Illumination Through the Ages" by Dr. Claude Roussel. A picture on the back shows an academic looking Claude in a tweed jacket, with gray hair.

SERAFINE

Professor Claude Rousel. The one your uncle was working with. He teaches cultural history.

ANDY

In an underground club? I'd like to

see that.

He shoves the book in his back pocket. Serafine's emphatic.

SERAFINE

I'm serious. There's nothing for you down there. It's dangerous.

ANDY

Come on. I'm from New York - the "shoot me" state. Don't wait up.

He starts for the door, She spins him around by the sleeve.

SERAFINE

(suddenly quite angry)

What good can you do? Why are you being so fucking stupid?

ANDY

(getting fired up)

Maybe I didn't know him like you did. But he's my uncle. And I owe it to him to get some answers. It's a quest like, uh, Hemingway, the Old Man and The Sea. Except instead of an old man I'm a young man, and instead of the sea, it's a bunch of tunnels under Paris. And instead of a big fish it's... who knows? That's what I'm going to find out. Au revoir.

He walks out of the office. She calls after him.

SERAFINE

You're a fucking lunatic!

The front door slams. She looks after him, incredulous.

SERAFINE

(French)

God damned Americans.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUE D'ENFER - NIGHT

A MEDUSA HEAD is carved in the stone above the doorway of a crumbling old facade in a rundown Parisian neighborhood. Andy tries the front door. It's locked. There's no sounds or signs of life.

ANDY
(to himself)
Some party.

Andy starts off, then pauses as three PARTY GOERS approach the door. They're "modern-primitives" - tribal tattoos, pierced noses, and weird beaded hair. One fishes a key from the Medusa's mouth, opens the door, and lets the group in.

Andy slips in behind them. One GUY in the group looks Andy over and mutters something in French to his friends. They snigger amongst themselves and walk to a door across the foyer. Andy follows, a few paces behind, through the door, down some stairs, into

A DILAPIDATED BASEMENT

Lit with a few candles. They walk past an old boiler, through another door, into

A NARROW STONE SPIRAL STAIRCASE

They proceed down the ancient stairway, also lit only by the occasional candle placed on the steps. They reach the bottom of the steps and enter a dark, drippy stone tunnel, still lit by candles. Some rats scurry away through the puddles under Andy's feet.

Candles lead the way through the maze of intersecting tunnels. Some graffiti scratched in the wall catches Andy's eye: "Jean Philippe 1803". He pauses to look at it for and loses the group ahead of him. He follows the candles on his own, turning right, left, and left again. A loud, muffled bass beat gets louder. He rounds the corner into

THE WILD UNDERGROUND PARTY SPACE

In an open cavern, lit with torches and strobe lights. Two

hundred people are gyrating to eerie techno-tribal dance music. It's a weird crowd, mostly young modern primitive pierced and grungy RAVERS, many wearing day-glo tribal face paint. Clusters of sullen, militant SKINHEADS hang around the periphery.

An attractive, blissed-out WAIF approaches Andy with a paintbrush and a jar of day-glo face paint and a brush. She goes to paint Andy's face. He stops her.

ANDY

That's alright. I'll be a cowboy.

She smiles and pushes his hand down. He shrugs and lets her paint two day-glow red stripes on his cheeks.

ANDY

Alright. Fine...

(with mock enthusiasm)

Ooh. I can feel it tingling.

Andy sniffs and makes a face - the paint has a weird smell.

ANDY

Phew. What's in this stuff, liquid plumber?

(he pulls the book
out of his pocket
and shows her Claude's
picture)

Do you know this guy? Claude?

WAIF

Ah oui, le professeur. La bas.

She points to a dark alcove off the main cavern. Andy nods and starts off. We move in on a leather clad young man leaning against the wall, watching Andy go. This is GASTON DUFAUX, a self-styled Parisian thug, who seems to be cultivating a sort of "Mickey Rourke" look. He takes a drag from his cigarette and we see he's missing two fingers.

Andy makes his way through the crowd. People are dancing with wild abandon, and many carry torches. A SKINNY GUY IN A DIAPER and a paper mache skull mask runs through the crowd,

ranting and spraying fluorescent silly string. He does a weird dance around Andy and jabbars at him in French.

ANDY

Uh, lemme get back to ya on that.

Andy approaches the side room and peers in. A small group of young people are listening intently to CLAUDE, whose back is to us. He's expounding about something in a solemn tone.

CLAUDE

(French, to group)

...How ironic. A man who dedicated his life to opening the doors of the mind now lies trapped behind them. Locked behind a door without a key.

We follow Andy as he steps around the crowd and sees Claude's face. He looks older than in the photo - he's in his late fifties, with white hair and intense eyes.

ANDY

Excusez moi, I...

Claude notices the book in Andy's hand. He speaks fluent English.

CLAUDE

I'm sorry my friend, I'm not signing books right now. There's been a tragedy.

ANDY

I know. I'm Andy McDermott. Terrence's nephew.

Claude is taken by surprise.

CLAUDE

My God, I'm sorry. But how did you find your way down here? Wait, let's go talk...

He excuses himself from his "flock" and leads Andy to a quiet corner of the room. The kids disperse, several looking

sympathetically at Andy.

CLAUDE

It's horrible. Terrence was one of the most brilliant men I've known.

ANDY

Yeah, well, why did he hang out here? The cops said it's dangerous -

CLAUDE

The cops. It's their backward laws that force all this underground in the first place, endangering people whose only crime is pushing the limits of perception, exploring new states of psychic awareness.

They're suddenly doused with day-glo silly string as the gibbering idiot in the diaper pops in to deliver a rant at them.

GUY IN DIAPER

(French)

The moon is bleeding! Prepare for the downpour!

He ducks back out. Andy picks the silly string out of his hair.

ANDY

Psychic awareness. Right.

CLAUDE

You think it's silly. But do you realize that young man is actually in a deep sleep?

ANDY

What?

CLAUDE

He's on a new drug called ZBH, or "Daydream". It allows the user to be fully alert and mobile while he's

dreaming. He is literally conscious and unconscious at the same time.

ANDY

Yeah well, that's like really groovy and everything, but who hacked my uncle's legs off?

Claude frowns. He looks grave.

CLAUDE

Andy...

ANDY

Yeah?

CLAUDE

Terrence and I came down here to do serious work. For centuries these tunnels have been home to subcultures mainstream society would not tolerate.

He gestures to the main cavern, where people are far gone into various states... some in a trance, some gyrating lustily to the eerily hypnotic music. We intercut with these images as Claude speaks.

CLAUDE

These people carry on traditions dating back to pagan times - the ancient quest for expanded consciousness. At the same time they're pioneering a chemical revolution, powerful state-of-the-art compounds... But you know what I mean....

(he gestures to Andy's face paint)

A year ago who would have dreamed of topically applied hallucinogens like TMD? Except Terry of course...

Andy's eyes widen with comprehension. He touches his face.

ANDY

What!? Hallucinogen? Oh shit...

He rubs the face paint off with his shirt sleeve.

CLAUDE

You didn't know? But then why did you... well, don't worry. It's relatively mild.

ANDY

Yeah, well if I claw my face off, just pack it in ice, okay? Jesus... the cops were probably right. My uncle was messed up with a bunch of fry brains and they went berserk on him.

Claude lowers his voice. He looks grim.

CLAUDE

No... We stumbled on something else down here Andy. Something horrible, almost unbelievable. But very real. It's been going on for centuries, though most people wouldn't believe it, or wouldn't want to...

Andy's somewhere between spooked and incredulous. He glances at the book in his hand.

ANDY

Wait a second, are you like the Steven King of France or something...

SERAFINE (O.S.)

Andy!

Andy turns and sees Serafine run up to him. She looks worried.

ANDY

So you came after all. Just in time, it's getting interesting.

SERAFINE

You must get out of here. It's not

safe.

She grabs him by the arm. He resists.

ANDY

Not you too -

CLAUDE

(checks his watch)

My God! Serafine's right. It's time to go. We'll talk soon.

SERAFINE

Bon nuit Claude.

(to Andy)

Come on.

Claude dashes off. Serafine drags Andy into the main cavern.

ANDY

Hey, chill out a second!

She leads him across the cavern towards the entrance. Andy stops short and pulls away from her. It's not easy - she has a strong grip.

ANDY

Alright, hold on. I'm not gonna get dragged around like some kid in a shopping mall. I want you to answer some questions.

Serafine sees something over Andy's shoulder.

SERAFINE

Merde. I knew I shouldn't have come here.

Andy turns to see Gaston approaching. He leers at Serafine.

GASTON

(French)

Serafine, mon cher. I hear your boss looks great in cut-offs.

SERAFINE

(French)

Get the fuck away from me, Gaston.

GASTON

(French)

First you tell me where the ADM is,
eh?

He puts his hand on her shoulder. Andy notices the missing fingers.

SERAFINE

(French)

Fuck you.

She shoves his hand away and pulls Andy past him. Gaston grabs her and spins her around. This time Andy grabs Gaston's hand and pulls it off her. He holds up Gaston's three fingered hand and glares at him.

ANDY

Well, this explains the two fingers
they found in Liberace's asshole.

Gaston jerks his hand away. He stabs his finger in Andy's chest.

GASTON

In Paris we have an expression for
people like you: Encul, d'Americain.

ANDY

Yeah? In New York we got an expression
too. Goes like this...

CRACK! Andy hauls off and belts Gaston in the jaw as hard as he can. But Gaston doesn't even lose his footing. He sneers with rage and hits Andy with a vicious combination. His glasses fly off as he reels into the crowd, knocking a few people into a group of nearby SKINHEADS. The skinheads erupt into randomly directed violence - a full fledged BRAWL breaks out. It's chaos.

On the floor, Andy squirms away from the skinheads and

retrieves his glasses. He hears Serafine call his name. He gets up amidst the mayhem and sees Serafine being carried away by the crowd.

ANDY
Serafine!

Someone knocks into Andy and he falls to the ground. He gets back on his feet - Serafine's nowhere in sight. He pushes his way through the crowd, looking for her. He catches sight of her white dress in a distant corner. It's there for a second and then gone again - apparently into a tunnel. He runs over to it.

Andy peers into THE TUNNEL, which houses some old pipes. It fades quickly into darkness. He grabs a kerosene torch from the wall and runs into the tunnel. About a hundred yards in he passes an ALCOVE.

He leans in with his torch and peers around. The cave like room is empty but something catches Andy's eye. Scratched into the stone wall, amidst various graffiti, is A PENTAGRAM. It looks to be centuries old.

Andy's transfixed by it. The sound of his own breathing suddenly becomes deafening and his vision begins to distort: the textures of the stone wall begin to churn and crawl, and the flames from his torch melt into different hues. The pentagram glows and seems to grow out of the wall...

The hallucinatory flash is over as fast as it began. Panting, stunned, Andy shakes it off. He wipes his face, checking for traces of paint. He tries to reassure himself.

ANDY
Whoa. C'mon.

A woman's SCREAM echoes through the tunnels. He runs towards it.

ANDY
Serafine!?

Another scream - anguished, tortured. Andy runs faster. He arrives at an intersection with another tunnel, turns the

corner and finds...

A decrepit old WINO hogging a bottle from his warty HAG companion, provoking her to scream like she just lost her only son. They look up at Andy. The hag shuts up. They fix Andy with an odd stare.

ANDY

Sorry... I, uh, did you see a girl,
la femme, um, avec, la dress blanc?

They just stare at him. Spooked, he walks past them. They follow him with their creepy stare as he continues into the tunnel, which slopes downhill.

He comes to an old stairway leading down into darkness. WATER pours out of a hole in the ceiling. The steps are severely eroded and slick with flowing water and moss. Andy sees something. It's SERAFINE'S SHOE, laying on a landing a few yards down the stairs. He leans in further, loses his footing and slips.

ANDY

Ahh! Son of a bitch!

He shoots down the stairs on his back, past the shoe which lies at the mouth of an intersecting tunnel. His glasses come off. The torch goes out. He stops at the bottom of the stairs on a gravel surface.

He winces a bit as he sits up. It's too dark to make much out. He feels around the gravel, finds his GLASSES - they're shattered. He scowls. He stands up and walks ahead, feeling his way along the slick wall, peering into the darkness.

ANDY

SERAFINE!?

The echo sounds different - like he's in a larger space. The echo decays into a familiar low RUMBLE.

A reflection of light appears in a puddle on the floor. The light gets brighter until Andy sees the subway tracks at his feet. The rumble gets suddenly louder as

METRO TRAIN

barrels around the corner, flooding the tunnel with light and closing on Andy fast.

ANDY

Oh shit!

He turns and runs for THE STAIRWAY. He skids on the gravel and overshoots it. He scrambles back and up into it just as THE TRAIN whooshes past.

Andy scurries a few feet up the slick steps, using a rusty pipe for a handhold. As he looks back at the SPARKING, RUSHING TRAIN WHEELS, his heart pounding in his head, he has another HALLUCINATORY-FLASH: the sparks explode into streaking patterns of color and light.

It passes quickly. The train goes by and its rumble fades. Andy squeezes his temples and takes a deep breath. Before he finishes exhaling, an UNEARTHLY HOWL echoes through the tunnels. The howl literally takes his breath away - he's frozen there, eyes wide, not breathing for a long moment.

Quietly, carefully, he makes his way back up the dark, wet stairs. He comes to the landing, picks up Serafine's shoe, and steps into the INTERSECTING TUNNEL.

He squints into the darkness. Without his glasses, ANDY'S POV is a bit blurry.

He walks into the tunnel. Another HOWL. Andy swallows hard.

ANDY

Jesus Christ...

He hurries along. WATER DRIPS from the tunnel ceiling, down the walls, onto the cobblestone floor, flowing into rivulets around Andy's feet and joining a stream that flows ahead of him, disappearing into the blackness ahead. He approaches another intersection. He stumbles over something.

He looks down and makes out a GIRL'S BARE LEG lying in a puddle in the dark intersecting tunnel. He follows the leg up with his eyes - it's messily severed above the knee. He

gasps.

He looks further into the tunnel and sees A PAIR OF GLOWING YELLOW EYES staring back at him out of the darkness. Andy turns and runs.

With a horrible ROAR, the eyes lunge after him and turn the corner. As it gains on Andy, we see the dim outline of the massive wolf-like beast.

Andy dives for a SMALL CONDUIT, barely big enough for his body, and wriggles into it. Behind him the yellow eyes appear at the mouth of the conduit - the beast SNARLS but can't fit in. Andy can see a dim light at the end of the conduit. He crawls along.

He emerges into ANOTHER TUNNEL. Some thirty yards away, light and street noise come through a GRATE on the ceiling of an antechamber beyond an iron gate. Relieved, Andy starts off towards it. A SNARL stops him in his tracks. THE BEAST comes tearing around a corner fifty yards behind him.

Andy breaks into a sprint towards the antechamber. He slips on the wet floor and lands in a puddle, drenching himself. The beast closes in.

Andy gets up, runs into the antechamber and slams the iron gate shut. There's a rusty DEADBOLT lock on the gate, but no key. The beast is twenty five yards away and closing fast - it's massive silhouette filling the diameter of the tunnel.

Andy whips out his SWISS ARMY KNIFE, opens the screw driver and tries it in the old-fashioned keyhole - it doesn't work. The beast is twenty feet away. Andy tries the can opener - no luck. Ten feet. Andy jams the corkscrew into the hole. The beast leaps. The corkscrew turns. The DEADBOLT SLIDES.

SLAM!! The beast rams the gate, shaking the anteroom. But it holds. Flashes of CLAWS and TEETH thrash through the bars, but it's still too dark to make the beast out clearly. Andy runs across the anteroom, grabs the steel sewer grate on the ceiling, and hoists himself up.

Through the bars, he sees a BUSY BOULEVARD in the Pigalle (the "Times Square" of Paris). There's a COP a few paces

away. Andy screams to him.

ANDY
HELP! OFFICER!

ON THE BOULEVARD - Over the roar of traffic and midnight revelers, the cop can barely pinpoint Andy's screams. He looks around, confused. He sees Andy and angrily shakes his baton at him.

COP
(French)
Hey! You shouldn't be down there!

ANDY
FOR GOD'S SAKES, LET ME OUT!!

