



Scripts.com

Wolves

By David Hayter

1

- Forty-five!

And...

Hike!

- Shit, look at him go!

So here I am...

playing ball, getting by,

hottest girl in school.

It's great, right?

That's life, sewn up and tied.

Like how much of an idiot do you have to be

To think that it will always

be that way?

- It's like a dream, right?

- To think that you'll never have

to learn from there

or go through hell,

because you will.

But anyway...

- Hike!

- What was that?

- Richards, clean yourself up.

- Watch yourself, man.

Next time, 15 yards.

- Come on, I slipped.

- Yeah, yeah, let's go.

Let's go!

- Hey, Brad, slip again.

- Richards!

You like that? Huh?

Oh, I know you like that.

Look at that.

Look at your boy!

- What is it, Mom? What's wrong?

- Shh! Can't you hear it?

- Yeah. I hear.

It's just an animal.

- No, I feel it.

It's in the house.

- No!

- It's alright, baby.

It's me. It's Mom.

Oh, you're okay.

Shh... You're okay.

You're okay...

- Mom, my head hurts so bad.

Sweetie...

Cayden Richards...

You've maintained a 3.8 GPA
since the ninth grade.

And suddenly, last semester, 3.4.

Missed classes, declining attitude.

And now, assault.

It's not like you, Richards.

- No, sir.

- Look, son...

your life is created

by the paths you choose as a kid.

To be frank, it's an effed up system.

But there it is.

So tell me, what's the problem?

- I think I'm losing my mind.

- Of course you're not.

You're just young.

And life is complicated.

I mean, senior year

and everything's changing.

I'm scared, too.

Of college, the future,

leaving home...

Leaving me...

Is that what you're afraid of?

- Oh... Jesus...

my head is killing me.

- Cayden...

- Lisa, are you sure?

- Yeah.

Ow!

- Don't stop.

- Oh, my God!

Don't!

Lisa!

Mom? Dad?

Mom! Dad!

No...

Mom...

Whoa. Whoa.

This is 1555.

We have a 17-year-old girl
reporting an assault by her boyfriend.
Seeing signs of violence...
Excuse me, ma'am, sit in the car, please.
- Cayden... It was Cayden.
- Miss?
- He's a monster.
So...
...my parents' murder was big news.
- Cayden did describe dreams
of killing his parents,
of ripping them apart with his teeth.
And the evidence pointed
in just one direction.
- You can read all about his case
in my new book,
"The Danger of Boys",
out this fall.
So I ran.
The police put up a manhunt
but I could smell them coming every time.
As far as a cure went,
all the books agreed there was only one:
suicide.
But to my great shame,
I couldn't bring myself to do it.
The rest was just a load of bullshit.
About silver, wolfsbane, all that crap.
And it wasn't just a full moon thing.
The change was always
a heartbeat away...
Crouched, waiting.
But when the moon was full...
I could feel it...
The animal in me.
Hey, come on, man!
- Just give me a second, alright?!
I lived in constant fear
that I would kill again.
And then one day... I did.
Thanks, buddy.
Lisa, I understand
you were with Cayden
the night of the murders?

- He attacked me.
- Was Cayden angry or upset
over the fact that he was adopted, perhaps?
- What?
I didn't know he was adopted.
- He never mentioned
that he was adopted?
That... was almost funny.
Because up until that exact moment,
I hadn't known it either.
- Do you need a menu, hon?
- Just a coffee. Thanks.
Hey! Leave her alone!
- Turn around, asshole.
- Oh God, please help me!
These guys are batshit!
- Listen to me!
You hit her again...
you're gonna lose that hand.
- Run, kid.
I was trying to do right.
Trying to help out where I could.
- What is it, Robbie?!
Fuck me!
Kill it, Robbie, kill it!
- But...
...every time I let the wolf free,
it was very hard to stop.
Drifting, wandering...
I wasn't looking for an answer,
because there wasn't one.
Of course, that was before I met Wild Joe.
- It's a pretty tough place to be,
ain't it, killer?
- I've seen tougher.
- Ah! I'm speakin' metaphorically, boy.
About life.
It's hard.
- It can be, I guess.
- Yep. Can be.
Ah!
Life is like an onion,
that's what I say.
The more you peel it back,

