TUSK

by

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Based on a story from
SModcast 259:
The Walrus & the Carpenter

by

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Second Draft
7/23/13
SModcast Pictures
INT WINNIPEG PASSPORT CONTROL - DAY

There’s a line of about a hundred people. Wallace is directed to an open window to a waiting BORDER AGENT.

BORDER AGENT
What brings you to Manitoba?

WALLACE
A bed and breakfast.

BORDER AGENT
They don’t have beds and breakfast in America anymore?

WALLACE
I’m reviewing this one for a podcast.

BORDER AGENT
See, now I’ve been hearing lots about these pot-casts from the younger kids. What is it?

WALLACE
Podcasts? They’re like home-grown radio shows. Anyone can do ’em. Mine’s called “Pillow Pants”. It’s a travelogue. I go out and see the world then I come home and tell my shut-in friend all about it.

BORDER AGENT
Is he crippled?

WALLACE
Uhm... No. I mean... Emotionally, maybe. He’s kind of a ‘fraidy-cat.

BORDER AGENT
And you’re Mister Bravey Beaver, are ya’?

WALLACE
(bemused)
Is that what they call it up here?

BORDER AGENT
No.
(hands him back his stuff)
Welcome to Canada.
EXT QUAINT WINNIPEG HOME - DAY

A rental car pulls up and we hear the faint sound of an obnoxious smart phone ring tone ("Aw! Aw! Aw! Ooo-ah! Ooo-ah! C’MON NOW! MORE MARGHARITAS!"). We can see Wallace check his phone, not answer it, and put it in his pocket. Finally, Wallace gets out of the car and approaches the house with his bag in hand, climbing up the porch steps.

EXT PORCH OF QUAINT WINNIPEG HOME - SAME

Wallace knocks on the front door. No answer. He locates the doorbell and rings it. No answer.

INT QUAINT WINNIPEG HOME - SAME

We’re looking at Wallace who’s peering through the window, knocking.

WALLACE
Hello?

EXT PORCH OF QUAINT WINNIPEG HOME - SAME

Wallace stops knocking. He turn to face the street, perplexed. He leaves his bag on the porch and heads into the street, looking up at the house.

WALLACE (CONT’D)
Hello?

VOICE OF NEIGHBOR
Hello there yourself, young fella.

Wallace turns to see a NEIGHBOR exiting his yard, closing his gate behind him, greeting Wallace with an envelope.

NEIGHBOR
They’re not home.

WALLACE
Excuse me?

NEIGHBOR
The McKenzies hadda go oot of town.

WALLACE
Are you shittin’ me?

NEIGHBOR
Oh, an American. Isn’t that something? Welcome to Canada.

The Neighbor hands Wallace an envelope.
NEIGHBOR (CONT’D)
Mrs. McKenzie told me to keep an eye oot for you and when you got here, I’s to give you this.

Wallace opens the envelope and quietly reads the letter.

WALLACE
No! No, no, n’oh... man!

Wallace shakes his head, way too frustrated. He kicks his suit case, pissed off. After a beat, he says to Neighbor...

WALLACE (CONT’D)
Your neighbors are swingers, okay? I don’t wanna be a tattle-tale, but... I only came to Canada just so I can have a story about swinging with Canadians! And they left. I flew a couple thousand miles to have sex with strangers, and now they’re not even home. (unable to speak, ’til) I’m sorry. I’m just really pissed off. Where the fuck could they have possibly gone?

NEIGHBOR
Mrs. McKenzie’s Mom had a massive heart attack last night. So...

Wallace shuts up, feeling like a dick. The Neighbor stands there for an awkward beat. Then...

NEIGHBOR (CONT’D)
Anyway, I delivered the letter.

The Neighbor shrugs and lumbers back to his house, leaving Wallace alone in the middle of the street.

INT BAR - NIGHT

ON A LAPTOP SCREEN, we see an Orbitz-type travel web site. LOS ANGELES is typed in a destination window.

Wallace and his suitcase are sitting at the bar. He swigs his beer waiting for travel search results. Older patrons play darts behind him as Wallace selects a number on his smart phone and presses send. He checks the laptop screen again. Then, via the phone, we hear...

PHONE VOICE
A, my name is Ally. L, leave a message.
WALLACE
(after the beep)
Heeeyyy. It’s me. I’m in Winnipeg. In a bar called...
(checks napkin)
“Bar H.”
(sighs; then...)
I was thinking about what you said yesterday and... I’m not gonna go through with it. I’m not gonna swing with the swingers. I didn’t even go to their house. I was on the plane and I realized... This is love. I got a 24 karat case of love. For you. Call me back.

Wallace ends the call. After a beat, he hits another number.

TEDDY MESSAGE V.O.
(voice mail)
This is Teddy. Gimme head-y.

WALLACE
(leaving message)
Hey, man. The swinger thing was an epic fail. I got no sex, no story, just... nothing. So pissed right now. Anyway, I’m sitting in a bar, looking for a flight home, but... I feel like I gotta find something weird to do while I’m up here, y’know? I can’t come all this way and then go home empty-handed. There’s gotta be something kooky in Canada - something so fucked up it’ll save this trip. If I find it, I’ll call you. ‘til then, this is me, signing off from the Great White North.

To end the call, he sings the “Coo loo coo coo, coo coo coo coo!” of Bob and Doug McKenzie.

INT BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wallace drags his suitcase into the bathroom with him and sidles up to a urinal. Above the urinal is a community corkboard, with all manner of shit pinned to it for the discerning reader taking a leak: the sports page, a few Help Wanted ads, some Rooms For Rent flyers, etc.

As he pisses, Wallace looks up at the cork board, taking it all in. Then, he spies something unique pinned to the board.
WALLACE’S POV: THE HAND-WRITTEN WORD ADVENTURE

It’s there, hidden under too many postings over postings.

Wallace moves some of the stapled bar theme night ads and newspaper clippings to reveal a handwritten handbill.

Different than everything else stuck to the corkboard, it is as if the handbill is from another, better age. Care was put into this document. Across the top of the paper, in larger letters: A LIFE OF ADVENTURE, WITH STORIES TO TELL!