THE BEAST slams the gate, wrenching one of the iron bars loose - two more bars and it'll fit through. Andy jumps down, picks up the loose bar. It's got a STAR SHAPED SPEAR TIP.

He rushes at the gate and jams the spear through the gate, aiming for the thrashing teeth and eyes in the darkness.

The beast ducks and the spear sinks a couple of inches into the BACK OF IT'S NECK and stops, apparently on bone. It recoils and ROARS with pain, shaking the spear free.

ON THE STREET - The cop raps the bars with his nightstick and peers into the dark anteroom.

COP
(in French)
You are not allowed down there!

IN THE ANTEROOM - The beast rams the gate - it's rage redoubled. Andy jumps up and grabs the grate.

ANDY
GET ME THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!!

ON THE STREET

COP
(French)

"Fuck"? You think I don't know this word "fuck"? Is that how you talk to policemen in America?

Enraged, the cop runs to his car, muttering to himself. He opens the trunk and rummages around for something.

IN THE ANTEROOM - The beast knocks another bar off the gate. Andy watches in horror as it rams even harder, loosening the NEXT BAR.

ANDY
(to the cop)
FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!

ON THE STREET - The cop looks over at Andy, incensed. He takes a crowbar from the trunk, runs back cussing in French, and struggles with the grate.

IN THE ANTEROOM - The NEXT BAR on the gate gives. The beast sticks its head through the gap and focuses its searing yellow eyes on Andy. It rears back, ready to pounce...

THE GRATE - comes up. The cop grabs Andy and pulls...

IN THE ANTEROOM - Andy's legs dangle like bait. The beast lunges, teeth and claws bared.

ON THE STREET - Andy screams as a bus roars by. The cop pulls him up and out. Andy's right pants leg is torn open and he's bleeding from a GOUGE in his ankle.

COP
(French)
Okay, what the hell are you up to?

ANDY
It bit me! My leg! Jesus, it's down there, shoot it! Shoot it for Christ's sakes!

He points frantically at the open hole. The cop aims his flashlight in the hole. It's empty. He looks Andy up and down.

COP
(French)
Your passport.

Shaking, Andy takes his passport out of his pocket. The cop takes it and copies some information. Andy raves at him - a blur of English and broken French.

ANDY
There's something down there! A bear
or something! A god damn monster!
Beau coup teeth! Huge, Grande, with
yellow eyes, all this hair, it killed
Serafine! My God...

COP
You on drugs? Huh?

ANDY
(he falters)
No... I...

He looks disoriented, half-crazed. He definitely seems like he's on drugs. The cop shines his flashlight in Andy's eyes - his PUPILS are like saucers.

ANDY'S POV

The cop's flashlight sparks another HALLUCINATORY FLASH. The cops face melts like liquid, sounds swirl together, the garish neon signs of The Pigalle explode into streaking colors and we BURN INTO WHITE.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRENCE'S APARTMENT BUILDING

The cop car pulls to a stop. The cop gets out, opens the back door, and pulls Andy out. He pushes Andy towards the building.

COP
(French)
Stay off the street.

The cop gets in the car and drives away. Andy staggers to the gate in a daze and fumbles with the keys.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Andy walks up to the apartment door. Disoriented and shaking, he manages to open the door and walk in. He locks the door, and switches on the lights. He looks out the small PEEPHOLE. No sign of anyone or anything. He leans back against the door and rubs his hands across his face.

ANDY

Oh god. Je suis seriously messed
up...

There's a DRIPPING sound coming from the kitchen. Andy looks across the living room into the dark kitchen. The DRIP continues. He steps forward cautiously. Suddenly he feels something and looks down sharply.

UNCLE TERRENCE, bloody stumps and all, is clutching Andy's legs and looking up at him desperately. He's trying to speak but can't seem to make a sound. Blood from his wounds soaks the WHITE BEAR RUG beneath them.

Andy's terror struck, he tries to jump away but falls backwards to the floor. Terrence crawls up and gets close to Andy's face. He croaks out two words in a rasp -

TERRENCE

Saint Severin...

INT. TERRENCE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - SAME TIME

The EKG monitor shows a FLATLINE. Alarms are BEEPING. Terrence's body lies motionless under the oxygen tent. A DOCTOR and a NURSE rush to the bed. The nurse rips the oxygen tent away and the doctor SLAMS his fists down on Terrence's chest. The EKG shows a tentative blip. The doctor SLAMS again. An erratic heart beat starts back up on the EKG.

INT. TERRENCE'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Andy lies passed out on the floor. Terrence is gone, and the rug is free from blood.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. LEDUC'S OFFICE - DAY

Marcel sits next to the patrol cop, PEROTIN, who rescued Andy. They're hysterical with laughter. Even LeDuc, sitting behind his desk, is chuckling.

LEDUC
(French)
What else did he say?

PEROTIN
(French)
Yellow eyes... big teeth...
(he can barely choke
out the words between
laughs)
Covered with hair! Ha-ha-ha!

Perotin playfully growls at Marcel. They laugh even harder.

LEDUC
(French)
Okay Perotin. You can go.

Perotin nods, still laughing. Marcel walks him to the door. Before he steps out, Perotin bares his teeth, growls again, and cracks up some more. Marcel, laughing, claps him on the back and shuts the door - then he and LeDuc go instantly stone faced. They look at each other gravely.

LEDUC
(French)
Well?

MARCEL
(grim)
Okay. So maybe you were right.

LEDUC
Hmmp. At least now there's one person
around here who doesn't think I'm
crazy.

LeDuc walks to a map of Paris on the wall covered with colored push pins. He sticks a blue pin in it. He points to a green pin on another part of the map.

LEDUC

(French)

Twelve thirty-six a.m. here. Twelve forty a.m. here. There's two of them. At least.

MARCEL

Merde.

LeDuc looks at his calendar. Four days are circled in red ink.

LEDUC

(French)

Two more nights in this lunar cycle.

MARCEL

Double merde.

LeDuc opens a tall cabinet, revealing a bookshelf stuffed with dusty tomes. He browses past dozens of titles about black magic and demonology.

LEDUC

You better follow that McDermott kid. He's going to wind up like his uncle if he's not careful.

MARCEL

Right. Little twerp thinks he's Colombo.

LeDuc selects an old book and hands it to Marcel.

LEDUC

And do some research, will you?

Marcel takes the book. He inspects the cover (it's in French) - "Werewolves through the Ages: from St. Severin to the present".

MARCEL
(confused)
Saint Severin...

LEDUC
You never heard the story of Saint
Severin driving the werewolves from
Paris?

MARCEL
You think that's what McDermott was
raving about in the ambulance?

LEDUC
What, you think everyone's as ignorant
as you?

Marcel considers this.

MARCEL
Pretty much.

LeDuc grunts, exasperated.

MARCEL
Inspector, you're not exactly typical.
I mean c'mon...
(holds up book)
This thing isn't sitting on a lot of
coffee tables.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRENCE'S APT. - LATE MORNING

THE SAME OLD BOOK, sitting on the coffee table. The pages are stuffed with notepaper place markers, many covered with scribbling, and CHEMICAL NOTATION. In the background, on the floor, is Andy - fast asleep and snoring where he collapsed the night before.

We hear a key in the lock. The door opens, smacking Andy in the head once, twice.

ANDY

Aoww! Hey! What the hell...?

He grabs the door so it can't hit him again. Serafine pokes her head around and sees him. She's surprised, relieved, elated. Andy's reaction is more disoriented, stunned.

SERAFINE

Andy! Holy shit!

ANDY

Serafine...?

She kneels beside him and helps him sit up.

SERAFINE

Thank God! What a relief! I thought... After you disappeared... I couldn't find you... I thought all sorts of horrible things...

ANDY

Yeah... Ditto. I saw, er, I thought I saw you get munched... like Uncle Terrence...

He looks over at the clean bear rug. Andy rises to his feet groggily. He looks down at the rip in his pant leg. He feels the torn fabric, trying to remember.

SERAFINE

What happened? Did you cut yourself?

ANDY

Um... sort of... Maybe... It's all kind of blurry. We met at the club, then... Damn, that was some weird shit.

He goes over to the window and parts the curtains. It's a brilliant sunny day.

SERAFINE

That was fucking stupid, going down there. You could have been killed. I

tried to warn you, But you don't
listen. Just like your uncle.

Andy's only half listening. He opens the window, and inhales deeply. Across the court yard, a MATRONLY WOMAN leans out a window, hanging her laundry. In the courtyard, Lulu the obnoxious poodle YAPS at another resident, and Madame Chretien calls her back. Andy's head is clearing. His mood lifting.

SERAFINE

You have to be a hero. All Americans
think they are cowboys.

ANDY

(leaning out window)

I was an Indian, actually. Man, that
damn psycho paint...! If that's
supposed to be mild, I don't want to
know about medium.

(he looks at the woman
and smiles, the sun
on his face. To
himself:)

The planet earth. It's good to be
back.

SERAFINE

So... you feel okay now?

He turns around and smiles at her.

ANDY

Yeah. Actually, I feel fan-fucking-
tastic.

Serafine laughs. She hasn't heard this expression before. He
approaches her.

SERAFINE

Fan-fucking-tastic?

ANDY

Hey, what more could I want? I
survived my first and last
hallucinogenic hellride, and neither

of us is dead. I'd say I feel almost
as great as you look.

He makes a grab for her, and she pushes him away.

SERAFINE

Hey! Calm down.

He jumps up on the sofa, unable to contain his energy.

ANDY

Come on Serafine. Let's go out. Show
me the real Paris, the part that
isn't overpriced and overrun with
German tourists.

SERAFINE

Go to Jim Morrison's grave at Pere
Lachaise. It's overrun with American
tourists. I have to work.

ANDY

I know! Let's go hock loogies off
the Eiffel Tower!

She digs in her pockets and hands him some coins.

SERAFINE

Here. You go. "Hock some loogies"
for me.

She turns and heads off to the office. He runs in front of
her and blocks her path.

ANDY

What about food? Even beautiful women
have to eat. It's true. I read it.

Please? A half an hour?

(pause. He sees she's
tempted)

My treat?

(she's smiling. He
resorts to begging)

Pleez! Don't make go out there alone
again! I'm begging you!

SERAFINE

Okay. But I'm back in half an hour.

Andy claps his hands together in triumph and scrambles to hold open the door for her.

SERAFINE

What about your glasses?

ANDY

It's okay. I can see fine.

She gestures to his filthy clothes.

SERAFINE

Don't you want to change?

ANDY

Man! Our first date and already you're trying to get me to change! You French women work quick!

She smiles and pushes him back in the apartment.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS BOULEVARD - DAY

JERRY LEWIS

on a TV screen, dubbed with a zany French voice, undergoes a radical physical transformation in "The Nutty Professor". Pull back to reveal Andy and Serafine watching this scene on a dozen or so TV's in a store window display. Several PARISIAN PEDESTRIANS watch Jerry with reverence.

ANDY

Now this is Paris!

On screen, the Nutty Professor's alter ego, "Buddy Love" launches into his swinging version of "That Old Black Magic". To this accompaniment, we cut the following -

PARIS MONTAGE:

- AT A BRASSERIE: Andy is about to escort Serafine into the trendy eatery, but she stops him at the door and points to the menu, or more specifically the prices. He makes a horrified face, and they move on.

- IN A BOULANGERIE: Serafine buys cheese, Andy buys meats - the counterman shows Andy how big a slice off the pate loaf he's about to cut. Andy nods "yes". The counterman cuts it and offers the slice. Andy shakes his head "no" and points to the much larger remainder of the loaf.

- AT AN OUTDOOR MARKET: Detective Marcel, wearing a lame "disguise" (new wave sunglasses ala "Diva"), watches Andy and Serafine shop from a distance.

- IN A PATISSERIE: Andy points to a large baguette, says something suggestive and winks boastfully at Serafine. She gives him a "yeah, right" look and points at a small breadstick.

- IN A WINE STORE: Andy looks at each bottle closely, then "tests" it by shaking vigorously. Serafine's amused. The owner's baffled.

- ON THE RIGHT BANK: Arms full of groceries, Andy and Serafine pass the row of outdoor pet stores near the river. Andy looks longingly at the live ducks in their cages. Serafine pulls him along. MUSIC fades out.

EXT. ILE SAINT LOUIS - SUNSET

Andy and Serafine sit on the river bank facing a magnificent Paris vista. Serafine unpacks the food.

SERAFINE

Shit! You bought enough pate for a fucking army!

ANDY

So tell me, exactly which truck driver did you study English with?

She laughs and pushes him playfully.

ANDY

Like I should talk. Monsieur foot-in-the-mouth. I'm really sorry about that whole Woody Allen thing...

SERAFINE

So's Woody Allen.

(Andy laughs. She starts uncorking the wine.)

No, your uncle really helped me. I was sort of messed up for a while. Wasting my time just partying and... just stupid shit. He kind of woke me up, gave me a job, got me taking classes.

(she uncorks the wine and fills their plastic cups)

You know, he and Claude, their work is controversial, but they're serious about it. Totally dedicated.

ANDY

That's what counts. If you're not passionate about it, don't waste your time. That's why I quit college... Plus I'm a lazy bastard.

(They raise their cups. Andy taps his forehead.)

Wait, I know this... A votre sante.

SERAFINE

A la votre.

They "clink" and drink. He notices her KEYCHAIN lying on the ground. It's a miniature replica of Rodin's famous sculpture, "The Kiss". He picks it up.

ANDY

This looks familiar...

SERAFINE

Ahh, Rodin. Mmm! He's the fuc-

(she catches herself
and laughs)

I mean, he's the best. You must go
to the Rodin sculpture garden, in
the huitieme, it's so beautiful.

She gestures across the river. Andy looks at the gorgeous
panorama.

ANDY

Yeah, I gotta admit, you French are
pretty good at beautiful.

He looks at Serafine. She looks back at him. He holds up
"The Kiss".

ANDY

I bet you're pretty good at this
too.

She smiles playfully.

SERAFINE

What, sculpting?

He shakes his head "no" and moves towards her. They kiss
tenderly. They separate and share a deep, passionate look.
They kiss again, hungrily, falling into a passionate embrace.
They're really going for it. Her NAILS dig into his back. He
pulls her body into his until they look like one form - just
like Rodin's sculpture.

APPLAUSE and CHEERS break the moment. A TOURIST BOAT is
gliding by on the Seine, it's ELDERLY PASSENGERS applauding
the young couple. Serafine pulls away, blushing a little,
and turns to the boat. ANDY doesn't even notice the boat.
He's staring at Sera fine with a scary kind of intensity.
She starts to say something but he starts kissing her again,
cutting her off.

Suddenly he's out of control, pawing at her... It takes an
effort for her to pull back from him.

SERAFINE

Hey, calm down a second...

She looks into his eyes and freezes with fear. HIS STARE is terrifying, totally predatory, inhuman. Something's ignited in him. She pushes him away and shakes him.

SERAFINE

What's wrong with you!?

Andy blinks and seems to come a couple of steps back to normality.

ANDY

What? Aren't I a good kisser? What's the matter?

She fixes him with a heavy, suspicious stare. She glances down at his ankle, where the bottom of HIS WOUND is visible. She seems to understand something. She fumbles in her purse, takes out a compact mirror, and checks her face.

SERAFINE

God, look at my lipstick. Look, I'm going to run into the bathroom at that cafe. Stay here and watch the stuff, okay?

She gets up and starts off. He looks after her.

ANDY

Serafine...

SERAFINE

I'll be right back. Stay put.

She runs up the steps to street level. Andy watches her go. He turns back to his glass of wine and chugs it. He puts the bottle to his lips and takes a long belt. He picks up the big block of pate and bites into it like a piece of cake. He likes it. He takes another huge bite. He looks after Serafine. He gets up.

INT. CAFE

Serafine puts her "telecarte" into the pay phone and dials. She looks anxious, upset. We hear the phone ringing at the

other end. Behind her, Andy comes into the cafe. He walks up to her, pissed off.

ANDY

Fixing your makeup with a phone, huh? Who the fuck are you calling?

SERAFINE

Professor Roussel. There's something wrong with you. I know it.

