

MASTERS OF HORROR
EPISODE #01
"DEER WOMAN"
AS-PRODUCED SCRIPT

July 30, 2005

FADE IN:

EXT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL - NIGHT

CHEERFUL ROCK MUSIC emits from the brightly lit bar. Its sign announces "OPEN 24 HOURS" and "COCKTAILS." An enormous STUFFED GRIZZLY BEAR stands on the porch.

INT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON a triangle of POOL BALLS as they are broken by the first shot. This is a truck stop bar, and business is good. Tipsy, laughing TRUCKERS wander from table to table, generally being happy.

At the pool table, WALLY, a grizzled trucker in his late 40s, takes his shot. He sinks two balls in the corner pocket. His opponent, TRUCKER #1, sets down his beer.

TRUCKER #1

(slurs)

All right, I'm going to go drain the snake. Wally! Watch my beer.

WALLY

Well, you're gonna have to use the woods, man, because the toilet's broken.

TRUCKER #1

Aaah! Bullshit!

Trucker #1 heads out. Wally takes another shot.

EXT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

Trucker #1 staggers through the door. He gives the bear an affable pat on the head.

TRUCKER #1

Howdy, buddy.

He moves down the stairs, glancing this way and that for a secluded spot. Finding a dark corner behind a truck, he unzips his fly and goes about his business.

Suddenly, from out of the darkness, there is a LOUD THUMP, followed by a SCREAM. More LOUD THUMPS accompany escalating SCREAMS. Trucker #1 zips up and moves around the truck to a green big rig parked around the back, behind the pumps. The THUMPS and SCREAMS stop.

TRUCKER #1

Uh, hello? Hello in there?

(beat)

Hello?

There is no response. He waits a beat, then heads back to the bar, and we follow him back to the door.

In silence, the CAMERA MOVES IN on the rig to a few feet from the door, and then stops. All is still for a beat, then-

With a loud CRASH, the PASSENGER DOOR comes FLYING into the CAMERA.

FADE TO BLACK

OPENING CREDITS MONTAGE-

CREDITS RUN over a series of images-

BIRDS CHIRP in a peaceful, sunny forest.

CLOSE ON a Native American painting of a painted mask amid trees.

On a dark forest at night.

CLOSE ON a Native American painting of a mask.

On a peaceful forest at day.

CLOSE ON a painting of a Native American woman.

On a forest at night.

CLOSE ON a Native American painting of a wild animal.

On a forest at night.

CLOSE ON a Native American painting of a deer.

CLOSE ON a Native American painting of a deer with a human head. Its body is full of spears.

On a forest at night.

CLOSE ON a Native American painting of a Sasquatch-like creature as it walks through the forest.

On a forest at night.

END MONTAGE

FADE IN:

INT. DWIGHT'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

The room is lit with early morning sun and BIRDS CHIRP. AN ALARM BUZZES and an ANNOUNCER'S VOICE comes over the RADIO.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #1 (V/O)

This is Jerry, Lisa and Tom at 95.2, the FM stock station. Now, I think yesterday I started the show with a story that would possibly make you upset and cry, about the dog.

PAN ALONG to Dwight's rumpled bed. A half-eaten pizza sits in its box above the sheets.

RADIO ANNOUNCER #2 (V/O)

Oh, yeah. The, uh...

RADIO ANNOUNCER #1 (V/O)

The dissection. Well, now there's another story that's going to make you upset and cry, from the Internet this time, coming to us from Tallahassee..

OFFICER DWIGHT FARADAY, late 40s, unshaven and unkempt, lies in bed. He stares at the ceiling.

DWIGHT

Shut up!

Dwight slaps the snooze button, knocking over a framed picture as he does so.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Goddamn it.

He sits up and picks up the picture. REVEAL it to be of a pretty blonde woman, CATHY. She is on a beach, sporting a sunhat and a wide smile. He sadly contemplates it for a beat, then replaces it on the night table. He buries his head in his hands.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

(beat)

Oh, God.

EXT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL - DAY

TRUCKER #2 makes his way across the parking lot. Spotting something, he stops in his tracks. REVEAL FOUR DEER gathered around the big green rig. Trucker #2 smiles at the lovely image, then his expression darkens. REVEAL the deer as they disappear one by one. Off the Trucker's perplexed expression.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

PHONES RING and OFFICERS bustle about. Dwight enters. He moves to his desk, takes off his coat, and sits. CLOSE ON a framed photo of himself and Cathy at the beach, looking happy.

DISSOLVE TO-

SLOW MOTION as Officers and EMPLOYEES go about their business all around Dwight as he sits at his desk in a daze. The CAMERA MOVES IN on him. He sits, practically paralysed, as life goes on about him.

RESUME REGULAR MOTION as a young African-American officer in uniform, JACOB REED, approaches.

REED

Faraday?

Dwight stares at him for a beat.

DWIGHT

Yeah?

REED

We're going out on a call.

DWIGHT

Why am I going out on a call?

REED

Einhorn said to take you. Said the call was a little...weird.

DWIGHT

So now I'm the "weird call guy," huh?

REED

Yeah, 'cause you know, you've been so busy, he figured--

DWIGHT

(interrupts)

All right, all right. All right. All right. I'm coming.

He stands.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Reed and Dwight move along.

DWIGHT

Okay, what's so weird about this?

REED

Possible dead body.

DWIGHT

Possible?

REED

Yeah. "Possible."

DWIGHT

Well, is there a dead guy or isn't there a dead guy?

REED

Caller said he didn't know what it was.

DWIGHT
(sarcastic)
Ooh, spooky.

They move through a set of double doors.

INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

They continue along.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
And why couldn't another uniform do
this?

REED
It's out in Red County. Our patrols
don't usually go that far unless we get
a call.

DWIGHT
And we got a call, huh?

REED
We got a call.

Reed moves off.

DWIGHT
Yeah, well, I'm the "weird calls guy,"
huh?

Dwight follows.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The POLICE CRUISER drives along.

EXT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL - CONTINUOUS

The SIRENS SOUND as the cruiser pulls into the parking lot. A small crowd has gathered. Dwight and Reed get out of the car and approach Trucker #2.

DWIGHT
I'm Detective Faraday. This is Officer
Reed.

TRUCKER #2
I'm glad you came. We been waitin' all
morning.

DWIGHT
Right.
(beat)
Where is it?

TRUCKER #2

Where's what?

DWIGHT

The...

He looks quizzically at Reed.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

The thing?

TRUCKER #2

Sure. Right. Come on.

Trucker #2 leads Dwight and Reed over to the rig. He points to the passenger door, which has been reattached. Dwight reaches out to open it, but at the mere touch of his fingers it falls off and CLATTERS to the ground. The men jump back in surprise. Trucker #2 watches as Dwight and Reed crouch down beside it.

REED

Someone kicked the door in, or some kind of device. Maybe a car crash, or--

DWIGHT

(interrupts)

No, I don't think so. It looks like somebody broke the door off from the inside, then picked it up and tried to put it back on, you know?

REED

What the hell could do that?

DWIGHT

I don't know.

TRUCKER #2

Look, the door ain't the problem. The problem's inside. Here, look for yourself. I'll go around.

Trucker #2 moves around the truck while Dwight steps up to the cab. He looks to Reed.

DWIGHT

Come on.

Reed raises his eyebrows. Dwight gets it.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Fine.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Trucker #2 is in the driver's seat. Dwight climbs in, followed by Reed. The men stare into the back of the cab. They are rendered speechless.

REED

Oh, Jesus.

Reed moves off.