Wallace is intrigued. He peers closer at the paper above the urinal, reading the flawless cursive, as we hear a V.O.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE
Hello! I am an old man who has enjoyed a long and storied life at sea. From the Fjords of Norway to the Bering Strait, I am a proud Canadian who has traveled a peculiar path lo’ these many years.

Wallace zips up and keeps reading.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE (CONT’D)
And after eons of oceanic adventure, I find myself a landlubber, with Manitoba as my final port. But as a shipwreck survivor who once spent six months with no human contact, I know I do not wish to spend my remaining years alone in a giant house willed to me by a grandfather I never knew. Not when I have such stories to share!

Wallace takes the ad off the pin-board.

EXT 7-11 - NIGHT

From outside the convenience store, we can see Wallace on his phone as carries a Big Gulp to the counter.

WALLACE
Tonight would be amazing, sir.
Thank you, yes. Where am I going?

Wallace starts miming to the CLERK that he needs a pen and paper. The Clerk obliges while ringing up Wallace’s order. Wallace writes down an address, rips off the paper and hands the pad and pen back to the Clerk, asking...
WALLACE (CONT'D)
How far is Bifrost from here.

CLERK
Bifrost near Morweena. Two hour.

WALLACE
(into phone)
Guy here says I'm two hours away. You sure it's not too late for you?
(beat; smiles)
I will. Thank you.

EXT WINNIPEG HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Wallace’s rental car tools down the empty highway - no headlights coming at him, none behind him.

TEDDY MESSAGE V.O.

(voice mail)
This is Teddy. Gimme head-y.

INT CAR - SAME

Wallace drives, barking into his cell after the beep.

WALLACE
It’s me. I think I got something better than the swingers, dude. But do me a favor: go back into next week’s show and pull out that shit I said about Allison being jealous, please. I don’t need the headache.

He hangs up and sips on his Big Gulp, glancing at the GPS on the dash which indicates 50 miles from the destination. Beside it is the handbill. We hear the rest of the text.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE AD (V.O.)
So to this end, I'm offering a room for rent in my stately woodland home. This arrangement will be free of charge, providing you perform the simple household chores I can no longer tend to from the confines of this cursed wheelchair: menial tasks I used to do for myself, 'til age robbed me of the simplest pleasures. But though I may be old, I HAVE LIVED! I watched Saigon fall! I made love in an African sex colony! And I will tell you all about my many adventures, in vivid detail.
Wallace smiles at this notion.

EXT MANITOBA HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The rental car whips over us, speeding into the night.

EXT RURAL MANITOBA ROAD - LATER

A full moon overhead is about the only light available beyond Wallace’s headlights. The rental slows at what looks like a long, dark driveway in the woods.

INT CAR - SAME

The GPS on the dash indicates we’ve got about another mile. Wallace peers out his windshield at the dark driveway.

EXT RURAL MANITOBA ROAD - SAME

The rental car turns down the dark driveway and darkness swallows all but the vehicle’s tail lights.

EXT BIFROST WOODS - SAME

The rental travels a wooded trail that’s more path than road.

INT CAR - SAME

Wallace peers into the darkness, looking for his destination. When Wallace sees the house, we hear...

    GPS VOICE
    You have arrived at destination.

WALLACE’S POV: THE MANSION IN THE WOODS

They don’t make ‘em like this anymore. A porch light goes on, acting as a beacon in the darkness.

EXT BIFROST WOODS - SAME

The rental car drives past a stone monument overgrown with weeds, but still legible. It reads CHAPEL HILL.

EXT CHAPEL HILL - SAME

We’re on the big porch, looking out at Wallace’s car as it slowly pulls toward us. Then, in the foreground, a wheelchair rolls into view. We’re over the shoulder of an older man.

INT CAR - SAME

Now we’re over Wallace’s shoulder, looking at the Man in the Wheelchair on the welcoming porch.
EXT CHAPEL HILL - SAME

Push in on the OLD MAN IN THE WHEELCHAIR.

Though he’s surrounded by trees and forest, he calls to mind (in demeanor and dress) a dignified 19th century sea captain - like Rex Harrison in The Ghost and Mrs. Muir. He’s well-groomed. Effete, almost. But the lines in his face tell a tale of a life lived to the fullest.

Balanced on the arms of his chair is a serving tray, complete with a pot of tea and two tea cups.

The car stops. Wallace climbs out of the car with his Super Big Gulp, smiling up at the Man.

    WALLACE
Mister Howe?

    HOWE
Howard.

    WALLACE
Mister Howard?

    HOWE
(chuckles)
It’s always a French bedroom farce when people get entangled with my name for the first time.
(extended hand)
Howard Howe. And while “Mister Howe” is absolutely appropriate, I prefer the intimacy of Howard.

    WALLACE
Howard.

    HOWE
Smashing. And with that unpleasantness out of the way, may I welcome you to Chapel Hill.
(extended tea cup)
Would you like some tea?

    WALLACE
I would. But first...
(showing empty Big Gulp)
Can I use your bathroom?

INT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wallace stands above the toilet, taking a looooooooooong piss. He looks around at the bathroom decor.
WALLACE’S POV: THE WATER CLOSET DECOR

It resembles Ye Old Curiosity Shoppe in Seattle.

Bizarre oddities and images of things that shouldn’t be are fixed to the walls of the tiny room from floor to ceiling.

Over here, a giant set of shark jaws. Over there, a Zuni fetish doll. There’s an antique photo of a man and a native tribe, with a killed native hung upside down beside him.

Wallace looks more closely at this: Yep, the man in the photo shot and killed a native. Wallace raises his eyebrows at this until something else catches his attention.

WALLACE’S POV: THE TOILET PAPER DOLL

There’s a knitted toilet paper cozy that’s designed to look like a dress being worn by the doll standing in the roll.

The doll’s glassy eyes seem to stare back at Wallace - which unnerves him. Since he’s standing pissing, the doll’s at crotch height, seemingly watching him urinate. Bothered, Wallace turns the doll around to face the wall instead.

EXT BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wallace exits the bathroom.

HOWE
(from another room)
In here, Mister Brighton.

Wallace heads toward the fireplace-lit room, passing all manner of dead creatures of the sea mounted on the wall, each kept life-like through taxidermy.