ANDY

Roussel? You mean Claude? You're calling Dr. Demento so he can come paint my face again? Fuck that.

Andy starts backing away.

SERAFINE

Andy, stop! I think he can help you -
(Claude picks up)

CLAUDE (V.O.)

Allo?

ANDY

What, you think you're gonna catch fucking leprosy from me? Fuck that shit! If I'm not good enough for you I'll find someone else!

He turns and storms out of the cafe. Serafine's flustered.

SERAFINE

Andy!

CLAUDE (V.O.)

(French)

Serafine? Is that you? What's going on?

SERAFINE

(French)

Claude, it's Andy, he's acting really weird, I think something happened

last night...

CLAUDE (V.O.)

God, well don't let him go! Catch him!

She drops the phone and runs out of the cafe. On the sidewalk, she looks in all directions. Nothing. Andy's gone.

SERAFINE

Fuck!

INT. CLAUDE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Claude's sitting at his desk, phone to his ear. The room is stuffed with books.

CLAUDE

Serafine? Allo?

He hangs up. He strokes his chin and furrows his brow, sinking deep into thought.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS OF PARIS - NIGHT

Music cue: "Wolf Call" by Elvis Presley. Andy pays for a crepe at one of the roadside stands, and eats it as he walks along the narrow sidewalk, still brooding about Serafine. He stops to gawk at the PRETTY GIRLS that pass by, and bumps into a young FRENCH TOUGH with a ROTTWEILER.

FRENCH TOUGH

Idiot!

ANDY

Ah, bite me!

He glares at the tough and his growling dog. The dog suddenly shrinks back in fear and decides it's time to leave. He pulls his owner along. Andy continues on his way. He ditches the half finished crepe. That's not what he's hungry for.

Andy comes upon a trendy little CAFE with several tables of

diners eating in the open air. Andy notices an attractive young blond sitting alone, thumbing through a "Let's Go" guide. This is AMY SINGLETON. Andy approaches confidently.

ANDY

Ahem. Did you know that, according to the "Let's Go" code of conduct, whenever two Americans meet in Paris, the one with the sexiest smile has to buy dinner?

Amy smiles. She is indeed sexy, with remarkable, sparkling BLUE EYES.

ANDY

Damn! You win!... Waiter! Garcon!

He jumps into the seat across from her.

AMY

Actually, I'm waiting for someone.

ANDY

What a coincidence, I am someone!
(sniffs)
Mmm. Calvin Klein's Obsession. Now it's mine too.

She laughs. The waiter arrives to take their order. Andy hands him the empty half bottle of wine from Amy's table.

ANDY

Hi. Another, bigger bottle for this ravishing blue eyed Goddess and myself. And, avez vous le Steak Tartar?

CUT TO:

INT. TERRENCE'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Serafine unlocks the door and enters the apartment. She's stopped cold by what she sees. The place has been totally ransacked - drawers opened, shelves cleared, furniture overturned, the works. The window is open.

SERAFINE
Merde! Salots!

She walks across the room, kicking at the debris in her path. She stands in the middle of the mess, absolutely furious.

SERAFINE
Aaaaah!

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Across the street from the apartment building, GASTON pauses to light a cigarette. He hears Serafine's distant scream, looks towards the building, and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

Three successive tables of upscale PARISIAN DINERS are gawking at something. At one table, Inspector Marcel hides behind his menu, and shakes his head in disdain.

We follow their glances to Andy, greedily licking the last bits of Steak Tartar off his plate. Amy giggles in amazement as she pours the last from the bottle of wine. She's a bit drunk - enough to be amused by Andy's antics.

AMY
God. How can you eat like that?

ANDY
It's all in the tongue. Another bottle?

Amy laughs and nods "yes". JEAN-LUC, 25, a well dressed, powerfully built Frenchman enters. He kisses Amy on both cheeks, all the while watching Andy uneasily.

AMY
Jean-Luc. You're kinda late sweetie.

JEAN-LUC
I was busy. Is this a friend of yours?

AMY

Well, yeah, kinda', but -

ANDY

We're so much more than friends.
We're soul mates, sex slaves, pen
pals, the whole nine yards. Well,
nine yards is a slight exaggeration,
but believe me, for a white boy, I
got nothing to be ashamed of.

Amy laughs in mid gulp and wine comes through her nose. Andy looks at Jean-Luc, who is - of course - pretty steamed.

ANDY

Hey, I'm kidding... It's a joke!
Here, maybe if I say it in metric.

Jean-Luc grabs Andy by the collar and pulls him to his feet.

JEAN-LUC

Think you're smart, huh?

Amy tries to intervene.

AMY

Jean-Luc, don't be a jerk.

She tries to pull his hands off Andy, but Jean-Luc sends her reeling back with a firm shove.

ANDY

Hey, look man, she -

Jean-Luc brings his hand back and slaps Andy in the mouth.

JEAN-LUC

Shut up. Why are you Americans always
so loud?

ANDY

I don't know. Maybe it's so we can
drown out the sound of your mother
fucking the navy?

Jean-Luc takes a swing at Andy. With amazing reflexes, he dodges it deftly. Jean-Luc jabs - again Andy avoids it easily. He smiles, impressed with himself. Jean-Luc is incensed.

He goes for Andy's throat, but Andy catches him by the arm and, with superhuman strength, FLIPS him head over heels, through the air and - SMASH! - onto a nearby table.

Andy casually leans past the semi-conscious Jean-Luc and plucks a CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE out of its ice bucket. The WAITER is about to object, but thinks better of it. Andy takes Amy by the arm, she grabs the RED WINE BOTTLE, and they start off away from the cafe.

AMY

Wow. You know Kung Fu or something?

ANDY

(amazed at himself)

Yeah. Apparently.

In the background, Marcel hurries to pay his tab and follow them. He slips on some of the broken glassware spilled by Jean-Luc's fall, and almost goes for a tumble himself.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET

Amy and Andy walk together. She's still giddy.

AMY

Ha ha. You were probably right about his mom.

ANDY

Hope I didn't hurt him too bad.

AMY

Who gives a shit? I've had it up to here with arrogant Frenchmen.

ANDY

Up to there? Really? I bet I could beat that.

AMY

Ha ha! Yeah right, white boy! Ha Ha ha.

(she hiccups)

I think maybe I drank too much.

ANDY

Ah. The mating call of the blonde.
The night is young, the moon is bright, whataya feel like doing tonight?

AMY

I don't know... Surprise me.

He thinks a moment, then puts his arm around her and whispers in her ear. She squeals with delight.

AMY

Are you kidding?! I LOVE Jim Morrison!!

Inspector Marcel, who's eavesdropping from around a nearby corner, rolls his eyes to heaven. Oh brother. The Doors' "Backdoor Man" kicks loud as we

CUT TO:

EXT. PERE LACHAISE - NIGHT

Marcel is hiding behind a grave, spying. His passion for police work has been reborn, judging from his rapt, totally absorbed stare. He's watching...

ANDY AND AMY

having extremely hot and primal sex on Jim Morrison's grave, lit by dozens of flickering candles people have "left for Jim". He pours red wine into their mouths. Sweat and wine drip off their naked bodies. The sex heats up to an intense, screaming climax. Amy squeals with ecstasy.

AMY

My God! You're an animal!

But Andy's still accelerating - transported to another plane. Sweat pours from his brow. His face contorts with each groan, but now it's hard to tell if it's from pleasure or pain. His body jerks violently and his skin suddenly blushes bright red. Amy winces.

AMY

Ahh! Jesus! You're burning hot! What the hell -

ANDY

AHHHHHHH!

Marcel is a little disconcerted.

MARCEL

(French, to himself)

Alright already, you passed the audition for God's sakes.

Andy's skin literally glows red, turning his sweat to steam. He leaps off Amy and disappears into the sprawling cemetery, screaming in agony. Amy watches him go.

AMY

Hey, where are you going!?

Marcel starts off after Andy, taking the wide route around Amy. Andy's scream echoes through the cemetery. Amy pulls her dress on.

AMY

Creep.

ANDY

red hot (literally), weaves through the tombs, screaming. He comes to a small courtyard with an ORNATE FOUNTAIN. He dives into the brackish water. Clouds of steam rise off the water as he thrashes about under the marble goddess in the center of the fountain.

AMY

searches through the graveyard. She's got Andy's clothes.

AMY

I don't know what's wrong with you,
man, but I got your pants, so we
better talk.

THE FOUNTAIN

Andy's gurgling screams are changing, becoming less human. We catch glimpses of body parts as they surface from the churning froth - GROTESQUE, FLAILING LIMBS somewhere in mid-transformation between human and beast.

MARCEL

steps cautiously through the ancient, ornate tombs and mausoleums, listening to the distant splashing and sporadic inhuman screams. He draws his gun and loads a cartridge. Suddenly a horrible grunt and loud SMASH pierce the air. Marcel wheels around and smacks nose first into a gravestone.

MARCEL

Merde!

AMY

in another part of the graveyard, stops in her tracks, listening. Another SMASH followed by crumbling, and rushing water.

AMY

(to herself)

He's gone psycho ballistic. This is
bad.

Amy feels something and looks down. There's a stream of water flowing around her feet. She follows it towards its source and steps into

THE COURTYARD

The fountain has been smashed - the stone rim cracked into bits and the center statue fallen to the ground. There's no sign of Andy. Amy walks up to the fountain.

AMY
Oh my God...

She notices something on the ground. It's the **STONE GODDESS**, smashed into several pieces. We hear a low growl. Amy looks up, terrified. She scans the **GRAVES** around the perimeter of the courtyard. She takes a few tentative steps backward.

Suddenly a **MASSIVE TOMBSTONE** is wrenched off its base (most of the ancient stone markers are eroded and crumbling - many already fallen over). It falls like a tree, revealing the familiar pair of piercing yellow eyes behind it, framed by the dim outline of a massive beast. Amy emits an odd, primitive whine.

AMY
Unnnhh...

She runs away from the beast, across the courtyard and disappears into the graves.

In the **DENSE FOREST OF TALL TOMBSTONES**, Amy zigs and zags through narrow spaces, barely wide enough for her slender body to fit through. The camera **CRANES UP**.

HIGH ANGLE

Thirty paces behind Amy, pairs of tombstones split apart like jungle vegetation, crashing thunderously to the ground. The unseen beast's path is slowed by the monuments, but still follows Amy.

Amy looks back as she runs. She sees the tops of tombstones fall behind her. She comes to a railing at the top of a fifteen foot wall separating a **LOWER LEVEL** of the cemetery. She hangs over the edge and quietly drops.

She runs down a path comes to an intersection where six paths converge. She looks down each of them, but can't see the outer walls of the cemetery - just an endless landscape of graves. She sprints down a path and ducks behind **A LARGE CRYPT**.

Up on the higher level, the beast howls. She looks up and sees its silhouette sniffing the air, the full moon looming

behind it. She looks up at the iron door on the crypt. Then she reaches into her purse...

THE BEAST'S POV

Its HEAVY BREATH dominates the soundtrack. It scans the sprawl of graves from its perch on the hill, sniffing. It locks its stare on the large crypt. It sniffs again. With a growl, it leaps over the railing (we stay with its POV) and hits the ground running. It runs up a twisting path, closing in on THE CRYPT. It arrives at the back of the crypt and circles it, sniffing. It stops in front of the door.

THE BEAST'S EYES

Narrow and glow with intense predatory focus.

INSIDE THE CRYPT

We're looking at the door. CRASH! It flies open, revealing the snarling beast, backlit by the moon. It lunges in and stops.

THE BEAST'S POV

Scans back and forth - the crypt is empty. The beast sniffs again and growls with rage.

AMY

somewhere else in the graveyard, sprays a long blast of perfume into another crypt, and sneaks into the endless maze of tombs. We hear the enraged beast smash into another crypt a hundred yards away.

Amy comes to ANOTHER FOUNTAIN and slips into the water, quietly rinsing herself.

THE BEAST'S POV

smashes into another crypt. Nothing's inside. It backs up and runs to another crypt. SMASH! Nothing. The growls grow more furious. It crashes down another door. Nothing.

Amy, dripping wet, pads down a row of ancient family

mausoleums. She pauses as the beast lets loose a horrible howl and topples a monument some distance away. She tries the heavy iron door on a **SMALL GOTHIC MAUSOLEUM**. It opens. She slips inside.

IN THE MAUSOLEUM

Amy crouches under the small portal and **STAINED GLASS WINDOW**, which depicts the Virgin Mary. She struggles to quiet her breathing, and listens...

She hears only the trickling water from the nearby fountain. Then... some crackling twigs... then a **SNIFF**... another **SNIFF**, closer. Trembling, Amy quietly raises herself, peers out the portal and sees

MARCEL

Standing a few paces away, **SNIFFING** and trying to stem the flow from his bloody nose.

MARCEL

Merde...

Amy breaths a sigh of relief. Then -

THE BEAST springs out of the darkness behind Marcel - a blur of eyes, claws, and teeth - and tackles him to the ground.

IN THE MAUSOLEUM

Amy drops down to the floor, huddled in terror. A **GUN SHOT** hits the **STAINED GLASS** above Amy's head, shattering the Holy Virgin. Another **GUN SHOT** followed by a **ROAR OF PAIN** from the beast. But the pained roar quickly becomes **VICIOUS SNARLING** again. There are no more shots, just horrible snarls, screams, and ripping flesh. **BLOOD** splatters through the portal and drips down Amy's face. She hunkers down. Then, the sound of steps going away, and at last... silence.

Amy waits. We hear only the fountain and another, closer **DRIPPING**. It's Amy's wet clothes, still dripping into **A PUDDLE** on the floor, which is dripping **UNDER THE IRON DOOR**, into a small **STREAM** flowing on the otherwise dry **STONE WALKWAY**, away from the mausoleum.

In the mausoleum, Amy listens a bit more. Satisfied the coast is clear, she quietly turns to the iron door, grasps the handle and slowly turns it. But

before it clicks open -

RRRIIP!! The iron door is wrenched out of Amy's hand and off it's hinges, revealing

THE BEAST, up close and in clear view for the first time - it's truly awesome - a huge leering mouth full of razor sharp teeth, a hulking body built like a wolf but as massive as a bear, and vaguely humanoid paws with big hook claws. There's a bloody FLESH WOUND in its right shoulder.

It snarls savagely at Amy. She chokes out a little cry. The beast lunges.

OUTSIDE THE MAUSOLEUM - HIGH ANGLE

The beast's powerful hind section sticks out of the mausoleum, kicking a bit as it rips into its prey. The graveyard sprawls endlessly under the big moon, which hangs low in the sky.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. TERRENCE'S APT. BUILDING COURTYARD - MORNING

We hear Lulu the poodle's bell jingling behind a bush. Madame Chretien pokes her head out her door and whistles for Lulu. The bell keeps jingling, but Lulu doesn't come. She calls its name. It still won't come. She steps out into the courtyard in her bathrobe and walks towards the bush, calling for the dog, annoyed as its disobedience. She looks behind the bush and sees - A CROW picking at the scant remains of Lulu, ringing the collar bell with its beak. She SCREAMS.

INT. TERRENCE'S APT. - SAME TIME

Andy wakes up in a cold sweat, naked on his Uncle's couch. The phone is ringing. He looks disoriented, confused. We hear Madame Chretien screaming in the background.

ANDY

Jesus...

He sits up to get the phone and becomes dizzy - he grabs his head. He reaches for the phone and winces - there's a crusted over FLESH WOUND on his right shoulder. He picks up the phone.

ANDY

Hello?

SERAFINE (O.S.)

(anxious, concerned)

Are you okay?

ANDY

No, I don't think so... I was having a nightmare. Wait a second...

SERAFINE (O.S.)

Where did you go last night? What did you do?

ANDY

I don't... I... I can't remember...

SERAFINE (O.S.)

Listen, I'm coming over. Don't go anywhere. Stay right there.

She hangs up. Andy is very confused. He sees the front door - it's ajar and the door frame has been splintered where the deadbolt sits. Stunned, he stands up, only to double over with a wave of nausea. He covers his mouth and runs stooped over to the bathroom.

He leans over the toilet and vomits. After a few heaves his body relaxes and he catches his breath. He opens his eyes and looks down in the bowl - horror and disbelief sweep over his face as he focuses on:

A HUMAN EYEBALL

staring back at him from the bloody water. The iris is a familiar shade of sparkling blue...