TRUCKER #2

Now, tell me honestly, buddy. What the fuck is that?

Dwight stares intently.

TRUCKER #2 (CONT'D)

I was thinking' at first it was may be a dead animal, but now...

REVEAL the gory sight - an ENORMOUS MOUND of BLOODY FLESH.

TRUCKER #2 (CONT'D)

What are you doin'? What do you think?

DWIGHT

I don't know.
(beat)

Has anyone touched this or anything?

TRUCKER #2

Oh, no. No. I made sure nobody fooled with it.

DWIGHT

Right.

Spotting something, Dwight snaps on a latex glove. He picks up the bloody remains of a human jaw.

DWIGHT

Holy shit.

EXT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL -- LATER

More squad cars are on the scene. The area around the truck has been marked off with police tape.

INT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL -- DAY

Faraday is at the counter, interviewing the OWNER of the truck stop.

OWNER

And that was about 11:40 that he left with her, and he looked out of it.

DWIGHT

Define "out of it."

OWNER

Drunk. He looked drunk.

Dwight makes a note.

DWIGHT

What more can you tell me about this woman?

OWNER

Aw, let me think...

(beat)

Indian, I think.

DWIGHT

Indian?

OWNER

You know, American Indian, like, uh, Native American.

DWIGHT

Right, I got it. Go ahead.

OWNER

Long, black hair. She had, uh, sharp features, like she was perfectly carved, like someone really took time making her.

DWIGHT

Can I get a height?

OWNER

She was, maybe, five foot five, maybe six.

Dwight makes a note. The Owner leans down close to Dwight. He lowers his voice.

OWNER (CONT'D)

And, uh, she was just real sexy, you know? One of those where you look at her and all you could think was, "man, I gotta hit that. I gotta hit it."

DWIGHT

Pardon me. "Hit that?"

OWNER

Fuck her.

Dwight raises his eyebrows.

DWIGHT

Ah.

The Owner straightens.

OWNER

And she had these eyes, like, maybe they were contacts, but maybe, like, yellow eyes, y'know?

DWIGHT

Okay, so...what, light brown?

OWNER

No, man. Yellow, like a...
(beat)

Like a deer caught in the headlights of your car.

The DOOR OPENS O/S.

PATTERSON (O/S)

All right.

A muscular young man with a confident gait enters. This is Detective JOHN PATTERSON.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Who's in charge of the scene?

DWIGHT

That would be me.

Patterson SCOFFS.

PATTERSON

Great.

He stalks towards Dwight and sits beside him.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Well, I hope you didn't manage to lose the body or something.

DWIGHT

Nope. Everything's copasetic.

PATTERSON

Copasetic.

DWIGHT

Yeah. Everything's cool.

PATTERSON

Whatever. Just give me your notes.

DWIGHT

I thought Einhorn was giving me this one.

Patterson puts a hand on Dwight's shoulder.

PATTERSON

In your dreams, Duh-white. This one is all me. You see, I'd say this falls under the "violent crimes" category, not insurance fraud, or incest, or whatever bullshit they've got you up to these days.

DWIGHT

Animal attacks.

PATTERSON

Right. Sure. Animal attacks. So tell me, does this look like an animal attack to you?

DWIGHT

Actually, they were telling me they saw some deer over by the truck.

PATTERSON

Right, right. So a deer rips this guy's truck door off...

The Owner smiles.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Beats him with a sledgehammer until he looks like surrealist art, then, what? Retires to his chateau in the woods to plan his next attack?

DWIGHT

I didn't ask for this call.

PATTERSON

Whatever. Like you haven't been begging for a reason to get out of the station.

Dwight looks to the Owner.

DWIGHT

Detective Patterson will be taking over
for me.

(closes his notebook)

Have a nice day.

The Owner nods.

EXT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL -- DAY

Dwight storms out. Reed meets up with him.

REED

I just got a call from the station.

DWIGHT

I know, I know. We're off the case.

REED

Yeah. They want me back patrolling
Greenwood and you on an animal attack.

DWIGHT

(interested)

What is it?

REED

Some old man's pet monkey bit some old
lady's dog, and now there's a royal
rumble goin' down.

They start towards the car.

REED (CONT'D)

They want you back at the station.

DWIGHT

Wonderful.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

A TEENY LAP DOG YIPS. At his desk, Dwight rolls his eyes as
he takes notes from the dog's owner, an ELDERLY WOMAN.
Beside her sits a tearful ELDERLY MAN. He cradles a DEAD
MONKEY in his arms. The dog YIPS and PANTS.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Of course, that was before we moved to
Seattle, and I'd never seen anyone own
a monkey there. I didn't even think
owning a monkey was legal, in fact. I
think you better check that out.

On a nonplussed Dwight.

DWIGHT

Yes, ma'am.

REVEAL Dwight's pad, on which he sketches a cartoon of a monkey in handcuffs.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Did you make a note of that? That owning monkeys is illegal?

DWIGHT

Yes ma'am, I made a note to check it out. Yes, I did.

Over the cartoon, Dwight writes "monkey illegal?"

ELDERLY WOMAN

Of course, he was always a vicious little thing. In fact, he nearly killed my neighbour's cat.

Dwight looks off.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

He just picked it up and twirled it around and around and around. It hit that wall.

He spots a horseshoe hanging above a display case. He sketches a hoof print beside the monkey cartoon.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D O/S)

That poor cat!

The Woman whimpers.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh! I can't have five husbands looking after these--

Dwight draws another horseshoe, then a deer hoof.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me?

The Woman glares at him.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

Excuse me?

Dwight looks to the horseshoe.

DWIGHT

It started at the groin.

ELDERLY WOMAN

What did you just say?

DWIGHT

The trampling. It was a trampling. It started at the groin, then worked its way up and then back down the body, maybe 15...16 times. That's why it didn't look like a body at first. The torso was shattered and caved inward.

ELDERLY WOMAN

What?

Dwight thinks for a beat.

DWIGHT

It was nice talking to you, ma'am.

He spots the monkey. The Elderly Man sobs.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(to Elderly Man)

I'm sorry for your loss.

He gets up and crosses to a desk where an OFFICER works.

DWIGHT

Did the morgue get in that body from Red County yet?

OFFICER

Yes, Sir, it's already on the table. The family's requested it, but we're just going to keep it for a little longer...see if we can dredge something up.

DWIGHT

What name is it under?

OFFICER

The guy's name was Multoy.
(checks the computer)
Uh, yeah. Henry Multoy.

DWIGHT

Sign me in so I can take a look at it, will you?

OFFICER

They're actually in the middle of
checking it out right now.

DWIGHT

Who's the, uh...

The Officer smiles.

OFFICER

Dana.

Dwight's face falls.

DWIGHT

Great.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORGUE -- LATER

CLOSE ON a scalpel cutting into flesh. PAN UP to REVEAL that the person holding the scalpel is a pretty blonde woman, late 20s, with pink hair and several piercings in her face. This is DANA. GOTH ROCK FILTERS through the earphones of her MP3 player. She HUMS CHEERFULLY as she places a handful of intestines in a scale.

Dwight enters.

DWIGHT

Hey, Dana.

An oblivious Dana works.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Dana?

Dana works away.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Dana?

He watches her work for a beat. Then-

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
(shouts)

Dana!

She GASPS.

DANA

Christ!

She pulls out her earphones.

DWIGHT

I thought they stopped letting you wear your, uh...

(gestures at his face)

Face things.

DANA

Yeah, well, no one else would take this guy, so I figured fuck 'em, right?