INT STUDY - SAME

Wallace enters to find Mister Howe pulled up to a small table with an empty chair beside it. He sips his tea as the fire crackles behind him. Above the fireplace is what appears to be a long, bone-like branch, mounted with care.

HOWE (CONT’D)
All better?

WALLACE
Thank you.
HOWE
My second wife used to say “Rather saint than sin, Better out than in.” Of course, she was talking about gas.

WALLACE
Ah. Of course.

HOWE
(pouring tea)
Dear Lord, that woman was the most flatulent creature God ever created. And I say that having spent, at one point in my youth, a summer tending cattle. It was like living with a tuba player who could only blow one foul note.

(handing him tea)
Did you find the water closet satisfactory?

WALLACE
(takes tea)
Yes, thank you so much. I was holding it for half the ride.

HOWE
Our selection of trees didn’t tempt you inner canine?

WALLACE
(looking at the wall art)
I was a little too spooked to get out of the car in the middle of nowhere.

HOWE
Never be ashamed of fear, Mister Brighton. Fear is the unelected governor that keeps our actions moral.

WALLACE
Who said that?

HOWE
I did. Just now.

(sips tea; then...)
So I must say that your phone call intrigued me.

WALLACE
Well...
Wallace pulls the bathroom ad from his pocket.

WALLACE (CONT’D)
Your handbill intrigued me.

HOWE
But did I understand you correctly on the phone? You’re not looking for a living arrangement?

WALLACE
No, I live in Los Angeles.

HOWE
Oh my Lord. The City of Angels.

WALLACE
Well, I’ve never seen any myself. More the opposite, really.

HOWE
Devils are a dime a dozen. My Grandma Mimsy would tell us “One needn’t go very far to find Hell in a hand basket.”

WALLACE
My Grandma used to say “Hell is your children.”

HOWE
How droll. What an interesting woman she must’ve been, eh?

WALLACE
Now she was flatulent.
(off the wall contents)
She hung lots of stuff on her walls, too – just like you. But nothing as interesting.
(pointing to painting)
What’s this?

HOWE
(squints to see)
That’s the only known eyewitness painting of the Halifax Explosion.

WALLACE
Right on.

HOWE
You haven’t the foggiest notion what that is, have you?
WALLACE
(smiles, caught)
No.

HOWE
It was the largest man-made explosion on earth before the atomic bomb. The catastrophe happened long before I was even born, on December 6, 1917. A French cargo ship loaded with wartime explosives - the S.S. Mont-Blanc - collided with the Norwegian vessel Imo in a strait off the Halifax Harbour. The fire on board the French craft ignited her deadly cargo and set off a cataclysmic explosion that devastated the Nova Scotian city. 2,000 people were killed, 9,000 others were injured.

WALLACE
Oh my God...

HOWE
So intense was the blast that the resulting tsunami wiped out the Mi’kmaw First Nations people who’d lived around Tuft’s Cove for centuries. A mighty, ancient people incinerated and drowned by a mightier and very modern boom. White or dark-skinned, the explosion failed to discriminate. The Mont-Blanc was atomized by temperatures of five thousand degrees. White-hot shards of iron rained down on Halifax for ten minutes and the harbour floor was briefly exposed by the sheer volume of instantly vaporized water.

WALLACE
And the person who painted this was actually there when it happened?

HOWE
I’m afraid no one who was there when it happened lived to tell the tale. The artist was a member of the Fire Brigade from neighboring Dartmouth, who was among the first on the scene, one hour after detonation.
Howe points to a detail in the picture.

HOWE (CONT'D)
Look closely at the standing buildings nearest the harbor. Do you see the windows?

WALLACE
Are those dead bodies hanging out of the windows?

HOWE
Yes. Some are even headless. You see, everyone in town heard that two ships had collided. And nobody knew the Mont-Blanc was not only pregnant with a lethal cargo but also moments from ignition – so people were hanging out of their windows staring at the sea when the blast struck. Even my grandparents. And my Father would have certainly been killed that day along with his parents... had they not sent him to boarding school a week prior.

(off painting)
So every day, I look at this image and think how close I came to never even being born. And it makes me thankful to still be alive, decrepit though I may be.

WALLACE
Wow. You can spin a helluva yarn, Mister Howe.

HOWE
Please. It’s Howard.

Howe rolls his wheelchair along the wall as he orates, allowing better views of his collection.

HOWE (CONT'D)
My life lines these walls, Mister Brighton. So every day, I study the walls as a reminder that I have survived the long and treacherous journey to the security of this house and this chair. And while I cannot boast of functioning legs to keep me ambulatory, the Lord has seen fit to at least leave me with a working memory, so that I can relive all of my many adventures.
WALLACE
(szitting)
And it’s those adventures I’m interested in, Mister Howe.

HOWE
Howard. On the phone, you said you weren’t so much interested in the room as you were me personally.

WALLACE
Yes. I saw this.
(pulls post from pocket)
I’m only in town for the night and your ad really captured my imagination.

HOWE
Oh?

WALLACE
You talked about sharing stories. Well I’m a story-teller by trade.

HOWE
You’re a writer?

WALLACE
I’m a podcaster.

HOWE
Good Lord, what on earth is that?

WALLACE
It’s kinda of a radio show that’s not on the radio. It sounds like...

INT PODCAST STUDIO - DAY

Studio is a generous term. The walls are filled with framed posters and artwork promoting a podcasting duo called PILLOW PANTS. Each piece depicts the podcast hosts in various comic interpretations, a’la comedy record covers. Some advertise old live appearances, some are framed awards from Stitcher.com, some boast of iTunes podcast chart placement.

WALLACE (O.C.) (CONT’D)
So I’m asleep in my hotel room and I get woke up by this rumbling outside my door.

TEDDY (O.C.)
And it was the Rapture.
WALLACE (O.C.)
I wish. I’m not religious, but I wanna be with Jesus. If he can turn a bottle of wine into a thousand bottles of wine, who knows what kinda magic he can work with weed?

TEDDY (O.C.)
It all comes back to weed with you.

Finally reveal WALLACE, wearing headphones, smoking a joint, barking into a microphone.

