

THE LAST MONSTER HUNTER

Written by

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EXT. CLIFFSIDE HOUSE - DAY

A lonely wooden house sits atop a grassy peak, overlooking the sea. Under the grey sky, LEON approaches the front of the house with his hand on his hip.

As he gets closer, the sounds of crashing waves get drown out by crying and panicked chatter. He steps onto the front porch noticing that the door slightly ajar.

Leon pulls his long-barreled revolver from its holster and gently presses it against the door. The crying stops and the murmuring get stiffer. He cautiously pushes the door open with the barrel of his gun, hoping it doesn't make a creak.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FATHER  
Who's there?

An emotional, tired man stands up to face Leon; his clothes stained in blood. Behind him lies a little girl also covered in blood and hair that seems to have been ripped out. Her nails still long and sharp as if she has not fully completed a transformation.

Leon steps in closer, keeping his gun pointed at the father. The distraught man immediately recognizes Leon's outfit.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
Look! I know what this looks like,  
but you have to understand she was  
turned against her will. She didn't  
want to hurt no body.

LEON  
Two people are still dead.

LITTLE GIRL  
Daddy, it's okay.

The blood soak little girl pushes in front of her hysterical father. She is grabbing her arms in pain, still trying to rip out hairs that haven't gone away.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)  
Those two people aren't here now  
cuz of me. They were just playing  
in a field now they aren't.

Turning to Leon.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)  
I promise I didn't mean to do it.  
Those two boys were my friends, we  
were just messin' around.

Her impassioned confession was cut off by the sound of the  
revolver getting de-cocked. Leon holsters his weapon.

LEON  
Fuck.

FATHER  
(trying to capitalize)  
See! She is just innocent girl who  
had something terrible happen to  
her. It was her first  
transformation into a werewolf, but  
she can get it under control.

LEON  
That's not the point.

FATHER  
Is this how the Hunter's Guild  
operates, by punishing scared  
children.

LEON  
Two people are dead, and there is a  
bounty out on whatever did it. Even  
if I was to let you all go, there  
would still be a long list of  
hunters trying to get paid. Your  
daughter would still be hunted.

The room grew silent and the sounds of the crashing waves  
could be heard once again. The father steps forward.

FATHER  
What if you did turned in me as the  
bounty?

LITTLE GIRL  
Daddy no!

FATHER  
If you turn me in then the contract  
is up and no one would be hunting  
my daughter. Isn't that right.

LEON  
That could work... I would have to  
bring you in dead, decapitated so  
they couldn't examine you.

LITTLE GIRL  
No! She didn't do nothing, alright!

The man's face changed from sorrow to joy even upon hearing that he will have to die. He goes to stop his daughter's opposition by kneeling down and hugging her.

FATHER  
Listen honey, you are gonna have to go with the hunter here. At the guild they got loads of medicine to keep that monster in ya at bay.

LEON  
After getting some treatments, she'll be able to live in a lycan colony; she'll be safe.

The father embraces his daughter one last time.

FATHER  
I love you kid... Go wait on the porch.

LITTLE GIRL  
(muffled)  
I love you too, daddy.

She exits.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The little girl sits on a bench on the front porch sobbing. Four loud gunshots echo throughout the cliffside, each one making her curl up even more. The next few seconds of silence feel like forever. Leon exits the front door holding a bloodied sack in his hands.

LEON  
Let's go

She unwinds off the bench and mulls over to Leon. He reaches out his hand, trying to give the girl the slightest sliver of comfort; she dismisses him. The two walk down the hill hand in hand.

INT. HUNTER'S GUILD - DAY

THUMP... The father's head is plopped onto a table. On the other side sit two elderly men both dressed in black hunter's gear.