DWIGHT

What do you mean no one else would take him?

DANA

Just that. No one on staff would look at him for more than a couple of seconds.

DWIGHT

Aren't you people trained to handle this kind of stuff?

DANA

Yeah. That's what I said.

CLOSE ON Dana's bootied foot. A THUMB PLOPS to the floor next to it. Dwight furrows his brow. He leans down for a closer inspection. He straightens and gives her an expectant look.

DANA (CONT'D)

I should probably get that.

DWIGHT

Yeah.

Dana reaches down and grabs the thumb. She places it in the scale.

DWIGHT

Do we have a cause of death yet?

DANA

Well, massive blunt force trauma would be a sort of obvious guess. This guy got levelled. It looks like a truck ran over him, then backed over him, then ran over--

DWIGHT

(interrupts)

I get it. I get it. But it wasn't a truck.

DANA

No.

DWIGHT

Have any clue what it was?

DANA

Not the slightest. I mean, I've really only got one thing for sure so far.

DWIGHT

What's that?

DANA

He died with a...
(rolls her eyes)
He died in a state of arousal.

DWIGHT

How can you tell that?

She pulls back the cloth.

DANA

(points)
You see this?

DWIGHT

Yeah.

DANA

That was his penis.

DWIGHT

(gags)
Uh-huh.

DANA

You see these lines here? These are stress fractures. You wouldn't see those if he was flaccid. Something snapped his penis.

Dwight takes this in.

DWIGHT

What do you mean, "snapped?"

DANA

I mean, snapped.

DWIGHT

Okay, look, I had a thought.

DANA

Isn't this Patterson's case?

DWIGHT

Yes, but I was first on the scene..
(beat)

And I have an interest.

DANA

I thought you were off homicide.

DWIGHT

I am, but there's a chance this is an
animal attack.

An unconvinced Dana stares at him for a beat.

DANA

Really?

DWIGHT

Yeah.
(points to the cadaver)
Here, look.

DANA

What am I looking at?

DWIGHT

Just look.

She stares at the body for a beat. She looks up at Dwight.

DANA

Hoof prints.

DWIGHT

(nods)
Hoof prints.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

BIRD'S EYE POV of a thick forest.

EXT. SKY - DAY

TIME LAPSE as CLOUDS roll along.

EXT. SKY - LATER

TIME LAPSE on the CLOUDS as day turns to NIGHT. BOLTS OF LIGHTENING
FLASH. A PAINTING OF A NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN appears in the dark sky. It
dissolves to a PAINTING OF A DEER.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- NIGHT

The painted deer dissolves to an actual stuffed DEER HEAD mounted on the wall. Below it stands the beautiful, yellow-eyed DEER WOMAN. She gazes across the room. REVEAL a young BUSINESSMAN at the bar. He speaks into his cellphone.

BUSINESSMAN

(into phone)

I couldn't get a flight out until tomorrow morning, so I'll have an early dinner and call it a night.

(beat)

What?

(beat)

Well, right now I'm having a scotch to celebrate the deal.

The Deer Woman sidles up and sits next to him.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Good.

(beat)

Right.

(beat)

Okay, see you in the office on Thursday. Fine. Bye.

He hangs up and glances at the Woman, clearly taken aback by her beauty.

BUSINESSMAN

Hi.

She smiles brightly.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Can I buy you a drink?

She lowers her eyes, then smiles even wider.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

I bet I know what you want.

She raises her eyebrows.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

A Cosmopolitan?

She smiles.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Am I right?

She nods.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
(smiles)

Yes!

He gestures to the Bartender.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
Bartender, a Cosmopolitan for the lady.

He looks to the Woman.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
I'm only here for one night. Can you
recommend a good restaurant for dinner?

The Bartender sets down her drink.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
Oh. Thank you, my good man.

He raises his glass.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
Cheers.

They CLINK glasses. He downs his scotch in a single gulp. She sets down her drink without taking a sip.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
So, are you here all by yourself?

She nods.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
Well, this is my lucky day. Would you
care to join me for dinner?

She thinks for a beat. She smiles and nods. He chuckles to himself.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
I can't believe how well this day is
going.

She looks over to the lobby. He notices.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)
You...you want to go?

She rises and starts out. He tosses some bills on the bar and follows.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

The Businessman enters and turns on the lights. The Deer Woman follows him in, locking the door behind her, a wide smile upon her lips. She removes her shawl and drops it to the floor. He watches as she sidles up to him.

BUSINESSMAN

Are you hungry? Should we call room service?

She pushes him down on the bed. She takes a few steps back and removes her blouse. He stares in stunned silence.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

You don't fool around do you?

She sashays up to him and undoes his pants. He grins.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

This is definitely my lucky day.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORGUE -- LATER

Dana sits at the examination table, eating a sandwich.

DANA

So this man lures a woman into his truck. He tries to have sex with her.

Dwight sits across from her.

DANA (CONT'D)

She gets mad and leaves. Then a deer comes and stomps the man to death.

Dwight SIGHS deeply, then stands and paces.

DWIGHT

Okay, problems. One, there's not a deer in the world that could do this kind of damage. Two, the "something" kicked out the door from the inside. And three, what happened to the girl?

DANA

She went home?

DWIGHT

How did she get home? She disappeared. And where did the deer come from?

DANA

Maybe the girl went cold and he had a deer handy as a replacement.

DWIGHT

It would be a lot easier to think of this objectively if it wasn't so damn stupid.

DANA

Maybe it was something else. You know, I mean, other animals have hooves.

DWIGHT

No. Trust me, those are deer hooves.

DANA

Maybe the girl beat him to death with a deer leg.

Dwight narrows his eyes at this.

DANA (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

DWIGHT

That's just one of those sentences that you never expect to hear.

DANA

How do you think I feel saying it?

DWIGHT

(checks his watch)

Okay, look, it's 1 a.m. We've been at this for hours and the best we have is murder by taxidermy. Okay, I should be home in bed.

He dons his jacket.

DANA

And I should be out partying.

DWIGHT

Right. Thanks for your time, Dana.

DANA

No, no problem.

He starts off.

DANA (CONT'D)

So, um...are you going to ask to be
reassigned, or--

DWIGHT

(surprised)

No.

(thinks)

No. It was just a hunch. No, tomorrow
it's back to dog bites and lost cats.

Dana laughs. Dwight moves off.

INT. DWIGHT'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dwight lies in bed, staring at the ceiling. After a few
moments, he rolls over and closes his eyes.

INT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL - NIGHT -- DWIGHT'S IMAGINATION

COUNTRY MUSIC PLAYS. A lonely-looking trucker, HENRY sits at the bar and
sips a beer. He spots something O/S and narrows his eyes in disbelief.
REVEAL a woman's pair of sexy, heeled boots. PAN UP her shapely legs,
skin-tight denim cut-offs, and low-cut bustier to REVEAL a smiling, sexy
BLONDE. Henry smiles back.

EXT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

Henry and the Blonde laugh and dance in the parking lot. They kiss and
giggle as he leads her across the lot to his rig.

HENRY

Oh, it's right here.

He points to the decal of a shapely woman on the door.

HENRY (CONT'D)

See this little lady right here?

The Blonde giggles. He opens the door.

HENRY (CONT'D)

After you.

She climbs into the cab. He sighs and follows.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Henry and the Blonde laugh as they settle into the cab. They kiss. He
pulls back and watches lustily as she unbuttons her bustier. He begins
humming a STRIPTEASE.

HENRY

(hums)

Da...da...da...