WALLACE
So I get up and look through the peep-hole and the guy across the hall ordered so much room service, it took six cockadoody carts to deliver all that shit.

TEDDY
Was he having a party?

WALLACE
That’s what I thought. ‘cause if he was, I was ready to crash!

INT HOTEL ROOM - BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK

Story-Wallace peers through his peephole as Wallace narrates.

WALLACE (V.O.)
So I was trying to see who answered the door, all staring through the peep-hole, watching like a creepy fuckin’ podiatrist...

BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK WALLACE’S POV: 6 carts and 6 Bell-Men block our fish-eye view of the hallway through the peephole.

TEDDY (V.O.)
Podiatrist?

WALLACE (V.O.)
Like TO CATCH A PREDATOR.

INT PODCAST STUDIO - DAY

Teddy chuckles, correcting the smoking Wallace.

TEDDY
Pederast.
WALLACE
What’d I say?

TEDDY
"Foot doctor."

WALLACE
Well the guy who took out my planter’s wart in high school was an asshole so motherfuck a podiatrist, too.

INT HOTEL ROOM - BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK
Story-Wallace peers through his peephole as Wallace narrates.

TEDDY (V.O.)
So who answered the door?

WALLACE
Fucking midget.

BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK WALLACE’S POV: A LITTLE PERSON
He barely sees over the room service cart as he answers the door, wearing the too-long-for-him complimentary hotel robe.

TEDDY (V.O.)
NO!

WALLACE (V.O.)
One little guy, six carts of food.

INT PODCAST STUDIO - DAY
Teddy and Wallace wrap up their recording.

TEDDY
And there it is, folks. Wallace Goes Roamin’ in Ol’ Wyoming. I’d like to thank this intrepid motherfucker for going places and seeing and doing things that lots of us - me included - would never do in a million years.

WALLACE
I do it for shut-ins, sir. I do it for all the legendary puss-holes like you who’re too scared to live the great adventure of life. So count on me to sniff out the shit that’s more real than real and come back to tell you all about it.
TEDDY
Next week, Mr. More Real Than Real heads up to Canada, eh! Look out, you crazy Canucks: something weird-ass this way comes. A rowdy road trip across the Great White North with Wanderin’ Wallace. Until then, this is Teddy Croft...

WALLACE
And this is Wallace Brighton saying it’s a big, bad world out there, so put on your Pillow Pants.

INT STUDY - NIGHT
Howe is chuckling like he’s trading in bawdy humor. Wallace nods, shrugging.

HOWE
You can actually say those things without repercussions?

WALLACE
The audience likes it real and raunchy, so I try to keep it real and raunchy. And real raunchy.

HOWE
The freedoms your generation enjoys...

WALLACE
(sips his tea)
Can I just tell you how good this tea is? And I’m not a tea person.

HOWE
We are all of us tea people. But the secret is to soak the leaves in a bottle of brandy before steeping.

WALLACE
You can’t lose with booze.

HOWE
“Always do sober what you’d do drunk. That will teach you to keep your mouth shut.”

WALLACE
Hemingway said that.
HOWE
Yes he did. To me.

WALLACE
You knew Ernest Hemingway?

HOWE
We met in Normandy.

WALLACE
You were there for D-Day?!

HOWE
I was there before D-Day, when it was just called Operation Neptune.

WALLACE
Holy... You were on the beach?!

HOWE
I was on a boat. As was Ernie - who was deemed “precious cargo” by those in charge and prohibited from joining the incursion. And this vexed Monsieur Hemingway, to say the least. You see, he so enjoyed hunting the big game. The big deadlies. And what bigger, deadlier game than a Nazi? Except perhaps a Nazi’s nagging wife.

Howard Howe let’s out a foppish laugh, as if his comment was the height of impropriety. Wallace dutifully chuckles in response, sipping his tea.

HOWE (CONT’D)
So, barred from joining the invasion, Hemingway went to the kitchen in search of alcohol.

INT SHIP’S KITCHEN – BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK

Close on a young ERNEST HEMINGWAY in the kitchen doorway.

A gangly wide-eyed TEENAGER, alone in the kitchen with mountains of potatoes and a peeler in hand stares at Hemingway as he knocks down empty bowls.

HOWE (V.O.) (CONT’D)
And the only soul in sight to oblige him was a sixteen year old potato peeler on K.P. duty.
WALLACE (V.O.)
Get out of town!

The Teenager pulls a secret bottle of Canadian Club from a potato sack and hands it to Hemingway. Hemingway smiles, uncorks, and guzzles, slapping the kid on the back.

HOWE (V.O.)
I proffered for Hemingway a bottle of Canadian Club - or C.C. as we called it then. And I’ll never forget what he did next: an otherworldly smile crawled across the man’s face, so slowly it was as if it wasn’t a smile so much as a caterpillar. Then he slapped me on the back and declared me a "Kitchen Witch of Only Good Fortune."

INT STUDY - NIGHT
Wallace is delighted by Howe’s historical tale.

WALLACE
That’s just nuts, man!

HOWE
We drank C.C. in the kitchen and from her porthole windows, we watched Hell in the surf. And when the reports came back of how many boys died on Omaha that day, Hemingway said to me “Always do sober what you’d do drunk. It will teach you to keep your mouth shut.”

WALLACE
That’s incredible, sir.

HOWE
No, that’s just a story. If you look to the left of the fireplace, you’ll see the incredible aspect.

Wallace gets out of his chair, with just the slightest detectable sway - so slight he doesn’t even recognize it himself. He rounds his chair as Howe turns his wheelchair to face the fireplace.

Inside a glass case affixed to the wall is an empty, old bottle of Canadian Club. Wallace peers at it.
WALLACE
This is the coolest thing I’ve ever seen...

HOWE
Oh, it’s just an empty old bottle. But when combined with the story? Then it’s a powerful talisman - a doorway to another time and place. A drawbridge to history.

Wallace eyes the long, bone-like branch mounted above the fireplace. He turns to Howe and asks...

WALLACE
What’s this?

HOWE
(wheeling over)
Ahhhh! Just like me, you’ve got an eye for the unfamiliar and the curiosity of a cat. It will take you very far in life.
(stops chair)
That is the baculum of a walrus. The Alaskans call it an oosik.