the more it makes you cry.
Especially when you're afflicted.
You know, like...
afflicted?
- Holy shit.
- Mm-hmm!
What do you mean, you never knew?
Must've had some clue.
- Just tell me how to stop it.
- Stop it?
Why would you want to?
So you can be like them?
Oh!
- What the hell, man?
- Yeah, you! Scum like you!
- What's your problem?
- Want to dance? My card's open.
Why would anyone want to be like that?
- I can't control it.
- Boy, you're not supposed to.
You're a predator, it's what you are.
Didn't your parents not teach you nothing?
- No, they, uh...
they didn't know.
- What, you're gonna tell me
you were adopted...?
- Yeah, that's right.
I was.
- I would have loved to see
the look on their faces
when you turned for the first time, mate.
"Oh, he's a monster!
He's gonna kill us!"
Hey, it's none of my business.
Your real folks,
bet they're from back east,
from the old part
of this pitiful new world.
- I thought you had to get bitten by one
to become one.
- You can do.
But, the bitten ones,
they're not pure,
they're just mutts.

But, the purebred ones,
like you and me,
we were born this way.

- There are others?

- You thought you were the only one
in the whole wide world?

Well, ain't that typical of youth.

- Where are they?

How do I find them?

- Why would I tell you?

- Why wouldn't you?

- Because they're the most vicious,
secretive pack

on God's green Earth, boy.

How do you think I got so pretty?

Shit! Shot my mouth off too much already.

Sayonara.

- Wait, Joe, you know where they are,
you have to tell me how to find them.

- Get your hands off me, boy.

I don't have to tell you shit.

You're not my responsibility, kid.

- I don't know anything about what I am!

- Figure it out yourself!

I have no idea!

Joe, nothing.

- I'll show you the way.

It never came from me.

Do you understand?

- Yeah, yeah, you got it.

I promise you.

- Hear me now, boy.

You ain't gonna like what you find.

- Hey, what's going on over there?

- Nothing, we're just...

Shit!

- Just keep it down, kid.

Oh bad dog

You're such a bad dog

- What can I get you, hon?

- A beer, I guess.

- You just roll into town?

- Yep.

- What for?

- I'm sorry?
- We don't get many tourists,
being up here in the hills and all.
- It's too bad.
Seems like a nice town.
- Sure does.
- Oh, hey, do you know
if there's any work around here?
- Nope.
- You are new here.
- Yeah.
- Yeah.
I mean, right?
So, you want to dance?
- I'm not really much of a dancer.
- Come on. Any one of these guys
would love to dance with me.
- I'm sure they would.
That means you'll never be lonely.
- Ugh! Fag.
- Thanks. That's great.
- What's your name?
- Me? My name?
- I'm sorry. Did I stump you?
- No, no. It's, uh...
It's, uh...
Danny.
Daniel.
- Why'd you come here,
Danny, Daniel?
- What? What do you mean?
- I mean, to a bar, alone, at night.
Even the sluttiest girl in town
can't get you to dance.
- What's your name?
- It's, uh...
- Oh, I'm sorry, did I stump you?
Hey...
- Hey, you were hassling my girl.
- I don't know, man.
Who's your girl?
- Her.
She said you grabbed her ass.
Well, she made a mistake.

- Oh, I see.

So she's a liar, with one sweet,
squeezable ass, right?

- Relax, friend, it didn't happen.

- I ain't your friend, dick.

- Hey! Cut it out, Deke!

- Mind your business, Angel.

- This bar is my business.

You wanna get kicked out?

- You can't kick us all out, Angel.

- Okay, look, I'm leaving, alright?

- You're fucking right you are...

...buttercup.

Come on!

I gotta piss.

Hey

- Hey. It's New-Boy Ass-Handler.

- I want to ask you something.

- That's great because I want
to ask you something, too.

Ever think you'd die by teeth?

- Dude, shut the fuck up.

Where did you get this pathetic
half-assed power of yours, huh?

Who gave it to you?

Shit.

Hey, kid.

I hear you say

that you were looking for work?

- I don't know. Did you?

- Yep-

Danny, I'd like you to meet my wife, Clara.

- Welcome, Danny.

It's a pleasure.

We grow soybeans, corn and wheat.

I keep some sheep,

but that's mostly for the wool.

And Clara, she does some weaving
for the shops.

A farm. Who'd have thought?

Hard work, good people,

with no idea of my problems...

and, seemingly, no inclination to pry.

All John asked was that the work got done.

The only drawback was the animals.
I guess they knew a predator
when they smelled one.
But all in all, things are pretty fine.
And for the first time
in a long time, I felt...
safe.

Oh, uh...

Hey-

- New farmhand.
- Uh, pardon me?
- John took you on, just like that.
- Just like what?

Is there a vetting process?

- Where are you from, kid?
- I'm sorry, who are you?

Connor.

I see you've met my new hand, Danny.