She GIGGLES as she undoes the last button and dangles the bustier before him. He LAUGHS. Clad in only her cut-offs and a lacy black bra, she wriggles and writhes.

HENRY

Oh, wow.

She cocks her head and smiles. He SIGHS. She smiles as she reaches behind and produce a DEER HOOF. A perplexed Henry cocks his head.

HENRY

Huh?

Her eyes go wild. She lunges forward and STRIKES Henry in the head, over and over. He SCREAMS.

DWIGHT

Oh my God!

She THWACKS him again and again. Blood spatters. He HOWLS in pain.

INT. DWIGHT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dwight lies in bed, staring into space.

DWIGHT

Stupid.

EXT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL - NIGHT - DWIGHT'S IMAGINATION

Henry and the Blonde, who now wears modest blouse and has her hair in pigtaails, giggle and kiss as they walk to the truck. There is a CRACKLE in the bushes. They stop.

BLONDE

Did you hear something?

He glances around. There is nothing but silence. He widens his eyes and leans in close to her ear.

HENRY

No.

They both LAUGH as they continue towards the truck. There is another CRACKLE. The Blonde stops.

BLONDE

No, wait. I definitely heard something.

They both glance around.

HENRY

No, you didn't. Come on, come on.
(slaps her behind)

Let's get in the truck.

He opens the door.

HENRY (CONT'D)

There you go. Okay.

She climbs inside. He glances around.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

The Blonde settles into the cab. He joins her and they start kissing. She pulls away after a beat.

BLONDE

There it is again.

He points to the door.

HENRY

It's over there.

EXT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

POV through the passenger window as the Blonde and Henry slowly rise into view, their eyes wide with horror. DRAMATIC ORCHESTRA MUSIC RISES as we CUT TO-

A sweet-looking DOE standing beneath the rig. She blinks once, then twice. The horrified couple SCREAMS.

INT. DWIGHT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dwight lies in bed, staring into space.

DWIGHT

Retarded.

EXT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL - NIGHT -- DWIGHT'S IMAGINATION

Henry and the Blonde LAUGH. This time, she is in a skin-tight pink T-shirt.

HENRY

Come here.

He pulls her close and they kiss deeply. They LAUGH as they continue towards the rig. Suddenly, there is a CRACKLE in the bushes. They stop.

HENRY

Ooh, hey.

(beat)

Did you hear something?

BLONDE

No. Let's go.

She turns to him and GIGGLES. They continue along.

HENRY

Okay.

They stop at the truck. Henry spots something.

HENRY

Hey.

BLONDE

What?

HENRY

I didn't leave the door unlocked.

He gingerly steps towards the door and opens it. He climbs inside. She follows.

INT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

They settle into the cab and wrap their arms around each other. He removes her top and kisses her neck. Suddenly, her eyes go wide with terror. REVEAL a silly-looking DEER MONSTER, fashioned from an ENORMOUS STUFFED DEER HEAD on a man's body, straight out of a B-grade horror movie.

Henry and the Blonde SCREAM. It STRIKES Henry with its hoof over and over. The Blonde SCREAMS.

EXT. TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON the Deer Monster's "hoof" as it CLOPS down on the truck door.

EXT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

The Deer Monster carries the Blonde, *Creature from the Black Lagoon*-style. She kicks and SCREAMS. The Monster glances around, then CLOPS towards the forest. The Blonde passes out.

EXT. MORGAN'S TAVERN AND GRILL - MOMENTS LATER

The Monster hastily replaces the truck door, then STOMPS off into the night.

INT. DWIGHT'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Dwight looks disgruntled, staring at the ceiling.

DWIGHT

Fuck.

EXT. PAWN SHOP -- NIGHT

The Deer Woman approaches. She glances over her shoulder, then proceeds inside.

INT. PAWN SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The Deer Woman enters. Cagey, she glances around. She inspects a bouquet of plastic flowers. Behind the counter, the PAWN SHOP OWNER spots her. He smiles lustily. She spots him and smiles back.

PAWN SHOP OWNER

Can I help you?

He waggles his eyebrows up and down. She smiles brightly. He nods with approval. Suddenly, she narrows her eyes and her expression darkens. He furrows his brow.

INT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Dwight sits at his desk, completely zoned out as he stares at the photo of Cathy. Reed approaches. He sits at the desk and stares at the oblivious Dwight.

REED

(claps his hands)

Yo, Dwight.

Dwight snaps to.

DWIGHT

Yeah. Yeah? Yes, what?

Reed chuckles.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

What is it?

REED

I just thought you should know they found another one of those things.

Dwight straightens some items on his desk.

DWIGHT

Pardon me, "things"?

REED

Another one of those hamburger things. You know, trampled to death.

Dwight looks up at this.

REED (CONT'D)

They just brought in the body this morning. I only know because Patterson was having a hissy fit about you playing with his corpse.

DWIGHT

I didn't "play" with it--

REED
(laughs)
Whatever, man.

An uneasy Dwight straightens his tie. Reed leans in close.

REED (CONT'D)
Hey, tell me honestly. Why aren't you
ever doing anything?

DWIGHT
Excuse me?

REED
I've been here for five months. Up
until yesterday, I'd talked to you
twice. But I see you every day. You're
always sitting right there and your
eyes are always right about...
(points to the photo)
There.

DWIGHT
What's your point, Reed?

REED
Well, I've never heard of a detective
that was assigned exclusively to animal
attacks. What happened?

DWIGHT
A lot happened.

REED
May we delve?

DWIGHT
No.

REED
Aw, man, you're no fun.

Dwight glares at him. Reed looks to the photo.

REED (CONT'D)
Is that your wife?

DWIGHT
We're separated, actually.

REED
Shit. I'm sorry.

DWIGHT

Hey, don't worry about it, man. Don't worry about it.

(beat)

What are you doing right now?

REED

Me?

(looks around)

Bothering you, I guess. I was supposed to go down to the firing range, but I don't have much to do--

DWIGHT

(interrupts)

You want to go to the morgue and get a look at that new cadaver?

There is a beat of silence.

REED

That's not the sort of stuff I do for fun.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORGUE -- LATER

Reed and Dwight stand over the examination table. Dana pulls a sheet back to reveal another mutilated body.

REED

Christ.

DWIGHT

Start working the highway, Reed. It'll toughen you up a little bit to stuff like this.

DANA

Same MO, basically. Massive blunt force trauma, died in a state of arousal, you know the deal. But then...

She crosses the room.

DANA (CONT'D)

I found this.

She holds up a slide and sets it under a microscope.

DANA (CONT'D)

Under his fingernails.

Dwight moves to the microscope and looks into it.

DWIGHT

That can't be human hair.

DANA

Yeah. It's deer hair.

REED

Deer hair?

DANA

Yeah. It looks like it got pulled out during the struggle.

DWIGHT

Hmm.

REED

"Hmm?" Someone gets sliced and diced in a struggle with a deer in a hotel room and your response is "hmm?"

DWIGHT

He was in a hotel?

DANA

That's what it says in the file.

DWIGHT

Then we must have witnesses saying they saw him there, right?

DANA

Yeah. With a girl.

DWIGHT

Do they have a description?

DANA

They have three.

They move back to the table.

DWIGHT

Dark skin, long dark hair?

DANA

You got it, but that's about all they have in common. We've got three different heights, three different weights...although they all agree she was gorgeous.

REED

(looks at the body)

Hey, I'm starting to see what you said about those hooves. Some big animal did a tap dance on this guy.

DWIGHT

(to Dana)

Is there any way we can tell how big the deer was?

DANA

Wait, so we're definitely calling the perp a deer now?

