

**Into the Eyes
of a Wolf**

SAMPLE
HORROR
script

INTO THE EYES OF THE WOLF
HORROR SCRIPT 2024
CHRISTOPHER SCOTT

Prologue

The night was bitterly cold. We were all wrapped in our heavy coats and gloves. Our breaths burned our throats when we inhaled and was a visible mist when we exhaled. In the distance, we heard the reassuring sound of our church's bell. It had been announced that it was an hour past midnight with a single bong. It was the darkest time of the night. Thank God for the moon's radiance.

In our town, not a person moved through the streets. Every window was latched, and the doors were heavily barred. On this night, even the pubs had closed their doors before the sun had set. No one uttered a complaint.

Slowly, each man advanced, careful with each step they took. This section of the forest was dense. It was thick with numerous sized trees and various types of dense underbrush. Multiple unseen branches tore at our clothing as we quietly advanced. Small saplings would spring back, then slap at our faces and any unprotected skin. Everyone knew when a wickedly positioned branch made contact on someone's bare skin by the sudden squeal of pain, followed by that individual's expulsion of derogatory words. Our saving grace this night was that it was a full moon. The intensity of the moon's glow cast a silvery-yellow coat on everything it touched. When we passed a small stream, the water

appeared silver as it quickly cascaded over an array of smooth moss-covered stones and partially submerged branches.

There were many men in the woods. They feverishly searched for that monster. Each man knew deep within them that this monster was so evil that it must have been outcasted by the devil himself. The monster, by people who had seen it, was described to have the appearance of a tall shaggy wolf. However, every time I had witnessed its shaggy form, it had been standing upright. Its profile from my viewpoint was taller than my posture, and I stand over two meters and several centimeters in height. It was earlier this evening when I thought I saw this hairy beast down on all fours as it bounded from boulder to boulder. At one point when its profile changed and he turned to look toward our advancement, I saw its face. It had an elongated hairy snout with massive teeth. Its eyes . . . Oh my God. Those eyes revealed pure disgust. They told you they wanted to kill anything and everything.

As we searched the woods, one of the trackers made a discovery by a wide stream bed. On one of the stream's muddy banks, embedded in the mud, were a few of the beast's paw prints. The prints resembled that of a dog. But its imprint was many times the size of an average dog. Later, some of its fur was discovered caught on a low barbed branch. To me, the fur had the musty smell of a dog—actually stronger, like that of a wet hound.

That night, before we had set out on our search, an old gypsy woman came to us. She told us that the only way the beast could be killed was from a weapon forged of silver. She told us to melt down anything we possessed that was silver.

She said to make silver bullets for our guns, and if not bullets, to make arrow points of silver. She even told us to dip our swords or our knives into the molten silver. She explained to us most urgently that the wound inflicted upon the beast had to be fatal and created by a silver instrument. She warned us not to allow a bite from the beast or even be scratched by its teeth. The infection it carried would infect our bodies, and by the next full moon we would become as he: a savage killing beast.

Suddenly, I heard an explosion not far from me from someone's gun as it erupted. Following the sudden blast, there was an excited voice as it hollered out, "I got him!" Several of us close to the gunshot ran in the direction we heard the gun's report. As we approached the man who had fired his gun he pointed at a section of the ground. "See. See the blood. There by that flat stone. I think there is a piece of him. I hit him. I know I did. I saw it stagger!"

I walked over in the direction he pointed. I knelt down by the flat boulder he pointed at. My fingers touched a wet spot. I raised my fingers to my nose, and the scent of it was coppery. "Yes. There is blood." I scanned the area and found that piece of the hairy beast. I picked it up. It was still warm and wet. Not much bigger than a slice of bread. Without much thought after I gave it a cursory examination, I tucked it into my coat pocket.

The man who had shot at the beast was on his knees several meters from me. Slowly he searched the ground with a torch. Within minutes had discovered the beast's track and more blood. He pointed. "He is headed in that direction. That was where I saw him last. He bounded off that way." The man

continued his search in the same crouched position, his face close to the ground and his torch. He felt the trail with his fingertips. He inspected his hand and was rewarded with another spot of blood.

However, fortune was not with us that night. The blood trail suddenly stopped after about three hundred meters. We as a group stopped as well and started to gather together. In our close confines we started to relax momentarily. Immediately, fear swept into everyone as we heard the fearsome howls of the wolf-like creature. Almost in unison as like a military platoon, we all turned and headed back towards the safety of our homes. We did not forget about the beast but yearned for the closeness of our families and the safety of our homes' stone walls and thick wooden doors.

Weeks later as I readied myself for work, I donned my coat. I reached into one of its pockets. To my surprise, my fingers touched something leathery. Curious, I withdrew it. It took me almost a full minute to comprehend what I held. Finally, I realized that what I held was the dried-out piece of flesh that had been shot off the wolf-like creature. I was confused. It was smooth. Not as I remembered it. It was now without any hair.

