

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Blood. Still warm. Still wet.

THE HUNTER kneels down to the corpse. This makes nine dead.
The kill is fresh.

The BEAST is close.

(CLOSE UP - FULL MOON, DISTANT HOWLING)

All season the beast has cursed this village. Under the light
of the full moon it feasts on the innocent. Livestock, pets,
families... children.

(CLOSE UP - THE BEAST DEVOURING FLESH)

That ends tonight.

The Hunter loads a bullet into his gun. Silver. The only
thing that can kill the beast.

(CLOSE UP - THE BEAST RUNNING THROUGH THE WOODS)

The Hunter stalks through the forest. The moonlight guiding
him as he tracks the monster. Footprint, broken branches,
bloodstains. They guide him to his prey.

The moon begins to fall. Time is running out.

He hears a sound in the distance.

The clanking of metal, and a howling scream.

One of his traps. The time has come.

EXT. CLEARING - DAWN

The Hunter arrives at the trap, in a small clearing in the
woods.

A MAN struggles on the ground, his leg caught in the trap.
His clothes are torn and his skin is stained with dirt and
blood.

The Hunter looks at the sky, as the sun begins to rise.

He's too late.

The man begins to beg. The metal teeth from the trap pierces his flesh to the bone.

MAN

Please... Please you've got to help me... I... it hurts so much.

The Hunter is silent.

MAN (CONT'D)

I... I didn't mean to hurt those people... I can't control myself when this happens. I try chaining myself down, locking myself up, but I always break out. It's not my fault. I didn't mean to kill that girl... You have to believe me. I'm not a monster.

The Hunter pulls his weapon from his back and looks down the sights.

MAN (CONT'D)

No... No, please. I have a family. A wife and a son. Richard just turned 6. Please. I can't leave him. I'll buy new chains, make it extra secure next time. Please, I'll do anything.

Silence.

The man desperately claws at the trap that's devoured his leg.

MAN (CONT'D)

Please! Please I'm sorry! I'm sorr-

BANG.

The gunshot echoes through the quiet forest. The man's blood stains the earth like red wine. Smoke billows from the hunter's gun and into the air. It's finished.

The hunter holsters his weapon. His job here is done.

It had to be done. There was no other choice.

He was a monster.