ANDY

Oh no... no...

The doorbell rings. He leaps up, flushes the toilet and runs out of the bathroom, still naked, to find himself in full view of LeDuc and two UNIFORMED COPS standing in the open door. One of the cops is examining the splintered door frame.

LeDuc looks to be in an even worse mood than usual. His English is rough, but firm.

LEDUC
Get dressed.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE MORGUE - MORNING

We're close on a metal body drawer. A TECHNICIAN pulls it open, revealing a severed human foot, nothing else.

LeDuc, Andy, and the technician stand by the drawer in this dreary room. LeDuc never takes his eyes off Andy's face.

LEDUC
You recognize her?

ANDY
What?!

Leduc looks down, sees the foot, and barks at the technician.

LEDUC
(French)
That's the wrong one!

The technician checks his clipboard and tries another drawer. It contains a rotting ARM. LeDuc curses under his breath. He and the technician start opening drawers at random, peeking in, then slamming them shut.

ANDY
(nervous)
You, uh, you want to tell me what this is about?

LeDuc ignores him, continuing to open drawers. The technician appears to have found the right one at the far end.

TECHNICIAN

Inspector! C'est le voici.

A little exasperated, LeDuc and Andy go over to see what the technician has found. Once again, LeDuc gives him the nod. He opens the drawer to reveal

AMY'S MANGLED CORPSE

It's badly lacerated. Parts of her throat and midriff are missing, and she has only one eye. Andy gasps in horror.

LEDUC

We know you were with her.

ANDY

Oh shit... No...

LEDUC

That's not all...

(he reaches for another
drawer above Amy's)

Marcel - Officer Boulard was following
you.

ANDY

Oh no... no....

He pulls open the drawer to reveal MARCEL'S MANGLED CORPSE. There's a gaping hole in his midsection.

LEDUC

He was a good man. Now his wife is a
widow.

ANDY

(overcome)

This is... it's like a sick joke, I -

LeDuc grabs Andy by the collar and slams him against the
wall

LEDUC

This is not a joke! Not a dream!
These people are dead and -

TAP TAP... Through the small window in the door he sees CHIEF PICARD, his superior, trying to get his attention.

LEDUC

Merde... Wait here. When I return
you tell me about last night, huh?

ANDY

But... I don't remember anything, I
swear...

LEDUC

(sternly)

I leave these open. Maybe something
comes back to you.

He leaves the room. The technician leaves too. Andy's alone, staring at the corpses. Through the window, he can see LeDuc arguing loudly with his superior... Andy tries to breath deeply, calm down. He turns back to look at Amy's corpse. Suddenly, her eyes - well, her eye - snaps open and looks straight at him!

AMY

Thanks for the lovely evening,
shithead!

ANDY

Aaaaa! Jesus! This isn't happening.
I'm still hallucinating. Shit!

Andy storms around in a fit of disbelief.

AMY

You really know how to show a girl a
good time, don't you?

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

LeDuc and the Chief have stopped their argument briefly to watch Andy stomping around, gesturing wildly. They resume

their argument.

CHIEF

(French)

Okay. So he's weird. Maybe on drugs.
Still, that's not -

LEDUC

I'm telling you. It's not drugs.
It's something more. Someth -

CHIEF

Don't give me your black magic
bullshit! Seven mutilations in forty
eight hours and all you find is a
scrawny American boy? Do you have a
motive?

(LeDuc hesitates)

Do you have a weapon? Or do you want
me to believe he did it with his own
two hands?

LEDUC

(exasperated)

I told you. These murders are not
normal.

The Chief rolls his eyes, "here we go again" style. Meanwhile,

INSIDE THE ROOM

Andy is still pacing the room madly.

AMY

Face it boyfriend. This is really
happening.

ANDY

No it isn't! You're dead!

Marcel comes to life and peeks over the top of his drawer.

MARCEL

I'm afraid she's not so lucky. She's
undead. And so am I.

ANDY

Aaaaa!!! Get the fuck away from me!

MARCEL

What are you so damn angry about?
Did somebody turn into a wild beast
and rip your intestines out? Huh?

AMY

I spent four years on StairMaster
for this bod and you rip through it
like a pork chop. Thanks.

Andy blinks hard. Every time he opens his eyes, Marcel and Amy are still there, hideous as ever, staring at him.

ANDY

Okay... dead or undead... what do
you want from me?

AMY

A-duh... You're a werewolf. And we,
as your victims, have to walk the
earth until your curse is lifted.

ANDY

Uh huh... And, supposing I believed
that, what could I do about it?

AMY/MARCEL

(together)

Kill yourself.

AMY

It's the only way.

MARCEL

It's not so hard. I used to think
about it all the time. Maybe you
should meet my wife.

Andy buries his head in his hands.

OUTSIDE THE ROOM

CHIEF

Enough. Cut him loose.

LEDUC

I can't! At midnight tonight, he will kill again. It's crazy!

CHIEF

Are you crazy? We have nothing. Let him go, then watch him. If you're right, you can pick him up at midnight. Or maybe he'll lead you to the others. Just let him go.

The chief leaves. LeDuc scowls. He looks in at Andy, still gesticulating wildly and talking to thin air. LeDuc reenters the room and looks at Andy bitterly.

LEDUC

You're free to go.

Andy looks from LeDuc to the drawers and back again.

ANDY

Me?

LeDuc gives him an angry stare.

CUT TO:

EXT. ILE DE LA CITE - DAY

Andy walks past Notre Dame, flanked by Marcel and Amy.

MARCEL

Hanging is nice. Never goes out of style. What about hare-kare - a taste of the Orient? But no! You're in Paris! Try the Guillotine! There's one in the Louvre!

AMY

I'd use pills. They're painless.

MARCEL

Oh give me a break! He could use pills back in America! Why not get a little culture?

Andy stops in his tracks - overwhelmed, desperate.

ANDY

Look, I didn't mean to hurt anybody...
God, I didn't mean to... to...

AMY

Rip my face off? Hey, we all make mistakes. Hell, I didn't mean to sleep with you on the first night, especially without a condom. But I did, and now I'm paying the price.

Andy slumps over, beaten. Amy puts her arm around him. Marcel pats him on the back. They start him walking along.

MARCEL

Let's face it. It's a, how do you say... mother-fucker. But we're all in it together. That's why we're trying to help you.

AMY

Exactly.

HOOOOONNNNK!! Andy looks up to see a speeding bus about to flatten him. Amy and Marcel have lead him into traffic. He jumps back and the bus just grazes him. Of course, it passes right through Amy and Marcel. They're still standing there when it's gone.

MARCEL

Merde! Just missed!

AMY

(to Andy)

Uhh! Would you die already!

Andy's adrenaline is pumping. There's still some fight in him.

ANDY

Fuck you! If I'm gonna kill myself
I'll do it when I'm good and ready!
You can go to hell!

MARCEL

No we can't. That's the problem. God
knows it would beat hanging around
with you!

Andy socks Marcel and breaks his jaw - off. It skitters off into the street. He punches him in the gut - SKLURCH! His fist gets stuck in the tangle of Marcel's abdominal organs.

While Andy tries to pull his hand free, Amy rears back and kicks him in the balls. He wrenches his hand loose and staggers back, clutching his groin.

ANDY

Hey, you can't kick me! You're an
apparition!

AMY

What, all of a sudden you got a degree
in supernatural law?

Marcel fits his jaw back into place.

MARCEL

Call it the power of suggestion.

He socks Andy in the mouth. Andy shakes it off, rips Marcel's arm off, bashes him in the face with it, then turns around and uses it to beat Amy over the head. Meanwhile...

IN AN UNMARKED POLICE CAR PARKED A HALF BLOCK AWAY

RENE and FRANCOIS, the two cops who accompanied LeDuc to Andy's apartment, watch Andy whirl around the sidewalk, swinging wildly at the air, reacting to invisible blows, and cursing unseen enemies.

RENE

(French)

You know, in his own way, he's probably happier than any of us.

Francois nods philosophically. Meanwhile, back in Andy's reality...

Marcel has got him in a full Nelson and Amy is punching him in the stomach. He bucks forward, wrenching both of Marcel's arms off and slams them together onto Amy's head, knocking her down. Andy waves Marcel's arms in triumph.

ANDY

Ha-ha!

AMY

Oh, big man. You can beat up a couple of cadavers. Well let me make something real clear, asshole. If you don't kill yourself, at midnight tonight you're gonna transform and murder innocent people!

MARCEL

What are you going to be, McDermott? A coward and a murderer? Or a man, with guts enough to do the right thing?

The truth of this question hits home with Andy. A heavy expression falls over his face, one of grave sadness, but also inner dignity. He breathes deeply and exhales.

ANDY

Alright. Let me write a letter.

MARCEL

Good man. Now can I have my arms back?

CUT TO:

EXT. NEWS STAND - DAY

Music cue: Thelonius Monk's "Round Midnight". The NEWS STAND MAN hands Andy some stamps. Andy sticks them on a letter

addressed to Mr. and Mrs. William McDermott. He starts walking away but a postcard in the display rack catches his eye - it's Rodin's "The Kiss". He looks at it sadly.

A MAILBOX

Andy drops the letter in the box. He walks to a pay phone on the sidewalk. Amy and Marcel lean on a nearby building, watching Andy dial. Terrence's answering machine picks up.

TERRENCE'S MACHINE (O.S.)

(French)

Hey. This is Terrence. Please leave a message at the beep...

(English)

In other words, this is Terrence McDermott. Please leave a message.

(it BEEPS)

ANDY

Hey, Serafine, I hope you're checking these. It's Andy. So I guess you knew what was wrong with me yesterday. Unfortunately it took me until today to realize it, and because of that two people are dead. If you didn't know, well, shit, it's irrelevant now. I know what I have to do, but before I do it I just wanted to say... I don't know what would've happened with us, but I'm really glad I had the chance to know you even if it was only a couple of days and... I don't know... I probably wouldn't have the nerve to say this if I was gonna see you again, but I think if I had the chance to kiss you one more time I would've fallen totally in love with you.

INT. TERRENCE'S APT. - SAME TIME

The door opens, Serafine enters and runs to the machine.

ANDY (ON MACHINE)

Oh well... Bye Serafine.

Serafine snatches the phone off the receiver just as Andy hangs up. She gets a dial tone. She's very upset.

SERAFINE

Merde!

ON THE SIDEWALK

Amy and Marcel watch Andy hang up in the phone booth. The emotion of the moment is getting to Amy.

AMY

Geez, I feel bad for him. Maybe we should've told him about -

MARCEL

Are you crazy!? You know that's totally impractical. Besides, like the Bible says...

(he sticks his finger
in her empty eye
socket)

An eye for an eye...

Amy nods. Andy exits the phone booth and approaches them. "Round Midnight" fades out.

ANDY

Let's do it.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESPLANADE - DAY

Andy drains the last of a bottle of Jack Daniel's and wobbles along, totally smashed and a bit wistful, with Amy and Marcel in tow.

ANDY

What the hell, lots of my heroes killed themselves. Hemingway, Van Gogh... um... Herve Villachaise...

MARCEL

But this is class kid, all the way.
What a way to go.

AMY

You got style, babe. That's why I
went for you in the first place.

WIDE SHOT

They're approaching the Eiffel tower.

ANDY

When they ask how I died, just tell
'em... Ei-ffel.

THE COPS

sit in their car, watching Andy buy his ticket and get into
the elevator.

FRANCOIS

(French)

Should we follow him up?

RENE

Well, he's gotta come down some time.
Fuck it, let's grab a bite.

FRANCOIS

Good thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. PATISSERIE - DAY

It's a typical Parisian bakery, stuffed to the ceiling with
an unbelievable array of the finest, most delectable pastries.
Rene steps to the counter.

RENE

Vous avez les doughnuts?

CUT TO:

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

We're looking at the elevator doors. They open. Andy strides out onto the deck, through the milling TOURISTS, flanked by Marcel and Amy.

ANDY

There's only one thing certain in life - each of us owes God a death.

Proud, determined, Andy arrives at the six foot wire mesh fence and quickly scales it. Amy and Marcel follow. Nearby tourists are alarmed and a clamor of concern rises up. Those with camcorders jockey for position.

ANDY

All we can do is make sure it's a good one.

Andy gets over the fence and stands on the small ledge. Amy and Marcel join him. The tourists gasp. Andy glances down at THE PRECIPITOUS DROP. He turns suddenly pale.

ANDY

Shit. I feel sick.

MARCEL

Don't worry. In a few seconds you won't feel a thing.

ANDY

Puking on yourself in midair is not a good death.

AMY

Look, the more you think about it, the harder it is.

MARCEL

Just like sex with my wife.

AMY

The key is don't look down.

MARCEL

Also like sex with my wife.

AMY
(to Marcel)
Would you shut up?

Andy looks woozy. Tourists are trying to dissuade him in Italian, Japanese, Icelandic, etc. Marcel tries a new tack.

MARCEL
Tell you what, we'll jump together.

AMY
(picking up Marcel's
lead)
Sure. We wouldn't ask you to do
anything we wouldn't do. Now give me
your hand... that's it...

Amy coaxes Andy's hand off the fence. The crowd gasps. Andy grits his teeth and focuses again.

AMY/MARCEL
One... two... three... JUMP!

They jump, but Andy stops short - GASTON is leaning over the fence and has Andy by his shirt.

GASTON
You're not getting off so easy.

AMY AND MARCEL

Plummet through the air. They look back at Andy, annoyed.

MARCEL
Merde! I can't believe this!

AMY
You try to be a good sport, and look
what happens.

SPLAT!! Their bodies split into several pieces and squirt out on the pavement into two radial patterns, each about ten feet in diameter. Repair will take a while this time.

MARCEL'S HEAD

Huh. Galileo was right.

AMY'S HEAD

Who?

GASTON

has Andy by the arm and is trying to pull up to "safety".
The tourists cheer him on. Andy is resisting.

GASTON

Where's the ADM? Where did your uncle
put it?

ANDY

Man, I don't know what the fuck you're
talking about.

GASTON

Bullshit! Your uncle told you!

ANDY

My uncle's in a coma you moron!

GASTON

Before the coma!

ANDY

He didn't tell me anything. All he
said was Saint Severin...

Andy swallows the word "Severin", remembering something as
he speaks. Suddenly wheels are turning in his head.

GASTON

Saint Severin? The church? So you
know all about the ADM!

(Andy reacts to the
word "church?")

Where is it! Tell me! Tell me or
else!

ANDY

Or else what? You'll kill me?

GASTON

No. But I'll kill your fucking girlfriend!

ANDY

You'll never get the chance.

Andy pulls backward as hard as he can, jerking Gaston off balance. He's trying to pull them both to their deaths, but Gaston grabs a STEEL POST with his free hand.

Andy hangs below the ledge, pulling Gaston's arm down with all his new superhuman strength. But Gaston pulls back just as hard. Andy sees The STEEL POST start to bend. He looks into Gaston's FERAL STARE and understands...

ANDY

It was you! You son-of-a-bitch! You got my uncle!

The POST keeps bending - its welds won't hold long.

GASTON

Don't be an idiot! I'm not the only one. If I die, Serafine dies!

ANDY

Bullshit! You're bluffing!

GASTON

What, you think Claude hangs out underground cause he likes to dance?

This gives Andy pause.

ANDY

Claude...?

GASTON

And you call me a moron...

Andy stops pulling. He looks uncertain - maybe Gaston is right... But then - SNAP! The post, which has bent all the

way over into a "J" shape, snaps its weld. Gaston and Andy plummet towards the ground nine hundred feet below. The tourists gasp.

Using the bent pole as a hook, Gaston snares a HORIZONTAL ANTENNA which sticks out of the tower about fifty feet under the observation deck. He stops short and dangles there, still gripping Andy by the arm. The tourists CHEER. Meanwhile, nine hundred feet below...

RENE AND FRANCOIS

lean on their car, munching doughnuts. The tower looms behind them, and we can just make out the dangling figures at the top. Rene reaches into the paper doughnut bag and comes up short.

RENE
(French)
Oh! You ate the last jelly!