- Danny, is it?
- Yeah. He's my nephew from out west.
- Your nephew or Clara's?
- What can we do for you, Connor?
- One of my boys said this kid
jumped him the other night.
- That's not how I remember it.
- Now hang on, Connor.
- Your "boy" and five of his buddies
tried to jump me.

And then later I asked him why.

Alone.

It seemed more fair.

- Uh-huh. How'd that go?
- He ran off, like a bitch.
- To be fair, the guys did try
to gang up on him in the bar.
- Yeah, I saw that.

Thing is, Deke's 6 foot,
runs about a buck-ninety.

So I guess my question is,
why run from a little fella like you?

- I don't know. I guess it's like
my old football coach used to say,
"It's not the size of the dog in the fight,
it's the size of the fight in the dog."

I guess your boy's more of a teacup poodle than anything.

Day's getting on.

We got work to do.

- I'll catch you later, kid.

Oh... John, one more thing,

I saw you at the bar that night as well.

- Sure. I was there.

- I didn't see the two of you speak.

It's a funny way to treat a nephew.

- Well, to tell you the truth,

I didn't recognize him at first.

Been a long time.

- Guess those eyes aren't as sharp as they used to be.

- Hmm...

- John, who the hell is that guy?

- Danny, you don't want to know.

What's wrong? What's happening?

- The sheep need feeding.

- No!

- Animal.

- What?

- Well, animals.

Things get scarce, up in the hills.

The wolves come down here to feed.

- Oh...

I see. That's what you...

that's what you think it was?

- What else could it be?

- Oh... that.

Just like you said.

- The poor little bleater.

Ah well, look on the bright side.

- Bright side?

Clara, that smells wonderful.

- Back with gravy.

- Help yourself.

- How often you guys losing sheep?

- Oh, it happens.

The wolves have to eat too, you know.

I'll take that.

- Wolves.

Is that where the town gets its name?

Lupine Ridge?

- What's that?

- Lupine. It means wolf, right?

- Oh! Well, no...

Actually, it means wolf-like.

- What's the difference?

- I don't know.

Mm...

- I am not going to do any killing.

- You will not defend yourself?

- Oh, I'll shoot if I have to.

But I'll shoot to wound, not to kill.

Tonight at 11 .

After the discovery of two mutilated members of a Colorado biker gang bearing a grisly similarity to the Cannibal Kid murders, a frightened nation is asking where is Cayden...

- Um...

I'm gonna go into town.

- Well, I can see why that would require you to turn off the TV.

I just, uh...

...thought I'd let you know.

Hey, Cayden.

Your name's Cayden Slaughter, right?

- No, it's...

Who are you?

- I'm Carter Wills.

I'd be your...

your second cousin, I guess.

- My what?

- Listen,

the others might be too afraid to say it, but you have to haul ass on out of town, kid, or you're gonna get us all killed.

- I think you think I'm somebody else.

- No, you think you're somebody else.

And, listen, he doesn't know who you are yet.

Only a few of us do.

But you think he's not gonna find out?

And when he does...

- Who's gonna find out what'?

What are you talking about?

- You really don't know shit, do you?

It's Connor, man!

Fucking County Police

don't even come up here anymore.

He decides who lives and who dies.

Yeah, he kicked my own fuckin'

brother out of town...

Oh, God...

Jesus...

Get the fuck out of here, kid, please.

Excuse me.

- What? I'm allowed

to have one of these, you know.

- I'm part owner here.

- Stop drinking all our beer, Gail!

- I don't even know what

you're talking about. I don't even know.

- Could I... just... get one of those?

- There you go.

- So, back again.

- Well, it is the only bar in town.

- And how do you find

our little town so far?

- Strange.

Like it's got secrets.

- Hey! Judgy!

How about next time I tell you

when you had... I've had enough?

Okay?

- Okay

- Okay-

- Is she going to be okay?

- Yeah. As okay as she gets.

- How does she keep her job?

- It's tough to fire your own sister.

- Oh, so you really do own this place?

What are you, some kind

of small-town princess or something?

- Small-town heiress, actually.

Both our parents are dead.

- Oh... I'm...

I'm sorry.

Both of my parents are... dead... as well.

- Well, then...

A tribute to orphans.

Hey, buddy.

- So...

what's up, fellas?

- Saw you talking to the kid, Carter.

- What kid?

- The one Tollerman's

been keeping out on his farm.

- Oh, yeah. That asshole.

- What did you tell him, exactly?

- Tell him? Nothing.

Well, just to get the fuck out of town,
you know. Hit the road.

- Why's that?