WALLACE
(running finger over it)
So it’s like a walrus spine?

HOWE
More like a walrus cock.

Wallace withdraws his hand. Howe chuckles.

HOWE (CONT’D)
Ooo, I am a dirty boy, aren’t I?

WALLACE
This is a walrus dick?

HOWE
No, my dear boy. The baculum is the bone found in the penis of most placental mammals but absent in humans. It is in aid of sexual intercourse, helping the animal maintain sufficient... stiffness during coital penetration.
WALLACE
You got something like this between your legs, you don’t need any help with coital penetration. Jesus! Those lucky fuckin’ walruses...

HOWE
Canines have baculum as well. Felines, raccoons. In some cultures, the raccoon baculum is worn as a charm for fertility.

WALLACE
A boner-bringer.

Howe giggles like a schoolboy, tickled by the light smut.

HOWE
You are a rapscallion of the highest order, Mister Brighton.
(off the oosik)
But you are right to admire the walrus. It is the most noble of God’s creatures - far more evolved than any so-called human being I’ve ever encountered. Present company excluded, of course. I try to speak ill only of those out of ear-shot.

WALLACE
(off oosik)
Where do you buy something like this? A head shop? Ba-dum-bum.

HOWE
I didn’t purchase this oosik. One could almost say this oosik purchased me.

WALLACE
“The wand chooses the wizard.”

HOWE
What a delightful expression. I shall add that to my collection of things to say so as to distract from my woeful stupidity and boring demeanor.

WALLACE
(throwing back tea)
I’ve met plenty of stupid, Mister Howe...
HOWE

Howard.

WALLACE

(pouring another tea)
You’re anything but stupid. And like the polar opposite of boring.
(off oosik)
Did you used to hunt walruses?

HOE

Oh, good Heavens no. That would be as senseless as hunting an Indian Fakir or a tribal Medicine Man. There is a souvenir market for the walrus oosik, of course, where they can fetch anywhere from one hundred to eight thousand dollars apiece, depending on the size and rarity. Utterly barbaric. Can you imagine another species hawking your John Thomas as a conversation piece.

WALLACE

Not mine. But I got a friend who’s hung like an oosik. So maybe his.

HOE

(handing Wallace his tea)
You are a scandal, Mister Brighton.

Wallace smiles at the compliment and sips his tea anew. Howe wheels closer to the fireplace, eyeing the oosik as Wallace plops down in his chair.

WALLACE

So where’d you come across the walrus dick? Pun intended.

Howe blushes, giggling. Wallace chortles, taking a swallow or two of his tea.

HOE

This particular oosik belonged to a walrus I became acquainted with while lost at sea.

Wallace stares at Howe for a beat. Then...

WALLACE

You’re kidding.
In 1959, I was back on a boat. This time in the Gulf of Anadyr on the southern coast of the Siberian Chukchi Peninsula.

Wallace finishes his tea. As he leans forward in his seat to listen intently, he appears a touch groggy.

These were perhaps the best years of my life, when my culinary capabilities in small, sea-faring kitchens acted as my passport to the world. And it was my magic with a halibut that earned me the cook’s position on the Anastasia and her expedition into Soviet waters.

So is this like Cold War stuff?

We went in search of the legendary Siberian Great White.

A GREAT WHITE SHARK?! NO WAY!

"The Whale Eater" is what the Russians called the hungry god - reputed to be 25 feet in length, with at least three tons on him.

Did you find it?

(smiles sadly)

We found only death. Off the Chukchi Peninsula, in the inky heart of the night, the Anastasia collided with an iceberg.

The slightly older, less gangly Howe bursts from the water, gasping for air. Fading lights flicker across his face.

We’re over young Howe’s shoulder as he bobs treading water, watching the Anastasia sink into the sea in the distance.
HOWE (V.O.)
The ship sank within minutes. I know because I watched her disappear into the black Russian sea. I heard the crew’s screams silenced in the Siberian brine.

INT STUDY - NIGHT

As if on cue, we hear some animal howling in the distance. Wallace raises his eyebrows. Howe chuckles.

HOWE
Delicious timing.

WALLACE
(chuckles nervously; then)
What happened after the boat sank?

HOWE
I was alone.
(reciting)
"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony."

WALLACE
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

HOWE
Well-remembered, Mister Brighton. When the screaming stopped, I thought I might be alone. Until something swam very close to me. Something fast and frightening.
(reciting again)
"The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand, thousand slimy things lived on; and so did I."

WALLACE
(tired but engaged)
How scared were you when this was all happening?

HOWE
I don’t mind confessing I was terrified. You’ve likely been scared many times in your life, Mister Brighton, but I’d wager you’ve never known true terror.
Wallace’s eyelids droop a bit then go wide, as Wallace tries to stay awake.

HOWE (CONT’D)
We are scared of what we don’t know. But terror? That comes from a sudden and unwanted knowledge of the unknowable - even for a moment. And I became intimately familiar with terror for hours that night, as I swam. I kicked at the water and stroked for I knew not where. It was so pitch black, I could see no eventual purchase on the horizon for my weary, wet bones. Indeed, I did not even see my own hands as they pierced the water, over and over. All I could do was swim deeper into the ebony void and pray that whatever brushed my leg was now feasting upon the rest of the expedition crew instead. And then... I lost consciousness.

WALLACE
Sweet whistling Christ...

HOWE
I woke up on the shores of a tiny island, regurgitating sea water, discombobulated beyond belief.

EXT REMOTE BEACH - BLACK & WHITE FLASHBACK

Flashback Howe wakes in the surf, the tide lapping at him. He looks around desperate, semi-conscious.

HOWE (V.O.)
But when I finally climbed to my feet, I saw the sweetest sight my orbs have ever taken in: I saw my sweet savior - the Charon who’d escorted me across the River Styx.

Then, the younger, soaked Howe goes soft when he sees...

FLASHBACK WALLACE’S POV: A WALRUS WITH TUSKS

He looks at us and snorts non-threateningly.

HOWE (V.O.)
I saw a walrus.
INT STUDY - NIGHT

Wallace leans forward in his chair, delighted.