UP ON THE ANTENNA

Gaston's grip is firm. They'll have to climb up the iron cross beams to the observation deck.

GASTON
The ADM. Let's go.

ANDY
Yeah, okay. Just gimme a minute to freshen up.

CUT TO:

ON THE OBSERVATION DECK

Andy and Gaston climb up onto the deck. The tourists applaud and cheer for Gaston - the "hero".

TOURISTS
Bravo! Magnifique! Wunderbah!

Gaston can't resist posing as the cameras flash - he sucks in his cheeks, purses his lips and does his best "Mickey

Rourke". Andy looks at him, incredulous.

ANDY

I must be in Paris. Even the werewolves are poseurs.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRENCE'S APT. BUILDING

Gaston and Andy endure the elevator ride together.

ANDY

So, if you and the nutty professor are both werewolves, what do you want with drugs? You like seeing lots of pretty colors when you're tearing people's throats out?

GASTON

If you know about the church, why ask such stupid questions?

They step out of the elevator and up to the apartment door. Andy takes his key ring out and tries the lock. The key won't turn. Andy jiggles it.

ANDY

Damn...

He tries another key. It doesn't work. He jiggles it, rattling the door on its hinges.

GASTON

What's the problem?

ANDY

Hey, I'm new here, what do you want?

Andy tries a third key. No good. More jiggling.

GASTON

Fucking cretin...

The fourth key works. Andy pushes the door open. Gaston shoves

him in roughly and steps in after him.

INT. TERRENCE'S APARTMENT

Gaston shuts the door behind him and walks over to Andy, who scans the room nervously, unsure of his next move.

GASTON

Where is it? Hurry up!

Andy's eyes come to rest on the end table drawer, where Serafine had put the gun before... He advances toward it.

ANDY

(patronizing)

Okay, okay. I got your magic medicine right here, dogboy. Just -

Gaston grabs Andy's hand before he opens the drawer.

GASTON

Do you think I'm an idiot?

ANDY

(beat... incredulous)

Sure. Don't you?

He shoves Andy away and opens the drawer... no gun. They hear a pistol COCK behind them.

SERAFINE

Looking for this?

Gaston turns and sees Serafine aiming the gun at him. With incredible speed he leaps for the window as Serafine fires. BANG!! The bullet catches him in the arm as he dives through the glass. BANG!! She fires again and misses.

Gaston lands in the courtyard, three stories below, and runs off with a slight limp. BANG! BANG! Serafine fires blindly into the courtyard after him, overwrought with anger. Andy puts a hand to her arm, and she lowers the gun. They embrace tightly, desperately. Serafine can't keep from crying. Andy comforts her.

ANDY

Hey, hey... shhh. It's okay now...
La Femme Nikita strikes again.

He wipes away her tears and she smiles at his joke.

SERAFINE

Andy, I thought... I heard your
message and... thank God you're
alright.

She embraces him again, but Andy gently frees himself.

ANDY

I'm not alright. We both know that.
The only reason I'm here now is to
warn you. You're still in danger.
Gaston told me that Claude has got
the curse too. He's a werewolf.

SERAFINE

I know. He told me.

ANDY

What?! He told you? When?

Andy hears a familiar voice behind him.

CLAUDE

Two weeks ago.

Andy spins around to see Claude standing by the hallway to
Terrence's office. Andy reaches for the gun and points it at
him.

ANDY

You two faced bastard. I knew you
were full of shit.

SERAFINE

Andy! No!

She puts herself between Claude and the gun barrel. Andy
pushes her out of the way.

ANDY

Serafine! Move! Don't you see, he's just after the drug, that ADM stuff. He's using you to get to it, just like he used Uncle Terrence.

Claude approaches Andy, speaking calmly.

CLAUDE

You're exactly right, Andy. I enlisted both Serafine and your uncle to obtain ADM. And now I'm counting on your assistance too.

ANDY

Why the fuck would I do that?

SERAFINE

Because, Andy. It's a cure.

ANDY

A cure?

CLAUDE

A cure. With ADM we can wipe out lycanthropy, the curse of the werewolf, forever.

Andy is shocked, stunned, skeptical. He bluffs with the only card he's got.

ANDY

Is that so? Maybe we should go to Saint Severin church and make sure, huh?

Claude's face changes. He's surprised.

CLAUDE

Ah, you've done your homework... Excellent. Get your coat. Leave the gun with Serafine. She can keep searching. We don't have much time.

Andy and Serafine share a heavy look. He hands her the gun.

SERAFINE

Andy... I should never have let you go underground. I'm sorry...

ANDY

(shaking his head)

I had to be a damn Hemingway hero. Well I'll tell ya, the old man and the sea didn't go through half this shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAINT SEVERIN CHURCH - EVENING

Sheets of rain crash down over this ancient gothic church. Sharing an umbrella, Andy and Claude walk inside.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR

Parked across the street, Rene and Francois watch them enter the church. Rene talks into a cellular phone.

RENE

(French)

He's going into Saint Severin church with Professor Claude Roussel.

INT. LEDUC'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

LEDUC

(on phone)

Really... Okay, keep checking in.

LeDuc hangs up and thinks a moment. He turns the page of the old book on his desk, revealing an old woodcut illustration of a policeman being attacked by a werewolf. He frowns.

INT. SAINT SEVERIN CHURCH - EVENING

An evening mass is in progress. The boy's choir fills the church with a solemn hymn. Andy follows Claude to a narrow staircase. An OLD WOMAN gives them the evil eye and crosses herself as they pass. Claude and Andy go up the stairs and

arrive at a balcony under a magnificent wall of ancient STAINED GLASS. One of the panels catches Andy's eye.

ANDY

Whoa...

THE PANEL shows a weird medieval ritual - a man draining blood from another man's neck into a goblet. ANOTHER PANEL features a pentagram. ANOTHER PANEL shows a huge werewolf eating a monk under a frowning sun. All the transcriptions are in Latin. Claude signals Andy to follow him.

CLAUDE

The panels that concern us are over here.

(he directs Andy to a group of panels)

I'll translate the Latin.

A PANEL shows a different werewolf, tied down, being stabbed in the heart by a knight under a frowning moon.

CLAUDE

"Then Simon did slay the demon spirit, the same as had made him unclean,"

THE NEXT PANEL - the knight now holds the beast's heart aloft, impaled on his dagger. Where the beast was, a man lies bleeding in the background.

CLAUDE

"and Simon did cut out the heart of the beast which once dead, regained the shape of a man"

THE NEXT PANEL shows the beast's heart on a platter. The Hero is sitting at a table, cutting into the heart with a knife, as if he's about to eat it.

CLAUDE

"Simon ate of the heart of the beast and his soul was cleansed."

(he turns to Andy)

These pictures are not just myth, Andy. The scholars of the day used

them to record facts and enlighten the public. This is the medieval version of a newspaper.

ANDY

(skeptical)

Yeah, well what if it's the Weekly World News...

AMY

No. It's all true, Andy...

Startled, Andy turns to see Amy and Marcel, a little worse for wear, standing behind them.

AMY

I mean, if by some miracle you can find the werewolf that bit you, and then manage to eat it's heart, the curse is lifted. I was gonna tell you but Marcel wouldn't let me.

MARCEL

Oh sure, it was all mean old Marcel's idea. Give me a break! We didn't tell you because it's a wild goose chase! Not to mention disgusting. Look...

Marcel reaches into his own chest cavity, rips out his own slimy purple heart, and thrusts it in Andy's face.

MARCEL

A little Grey Poupon and then Bon appetite, eh?

Andy grimaces and turns back to Claude.

CLAUDE

(to Amy)

I don't believe we've been introduced.

ANDY

What?... Oh, right, you can see these guys too. Jesus...

(he rolls his eyes)

AMY

(smiles and extends
her hand)

Amy. Nice to meet you.

Claude shakes her hand - SQUISH. Some sort of body fluid oozes out of Amy's hand. Claude frowns and discreetly wipes his hand with a handkerchief. Marcel smiles and extends his hand.

MARCEL

Marcel.

(Claude smiles
politely, declining
Marcel's rotting
hand)

My wife has all your books.

Claude nods "thank you". Andy's had enough.

ANDY

Great. Later on we'll have to get together for cocktails. Right now I kinda have to hurry before I grow a lot of hair and eat people.

(to Claude)

Say this heart thing works. What's it got to do with ADM?

CLAUDE

It's chemistry, Andy. Nothing more. Mutated antigens concentrated in the heart of the infector unlock a vaccine-like chain reaction in the infectee. There were not many bio-chemists working in the twelfth century, but with today's technology it's possible to synthesize any chemical imaginable. When I discovered this ancient cure I knew who to go to.

ANDY

Uncle Terrence.

CLAUDE

Yes. I was able to decode the old texts and give Terrence the specifications. It took a lot of trial and error, but finally he got it: Adenine Di-Methyloxide. ADM. I call it ADAM. But just before he was attacked, he hid it...

ANDY

Because Gaston was after it.

CLAUDE

Yes, that sociopath. He's given himself over to the evil of lycanthropy. To him, ADAM is just a threat to the terror he holds over others. To us, it's salvation.

MARCEL

Yeah, well I don't know much about chemistry, but even if this stuff works, you better find it by midnight. Otherwise it's -

ANDY

Yeah, I know. Back to the Eiffel Tower.

(to Claude)

And what about you?

CLAUDE

Believe me, I won't go through another night of that hell. I have my contingency plan right here.

He removes a WHITE PILL from his coat pocket and holds it up.

CLAUDE

Sodium cyanide.

The CHURCH BELLS ring. The group listens tensely as the solemn bells sound eight times.

ANDY

Eight o'clock. Shit. You'd think my uncle would have left a clue, a note, something...

CLAUDE

That's what Serafine is searching for. Without much luck, I'm afraid. If only we could speak with him. But alas, he's off in another realm, close to death.

The wheels in Andy's head are turning. He looks over at Amy and Marcel. He smiles. He's got an idea.

MARCEL

Andy, please. Don't smile like that. You're scaring me.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Andy and Serafine walk down the corridor of the Terminal Ward. Andy looks determined. Serafine looks upset.

SERAFINE

What makes you so sure this will work?

ANDY

I told you. He already tried to contact me once. If you saw his face... He was desperate to tell me something. I owe him this.

SERAFINE

I don't know...

ANDY

Listen, either he wastes away as a pathetic vegetable or he can give what's left of his life to save hundreds of potential victims. He's

a McDermott. I know what his choice would be.

SERAFINE

I suppose you're right. But I still don't like it.

They stop at the door to Terrence's room.

ANDY

Fine. You don't have to watch. Stay out here and stand guard.

She nods. Andy goes into

TERRENCE'S HOSPITAL ROOM

The lights are off. Andy approaches Terrence's oxygen tent. In the dim light, he can barely make out Terrence through the plastic, lying motionless, barely making an impression under the sheets. He looks at the body wistfully and surveys the array of machinery that's keeping him "alive". Most of the machines are plugged into a TRANSFORMER BOX on the floor.

ANDY

Hey. We meet again... Look, I know you understand what I'm about to do here. I think. But I hope you forgive me anyway.

Andy takes a deep breath. He leans down to the transformer and opens the safety cover, and flips the power switch. All the machines power down.

Suddenly the old man in the bed sits up, gasping, and clawing at the walls of the oxygen tent. Oh my God! It's NOT Terrence!! Andy nearly soils himself, diving down to fumble with the transformer, suddenly all thumbs. He switches the power on again.

THE NURSE STATION

The fat, sour looking duty nurse sees the alarm from the failed life support system. She's about to call for help when the indicator stops flashing. She watches it intently

for a few seconds, nothing. She decides to dismiss it.

TERRENCE'S ROOM

The old man is lying back down, asleep. He seems to be okay. His support machinery is functioning normally again.

With a sigh of relief, Andy turns and pulls back the curtain behind him. There's Terrence, sans oxygen tent, hooked up to another extensive support system.

ANDY

So. You moved...

He pulls the curtain closed behind him, and moves in close to his uncle. Terrence's expression looks unmistakably morose.

ANDY

You don't look happy... Um, I don't usually go in for this stuff, but...

(He crosses himself,
and says a silent
prayer)

Amen.

Andy leans down, opens the transformer box, and flips the power switch. The machines power down - all except the EKG monitor, which shows a flat line and emits the familiar steady tone. Andy switches off the monitor. Silence.

Terrence's body is completely still, peaceful. He leans down over its face and speaks in a soft voice.

ANDY

Uncle Terrence? Can you hear me?

Terrence's body remains motionless.

AT THE NURSE'S STATION

This time the nurse doesn't wait to respond. Seeing the indicators from Terrence's room, she presses the intercom.

NURSE

Chambre 411. Code bleu! Code bleu!

IN TERRENCE'S ROOM

Silence. Andy's worried. He takes his uncle by the shoulders.

ANDY

Come on... Skip the undead orientation
and get down here.

Nothing. He looks at the door nervously.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Serafine sees a squad of doctors and nurses pushing trolleys of emergency equipment her way from the far end of the hall. She leans her head in the door to warn Andy.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Andy is beside himself with stress. He shakes Terrence's bed a little to rouse him. Nothing. He tries a little harder shake... The door opens. It's Serafine, also in a panic.

SERAFINE

They're coming!

ANDY

Shit. What have I done?

(to Serafine)

Stall them! I'll meet you out back.

She shuts the door, just in time. The emergency team are right there.

SERAFINE

(feigning hysterics)

Stay away from him! You butchers!

Haven't you done enough already!

They struggle to get past her.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Andy can hear Serafine arguing outside the door. He looks out the window to the three story drop into the alley below.

OUTSIDE THE DOOR

Serafine is finally shoved aside. They push the door open.

INSIDE

Andy rushes to the door and pushes it shut. He cranks the DOORKNOB all the over and bends it down, jamming it in the locked position. He steps away. The door holds, but for how long? He looks at the old man in the oxygen tent. Hmm. He pushes the old man's bed up against the door.

Andy forces the window open and steps out onto the ledge. He looks back at his uncle, and the old guy. He shrugs apologetically, then takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, and jumps.

OUTSIDE THE HOSPITAL ROOM DOOR

The fat nurse is getting impatient with the doctors, who are attempting to pick the lock "surgically". She pushes them aside and heaves her considerable heft against into the door. It opens a crack. She backs up and slams it again...

INSIDE THE ROOM

The nurse's jolts shake the old guy's bed, sliding it forward. He dozes happily like a baby rocking in the cradle.

EXT. THE BACK ALLEY BEHIND THE HOSPITAL

Andy runs behind a nearby dumpster to avoid being seen from the window above. He kicks the wall in frustration.

ANDY

Damn it!!

A voice calls out from behind Andy.

TERRENCE'S VOICE

Whoa! What an outrageous nightmare!

Andy spins around and sees Terrence, the undead version, perched atop some trash bags, scratching himself.

ANDY
Uncle Terrence?

TERRENCE
Andy? Andy is that you?

ANDY
Yeah. Look, uncle Terrence -

Terrence mutters distractedly, excitedly, and quickly...

TERRENCE
Andy, I have to tell you about the dream I had - or that I'm still having - it feels like a systemic, physio-tropic reaction to some drug, maybe a triptamine or phenethylamine derivative. But it is hyper-real. I'd swear my legs had been cut off or... wait a second... I'm getting a strange meta-physical buzz. Shit. I'm, uh, dead, aren't I?

ANDY
Sort of...

BACK IN THE HOSPITAL ROOM

The doctors have clustered around Terrence's corpse. The nurse is lubricating the electro-shock paddles for the doctor. Serafine slips out the door into the hallway.

SOMEONE'S POV, spying from behind a supply cart in the hallway (we see a hand on the cart), watches Serafine walk away, unnoticed by the doctors.

BACK IN THE ALLEY

TERRENCE
Undead. Right. Sort of an ectocosmic manifestation. What a pisser. Tell you one thing though, Timothy Leary will be jealous as hell.

ANDY

Great, but listen, I need to know
where you hid the ADM?

TERRENCE

The ADM! Be careful, Andy. It's very
powerful. How do you know about it?

ANDY

I went to St. Severin church.
(Terrence reacts "I
see...")
Now look -

IN TERRENCE'S ROOM

ZAP! The doctor jolts Terrence's chest with the paddles.