- 'Cause I saw him

sniffing around Angelina.

I figured maybe he was pissing you off.

- You told him about me?

- No... Shit, no. Nothing.

- That's funny.

I thought I heard my name.

- No. Hell, no, Connor.

I just played it off as, you know,

"Small town, we don't like outsiders
so fuck off." You know'?

- Hmm...

I'm having a problem here, Carter.

See, I know this kid's

from one of the old lines.

Maybe he's from here

or maybe he's from down east,

from the Synod. Maybe.

But what I'm really trying to figure out
is why Tollerman took him on so quick.

And also why the fuck a useless drunk

like you would take any interest in him.

I feel like secrets are being kept from me.

- No, listen, you know what I know.

- So you didn't tell him

anything about us?

And you got nothing

to tell me about him?

- No, no, Connor, no way.

You gotta believe me.

- And this has nothing to do
with your brother Joe?

You tell me right now,
who is this fucking kid, huh?
What's he doing here?

And can I tear his fucking guts out
without facing any backlash?

- No, I don't know. I don't.
I don't know anything.

I just tried to get him to fucking leave,
save us all a bunch of trouble.

- That sounds believable.

So now I guess the one thing left to do
is to make sure that you...
don't tell him anything else
before I'm ready to deal with him.

- I won't, I won't... I swear it.

- No, Carter. You know what a promise
from your family means to me?

Going to have ourselves
a night hunt, boys!

Yeah!

- You know how this works, Carter.

So run!

Yeah...

One, two, three, four...

Ready or not...

here we come!

I'm going to get you.

I'm going to get you!

You smell that?

- Oh my God!

- Sorry.

You smell that, right, that reek?

- Yeah. Can you?

- We're downwind.

An asthmatic with a head cold
could smell it from here.

- What are you doing out here?

- They've killed someone.

I need to find out who.

Shh...

Okay, you can look,
but don't make a sound.

- No way.

- To Connor!

- What are they eating?

- His name's Carter.

Carter Wills.

- Jesus.

- We gotta go.

Come on. Now!

- Ugh!

They were...

They were, all of them...

- Wolves, yeah...

Just like you.

...a star student,

a gifted athlete,

but no one suspected

the insanity that lay within...

- Great, they're playing that crap now.

- No, son.

We had it TiVo'd.

- Oh, Cayden, I am so sorry.

I'm so sorry.

- What are you sorry about?

It's not your fault.

- No, son.

It's my fault.

Ah!

This is your mother.

- My mother?

- Lucinda was my sister's girl.

What a beauty she was.

- We've been here a long time,
werewolves of the Eastern Coast.

We came here on the ships,
the first ships.

Of course, there's not many
of the old lines left.

Most of us paired up with the locals,
thinning the breed.

Like this one here.

Too beautiful to resist.

- I'm not part of the pack, you see.
I just like men with chest hair.

- There's two ways
to become a wolf, Cayden.
You can be born into it,
like you, me, Angel and her sister.
Or you can be infected with it,
bitten by a purebred.
But those...
those will never have
the power of a pure-born wolf.
They'll change, but it's weaker, diluted.
Now, Connory Slaughter...
He is one of the last
of the purebred wolves for miles.
All this really started
when Lucinda caught his eye.
She was a town wolf.
One of the last of the pure lines.
In his eyes, she was made for him.
He came in the night and took her by force.
Lucinda got pregnant...
with you.

- What?

No...
John, what you're saying is that...
that that asshole up in the hills is...
is my father?

- By blood he is, yeah.
When her father found out
she was pregnant,
he threatened to kill her.
So we faked Lucinda's death.
I hid her away in our cellar
till she came to term.
We agreed that Connor must never find out
about you, Cayden.
So I convinced Lucinda
to give you up for adoption.

- Broken-hearted, she let you go.
- And she killed herself that September.
Once Lucinda was gone,
Connor got worse.
He formed a savage pack.

He bit them, changed them...

They moved up into those hills there,
to run and hunt and kill.

Spending less and less time
in human form.

It gets into you, you see, the wild.
So, the deal was they'd live up there
and none of us town wolves
would interfere with them.

And we would both keep the secret
from the outside.

But now...

now Connor's getting older
and he's thinking about his legacy.

- Meaning what, exactly?

- Now that she's come of age...

Connor intends to have a son...

with one of the last
purebred wolves in town.

- No!

- Yeah. That's the deal.

- When?

- When he decides it's time.

- You're just gonna go along with it?

- I have to.

If I back out, if I try to leave...

he'll murder John, Clara,
my sister, everyone.