DWIGHT

A deer or a deer-type animal.

REED

But what about the woman?

DWIGHT

I don't know about the woman yet. I'm still thinking about the woman.

DANA

There's no real way to call the size, at least that I know of, but the hairs were short, though, so it's probably either young or small.

REED

Oh, no, no. There's no way anything under 300 pounds did this to him. I mean, this was a big guy. You know, it's not like he was--

DWIGHT

(interrupts)

Maybe it's strong. Really strong. It kicked the door clean off that 18-wheeler.

REED

So, wait, the girl smuggles a deer in the room under her coat?

DWIGHT

Stop with the girl. We're not thinking about the girl yet. We're still on the weapon.

REED

Weapon? Man, I thought we agreed on an animal attack.

DWIGHT

Yeah. Well...

The double doors CRASH open and BILL, a lab technician, rolls in a gurney.

BILL

We got another one of those messy ones, Dana.

(notices Dwight)

Oh. Hello, Faraday.

DANA

So soon?

BILL

Just in. I brought it into room one, but they said you were handling this.

DANA

Great.

DWIGHT

(to Dana)

Don't feel bad. I'm still the weird calls guy.

BILL

What, so you're not going to say hello to me?

(off Dwight's confusion)

I said hello. You should say hello back.

DWIGHT

I don't even know your name.

BILL

(hurt)

I'm Bill.

(beat)

And you still should have said hello.

DWIGHT

But I didn't--

DANA

(interrupts)

When did this one arrive?

BILL

About 15 minutes ago. There are still officers on scene, but Patterson had the Coroner take the body away 'cause there was a crowd. They're still having trouble finding one of his arms.

REED

That's creepy.

Dwight thinks for a beat. He points to Reed.

DWIGHT

You're driving.

EXT. PAWN SHOP -- NIGHT

The street is busy and neon-lit. One cruiser is already parked outside the shop, where a CROWD has gathered. A second cruiser pulls up. Dwight and Reed get out. They look to the storefront. A SPLATTING SOUND causes them both to look down. REVEAL DROPS OF BLOOD plopping onto Reed's shoe.

REED

What the fuck?

They both look up. REVEAL a HUMAN ARM, still in its bloody sleeve, dangling over the roof ledge.

DWIGHT

At least we found the arm.
(shouts)
Oh, boys!

A COP appears at the ledge. He looks down at Dwight and Reed.

INT. PAWN SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight stands with GLENN FUCHES, a burly officer in his late 40s.

DWIGHT

Fuches. What's up?

FUCHES

What are you doing here? This is me and Patterson's gig.

DWIGHT

Calm down. We're just checking it out.

FUCHES

No, you're not. Go on, get out of here.

DWIGHT

Where'd they find the body?

FUCHES

I'm not telling you. Find your own way
around.

Reed enters.

REED

Dwight.

Dwight looks to him.

REED (CONT'D)

On the roof.

Dwight joins Reed.

FUCHES

Ooh, first names.

He shoots Fuches a look as he moves off.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

A nearby wall is smeared with BLOOD. A UNIFORM picks up the butchered
arm and slips it into an evidence bag. Patterson stands over by the
ledge. He spots Dwight and Reed.

PATTERSON

Faraday, what the hell are you doing
here?

DWIGHT

Just looking around.

PATTERSON

What, are you just wandering from crime
scene to crime scene these days?

PHOTOGRAPHERS snap pictures.

REED

Hey calm down, man.

PATTERSON

Calm down? He just ambles in here and
I'm supposed to...come to think of it,
who the hell are you?

Dwight spots something.

DWIGHT

Excuse me.

Dwight moves towards the ledge. Reed approaches Patterson.

REED

I'm Officer Reed.

PATTERSON

Reed? Didn't I see your name on the street beat? What are you doing loitering around my crime-

Dwight crouches by a smudge of blood. He sets his pen beside it to measure.

REED (O/S)

(interrupts)

Detective Faraday has just as much of a right to be here as you. He had the first one of these...these things.

He spots another smudge a few paces away. Patterson and Reed stand face-to-face as they argue.

PATTERSON

Murders.

REED

Have you seen the bodies? You think a human did that?

PATTERSON

Well, what would you prefer me to think? You think--

He cuts himself off as he notices Dwight, who is leaping across the roof like an animal.

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

Faraday, what the fuck are you doing? Get off of my roof!

EXT. PAWN SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The area is taped off. Fuches stands with a UNIFORM. Reed and Dwight move along. Fuches calls out from inside.

FUCHES (O/S)

Goodnight, ladies. Drive safely!

DWIGHT

Shut up, Fuches.

Fuches grins. Reed and Dwight move up to the cruiser.

REED

I can drop you home before I turn the car in.

DWIGHT

No. No, thanks. I live about a mile from here. You know, I'll walk.

REED

You sure?

DWIGHT

It'll do me good, clear my head.

REED

Okay. Get some sleep.

DWIGHT

You too.

Reed goes to the car. Dwight starts down the sidewalk.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight moves along a quiet street. He passes a LARGE NATIVE AMERICAN MURAL. He rounds a corner and picks up the pace a bit. Behind him, there is a faint CLOPPING sound, like horse or deer hooves on cement. He stops and turns. After a beat, he continues. There is another CLOP-CLOP.

DWIGHT

No, no. I'm definitely losing it.

He continues at a brisker pace, glancing over his shoulder every so often. There is more faint CLOPPING. He hurries along. Suddenly, there is a LOUD SCREAM. A THUG leaps out of the darkness and grabs Dwight by the neck. He wields a knife.

THUG

(shouts)

Give me your wallet, asshole, and I won't cut you!

DWIGHT

(calm)

Okay, okay, okay.

Dwight suddenly wrests free. He spins around and kicks the Thug in the crotch. The Thug SCREAMS, drops the knife and collapses to the ground.

DWIGHT

You motherfucker! You almost gave me a goddamned heart attack.

Dwight pulls his gun.

THUG

Please, mister, don't shoot me!

DWIGHT

Don't shoot you? Don't you know better than to mug a policeman?

THUG

You don't look like a cop.

DWIGHT

You know, I was going to call back up and have you booked, but you know what?

THUG

What?

Dwight plunges the knife into the Thug's arm. The Thug SCREAMS.

THUG (CONT'D)

You fucking stabbed me!

DWIGHT

(shouts)

Don't pull it out. There's a hospital about four blocks from here. Have the doctors remove it, and when that arm heals up, get a job and stay off the goddamned street.

He withdraws the gun and moves off, leaving the Thug to writhe in pain.

THUG

(to himself)

What the fuck was that?

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

REVEAL the Deer Woman standing nearby, her eyes wide as she looks on. She slips into the darkness.

INT. POLICE STATION -- EINHORN'S OFFICE -- DAY

CHIEF EINHORN sits behind his desk. Dwight and Patterson sit across from him, and Fuches sits casually on a couch. Einhorn studies some photos.

DWIGHT

All I'm saying is that we cannot rule out an animal attack.

EINHORN

Weren't you just saying that this was sexual assault homicide?

DWIGHT

Yes, well, that's true too. Maybe some sort of an animal sexual assault.

PATTERSON

Oh, boy, here we go.

FUCHES

I think your private fantasy life is beginning to interfere with your work, Faraday.

DWIGHT

Shut up, Fuches.

(to Einhorn)

Look, I'm being serious. Dana down in forensics says that the blows are hoof-shaped.

PATTERSON

Oh, right, Dana, that pillar of sanity.