IN THE ALLEY

Terrence's zombie jerks with sudden pain.

TERRENCE

Oh shit! No! Andy, don't let them
take me back there!

ANDY

The ADM! Quickly! Where is it?!

TERRENCE'S ROOM

ZZT! They zap him again.

IN THE BACK ALLEY

ANDY

Where is it! Please!

TERRENCE

AHHH!! The wine cellar!! In a bottle
of Chateau Margaux. A metal
cylinder... Don't... Don't - AAAAH!

Another zap. The undead Terrence twists his face in pain. In
the background, Serafine appears at the mouth of the alley.

Terrence croaks out a few last words.

TERRENCE
Lies! All lies! Ahhhh!!!

Andy turns towards Serafine, then back to his uncle, but Terrence is gone.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Terrence's face is contorted with pain. The EKG monitor shows a weak but regular heartbeat. The doctor pulls off his mask and wipes his brow. The other technicians congratulate him.

IN THE ALLEY

Serafine approaches. Andy runs up to join her.

ANDY
I saw him. Just before those bastards zapped him back. The ADM is in the wine cellar, in a bottle of Chateau Margaux.

SERAFINE
I didn't know he had a wine cellar.

ANDY
Guess that's why he hid it there.
Let's go.

They run out of the alley and see GASTON jump on his hopped-up Kawasaki enduro.

SERAFINE
Oh shit! He must have heard us.

Gaston sees them, gives them the finger and tears off down the street.

ANDY
Dammit! C'mon!

They run to Serafine's Vespa - the tires are slashed. Enraged, she kicks it over.

SERAFINE
That bastard! Fuck!

Andy looks around desperately. A GUY pulls his motorcycle out of its parking spot and starts up the street towards Andy. Andy jumps out in front of the accelerating bike and grabs the handlebars, stopping it short, sending the rider tumbling forward, over Andy. He lands on his butt in the street and starts yelling at Andy, who climbs on the bike.

ANDY
Sorry... I'll bring it back.

Serafine hops on the back and they burn rubber down the street after Gaston. Music cue: CCR's "Bad Moon on the Rise". They screech around the corner onto

SAINT GERMAIN BOULEVARD

It's red lights as far as the eye can see. Andy grits his teeth and accelerates towards the cluster of traffic stopped at the first light.

SERAFINE
Oh merde!

She shuts her eyes as Andy zooms between the rows of stopped cars and roars through the red light. SCREECH!! Crossing cars slam on their brakes and swerve to avoid the speeding bike. Andy bears down on the next red light.

SERAFINE
Are you crazy!?

ANDY
Before Hemingway, there was Starsky
and Hutch.

Andy speeds through more stopped cars and runs the next red light. SCREECH!! More swerving cars. Andy has to swerve himself to avoid one. He bears down on the next light.
Meanwhile...

GASTON

is stopped on his bike, casually talking on a cellular phone, two red lights ahead of Andy and Serafine. He hears their bike and turns to see them zoom through the intersection in back of him. Gaston curses, puts the phone in his pocket and twists his throttle, accelerating through the red light.

ANDY AND SERAFINE

gain on Gaston. They're seventy five yards behind him.

GASTON

pulls a pistol and aims over his shoulder. BANG! He fires back at them.

SERAFINE

pulls her pistol out. Both bikes roar through another red light.

A POLICE CAR pulls out onto the boulevard and turns on its flashing lights and siren and pursues the bikes. The traffic lights turn green.

Gaston leads by fifty yards. The cop car pulls alongside Andy and Serafine. She discreetly pockets her gun. The COP in the passenger seat aims his gun at Andy.

COP
(French)
Pull over! Now!

ANDY
Shit!

There's no choice. They pull over. GASTON speeds safely away, looking back at them and laughing. The cop car stops ahead of them and the COPS get out, guns drawn.

FIRST COP
(French)
Hands in the air! Now!

Andy and Serafine put up their hands. The first cop goes

back to check the police radio, which is beeping. The second cop keeps his gun aimed at Andy's head. He's furious.

SECOND COP

(French)

Hot shot huh? You know how many officers die in high speed chases?

SERAFINE

(French)

Moron! The guy ahead of us has a gun! He's the one you should stop!

SECOND COP

Shut up! I don't need you to tell me my job. It's always "the other guy"!

SERAFINE

He's going to kill people you ignorant shithead!

SECOND COP

Okay! That's it! You're under arrest! Maybe you'll learn some respect in jail!

Serafine curses again. Andy tries to calm her down. The arguing escalates... In the car, the first cop is talking on the radio.

FIRST COP

Really?

He turns, looks out his window and sees

RENE AND FRANCOIS

parked in their unmarked car. Rene is talking with him on the radio. Francois waves.

THE SECOND COP

is trying to put handcuffs on Serafine. She's still screaming at him. He's incensed. The first cop gets out of the car and walks up to them.

FIRST COP
(to Andy and Serafine)
You can go.

His partner looks at him, incredulous, red-faced.

SECOND COP
(French - to first
cop)
WHAT!?

FIRST COP
(ignores 2nd cop)
Drive safely.

ANDY
Merci.

Serafine smiles at the second cop. Andy peels out, races through the red light and disappears down the boulevard. The cops watch them go, then turn to each other. The second cop is apoplectic - about to explode.

INT. UNMARKED CAR

Rene and Francois speed off to keep pace with Andy. Rene is dialing his cellular phone. As they pass the other police car, we glimpse the two cops in an angry shoving match against the car. Rene's call goes through.

INT. SAINT SEVERIN CHURCH

LeDuc is on the balcony, studying the stained glass panels and consulting an old book. The cellular phone in his coat pocket rings. An OLD PRIEST nearby frowns at him.

LEDUC
(French - into phone)
Hello.
(Pause)
I'll meet you there in ten minutes.

He hangs up. The priest is still frowning at him. LeDuc shrugs gruffly - "what do you want from me?" and turns back to the

stained glass.

As the church bells sound ten o'clock we cut to different panels: Several scenes of werewolves terrorizing people. A scene where some people mix potions and dump a strange flower into a cauldron. Another shows an evil looking man shaking his arm defiantly at a frowning sun - though he is human his raised arm is the enlarged, hairy limb of a werewolf. Another shows a saint throwing the strange flower into a fire in the town square.

LEDUC

(French)

Thank God for Saint Severin.

The bells strike ten. LeDuc checks his watch, closes his book and hurries off.

EXT. TERRENCE'S APT. BUILDING

Music cue: "Evil" by Howlin' Wolf. Gaston stops, jumps off his bike, and runs into the court yard.

ANDY AND SERAFINE

speed along on the bike, weaving through narrow side streets.

GASTON

riding the wire cage elevator in the apartment building down to the basement. He gets out and walks down the dank hallway, past several padlocked doors. He stops at one with a MCDERMOTT nameplate. He's about to shoot it off, then looking around, thinks again. He grabs the lock and, grimacing with the effort, twists it off with his bare hands.

ANDY AND SERAFINE

stuck behind a garbage truck on a narrow street. Andy hops the curb and races down the sidewalk, scattering pedestrians.

GASTON

flicks on the light switch in the wine cellar. There are six large racks of wine bottles. He walks past them, scanning

the bottles. He stops at the third rack and removes a bottle. The label reads "Chateau Margaux". He tries to peer inside, but it's too hard to see. Instead, he hurls it at the wall - SMASH!! Wine sprays everywhere, but no metal cylinder. He grabs another bottle. SMASH!! Just wine. He grabs another...

ANDY AND SERAFINE

arrive in front of the apartment and hop off their bike. Serafine eyes GASTON'S BIKE hatefully. Andy pulls her along.

SERAFINE

Wait a second...

She pulls out her gun. BLAM! BLAM! She blasts the gas tank - WOOF! The bike goes up in a fireball. Serafine nods, satisfied. Andy looks at her like she's nuts. They rush into the courtyard.

GASTON

throws another bottle. SMASH! Just wine. The floor is awash in the pricey Burgundy. He throws another bottle. SMASH! Nothing. He licks his fingers. He's enjoying this...

SERAFINE AND ANDY

In the elevator, going down, maddeningly slowly. Through the window they can see the full moon in the sky. Andy checks his watch. They look at each other nervously.

GASTON

Throws another - SMASH! A small METAL CYLINDER clinks as it bounces on the floor. Gaston picks it up and smiles. BANG! A gunshot hits Gaston in the arm - he drops the cylinder. Serafine and Andy stand in the doorway.

SERAFINE

Dirty bastard...

Serafine fires again - BANG! The shot misses as Gaston hits the deck and draws his gun in one very fast motion, taking aim at Andy who's rushing towards him.

GASTON
That's far enough!

Andy stops, Gaston's gun aimed at his chest. Serafine steps slowly towards Gaston, her gun aimed at him.

GASTON
(to Serafine)
Another step and he's dead!

ANDY
Go ahead Serafine. Blow him away.

Serafine stops. The three of them stand there in a close triangle, the metal cylinder on the floor between them. It's a Mexican standoff... in Paris. Then...

CLAUDE (O.S.)
Drop the gun!

Claude is in the doorway holding a pistol. Serafine sees him and turns back to Gaston, smiling.

SERAFINE
(to Gaston)
You heard him. Do it!

Gaston just smiles back at her. Claude steps forwards and cocks his gun against Serafine's head.

CLAUDE
I said drop the gun.

Serafine's expression turns confused, horrified. Andy is shocked. She drops the gun. Claude picks it up and pockets it, keeping his gun on Serafine, who stares at him, aghast.

ANDY
You bastard! God! I should've known.
You wanted the cure all for yourself!

GASTON
Cure!? Ha-ha-ha!

Andy and Serafine react with confusion to Gaston's outburst.

Claude picks up the metal cylinder and unscrews its cap with his free hand. He slides out a vial filled with amber fluid and holds it to up to the light. He smiles.

CLAUDE

No, it's no cure. It's something much more interesting.

SERAFINE

You fucking liar!

CLAUDE

(with mock alarm)

Oh, did I hurt the little girl's feelings? Well excusez moi... I confess my desire for ADM is quite "intense". So I deceived you and our poor friend Terry - a competent technician, but let's face it, a bit naive. "The great cure for lycanthropy!" Hmph. He didn't have the vision to grasp the potential of ADAM, until it was too late. And even then, he came rushing down to tell me, as if I would be just as shocked! Ha.

He pockets the vial, pulls out the white "cyanide" tablet and pops it in his mouth. Andy reacts with shock.

CLAUDE

(off Andy's look,
crunching up tablet
in his mouth)

Oh this? Roloids. I had a midnight snack that... disagreed with me.

Serafine's been doing a slow burn. She explodes and lunges at Claude, knocking his gun out of his hand.

SERAFINE

Fucking traitor!

She picks Claude up and hurls him across the room. CRASH!!
Claude smashes into a rack of wine bottles. Serafine jumps

after him and dives on top of him pummeling him in a blind rage. Andy looks at her, agog.

ANDY

Wait a second...

He and Gaston notice Claude's gun at the same time. They both dive for it. Andy grabs it but Gaston steps on his hand and aims his gun down at him.

GASTON

You want to be cured?

He cocks the gun. Andy lets go of Claude's gun. Gaston picks it up and aims one gun at Andy and the other at Serafine, who's wrestling with Claude. Claude throws her off and she lands on her butt next to Andy. Andy looks at Serafine.

ANDY

What the fuck!? You too!?

SERAFINE

(stammering)

I... I didn't think you would... I'm sorry... I believed that son-of-a-bitch...

Claude gets to his feet, drenched with wine and smarting from Serafine's punches. He walks over to Serafine and kicks her in the face.

CLAUDE

Shut up, you foul mouthed little cunt. I don't have time for your histrionics.

GASTON

Give me the ADM old man.

Gaston is aiming one of his guns at Claude.

CLAUDE

Oh for Christ's sakes Gaston. Can't you rise above the level of common thug just this once?

GASTON
Give it to me!

CLAUDE
Don't be an idiot. There are certain
procedures one must -

GASTON
NOW!

Claude sighs. He takes the vial from his pocket and walks over to Gaston.

CLAUDE
Very well then...

Gaston grabs the vial, uncaps it and drinks it down greedily. He stands there, waiting. Nothing happens...

ANDY
Ha. Some wonder drug...

GASTON
Why isn't it doing anything!?

CLAUDE
I told you. It's not ready.

Claude turns to the noise of footsteps and a walkie-talkie in the hallway. Four uniformed officers plus Rene and Francois storm into the room, guns drawn.

COPS
(French/English)
Freeze! Drop your weapons! Hands up!

Andy and Serafine put up their hands. Gaston brandishes his guns at the cops, then sees the six guns aimed at him and drops it. LeDuc walks in.

CLAUDE
(French - to LeDuc)
Thank God! These hoodlums tried to
rob me!

LEDUC
(French - to Claude)
Put up your hands.

CLAUDE
(French)
But surely -

LeDuc cocks his pistol and aims it at Claude.

LEDUC
(French)
Now!

Claude puts his hands up.

CLAUDE
(French)
What's the charge?

LEDUC
(French)
There is no charge.
(English)
Everybody comes in for a few
questions. Everything checks out,
you will go free. After midnight.

Claude frowns. Gaston swears. Andy looks at Serafine, shocked and confused. She looks back at him, angry and sad.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The cops are herding the handcuffed "questionees" into the back of a reinforced paddy wagon. LeDuc talks to the DRIVER, and another COP in the passenger seat.

LEDUC
(French)
Godard is waiting for you at Rocherout
jail. Hurry... And don't stop for
anything. Good luck.

The driver nods. It roars off, lights flashing and siren wailing. LeDuc and the other cops head for their respective cars. LeDuc barks orders to an AID who's at the ready with the car radio.

LEDUC

I want four separate maximum security cells ready. Get video cameras, photographers, and doctors.

The aid nods and gets on the radio. LeDuc checks his watch. It's 10:47.

CUT TO:

INT. PADDY WAGON

Serafine hangs her head sullenly, in a quiet rage. She won't meet Andy's gaze. He looks over at Claude and Gaston. Gaston is restless, edgy. He grabs Claude by the collar and shakes him.

GASTON

Nothing's happening!

ANDY

Looks like he lied to you too.

Claude breaks Gaston's grip and shoves him back in his seat.

CLAUDE

(calmly)

Relax my friend. It's still not ready.

Andy looks back at Serafine. He shakes his head in disbelief.

ANDY

Now I remember why I didn't want to come to Paris. Everyone you meet is a goddam werewolf!

Serafine stares bitterly at her feet.

SERAFINE

I hope they fucking fry us all.

ANDY

Yeah. French fries...

SLAM! He's interrupted by the sound of Gaston's head snapping back against the wall. His eyes bulge wide. He grins and starts to laugh. First a little. Then a lot.

GASTON

Yes! Yes! Ha! Haha hahaha...

He stands up, laughing, power-mad. Suddenly his body is jerked by a spasm and he falls to the floor. He's not laughing anymore. He flails about wildly, croaking out strangled cries, gripped with a terrible seizure.

IN THE FRONT CAB

The TWO GUARDS, the driver and his partner, hear the commotion. The guard looks over to his partner, and chuckles.

PARTNER

Aaooooo!!! Heh heh heh.

They both laugh. The driver takes a sharp turn at high speed.

IN THE BACK COMPARTMENT

Gaston flops around on the floor like a fish, grabbed by a flurry of convulsions. He bites off his tongue, spitting blood everywhere. Finally, he goes rigid with one last seizure, then falls totally limp. Andy studies the very dead corpse.

ANDY

It killed him... You coulda just used Draino. It's cheaper.

CLAUDE

I told him it wasn't ready...

Claude takes a folded PAPER CUP from his jacket pocket. He blows into the cup to bring it back into shape. He then takes a SHARPENED STEEL TUBE from his pocket, plunges it into

Gaston's neck, and fills the cup with the blood that pours forth. Andy and Serafine are horrified. Claude puts the cup of blood to his lips and pauses.

CLAUDE

Now it's ready.

He swallows the cup of blood down in one gulp, and sits back to wait for the effects, smiling dreamily.