- Jesus!

- Cayden, stop.

He doesn't care about the law.

He doesn't care if he dies.

He'll butcher anyone
that stands in his way.

- Is it what you want?

- What I want?

I want to move to a city.

Live my life.

But this is the only way

I can protect the people that I love.

If I give him a son, he'll let me go.

Then, I'll be free.

- A son.

Like me.

And then this whole thing
goes on and on.

- Yeah, well, it's been going on forever.
You shouldn't have come back here.
You're too good for this place.

- Don't say that.

- Why not?

- Because...

I... I killed my parents.

I don't remember it.

I just woke up and they were dead,
torn apart.

- You know, my father,
he was a world champion drunk, my dad.
He killed my mom one full moon.
He came home drunk, angry,
and he just...

When he came around
and he found her...

he cut his own throat.

Gail and I kicked it around for years.

Was it the wolf that killed
our mom, or the man?

Or just the booze?

I don't know.

It always seemed to be in him somehow,
that potential for blind murder.

The thing is,

it doesn't seem to be in you.

- Well, it is.

The moonlight.

The violence.

I feel it.

- I know.

I can feel it, too.

But that's our big question, right?

Is it a gift or a curse?

- So, which is it?

- Come on. I'll show you.

Seeing things the way we see them.

The scents, the sounds...

This bond with nature.

Mama always said it was a power...

and a gift.

There. You feel that? Cayden?

- So... what do we do?

Let the beast run wild?

Let it kill whoever gets in our way?

- Of course not.

We use it, learn to control it.

And we'd only ever kill
anyone who threatens the ones we love.

- That's... really hot.

Angel, that's, uh...

that's not a good idea.

- Really? 'Cause it seems
like a pretty good idea.

- It's been a long, long time since...

- What?

Wait, not... never?

- No, not never, exactly.

Just... rarely without...
incident.

- I see.

You're afraid the excitement,
the adrenaline...
might make you change.

- Yeah, that's right.

Okay?

- Okay

So what?

I mean, if anything were to happen...

That's how I'd want it.

Hello in the barn?

- Hello?

- Just a sec!

Ugh!

Hey, John.

- Hey, yourself.

How's things?

- Good.

- Yeah, good.

- Very... very good.

I think we're all...

I think we're all pretty good.

- Good.

And where's Angel?

Has she gone home?

Uh, no! Up here!

Hey, John?

- Yeah?

- Do you think Clara might have a blouse or something I can borrow?

- Oh, we'll see.

Clara! Take off your shirt!

Larson, it's a matter of defending ourselves. - It's suicide.

We can't fight...

- We gotta do it now!

- You know what they left of my little brother?

- Well...

- Here's your coffee, gentlemen.

- Ah, here he is.

Cayden...

these are the town wolves.

This is all that's left of the old lines.

And everyone, this... is Lucinda's boy.

- I knew... I knew that scent!

I knew it the first time I saw him.

Didn't I say it?

- We all said it, Gail.

- I said it first.

- This is Larson Wills.

He would be your second cousin, I guess.

- Yeah. Nice to meet you, kid.

You know my little brother, Carter, he was your cousin too.

Now he's just today's dinner.

- I'm sorry.

I didn't plan for any of this to happen.

- Hear that, everybody?

He didn't come here

to kick the hornet's nest, it just got kicked.

- Cayden came back because he belongs here.

- We all get to pay the price for it, Clara.

- And this is Mayor Robinson.

He's an optimist.

No, John, I'm a realist.

Connor is getting paranoid.

If he thinks this kid has come here

to... interfere with Angelina,
then he and his pack are gonna come down
from those hills and they'll kill him.
And then they're gonna kill us
for trying to hide him.

- Maybe they won't.

- Are you nuts?

This close to the full moon?

Shit, even I can barely keep
from freaking out.

- When is the full moon?

- Tomorrow night.

- Halloween.

Jesus.

- Well, hey. What's more Halloween
than getting eaten by a wolf man?

God, lighten up.

- Listen, he's getting crazier and crazier.

We got one option.

Give him Angelina...

and give him the kid.

- You're a real hero, Larson Wills.

- At least Angel survives.

Don't you get that?

- They're your own flesh and blood!

- No!

This is my flesh and blood.

- Alright, alright, calm down, Larson.

Just calm down here.

Now... we like to pretend...

that we have got an uneasy peace
with Connor and his pack up there.

Sometimes some livestock goes missing.

Sometimes a child goes missing.

But there's not one of us
who can't follow that scent.

There's not one of us
who doesn't know where that child's gone.