FUCHES

The blows are circular. The hooves are ovoid. I don't think that--

EINHORN

(interrupts)

Shut up, Fuches.

Fuches rolls his eyes.

EINHORN (CONT'D)

The murder weapon is hoof-shaped, I'll give you that one. But the blows hit these guys with a tremendous amount of force behind them. For an animal of that size and strength to be hiding in a major metropolitan area for any extended amount of time is, frankly, impossible.

DWIGHT

It is possible. It's very possible. This could be an unknown animal, some kind of mutant hooved quadruped.

PATTERSON

Oh great, we've got a killer moose man roaming the streets.

Fuches laughs.

DWIGHT

A new animal, a new kind of an animal, one that we haven't seen before.

Einhorn throws his hands in the air.

EINHORN
(interrupts)
All right, that's enough.

DWIGHT
In London, in 1981, a series of brutal animal attacks were directly linked to a freak wolf that was gunned down in Piccadilly Circus.

EINHORN
I'm familiar with the case.

DWIGHT
Then what makes this so different?

EINHORN
Because this is not 1981, and this is not London. These men weren't bitten or clawed or even scratched. They were pounded into fucking mincemeat.

DWIGHT
(shouts)
Then how do you explain the bloody hoof prints that were found at the scene?

EINHORN
I don't know. They're way too far apart for anything that I know of with hooves to have made them.

PATTERSON
My bet is they're from the perp dragging the weapon on the ground.

DWIGHT
That is ridiculous. The distance of the hoof prints suggests an animal moving on two legs, a biped, that was leaping, or...or jumping like a deer. Okay? And I can't believe you're taking this dragged weapon theory seriously. Come on.

PATTERSON
As opposed to your Minotaur theory?

Fuches LAUGHS.

FUCHES
Minotaur. That's funny.

DWIGHT

Chief, all I'm asking is that next time it happens, let me be first on the scene.

FUCHES

Are you calling dibs?

DWIGHT

Yeah. Yeah, I'm calling dibs.

EINHORN

What makes you so sure there'll be a next time?

DWIGHT

Two days, three bodies? I seriously doubt that a killer this brutal is going to stop without having been caught.

PATTERSON

Oh, and you're the one to catch him, right? Christ, can you even do a push-up?

FUCHES

Or shave?

PATTERSON

Shut up, Fuches.

EINHORN

Right.

Fuches looks from Patterson to Einhorn.

EINHORN (CONT'D)

Because I remember you being a half-decent detective at one time, you've got it.

Victorious, Dwight SNAPS his fingers and heads for the door.

PATTERSON

Hey, come on, this bullshit.

Dwight turns to him.

DWIGHT

Deershit.

He opens the door.

PATTERSON

Faraday, just watch your back.

Dwight moves off.

EINHORN

That's enough. It's Faraday's case.

PATTERSON

(under his breath)

Yes, Sir.

EINHORN

I can't hear you.

PATTERSON

(louder)

Yes, Sir.

Einhorn flips through the case file.

EINHORN

Now, do either of you two know anything about this guy who claims he was attacked by a cop with a knife?

Off a quizzical Patterson.

INT. POLICE STATION -- LATER

CLOSE ON a PHOTO of a bloody hoof-print. Dwight sits at his desk and studies it intently. Reed approaches. He sits on the edge of the desk and grabs the photos. Dwight snatches them away.

REED

Dana has the results from the autopsy of the body on the roof. Guess what she found?

DWIGHT

What?

REED

Guess.

DWIGHT

How the hell am I supposed to guess?

REED

Deer DNA.

DWIGHT

Deer DNA?

REED
(smiles)
Deer DNA.

DWIGHT
What does that mean?

REED
You're Sherlock, man. I'm just Watson.

Dwight smiles at this.

DWIGHT
Right.

REED
It's pretty quiet around here. You want
to catch some lunch? That new Indian
casino feeds officers free.

DWIGHT
You mean the new Native American
casino, right?

REED
They make enough off the slots to feed
a couple of brothers in blue, right?

DWIGHT
Let's go.

INT. RIVER ROCK CASINO -- DAY

AN ANIMATRONIC DEER greets PATRONS at the entrance of the lavish casino.

ANIMATRONIC DEER
Howdy, and welcome to River Rock
Casino. I'm Steve, the official greeter
here at River Rock. Say, did you hear
the one about the Indian brave who went
to the psychiatrist? He said, "Doctor,
I don't know if I'm a wigwam or a
tepee."

Dwight and Reed stare at "Steve."

ANIMATRONIC DEER (CONT'D)
The psychiatrist replied, "Why, son,
you're two tents!"

Steve CHUCKLES. Dwight and Reed share a look.

ANIMATRONIC DEER (CONT'D)

Yee, howdy! Say, why not try our steak
and lobster buffet?

A WAITRESS in a feathered headband and braids moves past them.

ANIMATRONIC DEER (CONT'D)

Or dance your troubles away to the
music of the Magic Tonies, now
performing three shows nightly in the
River Rock's spectacular Pow Wow Room.

INT. RIVER ROCK CASINO - LATER

An ENORMOUS SCREEN advertises the features of the casino. PATRONS play slots. CLOSE ON a roulette wheel as it spins. A DEALER deals blackjack. SLOT MACHINES WHISTLE and WHIR. A PATRON pulls the lever on a slot machine and it comes up a winner. PAN UP a Wheel of Fortune type machine called "Tower of Power Sevens." It LIGHTS UP and WHISTLES.

INT. RIVER ROCK CASINO - BUFFET -- MOMENTS LATER

Dwight nods at a WAITRESS.

DWIGHT

Please.

She pours him a cup of coffee.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Reed sits across from him. The Waitress pours him coffee and moves off.

DWIGHT

Okay, here's the story.

Reed looks to him, curious.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Back when I was still on homicide, I
was partnered with a guy named Ted
Neiman. Real sweet guy, smart, you
know. He was really going places. He'd
started criminal justice classes
because he wanted to be a crime fiction
writer, and he'd just sort of fallen in
love with it. Anyway, we were following
up leads on this murder downtown. It
was no big deal, you know, a drug deal
thing...

Nearby, several PLAYERS WHOOP. CLOSE ON a slot machine as it pours out
QUARTERS. The Players high-five each other.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Anyway, we'd found an address on this guy named Daikwon Barlow. When we got there...we should've radioed for back-up, you know, but we didn't. Ted went around the back, I went in the front, and rouble started right away. I mean, it was crazy--crack addicts running every which way.

Dwight looks to him.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Of course, one of them decides he's not afraid of the cops, right? So he runs on me with a pistol. He was this little white guy, bright red hair, you know, he must've been around 95 pounds soaking wet. And I don't have my gun out, right? So I'm basically running away a couple of seconds so I can pull the Glock, and by then he'd chased me into this narrow hallway, and I just...I turned and I fired my gun three times. One shot missed, and the other two hit him...

(points to his shoulder)

Here...

(points to his head)

And here. And I'm still rushing off the adrenaline, you know, scared to death that some junkie's gonna jump out at me out of nowhere, and then I saw Ted, my partner Ted...

(beat)

Just lying on the floor in back of the junkie. Both bullets went through the guy and they both hit Ted.

(beat)

So there was this big investigation, you know, and for a while a few people said that I'd planned it, right? That I'd meant to shoot Ted. Eventually, the whole thing was dismissed as an accident, but people don't forget so easy. Einhorn took me off active duty, and by the time he let me come back, I was on animal attacks.