CLAUDE

What is the curse of the werewolf? I'll tell you. The curse is to possess such awesome power and yet be completely unconscious of it. It may as well belong to someone else. But it wasn't always that way. A thousand years ago the Gauls had a drug powerful enough to unlock the door to lycanthropic consciousness, to full control. It came from moonsbreath. A small white flower once found in the hills of this region, until the thick headed crusade by our famous Saint Severin eradicated it for all eternity. But now, thanks to ADAM, the "curse" is over...

As he says this, he holds up his RIGHT ARM. It begins to mutate and grow, reshaping his arm into the grotesque, powerful forelimb of the beast. PLINK! His swelling wrist pops the handcuff easily.

SERAFINE

(French)

Holy mother of God...

ANDY

Fuck me...

Claude rises to his feet, triumphant. He advances towards Andy and Serafine, backing them up against the rear doors of the van. He gently traces the outline of Serafine's face with his werewolf hand. She bristles at his touch.

CLAUDE

All my life I've worked to unlock
the power of the unconscious mind.
Well this is it. This is power!

ANDY

You sure it's not just 'coz you jerk
off too much?

Claude cocks his werewolf fist and SLAMS it into the back doors, inches from Andy's head. He leaves a deep dent, and opens the doors just a crack. It's a gesture that seems calculated to frighten them. It works.

Claude holds up his LEFT ARM and transforms it to match his right. It takes some effort and a little pain, but he keeps a smile on his face throughout the process.

CLAUDE

Don't you see what this means? I've
broken through! I'm in total control!
Not the moon! I can do whatever the
fuck I want!

SMASH!! Claude drives his left arm into the back doors, making another huge dent, and opening the crack even wider.

IN THE FRONT CAB

The cops exchange worried looks. The one on the passenger side slides open the viewing panel. Claude has his back to him.

COP

(French)

Hey! What's going on in -

He stops short as Claude turns around, revealing his monstrous arms. Mortified, the cop reaches for the SHOT GUN under the dash. Claude races up towards the view window. As the guard pokes the muzzle through the window, Claude grabs hold of it. BLAM! The guard's shot hits the side wall. Claude rips the gun from the guard angrily, and smashes it to pieces against the wall, grinning like the devil himself.

Meanwhile ANDY throws himself at the doors, kicking them, trying in vain to break them open. He spots the SHOTGUN BARREL on the floor and grabs it.

CLAUDE reaches through the window and grabs the guard by the head. He repeatedly smashes the guard's head against the back wall of the cab.

CLAUDE
(as he smashes the
guard)
Don't you know... the wolf... is a
protected... species!?

The driver freaks out, seeing his partner get his head crushed. THE PADDY WAGON swerves all over the road.

ANDY uses the shotgun barrel to twist open the lock on the van doors. As the vehicle swerves, he drops the barrel out the door, and falls over. He calls to Serafine.

ANDY
I need your help. Come on.

She joins him and together they take a run at the back doors. The doors open a little, but the lock still holds.

Finished with the guard, Claude turns and sees what Andy and Serafine are up to.

CLAUDE
Wait!

Andy and Serafine take another run - it works. THE DOORS bust open, and Andy and Serafine, still handcuffed, go tumbling out into THE STREET, rolling on the pavement.

SCREECH! HONK! Cars swerve to avoid them, just barely. CRASH! A minivan plows into a parked car. Claude watches from the back of the van. He rears his head to the moon and smiles.

IN THE CAB of the paddy wagon, the driver hears an unearthly howl. It's hellish. Without looking away from the road, he points his pistol through the hole in the compartment. He adjusts THE MIRROR to see into the rear compartment - The

back doors are hanging open. He steals a look over his shoulder - Other than Gaston's corpse, it's empty... He breathes a sigh of relief and turns back to the road as -

A HUGE WEREWOLF - Claude fully transformed - bursts through the windshield and rips into him.

THE PADDY WAGON is traveling over the Pont Neuf bridge. A GASOLINE TRUCK approaches from the other direction. The werewolf leaps off of the hood just as the paddy wagon, swerving all over the road, hits the gasoline truck head on.

KA-BOOM!! Both vehicles explode in a fireball, smash through the side wall of the bridge, and plunge into THE RIVER.

INT. SQUAD CAR

LeDuc, following at a distance, is trying in vain to get the paddy wagon driver on the radio.

LEDUC

Allo! Jean-Louis! Respond! Allo!

His partner slows the car. Traffic ahead is snarled. It's chaos. He taps LeDuc on the arm and points...

PARTNER

Inspector...

Leduc sees the column of black smoke in the distance.

LEDUC

Merde... merde, merde, merde.

He slams his fist against the dash angrily.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARIS STREET, NIGHT

Andy lies by the roadside, dazed, bruised, handcuffed, but conscious. He sits up unsteadily, and looks for Serafine.

ANDY

Serafine?

He sees a small crowd of people a little further up the road, outside a small bistro. He staggers up to them and pushes his way through. Serafine is there on the ground by the curb, eyes closed.

Kneeling beside her, he turns angrily on the onlookers.

ANDY

Get out of here! Go on! Move it!

He shoos them away. Of course, they just back up a bit, still gawking at the handcuffed couple.

ANDY

Serafine... Get up, come on...

Andy brushes away the hair from Serafine's face. He feels her neck for a pulse - she has one. But as he takes his hand away, he notices a smudge of BASE MAKE-UP has rubbed off on his fingers. He looks at the back of Serafine's neck and sees that the makeup had been covering A SCAR. It bears the unmistakable star shape of the wound Andy inflicted on the werewolf that bit him.

Horrorified, he stands and backs away a few feet. Serafine opens her eyes, sees him.

SERAFINE

(groggy)

Andy?... What? What is it?

(she sits up, her
head clearing)

Andy... are you okay?

ANDY

It was you... That night in the tunnels. You. You did this to me.

SERAFINE

No I... Andy, you can't be sure.

ANDY

That's the scar where I stabbed you!
Oh God... You deliberately took me

down there so you could... God, I
can't believe it!

Serafine gets to her feet, a little unsteadily at first.

SERAFINE

You made me go there. I tried to
stop you! You wouldn't listen!

ANDY

What was I? Your idea of a fuckin'
hors d'oeuvre? Huh?

SERAFINE

Shut up! You fucking shut up! What
do you want? Huh? What the hell do
you want?

She walks over, grabs a steak knife from one of the outside
tables at the bistro, and charges at Andy, pulling open her
shirt... She offers him the knife, and pounds at her heart.

SERAFINE

Here! Come on! Do it! Go ahead.

ANDY

What...?

SERAFINE

You know what. Kill me. Cut out my
fucking heart. Go on! Do it!

Enraged, Andy takes the knife. He and Serafine lock eyes.
For a second he's tempted, his blood boiling, heart pounding.

ANDY

You're crazy.

He throws the knife aside, turns and walks away.

ANDY

This is all crazy!

Serafine retrieves the knife and chases after him. She gets
in front of him and blocks his path. She holds the knife

point to her own chest.

SERAFINE

The drug was a lie, but the legend
in the church is true. Ask the undead.

Andy just stares back at her, not knowing what to say. It's all too much to believe. He shakes his head. He tries to go, but she moves in front of him. She's determined.

SERAFINE

We don't both have to die.

ANDY

(softening)

I couldn't do it. Not to you.

He sees her looking up. He follows her gaze to the FULL MOON. It's getting late. Andy shudders, wipes the sweat from his brow. He's already starting to feel the heat in his blood.

SERAFINE

I can't go through another night. I
won't.

Andy takes her hand and guides the knife away from her chest.

ANDY

I know... I'm already burning up...
Look, I'm not going to go through
this another night either. But we
still have some time to get Claude.
He'll just kill more people, and
spread the curse.

She's desperate, tears welling up in her eyes.

SERAFINE

We can't stop him. Not now.
Handcuffed, with no kind of weapons.
Please Andy...

ANDY

No. We have to try. We'll figure
something out. And if midnight comes

before we can get to him, well, then
we go together. Deal?
(he extends a cuffed
hand)
Shake a paw?

She laughs despite her tears, puts her cuffed hands over his
head and hugs him tightly.

SERAFINE
I know where he'll go.

ANDY
Where?

SERAFINE
Somewhere where there are no police,
and plenty to eat.

Andy looks at her. He knows what she's driving at.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETIT PONT - NIGHT

LeDuc and Napier stand on the bridge, which has been blocked
off, watching the tow truck drag the charred wreck of the
paddy wagon from the river. Ambulances wait nearby. Firemen
are still putting out small piles of flaming debris.

NAPIER
(French)
Poor Bazin and Racine. At least they
brought those monsters down with
them.

LeDuc isn't listening - he sees something that makes his
face go slack: The paddy wagon emerges from the murky water
revealing the open, banged-up back door with several large
FIST PRINTS in it. He checks his watch - it's 11:32.

LEDUC
(French - to himself)
Impossible...
(to Napier - urgent)

Get headquarters on the radio.

Napier isn't paid to ask questions. He hops to it.

NAPIER
Right away sir.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND PARTY - NIGHT

Andy and Serafine emerge from the tunnel, wearing grim, determined expressions. The party is in full swing - throbbing beats and sweaty dancing bodies. They walk straight across the dance floor, pushing their way through the crowd. Amongst the variety of freaky types here, no one raises an eyebrow at two people in handcuffs.

Serafine, who's scanning the room, is approached by a leather clad HIPSTER GUY.

HIPSTER GUY
Serafine, mon belle! Ca va?

He goes to kiss her on both cheeks. Without breaking stride, she puts her handcuffed hands on his face and shoves, sending him reeling.

Serafine points out a gang of four militant skinheads off in a corner. Andy nods and smiles.

ANDY
This could be fun.

They make their way to the skinheads. Andy walks up to the SKINHEAD LEADER, who's got a swastika tattoo, a bad disposition, and a fifty pound advantage on Andy.

ANDY
I got something you want. Follow me.

Andy and Serafine walk into A SMALL CHAMBER off the main space. The skinhead signals his mates to come along, slips on some BRASS KNUCKLES, and follows Andy into

THE CHAMBER

The skinheads surround Andy and Serafine. There's no one else in the room. The skinhead leader looks at Andy's handcuffs and sniggers.

SKINHEAD

What do you got, pervert?

ANDY

I got Hitler's dick in a jar. And the funny thing is it's still in Goerring's mouth.

The skinhead turns red with rage and throws a punch at Andy's head. With lightning speed, Andy grabs the skinhead's fist, twists his arm around his back and hurls him across the room. He slams face first into the stone wall and collapses on the floor with a THUD.

Simultaneously, the other three skinheads attack. Serafine BASHES one across the face with both fists, sending him to the floor. The other gets her in a headlock from behind. She runs backwards and - SLAM! - crushes him against the wall.

The third skinhead tries to kick Andy in the groin. Andy grabs his boot and flips him over backwards - he actually does a full back flip and lands on his face.

The leader groggily pulls a pistol and aims it at Andy. Andy snatches it out of his hand.

ANDY

Didn't even have to ask.

SERAFINE

(French)

All your weapons, on the floor! Now!

The skinheads slide out some LEAD PIPES, a SWITCHBLADE, another PISTOL, and an army surplus GRENADE. Andy and Serafine scoop them up, except the lead pipes.

ANDY

Neo-Nazis. Ya gotta love 'em.

(to the Skinheads)
Merci beau coup, monsieurs.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Music cue: "After Midnight (we're gonna let it all hang out)".
Andy's gun is pressed against the chain on Serafine's handcuffs - BANG! The chain is broken. BANG! She returns the favor and his chain is broken.

They walk into the DRIPPING, dank tunnel, away from the party, which fades away in the background. Each carries a pistol and a flashlight. BEADS OF SWEAT appear on their foreheads.

The tunnel tilts downhill. Heavier DRIPPING. They turn a corner and...

SLAM! Something barrels into them - it's a HYSTERICAL GIRL. She's about nineteen and splattered with blood. She SCREAMS uncontrollably. Serafine holds her by the shoulders, trying to calm her.

GIRL

(French)

Ahhhhhhh! A monster! My God! It got my boyfriend! Noooooo!

SERAFINE

Ou!? Ou est le monstre!?

GIRL

Ahhhh! Let me go! Let me gooooo!!

She's off the deep end, flailing at Serafine, who keeps trying to calm her down. There's no time for this. Andy presses his gun to her temple. She shuts up and stares at him with wide, terror stricken eyes.

ANDY

(calm, firm)

Ou est le monstre?

She points back down the tunnel she came out of.

GIRL
(French)
Down the stairs.

ANDY
Merci.

He lets her go. She starts SCREAMING again and continues on, disappearing into darkness. Andy winces and holds his ears.

SERAFINE
No wonder he let her go.

ANDY
Really.

They run in the direction she pointed. They arrive at the intersection with A STAIRWAY to the right. They start down it. They see something up ahead -

SOMEONE'S HAND is sticking out on the ground from a passage at a landing on the staircase.

SERAFINE
Her boyfriend.

The hand moves a bit, pulls back and disappears into the crossing passage.

ANDY
He's alive. C'mon.

They hurry down to the landing, shine their light into the passage. The hand is severed, and A BIG RAT is dragging it along with some difficulty. A dozen or other rats munch on scraps of flesh scattered over a grisly mess of blood and body parts. Andy and Serafine stare at it for a moment. Suddenly Andy looks away.

ANDY
God. I can't believe it.

SERAFINE
What?

ANDY
(disturbed)
It's making me hungry.

A beast HOWL echoes through the tunnels. Serafine shines her flashlight on some bloody beast foot/paw prints leading down the stairs.

They follow the bloody prints down the stairs and come to an ancient ARCHED DOORWAY with a skull set in the arch and a chiseled inscription. Andy points to the inscription.

ANDY
What does it say?

SERAFINE
(reading)
"Stop! Beyond this passage lie the catacombs of Paris: the exclusive domain of the dead."

Andy gestures back to the bloody remains.

ANDY
We'll say we're with him.

They walk through the gate and enter

THE CATACOMBS

Andy shines his flashlight around, illuminating two large tunnels which lead into a twisting, intestinal maze, lined from floor to ceiling with HUMAN SKULLS and FEMURS. The bones form the building blocks of the tunnel walls and are arranged in various patterns - from crucifixes to Masonic pyramids and even pentagrams. Ground water seeps from the ceilings and walls, DRIPPING over the eroded, crumbling bones.

Despite the situation, Andy can't help but be dumb struck by the spectacular necropolis.

ANDY
Whoa...

SERAFINE

After the revolution, the Paris cemeteries overflowed. They dug up all the old bodies and brought them here. Seven million people. Mostly very poor.

ANDY

Pretty stylish digs for a bunch of paupers.

SERAFINE

Well, they are French.

ANDY

Right.

Another eerie HOWL echoes through the maze. Andy looks down both main tunnels - the howl seems to come from each of them.

ANDY

These tunnels must loop around and connect.

SERAFINE

Let's go from both ends. We'll cut him off.

Andy considers this.

ANDY

Okay. Be careful.

SERAFINE

You too.

She kisses him. They're both sweating heavily now. She starts off to the right. He watches her go for a moment and then walks down the other skull lined tunnel.

CUT TO:

EXT. PETIT PONT - NIGHT

The CHARRED BODIES of Gaston and the two cops lie on the

river bank, near the wreck. LeDuc surveys them with a few other cops. Napier leans out of a nearby car with a radio handset. The bells of nearby Notre Dame begin to ring.

NAPIER

(French)

It's headquarters sir. They got a report.

LeDuc rushes over and grabs the handset.

LEDUC

(French - into radio)

What've you got?

DESK OFFICER (V.O.)

Just a crazy call from a girl, probably fucked up on drugs. I wouldn't bother you but you said call with anything unusual.

LEDUC

What did she say?

DESK OFFICER (V.O.)

Something about a monster, underground, in the catacombs under Place Denfert.

LEDUC

I need two tactical assault squads at Place Denfert immediately. You can tell the commissioner it's a code red.

DESK OFFICER (V.O.)

But Inspector, this girl, I wouldn't call her reliable.

LEDUC

Now!

DESK OFFICER (V.O.)

Yes sir.

LeDuc throws the handset back at Napier. The church bells strike twelve.