- Yes, John, it happens,
but it's not fear that stops us from
doing anything about it, it's practicality.

Those guys up there are wolves
all the time.

- Hell, John, some of us

ain't even changed in years.

- I can't even barely grow
my sideburns anymore.

It's just a little fuzz.

- He's the youngest and the strongest.

Connor kills him, he'll have
no more reason to come after us.

- And then what?

Then we just give him Angelina?

- That was the deal we made.

- The deal I made.

- Well, I didn't.

Since this all first happened to me,
I've been fighting between suicide
and trying to find some way
to do good with it.

And now...

maybe I've found a way to do both.

Stay in your homes tonight
and lock your doors.

I'll take care of this.

- No, son.

Don't do it, he'll kill you.

- Maybe.

- No! Cayden!

I mean he'll kill you.

- Maybe I can take him with me.

- No!

John, please, you gotta stop him.

- How?

- Look, Tollerman and the others
broke the pact.

Brought the kid in from the outside.

What are we gonna do about it?

- The kid has to go.

They're not gonna give him up
without a good fight.

Tollerman won't allow it.

So if he won't come to us,
then we'll have to go and take him.

Yeah, okay.

Or I could just come to you.

- Wow!

- This is nice.

I've never seen a wolf den like it. It's like a camping trip for hairy lunatics.

- Tell me something, kid,
did the Synod send you up here?

- What the fuck is a Synod?
You really don't know shit, do you?

- I know about Lucinda.
I know you took her by force.

- Watch your mouth, boy.
- Before you all try to kill me,
I'm just here to tell you
something, Connor.

Lucinda Wills was my mother.

- What?

That's not possible.

Lucinda died before she gave birth.

- That's what Tollerman told you.

Truth is, she committed suicide
a few days after I was born.

- Is that right?

I'm gonna give you
the same chance I give everyone.

Run.

- No.

You can either leave this town alone
and let Angelina go...

- Or?

- Or...

You'll force me to stop you.

- Okay, then. Kill him.

- Come on, then!

- Check that way.

- Okay then, who's next?

- I'm pretty sure it's you, kid.

- Oh, God, they're killing him!

- Angel! Angel!

You can't help him!

- Boy...

- Animal!

Shit.

Cayden... It was Cayden.

- Wolves, just like you.

- Lucinda got pregnant.

She let you go.

Lucinda died before she gave birth.

- She killed herself.

- He's a monster.

At least Angel survives.

Don't you get that?

Your own flesh and blood.

I'll give you the same chance

I give everyone.

- How do you think I got so pretty?

- Run.

Oh dear,

this doesn't look good.

Losing your life force,

you can't even hold your true form.

- Wild Joe?

- Get up, you little fucker.

Get up.

- Oh, I'm so...

- Get up!

Get up!

Get up!

Get... up...

- Oh my God!

John!

John!

- I was trying not to kill them.

- That was a mistake.

It's life or death out here.

- I... I need a hospital...

or a vet or something.

- You don't need a hospital.

You need to change.

You have to get out and run.

- I can't. It's too painful.

- Trust us.

You have to change.

If you don't, son,

you ain't gonna make it.

- Just try.

- Jesus!

I can't. I can't.

Angel,

- It's okay. It's okay.

- Okay...

- Okay, you need to run.
- Angel, that's not gonna happen right now.
- You have to, okay?
It's the only way.
Trust me.
Go.
It's okay, it's okay.
It's okay...
Feeling better?
- Much, yeah.
But what's it matter?
I can't beat them, there's way too many.
If I go back up there, they'll kill me.
- You should go.
Save yourself.
- You think I could do that?
No.
I have to beat them.
All of them.
And I know there's got to be a way...
- I'm sorry I got you into all this shit.
- What? Don't be.
It's not your fault.
I got myself into all of this shit.
Come on.
- Whoa. What is that horrible stench?
- Excuse me, my dear,
that is my personal collection
of genuine, A-1, organic,
fully recycled ovine detritus.
And it is extremely good for the soil.
- And extremely explosive, right?
Yeah I'll be glad when you're dead
You rascal, you
I'll be glad when you're dead
You rascal, you
When you're dead and in your grave
No more women will you crave
I'll be glad when you're dead
You rascal, you
- What's the word, Kino?
- All the guys are pretty messed up.
Slashes, broken bones.
- Get them up and running,

they'll feel better.

- I'm going up there with you.

- No.

If anything happens to you,
all of this was for nothing.

- The rest of us don't heal like you do.

Like he does.

That's if he survived the fall.

- Run home, pack your bags.