WALLACE
A walrus? No fucking WAY, pardon my French! A walrus saved your life?

HOWE
A walrus made my life, Mister Brighton. Made it worth living again.

Wallace’s eyes droop closed and snap back open. Howe’s voice is like a hypnotic trance and whatever’s in the tea isn’t helping matters. Howe pours another cup for Wallace.

HOWE (CONT’D)
This curious fellow loomed over me, with tusks as tall as Scylla and Charibdys, easily a thousand pounds my better. Yet he was as gentle as a milking cow, when he used his blubbery body to keep me warm - as if I were a newborn chick, you see.

WALLACE
Unbelievable!

HOWE
And while I could never know how he was addressed in his native tongue amongst his marine brethren, I started calling him after the only authority figure I’d ever truly trusted in my life: a janitor at a boy’s home where I spent some time whose name was Mister Tuskegee.

Howe hands Wallace the cup of tea, smiling.

HOWE (CONT’D)
So I called my walrus friend... Mister Tusk.

WALLACE
Mister Tusk? That’s cu... cute.

HOWE
Cute is for Chinese babies, Mister Brighton. My walrus companion was beautiful. Never have I had such a fulfilling friendship with anyone - human or otherwise.
Wallace is now noticing something’s wrong with him.

WALLACE’S POV: HOWE THROUGH FUCKED-UP EYES

It’s a drunk or drugged perspective of Howe speaking.

HOWE (CONT’D)
And for six glorious months of my life, I was at utter peace – and I knew the only bliss this wretched life has ever afforded me.

Wallace drops his tea cup and steadies himself in his chair. He struggles to stand and falls forward onto the floor.

WALLACE
Wha’s... What’d you... do...

WALLACE’S POV: HOWE HAS THE OOSIK IN HIS HANDS NOW

Still in his wheelchair, Howe suddenly has the oosik from the mantle laying across his lap.

Wallace tries to scream but he can’t. And as hard as he fights it, his body’s shutting down. He struggles to get up but gravity’s defeating his drugged system.

Howe extends the oosik to Wallace on the floor, grazing Wallace’s face as he struggles to stay conscious.

WALLACE’S POV: DRUGGED AND DIMMING

The oosik dangles over us. Beyond it, in soft focus that’s getting softer and darker by the second, we see the old man holding the oosik, comforting us.

The last thing we see is Howe saying softly...

HOWE
There, there. It’ll be all right...
(beat)
*Mister Tusk.*

FADE TO BLACK.

INT PODCAST STUDIO – DAY

Teddy and Wallace wrap up the show.

WALLACE
And this is Wallace Brighton saying it’s a big, bad world out there, so put on your Pillow Pants.
The pair are silent for a beat as Teddy stops the recorder.

TEDDY
Clear.

WALLACE
(standing)
That sucked.

TEDDY
It was funny. I’m shocked you got anything out of trip to Wyoming.

WALLACE
I used to find fucked up shit anywhere I went. But after two hundred episodes, it’s getting harder. And the coattail-riding copycat doesn’t help either.

TEDDY
Fuck him and his “AbracaTravel!”

WALLACE
AbracaTravel. Why’s that dick gotta do a travel podcast like us all the sudden anyway? AbracaTraveling piece of shit...

TEDDY
Speaking of, when’re you leaving?

WALLACE
Tomorrow.

TEDDY
Where is it again? Montreal?

WALLACE
Winnipeg.

TEDDY
What’s there?

WALLACE
A B&B run by a swinger couple.

TEDDY
Oh, Canada. Close your legs, eh!

WALLACE
Wanna see a selfie of the happy couple?
Wallace scrolls through some photos on hid phone and hands it to Teddy, who promptly goes wide-eyed at what he sees.

TEDDY’S POV: AN ARTY SELFIE OF THE COUPLE

Both are standing and the guy holds the camera high to take a pic of him and his lady. The woman is turned away from camera, looking over her shoulder, jutting her ass a bit. Sticking out of her ass is what looks like a fox tail.

TEDDY
Is that a tail?

WALLACE
That’s a faux-fox-tail butt-plug.

TEDDY
Wowwww...

WALLACE
She says she’s got every kind of animal tail they ever stuck on a butt plug: dog, raccoon, chicken...

TEDDY
(hands phone back)
People are weird.

WALLACE
Weirder’n you think...

INT DARK ROOM - PRESENT

NOTE: WE’RE IN WALLACE’S POV FOR THIS WHOLE SECTION.

We FADE UP to a soft focus, dimly lit view of a ceiling. Periodically, a piece of someone comes in and out of the frame as we hear (but don’t see) eloquent recitation of a classic poem. It’s almost sang, it’s so lyrical.

HOWE (O.C.)
The sun was shining on the sea,
Shining with all his might.

We hear Wallace groaning, as if coming-to. The soft focus gets a little more crisp and we see a giant light from what looks like an operating room overhead. It’s on dim.

HOWE (O.C.) (CONT’D)
He did his very best to make
The billows smooth and bright.
WALLACE (O.C.)
(weakly)
H-- Hello...?

HOWE (O.C.)
And this was odd, because it was...

The overhead bulbs suddenly go hot, blinding us with light.

HOWE (O.C.) (CONT’D)
The middle of the night.

Our POV tries to look away but we’re locked in place.

WALLACE
Uhnnn...!

As a recording winds to life, the sound of seagulls fills the room. Beneath it, we also hear the sounds of the surf.

HOWE (O.C.)
The sea was wet as wet could be,
The sands were dry as dry.

WALLACE
Wh... What’s... goin’ on...

HOWE (O.C.)
You could not see a cloud, because
no cloud was in the sky:
No birds were flying overhead:
There were no birds to fly.

WALLACE
‘the fuck... is this...

HOWE (O.C.)
“The time has come,” the Walrus said, “To talk of many things.
Of shoes and ships and sealing-wax,
of cabbages and kings!”

WALLACE
HEY! I can’t mo... I CAN’T FUCKIN’ MOVE!!!

HOWE (O.C.)
“And why the sea is boiling hot...”

Suddenly, a guy who could be HOWE leans into frame, peering at us. He wears a surgical mask, which rustles as he speaks.