CUT TO:

INT. CATACOMBS

Andy walks along carefully, shining the flashlight ahead of him, his gun at the ready. His breathing gets heavier. His face gets redder. More sweat. His heart pounds in his ears.

The tunnel follows a serpentine path, with many smaller passages and anterooms off to the sides.

Andy sees some flickering light reflecting off the wet skulls up ahead. He approaches it. It's coming out of AN ANTECHAMBER. He holds his gun out in front of him and steps quietly. He peers into the antechamber and finds

TWO HALF EATEN BODIES

It's the old hag and the wino he saw in the tunnels at the first party. They've been killed very recently - blood still drips from their gaping wounds.

He kneels over the wino's body. There's a big chunk missing from his neck. Andy stares at the BLOODY FLESH, transfixed. He shudders with a sudden spasm. His breathing gets quicker. More sweat. He reaches towards the wound, his hand shaking, and touches the flesh. Blood runs down his fingers. He slowly brings his hand back towards his mouth.

TERRENCE (O.S.)

Don't do it, Andy. Fight it with everything you've got.

Andy looks up to see UNCLE TERRENCE, stumps and all, sitting across from him.

ANDY

Uncle Terrence, you're...

TERRENCE

Yeah, I finally "checked out", thank God. But there's a bit of unfinished

business.

ANDY

Claude.

TERRENCE

I never thought I'd ask this of anyone, Andy, but do me a favor and kill the evil son-of-a-bitch, will you?

A SNARL cuts him off. Andy jumps up, steps out into the main tunnel and shines his light.

THE BEAST

rounds a curve and comes into view about thirty yards away. It's running straight at Andy and closing fast. Andy aims the gun. BANG! A miss - the bullet shatters a skull on the wall. BANG! Another miss. BANG! The bullet hits the beast in the shoulder. It stumbles but keeps coming. BANG! A miss. Andy aims carefully.

ANDY

C'mon you mother...

BANG! A direct hit in the chest. The beast falls. Snarling in pain.

BANG! Andy blasts again, but the beast drags itself to the safety of a recessed area off the tunnel, out of Andy's line of fire. Andy walks forward, listening to the horrible wails of the beast, thrashing around in a puddle on the floor.

Andy aims his gun and his flashlight as he nears the corner of the recess. The wailing and thrashing settles down. Andy proceeds cautiously. He rounds the corner, and shines the light on

SERAFINE

naked, bleeding from bullet wounds in the chest, shoulder, and neck. She lies still. Andy sighs with anguish. He drops to his knees.

ANDY
No! Oh God!

He puts down his gun and cradles her head in his hands. She's breathing - just barely. She looks into his eyes. Her voice is weak.

ANDY
Oh God. Shit...

SERAFINE
Andy...

She reaches up feebly and manages to grab the SWITCHBLADE from his back pocket. She clicks it open and hands it to Andy.

SERAFINE
Do it.

Andy's shaking, shuddering - his breathing erratic.

ANDY
No. It's over.

He shakily presses the gun to his own head.

TERRENCE (O.S.)
Don't, Andy. Stop Claude.

Andy looks up. Terrence, Marcel, Amy, and a dozen other mutilated, rotting undead, presumably Serafine's victims, stand in the tunnel, looking on solemnly.

MARCEL (O.S.)
Either way works for us...

AMY
But you better hurry.

Claude's stentorian voice echo's from beyond a curve in the tunnel.

CLAUDE (O.S.)
You can't turn back Andy.

CLAUDE

in human form, walks towards the glow from Andy's flashlight around the bend. His naked body is taut and muscular - it looks thirty years younger than it should. His face is younger too - he looks the picture of a powerful young warrior.

CLAUDE

"Man is something to be surpassed! A rope, stretched over the abyss between the animal and the Superman". Neitzche was right, Andy. And now, I have crossed that abyss. I am no longer man OR beast, but man AND beast. ADAM has lived up to its name. I am the first new man, and my God it is FUCKING MAGNIFICENT! You're already half way there Andy. Feel the power in your veins. With ADAM, you could harness it. Master it. Let it transform you into something more glorious than your wildest dreams!

ANDY

is shaking violently - on the brink of transforming. Serafine raises the blade to him again. She's fading fast.

SERAFINE

Don't let me die for nothing...

Andy winces with pain - his brow bulges, his teeth enlarge, the transformation is starting. Uncle Terrence is worried.

TERRENCE

Andy!

CLAUDE

still walking. The light is getting brighter - he's almost around the bend. He's buzzing with a scary kind of euphoria.

CLAUDE

The choice is yours Andy: deny your

own blood, die an unfulfilled child,
or face the challenge of mind and
body united at last. Which will it
be?

He rounds the corner and sees Andy hunched over Serafine's
body. He keeps walking.

CLAUDE

Don't be confused by old beliefs.
This is beyond mere words like good
or evil. You have to feel it!

ANDY

whips around, BLOOD streaming from his mouth, gun aimed,
grip rock solid, his features back to normal, eyes locked on
the beast with determined, controlled rage.

ANDY

Feel this.

BLAM! BLAM! He pumps out two shots. One hits Claude in the
upper left part of his CHEST. The other hits his CHEEK, exits
at the back of his jaw and shatters the cheekbone of A SKULL
on the wall behind him. He screams in pain and dives for
cover into a SMALL INTERSECTING TUNNEL.

Andy gets up, pausing for a second to look back at Serafine's
face. It looks peaceful. The undead are gone. He starts after
Claude.

CLAUDE

sits leaning against a wall of skulls. The face wound is
bleeding but not mortal.

CLAUDE

Stupid boy...

With an awesome rage he grimaces and starts to TRANSFORM HIS
LEFT SIDE - his muscles swell around the chest wound and THE
BULLET actually squeezes out of the hole and falls to the
ground. The wound closes up as the flesh keeps morphing and
growing hair.

ANDY

creeps around the corner, gun and flashlight aimed, towards the small tunnel.

When the flashlight beam falls on Claude, he's in mid pounce - rocketing at Andy with bad intent. BANG! Andy gets off a shot - it hits Claude in his THIGH as he tackles Andy.

They wrestle, Claude in mid-transformation, his left side further along, hairier, his facial bones shifting. His thigh swells and ripples and THE BULLET SQUIRTS OUT of its wound.

His left arm, mostly transformed, grips Andy's gun hand. BANG! Andy squeezes off a shot, blowing off the tip of Claude's transforming THUMB.

CRUNCH! Claude clamps his vice like grip and crushes the gun. Andy wrenches his hand away as Claude hurls him off like a rag doll.

Andy flies through the air and SMASHES into the tunnel wall. The wall of ancient SKULLS and BONES shatters and collapses around Andy - burying him in ossified fragments.

Andy lifts himself out of the pile and looks at Claude, who lies on the floor finishing his transformation. His right side is catching up with his left and his head is now more beast than human. All the while he glares at Andy and doesn't appear vulner able.

Andy takes advantage of the moment to get the hell away - he runs into the tunnel, leaving Claude behind to finish transforming.

Andy makes a few quick turns through the maze - it seems he has evaded Claude for the moment. He pulls the GRENADE from his pocket, turns off his flashlight and pads along softly, listening for the beast.

Suddenly a sharp sound from behind him makes Andy jump.

VOICE
(French - screaming)

STOP WHERE YOU ARE! HANDS UP!

Andy turns around. A scared COP is aiming his gun at him, shining a flashlight in his face. Andy puts his hands up.

COP

(English)

It's you. You should be dead in that wreck with Bazin and Racine!

ANDY

Shhh! Be quiet, man! We're not alone -

COP

Shut up! Save your stories. The only thing I want to hear is you begging for your life. I want to see you suffer, like they did.

(he sees Andy's look of terror)

Haha! You're scared now, eh? Come on. Where's the scary monster now huh? Ha ha... We'll see who -

A ROAR cuts him off. The cop spins around - the beam from his flashlight flooding THE BEAST with light as it springs through the air at him. Andy runs.

COP

(French)

My God!

He gets off one shot - it hits the beast in the arm, but it's too late. The beast clamps it's massive jaw onto the cop's neck and bites his head clean off. THE HEAD rolls across the floor and comes to rest in a pile of skulls.

CUT TO:

SERAFINE'S BODY

In the tunnel. Two queasy cops stand over it. LeDuc approaches them.

LEDUC

(French)
What have you got?

COP
(French - disturbed)
It's the girl. Someone cut out her
heart.

LEDUC
(Matter of factly)
Good.

The cops look at him like he's nuts.

CUT TO:

ANDY

is crouched at a corner of two catacomb tunnels, grenade
clutched in his hand. He hears something and carefully peers
around the corner.

ANDY'S POV

At the end of the long tunnel of bones, the beast lurks at
another intersection, sniffing the air and growling, some
forty yards away.

Andy ducks back around the corner. He holds up the grenade,
pulls the pin, and whispers a quick prayer...

ANDY
(to himself)
Just throw a strike...

With a determined grunt, he pitches the grenade around the
corner and then ducks back. Suddenly the beast's growling
stops. Andy grits his teeth and closes his eyes, awaiting
the explosion. Just silence. Then a small skittering sound
close by. He opens his eyes.

THE GRENADE

skitters to a stop, a couple of feet from him.

ANDY

Shit!

He bolts and gets five steps from it when

KA-BOOM!! It explodes behind him, launching him through the air along with a spray of bones and rubble. He lands twenty feet away and clutches his left leg, wincing in pain.

ANDY

Ahh! Son of a bitch!

LEDUC

and the cops turn towards the sound of the blast.

LEDUC

(French)

Let's go.

ANDY

struggles to his feet. He clicks on his flashlight and sees the blast has caved in the tunnel- a wall of rubble seals Andy off from the beast.

Andy breaths a sigh of relief. At least he's got time. He starts limping away from the wall of rubble...

SMASH!! The rubble explodes again as the beast crashes through it like a freight train, sending rocks and bones flying.

Andy runs as fast as he can with his bad leg. The beast closes in on him quickly. Andy jumps up for a **NARROW OPENING** in the tunnel ceiling. He grabs the metal rung inside and pulls himself up into the vertical shaft as the beast pounces. The beast catches Andy's foot with its claw. Andy pulls out of his sneaker and just barely eludes the beast's grasp.

Andy climbs up the metal rungs in this old service shaft - barely wide enough for his body. The beast claws and gnashes his teeth at the opening but can't fit in - for now.

Andy reaches an iron grate, pushes it up and crawls out into

ANOTHER DRIPPY TUNNEL

Like the ones near the party - no skulls. There's a lot of water in this one. It looks familiar.

CLAUDE

is transforming back into human shape. His face is now more human than beast. He screams into the vertical passage in a growling, not quite human voice.

CLAUDE

You have no advantage, Andy! My body has no limits!

ANDY

looks around in the tunnel. He sees something (we don't). He limps off towards it.

CLAUDE

in his human shape, crawls into the vertical service passage and climbs up the rungs.

Claude emerges from the shaft into the dark tunnel. Andy's no where in sight. We hear only dripping water.

CLAUDE

So this is how you choose to die.
Hiding like a scared rabbit. Just
praying I don't find you...

ANDY

crouches under a concrete ledge in a very dark space. Claude's voice sounds distant, echoey, and competes with the closer sound of trickling water.

CLAUDE (O.S.)

Well I assure you, your nervous sweat glands will give you away soon enough my trembling little rabbit.

CLAUDE

begins transforming. He falls to the ground and groans with joyous pain as his body noisily transforms.

CLAUDE
AHHHH! IT'S FUCKING GLORIOUS!
AAAARRGGGHHH!!

ANDY

huddles in his hiding place, looking out into the darkness.

ANDY
(to himself)
C'mon already...

A glint of light appears in a puddle on the ground. Andy's eyes widen.

CLAUDE

His head is transforming - his exaltations become more animalistic.

CLAUDE/BEAST
RRAAAAAARRRRRRRGGG!!

LEDUC

still in the catacombs, hears Claude's yell echo through the tunnels. He thinks it came from above. He runs towards a stairway.

THE BEAST

Claude is fully transformed. He sniffs the air, locks in on a scent and sets off through the tunnel.

ANDY

watches intently as the light in the puddle gets brighter. It starts reflecting on the wet concrete walls of this tunnel.

ANDY
(to himself)

Now.

Andy clicks on the flashlight, shines it at himself, and yells for all he's worth.

ANDY

HEY YOU DIRTY EVIL FUCK! C'MON AND GET ME! I DARE YOUR UGLY ASS! (etc.)

THE BEAST

cocks its head towards Andy's taunts. The sound of flowing water is close by. The beast pounces towards Andy's voice, into

THE WET, SLIPPERY STAIRWAY

that Andy slid down that first night in the tunnels. The beast loses its footing and slips helplessly down the slick, eroded stone, GROWLING furiously.

LEDUC

runs down a tunnel, towards Andy's screaming voice. The beam of his flashlight illuminates the landing ahead of him, halfway down the stairwell. He sees THE BEAST slide by, clawing in vain for a grip.

A METRO TRAIN

screams around the bend, lighting up the whole metro tunnel. Andy is still SCREAMING from his refuge under a ledge.

THE BEAST

shoots out of the stairwell and lands on the tracks. It looks up, frozen for a split second - its horrible snarling face is caught in the speeding train's harsh glare...

SMASH!! Impact. The beast is sucked under the wheels and ground to bits between track and wheels.

LEDUC

at the landing, looks down the stairwell as the train rushes

past.

ANDY

huddled next to the passing train, clenches his fist in victory.

ANDY

Yes!

The train passes. Andy gets up and shines his flashlight around the ground. The beast's body lies in chunks, smears, and puddles. The parts begin morphing back into Claude's human forms - A THIGH here, A PIECE OF SPINE there...

LEDUC inches his way down the last few feet of the stairway, using the rusty pipe for a handhold. He walks up with his flashlight and aims it at the BEAST'S HEAD, which finishes turning back into Claude's head.

LeDuc glances at Andy. He takes a small envelope from his pocket and shakes out a single SILVER BULLET. He loads it into his gun and FIRES straight into Claude's lifeless head.

LEDUC

(to Andy)

I always wanted to do that. I saw it in a movie.

ANDY

What about me?

LEDUC

My men think you died and floated away in the Seine. If I wanted to, I could let them believe that.

(a long pause)

But that would be illegal...

Andy looks at him carefully, trying to read him. LeDuc's face is impassive.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM, NIGHT

The prosecutor, who speaks English with a thick French accent, has an extremely sarcastic look on his face. He wheels around dramatically, and confronts Andy, who sits uneasily on the stand, wiping the sweat from his brow.

PROSECUTOR

You intend us to believe that you committed these murders because the moon was full and you were somehow magically transformed into a huge powerful beast with an insatiable appetite for human flesh, is that right?

ANDY

You don't understand!

The prosecutor turns away towards the jury to mock Andy.

PROSECUTOR

Oh? So I don't understand? You think it's me who has a hard time coming to grips with reality?

The JURORS snigger at Andy's expense. But wait, suddenly they look concerned - something's wrong. The prosecutor continues, his back to Andy.

PROSECUTOR

You think I'm the one who needs my head examined? I don't understand? Well, Mr. McDermott, enlighten me.

He wheels around to Andy and comes face to face with

THE BEAST

huge and ravenous. It goes for his throat.

PROSECUTOR

Good God!!! Aaaaaaaa!!!

The beast tears the prosecutor apart, spraying blood everywhere. The jury - oddly enough - break into polite

applause. One less lawyer...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Andy wakes up with a start - a concerned STEWARDESS is leaning over him. Disturbed PASSENGERS crane their necks, peering at him like he's nuts.

STEWARDESS

You were screaming in your sleep,
sir. Are you okay?

Andy looks around, getting his bearings. He takes a deep breath and shakes it off.

ANDY

Yeah. It was just, um... something I
ate.

The stewardess nods and smiles, a little uneasily. He picks up the Bloody Mary from his table and gulps some down. A little bit of tomato juice dribbles down his chin. He looks out the window.

EXT. AIRPLANE

It flies along over a blanket of clouds, past the huge, silver moon. The song is Cat Stevens' "Moonshadow", sardonically covered by Nirvana, with the oh so appropriate lyrics: "If I ever lose my legs..."

ROLL CREDITS