When all this is over, meet me at the motel
at the bottom of the hill.

Then we'll leave.

We'll be free.

- So you think it's true?

You think the kid is your son?

And when you're dead and in your grave

No more women will you crave

I'll be glad when you're dead

You rascal, you

I trusted you in my home

You rascal, you

Said I trusted you in my home

You rascal, you

You know I trusted you in my home

You better leave my wife alone

I'll be glad when you're dead

You rascal, you

- Yeah...

- Clara! Angel!

- Maybe someone noticed something

back in town.

Maybe they'll send somebody for help.

- When they grabbed me,

I didn't see a single person left.

It's like all the normal ones left town.

Like they knew.

- She's right. They knew.

- John Tolleran.

Ladies.

Can't thank you enough

for coming to my big night.

- Well, it seems like

we couldn't stay away.

- Yeah.

Tell me something, John.

Where's the kid?

- The kid's dead.

We buried him where he fell.

- I guess lies come easy
after 20 years of them, right?

- It's no lie.

He was your son and you killed him.

- Bullshit, John.

If he were my son, that would mean
you'd hidden Lucinda away from me
and lied to me for more than 20 years.

And you'd have to know
how you'd suffer for that.

- You think I'm afraid of dying?

- It's not the dying, John,
it's what comes first.

Uh-oh!

Oh, shit, it's the big moment.

Oh, yeah!

Can you believe I'm a little bit nervous?

- You ought to be.

- Okay, John.

Oh my God.

What have they done to her, John?

- She's been drugged.

- Don't worry, Angel,
this'll all be over by midnight,
assuming you whelp me a boy.

Hey, I'm doing this for you, Angel.

I'm doing this for all of us.

- This sucks.

We're missing the whole party.

- Hey, if Connor says
he'll show, he'll show.

And then we kill him.

And then we'll party.

- Hmm? Did you hear that?

Connor!

- Friends, been a long time coming
this night,
and what a thing
to have my badass pack here to see it.
Connor!

- And I want to thank Angel here
for just making me
the happiest wolf in the woods.

- Fuck you!

- Oh, shit!

- It's like we're mated already.
Well, best get on with it, eh?

- Connory Slaughter!

- Yes!

Alpha dog!
Leader of the fucking pack!

- Yeah!

- Do you take this bitch for...
well, tonight, basically?

- I do.

- Angelina Timmins!
Owner of the only bar in town, and...
Do you take...

- Uh, Deke, she does.

Alright, well, uh...
it's the big moment.
So if you'll excuse us,
you guys enjoy yourselves
and we'll be back in,
let's say, 20 minutes.
Oh, hell, make it 40.
Unless, of course,
anyone's got any objections.
Doesn't count, Gail.
Alright, then, let's do it.

- I have an objection!

- Boy...

- Didn't I tell you?
Didn't I warn you
to leave these people alone?

- Well, they're my pack, boy.
They do what I tell them.

- This isn't a pack.
Wolves don't terrorize towns,
or kidnap innocents, or brutalize women.
You're barely wolves at all!

- Okay then, boys,
let's show him what we really are!
Hey!

You traitorous fucking bitch!
- Deke, shut the fuck up!
Go, John! Save him!
Wait!
- Ah...
Okay, here we go.
- Listen to me, all of you!
You think you can kill me,
but you can't!
Turn back and survive!
Stay...
and I'll kill you all.
- Bring him to me.
What in the hell?
Find him, Kino!
Bring me his fucking head!
- We've got to be smart about this!
We gotta...
- You can't hide from me, boy.
Go, John, now!
- Oh, my poor barn.
- Holy shit...
- Hmm!
- This is my town, you little bastard!
- No! You chose the hills,
you keep to the hills!
You did this to me!
You made me the monster I am!
- Not monster enough, apparently.
I guess you really did have
some fight in you, kid.
Come on!
- Goodbye, Connory Slaughter.
No!
Look at me.
You've done... hideous things in your life.
And you deserve to die.
- You're right.
But you should know,
I never took Lucinda by force.
I loved her, and she loved me.
When her father found out
she was pregnant,
he threatened to kill her.