HOWE (CONT’D)
“And whether pigs have wings.”
WALLACE
Can you help me? I can’t move...

The Howe-ish surgeon snaps a blade onto a power BONE SAW.

HOWE
"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need!"

He exits the frame as he punctuates his line with two quick pulls on his power saw. The sound is chilling.

WALLACE
What’s that? What the fuck’s...
H-Hey, man, what’s that noi...

HOWE (O.C.)
"Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed."

WALLACE
HELP!!! SOMEBODY FUCKIN’ HELLLP!!!!

Howe quickly comes back into the shot with a rag that he stuffs below frame, presumably into our mouth. We hear Wallace fighting it.

WALLACE (CONT’D)
NO, DON’T... N—mmmmmmmmm! MMMMMMMM!!!

Howe sticks a very large needle into a bottle, draws a big dose of the solution, extracts and taps the shot a few times.

HOWE
“Now if you’re ready, Oyster
dear...”

He administers the injection to us, below frame.

WALLACE
MMM! MMMM!! MMMMMMMM!!!! MMM!!!

And just as Howe exits the shot again, he says...

HOWE
“We can begin to feed...”

The chilling sound of the bone saw snaps to life again.

WALLACE
MMM! MMM! MMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!!!!!
Suddenly, we hear the power saw cutting into meat and bone. Blood splatters our POV shot. The muffled screaming rises to a maniacal crescendo before we HARD CUT TO...

INT ALLISON’S BEDROOM – NIGHT FLASHBACK

Wallace is getting blown in bed. We can’t see it but we can tell by his expression. He grabs at an OC woman’s head.

WALLACE (CONT’D)
STOP! STOP! STOP!

His arms relax. He smiles, satisfied. Then his blissful expression gives way to light disgust.

WALLACE (CONT’D)
Ewwwwwww... Don’t just drool it out on my... C’mon!

ALLISON joins Wallace from under the sheets, smiling mischievously as she wipes her mouth.

WALLACE (CONT’D)
I don’t want this shit all over me.

ALLISON
Now you know how every woman in the world feels about it too.

WALLACE
(squirming; lights joint)
It’s running down my ass...

ALLISON
I don’t want you to go to Canada.

WALLACE
(exhales)
Allyyyyyy...

ALLISON
I know you don’t wanna hear it...

WALLACE
I really don’t. I just had me a 24 Karat case o’ cum – okay? And now I’m smoking my Gretzky, so this is like... a perfect moment in life. You only get maybe ten of these. Ever. A month. So please – don’t harsh my buzz with this middle America bullshit again, right before I’m leaving. On a jet plane. I gotta take a Canadeuce. Right?
ALLISON
Can you try to be more sensitive about my “middle America bullshit”? Please? Okay? It’s always hard for me when you do the shows about sex.

WALLACE
(hands her joint)
I’m sorry. I know. I love you, right? It’s just for the podcast. You know that.

ALLISON
(nods; takes hit)
I wanna go with you this trip.

WALLACE
NO.

ALLISON
Why?

WALLACE
(takes joint)
They’re swingers. If you come along, they’ll try to fuck you too.

ALLISON
(hits it)
So? You might fuck someone else this weekend...

WALLACE
I’m definitely fucking someone else this weekend: Swinger-dude’s wife.

ALLISON
(storms out of bed)
Asshole...

WALLACE
(calling after her)
What’d I say? C’mon, Ally – why do we gotta do this every time? You knew the deal when we got together. I said from the jump that if we’re gonna do this relationship thing, I still gotta be able to do weird shit – just so I can have stories to tell on the show. That’s how I earn my living, okay? Doing fucked up shit for the podcast is my career. You know this: you started out as a fan.
ALLISON
(passing through frame)
I was a fan.

WALLACE
(trying again)
I’m gonna stop doing the shows about sex, okay? But right now, that AbracaTravel asshole who stole my whole act? He’s getting better ads than us.

ALLISON
(grabbing clothes)
So what?!

WALLACE
(as she exits)
We’re losing sponsors to this AbracaTravelin’ piece of shit! So I gotta be able to do more fucked up shit or the show’s over.

ALLISON (O.C.)
It’s just... a FUCKING... PODCAST!

WALLACE
That’s bullshit, man. I made a hundred grand on ads alone last year - before the live shows and t-shirts - and I’ve got NBC coming to see my showcase. Why? Because of an agent? Because of auditioning over and over like I’m a fuckin’ jerk? No - I got all that from doing...

(Doing Allison)
“Just... a fucking... podcast!”
(hits joint)
Fuck AbracaTravel. I’m gonna do whatever kinda fucked up shows it takes to beat their downloads and be number one again.

(no response, so)
Cut me some slack, okay? I’m fighting for my life out there!

INT BED ROOM - DAY

ECU on WALLACE’S EYES. They snap open and look around.

Wallace is in a large wheelchair, tucked under blankets. There’s music playing on a small radio. Wallace groggily looks around.
His eyes fall on Howe, who sits in his wheelchair smoothing what looks like a walrus tusk with a piece of sandpaper. He looks up to see Wallace awake.

    HOWE
    Well look who’s back.

Howe puts down his project and wheels over to Wallace.

    HOWE (CONT’D)
    You gave me quite a scare.

Wallace looks at Howe, unable to speak he’s so groggy.

    HOWE (CONT’D)
    Heavens! What kind of nurse am I?

Howe pours a cup of water and puts a straw in it. He holds it to Wallace’s mouth and let’s him sip. Wallace struggles to do do, sipping slowly. Howe smiles with each swallow.

    HOWE (CONT’D)
    There you go. Wet your whistle, my dry little thistle.

Wallace stops sipping from the straw and tries to come out of his haze, looking around.

    WALLACE
    Wha... Wha...

    HOWE
    What happened? Oh, dear boy - you collapsed right in front of me. One minute, I’m waxing lyrically about my many ocean voyages, and the next? You’re falling out of your chair unconscious. I had no idea what was going on until I saw a rather intimidating spider crawl from your pant leg.

    WALLACE
    Ssspider?

    HOWE
    A Brown Recluse. A rather toxic little insect. These woods are crawling with them.