In my shop I laid out the piece of tissue on a flat board. I carefully stretched it out as best as I could as I tacked down the edges. As I stared at it, it reminded me of the horrific creature we hunted.

About three weeks later, when I entered my shop, I noticed that the tissue had started to show signs of fur again. Over the next several days, I observed that the fur became

longer and thicker. I remember that evening when I had returned to my shop and the full moon's beam had filled my shop. There on the flat board was a thick mass of fur. I was amazed by this dead piece of wolf-like creature that had rejuvenated itself. When my fingers stroked the hairy mass, I felt an immediate sensation of overwhelming hatred towards everyone.

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Immediately, the beast stood up on its hind legs. He walked to the back of the cage. Slowly. He grabbed the cage's bars. Then instantly began to shake them violently.

"Viselli. Viselli. What's wrong? Why are you so mad?" He quickly turned and launched toward Gisella. Gisella did not react. She just exhaled a skinny plume of smoke. "Well?"

"The pain. I hurt everywhere. My head. My hands. My legs. My feet. My back. I hurt . . . I want to make others hurt."

"Viselli. Your entire body just shapeshifted. All the bones in your body are reshaped. So did your muscles and skin. Of course you are in pain. Hopefully, the pain will diminish in time. The energy you must be expelling has to be huge. You will sleep long when you shift back." She reached for her wine and watched the beast pace back and forth. After several minutes had passed, she took another sip of her wine, then she realized her glass was empty. She smiled at the empty glass, stood, and strolled back to the fireplace where she left her bottle of wine.

As she refilled her glass, she heard Viselli say, "Let me out."

When she returned to the cage she replied, "If I let you out, you will just kill me or run off and kill that girl."

The beast growled out, "Trust. Trust me." Her eyes caught movement. She scanned down to the cage's lock. One of Viselli's long clawed-like fingers was pointed at the lock. She looked back up at Viselli. His eyes were focused upon her.

Gisella squinted and tilted her head slightly. "Trust. It goes both ways." She reached into the pocket of her dress and withdrew the key. "Kill me and this is over. Kill that girl and this is over." The key turned which made an audible click. Instantly, Viselli threw himself against the door and ran on all fours across the small clearing, then instantly disappeared into the woods. As she watched him become swallowed by the darkness, she picked up her chair and carried it back to set it by the fire. She shook her head, sat in her chair, and relit her pipe.

Viselli bounded across the clearing; his mind focused on one object: the girl. Without much effort he hurtled his way through the darkened woods. He was amazed by the ease his body reacted to the constant changes of the terrain. And his vision; he felt as if there was no darkness. For a moment he thought back to his time in the Army. His eyes now had better vision than the best night vision equipment he had ever used. It was not like daylight, however—he could capture everything. He was able to clearly see and react to the quick variation of the terrain, the rocks, the boulders, the branches on the ground, and the ones that hung lower as they reached his body.

His ability to hear amazed him as well. He heard the sound of small animals as they fled from his path, the wind changing direction, and the girl. He heard each foot as it connected with the ground. He heard the rustle of the clothes as she walked. And when he stopped for a brief second, he heard her heartbeat.

Slowly, he made his approach. She had stopped by a wide part of the stream. He stalked her there. At one point,

when she disrobed and had bent over to gather her clothes into a pile, Viselli was inches away. At the last moment, as she withdrew her hand away from her clothing, a droplet of his drool landed upon her hand. She either did not notice the impact of the wetness on her hand or she was so focused on entering the water she did not notice the difference. Viselli hungrily watched as she entered the slow-moving stream. When the water depth had reached her waist, he realized that the water must be cold. He observed the goosebumps cover her body and her nipples became prominent. It was at this point he smiled to himself.

Gisella had just emerged from her dwelling with another bottle of wine when she felt his presence. "Goosebumps. That is the last thing I remember happening to her body. She was delicious. I see them on you now."

She casually made her way to the fire. When she reached her chair, she poured the wine into her glass. At that moment if she denied that her hand trembling as she poured the wine was from fear, it would have been a lie. "So, you killed that young girl. Now what? You're going to gloat about your conquest. That is probably exactly what that Congressman did to his close acquaintance." She inhaled deeply on her pipe. "You are no different from him."

Suddenly, a pile of women's clothes dropped at her feet. "No, Old Woman. I did not kill. I did not consume her. I only stalked her. I watched her . . . I knew I could have had her. No, I only took her clothes." He laughed with a growl. "There is a young girl making her way back to her home without anything on."

“You did not kill her?”

“No.” Viselli replied. “The beast wanted her. What it wanted was to do the most horrific things. You told me I have control of my beast.” Again, he exhaled a low growl. “The hunt was exhilarating. I was inches from her. I could have killed her.” He shook his head. “I did not.”

“Good. That is a positive step. Tomorrow night we will work together on your ability to . . .”

“Do you have a blanket?”

“You're cold? Tonight?”

“No. I am without any clothing. A blanket, please.”

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