He gives a sad chuckle.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

So I was pretty fucked up in the thick of it, you know? And I was always out of it and doped on anti-depressants. My wife left me and I lost touch with most of my friends, and then I had this, uh...this kind of realization.

REED

An epiphany.

DWIGHT

Yeah.

(beat)

I just realized that we all have our time to make our mark on this planet, you know? And all that I'd done with my time was...get a decent man killed. That's the mark that I'd made on the Earth.

REED

That's dark.

DWIGHT

Yeah, well...

REED

Shit.

DWIGHT

Well, now that we've had our special sharing time, let's figure out what a deer monster has against horny men, huh?

Reed smiles.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

This girl...this girl bothers me. Whatever's happened to these men, it's happened because of her.

REED

Right.

Dwight thinks for a beat.

DWIGHT

Maybe it's not a woman.

REED

What?

DWIGHT

There's this type of spider that looks just like an ant. Okay? And it builds these fake antholes...

The MANAGER, a young Native American man, spots Dwight and Reed.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

And it hides in them and waits for real ants to follow it down.

REED

And then...chomp.

DWIGHT

Right.

The Manager appears uneasy as he listens.

REED

So you're saying the deer monster pretends to be a beautiful woman, lures guys to somewhere secluded and stomps the shit out of them?

DWIGHT

I don't know. I don't know.

The Manager approaches.

MANAGER

(laughs)

Oh, right, Deer Woman.

DWIGHT

Whoa, whoa, wait. What? You know of a Deer Woman?

MANAGER

Are you guys into stuff like that?

REED

Into stuff like what?

MANAGER

Native American mythology. You know, the Deer Woman, the Piasa Thunder Birds, the Wil-Go-Yhuk. You know, stuff like that.

DWIGHT

Sit down.

MANAGER

I've got to-

DWIGHT

No, no, no. It's okay. Please. Sit down.

MANAGER

Yeah, I guess I've got a minute.

Dwight glances at Reed. The Manager pulls up a chair.

DWIGHT

What you heard us talking about isn't a legend. It's a case we're working on, okay? Somebody's killing people in the city, trampling them to death.

MANAGER

Oh, yeah, yeah. I saw that on the news.
(laughs)
You guys think that's the Deer Woman?

REED

What is a Deer Woman, exactly?

MANAGER

Okay, okay. Here's the story how my dad used to tell it. When the Powhatans would get together, you know, for a big social gathering, the Deer Woman would come out of the woods and slip unnoticed into the party. She's, like, the most beautiful woman in the world, really sexy, built like a goddess from the waist up, but from the waist down, she's like a deer.

REED

A deer?

MANAGER

Well, you know, she has deer legs.

Reed and Dwight share a look.

DWIGHT

Four legs or two?

The Manager laughs.

MANAGER

You guys can't be serious.

DWIGHT

We're very serious.

MANAGER

Two legs. Anyway, she comes into the party and she finds a guy. She lures him out somewhere to secluded, bangs him and then tramples him to death.

REED

That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard.

MANAGER

Hey, it's just a story.

DWIGHT

How come no one notices she has deer legs?

MANAGER

She keeps them covered up.

DWIGHT

Why? Why does she do it? What's her motive?

MANAGER

Why does everything have to have a "why" with you people? You know, it's a woman with deer legs. Motive really isn't an issue here.

DWIGHT

Okay. How do they catch her?

MANAGER

What do you mean, "catch her?"

DWIGHT

You know, how does the legend end? How do they kill the Deer Woman?

MANAGER

They don't.

Reed looks baffled by this.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

She just kills everyone who she seduces and then she disappears back into the forest.

DWIGHT
(unconvinced)
Right.

MANAGER
It's just some silly misogynistic
Powhatan legend, and you two are acting
like this is a serious theory in a
criminal case.

DWIGHT
Actually, it is our only theory at the
moment.

The Manager LAUGHS. He looks from Reed to Dwight.

EXT. RIVER ROCK CASINO -- DAY

Dwight and Reed head through the parking lot, both silent and grim.

REED
I'm going home, showering, changing and
getting completely drunk.

DWIGHT
What's the matter? This case getting to
you?

REED
Look, every legend is based in fact, so
maybe--

DWIGHT
(interrupts)
Every legend is not based in fact.

REED
If you take that attitude we're never
going to get anywhere.
(looks at his watch)
Look, I get off soon. I'm thinking
about coming back, maybe hitting the
slots. You want to to come? A little
drinking, a little gambling?

DWIGHT
I don't gamble.

REED
Did you see how they were paying off in
there?

DWIGHT

(laughs)

You saw one person win, so now you're going to come back and play, thinking that you're going to win like the one person you saw win out of the hundreds of people that are in there?

REED

(grins)

That's correct.

DWIGHT

It's people like you that make America great.

REED

(laughs)

Wanna bet?

They head off. As they go, they pass a STATUE OF A NATIVE AMERICAN. CLOSE ON its menacing face.

INT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

The office is empty. Dwight sits at his desk, drawing on a pad. CLOSE ON his sketch of a goofy, cartoonish half-deer/half-woman. Fuches marches up.

FUCHES

You working nights now, Faraday?

DWIGHT

Not now, Fuches.

FUCHES

Look, I'm sorry about being such an asshole to you earlier. The more I look at this case, the more it seems...bizarre.

DWIGHT

Yeah, to say the least.

He chuckles softly. He glances at Dwight's drawing.

FUCHES

Yeah.

(beat)

Well, have a good night.

DWIGHT

You too.

Fuches heads out.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Asshole.

INT. RIVER ROCK CASINO -- NIGHT

The floor bustles with enthusiastic PATRONS. Reed moves along a row of slot machines, slamming the spin buttons on each one. They spin. There are no winners.

REED

Shit.

He sips his drink, then wanders off. REVEAL the Deer Woman behind him. She stares after him, her eyes steely.

Reed moves the craps table. He gestures to a Waitress.

REED

Excuse me, ma'am.

He sets his empty glass on her tray.

REED (CONT'D)

Can I get a seven-and-seven, please?

WAITRESS

Well, I don't see why not.

She winks and moves off. Reed moves up to the craps table and holds out a \$50 bill.

REED

\$50 worth of chips, please.

He sets the bill on the table and the Croupier accepts it.

CROUPIER (O/S)

Here we go, new shooter coming out. Any C and E, horn high? Last chance.

The Croupier pushes a small pile of chips towards Reed.

PLAYER #1 (O/S)

Whoo! Yeah, let's go!

PLAYER #2 (O/S)

Big money, baby. Big money.

CROUPIER (O/S)

Here we go.

PLAYER #3 (O/S)

Come on, now. Eleven! Eleven!

Reed watches as an OLDER WOMAN tosses the dice. Reed watches as double sixes come up. He grimaces.

CROUPIER (O/S)

Twelve.

REED

Shit!

CROUPIER (O/S)

Line away, notes to pay.

The Waitress returns with Reed's drink.

WAITRESS

Okay, here you go.

REED

Thank you.

He drops two chips on her tray and takes the drink.

WAITRESS

No, thank you.

Reed takes a sip of his drink. Sensing something, he turns around to find the Deer Woman standing beside him. She smiles. He smiles back.

REED

Should I play the seven?

CROUPIER (O/S)

Same shooter, here we go. Bets down.

The Deer Woman smiles and nods. Reed places his chips.

REED (CONT'D)

Okay, lady, you're the boss.

CROUPIER (O/S)

Here we go.

The Older Woman tosses the dice. A nine comes up. Reed CHUCKLES. PLAYERS APPLAUD.

REED (CONT'D)

Hey, how about that?