So I took the fall for it.
They took the woman that I loved
away from me.
And I just...
became the monster
they said I always was.
So go on, Cayden.
Just end it.
You earned it.
- Oh, well, I tell you, boys...
being here to witness
this happy homecoming
warms the cockles of my heart.
Makes all my trouble worthwhile!
Yahoo!
I knew it! Joe fucking Wills.
- All these years later,
hey, it's Connory Slaughter,
beaten, on his knees.
- I see that eye of yours never healed,
did it?
- No. Just the one-eye Jack
with the gimpy limp.
So I'd never forget what you did to me.
Hmm?
You know what your old man told me
when he exiled me from this town?
He said that I was too wild, too brutal.
I swore I'd come back and kill you.
He just laughed at me.
Ha!
But the kid was the key.
You never knew he existed.
You never heard the stories.
But my little brother, Carter,
he told me.
He told me all about it.
Maybe I couldn't hurt you,
but Chipper here...
he's going to break your fucking hide.
- Hey Joe, why don't you just turn around
and crawl right out of town?
- You think I went to all this trouble
tracking your offspring down,

bringing him here, killing his parents,
just to walk away?

Just to let you live?

- You did what?

- What?

Oh, yeah.

I killed your folks
and I kind of made the cops
think it was you.

Why?!

- Why?

To get you to grow up!

To bring you here!

To put him in this exact situation!

- You son of a bitch!

- Aw, forget it.

You're too beat up to fight me now.

I mean, the both of you.

I could beat you with one hand
tied behind my back.

This is my day!

Oh, baby, I've earned it.

- Hey, Joe.

- Yeah?

- You know your brother, Carter?

- He's my baby.

- I had him for dinner two days ago.

Aw, sweet dreams, Connor.

- I'll kill you, Joe!

- Kill me?

You're my trained dog, boy.

I've been waiting for this for a long time.

- You were never too wild

for this town, Joe.

Just too crazy.

Aw, damn.

- Help me, kid.

Huh?

No?

Ah...

Aw!

Ever been shot in the shoulder?

It's like getting kicked in the shin,
but it's the shoulder.

So, are you gonna kill me now, too, huh?

Before you do, I'll give you
an interesting little tidbit.

Wolves, real wolves,
they only kill for food or defence.

- Well, I'm not a wolf, Joe.

I'm a human being.

- That's my point, son.

They're calling you a murderer,
a cold-blooded killer.

It's not true.

It's not what you are.

- I've killed tonight.

Because of you.

- No, kid.

Because you had to.

It was Connor.

It's always been Connor.

He made us this way.

He did it to all of us.

- Well, Connor's dead now, Joe.

- That's right.

I killed the monster that made you, boy.

And so, we're all paid up.

We're even.

- Even?

- Yeah.

- Is that what we are?

You know, I guess it's true.

I never have killed anyone in cold blood.

But, life is...

complicated.

And you ate my fucking parents.

- Alright, boy!

Come on!

Show me what you got!

- What I've got, Joe?

- Yeah!

- You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

- Fuck.

- Hey-

- Hey-

- There. That should fertilize
the soy beans.

And no one need ever know.

So who's up for some breakfast?

- John, I gotta go.

- So soon?

Well, you, uh...

you got a home here now, you know.

- No, I... I know, and we'll be back.

It's just...

- It's me, John.

I need to get away from here.

For a while, anyway.

- Who's gonna run the bar?

- Gail.

- Hmm!

- Maybe you could check on her
every now and again?

- Yeah, of course.

Well, you've got something
you'd better take with you, then.

Now, this...

this is a very rare piece.

It, uh... it traces all the old lines
all the way back.

So you keep it safe.

- So many.

- Yeah...

- John, I can't take this from you.

This is...

- Oh, you keep that with you.

That'll come in handy.

Wherever you go, you look for those names.

It'll give you a heads up.

- Well, thank you, Clara.

- Take care.

- Yeah.

- Thanks for everything, Uncle John.

- Yeah.

- Whoo!

With time slipping away

I can't say what I'll do

You got nothing to say

Oh, Lord, no

Well, I'll tell you who's who

Oh yeah

'Cause I'm the big bad wolf
What you say
I'm the big bad wolf
What you say
I'm the big bad wolf
Blowing down your neighbourhood
What you say
I said a-wooo!
Oh, yeah, a-wooo!
What you say
I said you got to seize up your day
Yeah
Make the most out of you
You've got to make the most
Watch your knees when you pray
Yeah
If you flex with my crew
Oh you know why
'Cause I'm the big bad wolf
What you say
I'm the big bad wolf
What you say
I'm the big bad wolf
Blowing down your neighbourhood
What you say
I said a-wooo!
Oh yeah
A-wooo!
What you say
What you say
I'm the big bad wolf
What you say
I'm the big bad wolf
What you say
I'm the big bad wolf
What you say
I'm the big bad wolf
What you say
I'm the big bad wolf
What you say
What you say
Big bad wolf
What you say
What you say
What you say
A-wooo!

Oh yeah, yeah