Reed collects his chips. The Older Woman tosses again.

CROUPIER (O/S)

Here we go.

REED (CONT'D)

Eleven, eleven, eleven.

An eleven comes up. Reed CHEERS.

CROUPIER (O/S)

Eleven.

REED

Yes! That's what I'm talking about!

Yeah! Yeah!

He goes to pick up his chips, but the Deer Woman pulls back his arm.

REED (CONT'D)

You want me to let it ride?

She smiles. He nervously gulps his drink.

REED (CONT'D)

Okay. The lady says let it ride!

CROUPIER (O/S)

Here we go.

The Older Woman throws. Another eleven comes up. Reed CHEERS and turns to the Deer Woman.

REED (CONT'D)

Oh, baby! Where have you been all my life?

He throws his arms around her and kisses her cheek. She smiles.

REED (CONT'D)

Yes! Yes!

CROUPIER (O/S)

Here we go, new shooter coming out.

The Deer Woman spots something O/S and her face darkens. REVEAL the Waitress standing beside Reed.

WAITRESS

Hey, Lucky, how about another round?

REED

Yeah! Yeah! For everybody!

INT. REED'S APARTMENT -- LATER

Reed enters, LAUGHING and clearly tipsy as he turns on the lights. The Deer Woman follows. He tosses his keys aside and staggers across the room. She locks the door and leads him to the couch. He gazes up at her.

REED

(slurs)

Oh, man, you are beautiful.

She smiles. The PHONE RINGS.

REED (CONT'D)
Dammit! I've got to get that.

He moves to stand. She pushes him down. The PHONE RINGS again..

REED (CONT'D)
I know, baby, but it's my job. I've got to get the phone.

She kisses him. He chuckles as he pulls away.

REED (CONT'D)
Cool down, baby. I'm not going anywhere.

He staggers to the phone.

REED
(into phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH--

INT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

Dwight is at his desk.

DWIGHT
(into phone)
Is that you, Reed?

Reed furrows his brow.

REED
(into phone)
Dwight?

On Dwight.

DWIGHT
(into phone)
Look, I've been doing some research.

Reed glances back at the Deer Woman.

REED
(into phone)
That's good, Dwight, I'll see you tomorrow.

She smiles.

DWIGHT (V/O)
(over phone)
This has happened here before, okay?

He smiles back.

DWIGHT (V/O CONT'D)
About 100 years ago, 11 loggers were
found pulverized. They had all been
seen with a pretty woman.

REED
(into phone)
Dwight, I'm a little drunk and
something's come up.

The Deer Woman takes off her blouse. Reed grins.

DWIGHT (V/O)
(over phone)
You know, I'm thinking we should put
some officers clubs and bars and on the
street, you know?

REED
(into phone)
I'm a little busy now.

Reed turns and whispers into the mouthpiece.

REED (CONT'D)
I've got a girl in here, man. I will
call you to you tomorrow.

On Dwight.

DWIGHT
(into phone)
Have you seen her feet?

On Reed.

REED
(into phone)
Say what?

On Dwight.

DWIGHT
(into phone)
Do you know her? Have you seen her
feet?

Reed's face falls.

DWIGHT (CONT'D V/O)
(over phone)
Reed? Are you there?

Reed is speechless for a beat.

REED
(into phone)
I'm a fucking idiot, Dwight.

On Dwight.

DWIGHT
(into phone)
Where is your gun?

The Deer Woman stalks up behind Reed. His voice trembles.

REED
(into phone)
Call back-up.

END INTERCUT

Dwight loads his gun.

DWIGHT
(into phone)
Reed? Reed!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The cruiser barrels down the street, SIRENS BLARING.

INT. DWIGHT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight drives.

DWIGHT
(into his radio)
Request back up at 3581 Mineri.

DISPATCHER (V/O)
(over radio)
Copy that.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The cruiser continues along. Suddenly, a deer leaps out. It stands there, its eyes alight as the cruiser SQUEALS to a halt just inches from it.

INT. DWIGHT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight swerves.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The cruiser zigzags through the street.

INT. DWIGHT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight clenches the wheel.

DWIGHT

Fuck me.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The cruiser barrels along.

INT. DWIGHT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight drives.

EXT. REED'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight's car pulls up. He rushes out, leaving the door open. He charges up the stairs.

INT. REED'S BUILDING - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight rushes through, weapon poised. He stops at Reed's door and tries it.

DWIGHT

Reed?

He steps back and cocks his gun.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Reed?

He kicks the door in.

INT. REED'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight barrels in, his gun aimed.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Reed?

He glances around. He spots Reed's mutilated body. He kneels beside it.

DWIGHT

Oh my God.

He pulls out his radio.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Officer down. Repeat, officer down at
3581 Mineri.

Behind him, the Deer Woman slowly approaches, her eyes ablaze.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Apartment 406-

Spotting her shadow, Dwight whirls around and FIRES, hitting her shoulder. She falls to the floor. He takes a beat to collect himself, then crouches by her. He is taken aback by her beauty.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
What have I done?

He reaches tentatively for the hem of her skirt and pulls it back. REVEAL DEER HOOVES. CLOSE ON her face as her eyes pop open. She kicks, sending Dwight clear across the room. He CRASHES against the wall and tumbles to the floor. He MOANS as he picks himself up. He staggers off.

INT. REED'S BUILDING - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight staggers down the hall.

EXT. REED'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The Deer Woman leaps over the balcony and lands gracefully on the ground. She rushes off. Dwight appears on the balcony. He heads down the stairs.

EXT. REED'S BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

Dwight rushes to his car. He gets in and drives off.

INT. DWIGHT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight drives.

DWIGHT
Goddamn it.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The Deer Woman runs through the darkness towards the woods.

INT. DWIGHT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight drives.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The cruiser pulls up behind the Deer Woman. It swerves in front of her, cutting her off. Dwight gets out and pulls his gun.

DWIGHT

Police! Police! Don't you move!

She stands there motionless for a long beat. Then she kicks the side of the car and it spins off, knocking Dwight to the ground. She runs off.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ!

He picks himself up and limps to the car.

INT. DWIGHT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight gets in. He checks the rear-view mirror and sees that a good number of DEER have gathered around the vehicle. Suddenly, a pair of ANTLERS comes crashing through the window, sending glass flying.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

The Deer Woman's reflection appears in a stream. She cups a handful of water and drinks. SEVERAL GUNSHOTS are fired in the distance. She hurries away.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight's car drives along.

INT. DWIGHT'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight drives. POV through his windshield as the Deer Woman leaps across the road. He speeds towards her. She leaps off the road.

EXT. WOODS -- MOMENTS LATER

The Deer Woman stands by a tree. Her eyes FLASH YELLOW in Dwight's headlights. Dwight speeds towards her. She is motionless. The car barrels up and SMASHES her full-force against the tree.

There's a moment of silence, and then Dwight crawls out of the car. Blood streams from his forehead as he straightens.

Suddenly, the car lifts from the ground. REVEAL the Deer Woman, her eyes ablaze and her mouth filled with blood, as she holds up the car. Dwight unleashes a stream of RAPID GUNFIRE. QUICK CUTS as the Deer Woman's head jerks back and forth. Dwight FIRES his last bullet. The car drops to the ground.

Dwight catches his breath. He leans against the car, then slumps to the ground. POLICE CRUISERS pull up, their SIRENS BLARING.

DWIGHT

Animal attacks.

He LAUGHS. The cruisers pull up. SEVERAL OFFICERS get out and rush towards him.

FADE OUT: THE END