    WALLACE
    A spider bit me?
    (looking around)
    Where’s my phone...?
HOWE
Yes. That. Well... the Doctor stepped on it and broke the phone, I am afraid. It lies in pieces.

WALLACE
There was a Doctor?

HOWE
Doctor Mosier lives a mere eight miles on. He was here within a half an hour of your episode.

WALLACE
I can’t feel my legs...

HOWE
That would be the spinal injection. The Brown Recluse sank her fangs into your leg and pumped you full of so much poison that your poor ankle was as big around as an elephant’s leg.

Wallace looks down at his legs for the first time, noticing something strange about the shape under the blankets.

HOWE (CONT’D)
The only problem, you see, was the spider venom. It was traveling to your heart. So the Doctor was forced to take necessarily... drastic measures to save your life.

Wallace pulls his blanket aside to see one of his legs has been amputated above the knee.

WALLACE
Oh my God...

HOWE
(back to his tusk project)
I know. I’m so, so sorry.

WALLACE
WHAT THE FUCK?!

HOWE
(polishing the tusk)
Just let it out, my boy...

WALLACE
A FUCKING SPIDER DID THIS???
HOWE
Nature can be so very red in tooth and claw.

WALLACE
WHAT?!

HOWE
Tennyson.

WALLACE
What the fuck are you talking about?!

(looking around)
Why am I still here? Why didn’t we go to the hospital?

HOWE
Hospitals carry diseases. This room is completely sanitized, so the Doctor felt you’d be better off to convalesce here.

WALLACE
That makes no sense!

HOWE
(thinks; then...)
Doesn’t it?

WALLACE
I wanna talk to the Doctor. Where is he?

HOWE
Oh, well he’s making his rounds.

WALLACE
Rounds? What rounds? We’re in the middle of nowhere!

HOWE
(looking toward window)
No, Mister Brighton – I’ve been to the middle of nowhere. And it is a ghastly place.

Wallace looks at Howe and the tusk he sands over and over again, saying nothing now. Wallace tries to get out of his chair but he can’t. He pulls his covers off to reveal that he’s belted in at the waist, with no buckle in sight.

WALLACE
What the fuck’s this?!
Howe turns his attention back to Wallace in a lazy, "Hmmm?"-kinda raised-eyebrow glance.

**HOWE**

Oh. *That.* The belt is to keep you from falling over until the *spinal* wears off and you have *full control* of all your faculties again.

(off stump)

*Almost* all your faculties.

**WALLACE**

I need a phone, okay? *Please?* I gotta call my family.

**HOWE**

Doctor Mosier *removed* all the phones, so you would remain *undisturbed.* But I’ll ask him if you can call home after *supper.*

Howe wheels toward the door.

**HOWE (CONT’D)**

Until then, you’re still heavily *tranquilized.* So get some rest.

(stopping and turning)

I am truly sorry for your *loss.*

Howe exits. Alone in the room, Wallace looks down at his amputated leg and the tears come.

**EXT CHAPEL HILL - NIGHT**

We see the moon rise over the Chapel Hill estate. We can see the dining room lit up inside.

**INT DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Seated in his wheelchair at one end of a dining table is Howe, fully dressed. A heavily sedated Wallace’s wheelchair is pulled up to the other end of the table. Howe delicately cuts his meal. Wallace doesn’t touch his.

**HOWE (CONT’D)**

You’re not *eating?*

**WALLACE**

I can’t move my arms.
HOWE
That would be the morphine. It is capitol for the leg pain, and dare I say the only thing keeping you from howling in agony. However, it tends to leave one a bit sleepy.

WALLACE
I’m not sleepy. I’m... immobilized.

HOWE
The melancholy that accompanies losing a limb must be akin to that of mourning a close friend you too often took for granted.

WALLACE
(beat)
There was no spider. Was there?

Howe looks at Wallace confused, though he’s still chewing.

HOWE
Of course there was. A Brown Recluse. Colloquially known as the Hobo Spider.

WALLACE
And you saw it?

HOWE
Yes.

WALLACE
(beat)
You saw the spider.

HOWE
I only wish I had spied the beast before he attacked.

WALLACE
What’d it look like?

HOWE
The arachnid assailant? Well... A typical spider: a legion of legs, very small. One might be tempted to describe it as... itsy bitsy.

Wallace cocks his head at this. Howe starts singing.
The Itsy, Bitsy Spiiiiiiiii-der
went up the water spout!

Holy shit...

Down came the rain and washed the
spider out! Up come...

LEMMEE OUT OF THIS CHAIR, YOU
FU**ING PSYCHO! LEMME OUT! HELP!
SOMEBODY HELLLLLLPPPP!!!

As Wallace screams, Howe angrily pushes back from the table, gets out of his wheelchair, marches briskly to Wallace and slaps him across the face hard. He then marches back to his wheelchair, sits, and continues eating. Wallace stares, wide-eyed. He now realizes how fucked he is.

(cuts food vigorously)
Now. Let us eliminate the chuffa - shall we, Mister Brighton? Perhaps it would be best, at this stage in our burgeoning relationship, to reveal our true hearts with absolute candor.

Howe stops cutting his meat and looks up at Wallace. Here comes the trailer moment, as Howe says...

I have, over the last few months, been constructing... a realistic walrus costume.


Howe stabs a piece of steak and eyes it for a moment.

With minor modifications... I believe it will fit you perfectly.

Howe sticks the steak in his mouth and chews. Wallace silently cries.

Oh Jesus, what the fuck, man...
HOWE
Now, naturally, whilst in the walrus suit you must be a walrus. There must be no speaking in a human voice. Do you understand? Any communication must be done strictly as a walrus.

WALLACE
(crying, bereft)
Please...

HOWE
Be not vexed or heavy of heart. We two are embarking on an expedition not unlike that of the doomed Anastasia. You see, their mistake was looking for monsters out there. They needn’t have left the dock. The beast has always lied within.

Howe tapes his heart. Wallace cries like a child...

WALLACE
WHYYYYYYYY....?!?

HOWE
"Why"? To solve a riddle older than the Sphinx. To answer the question that has plagued us since we first crawled from the surf and stood erect in the sun.
(stands; raises glass) Is man, indeed, a walrus at heart?

Wallace musters enough energy to bellow but whatever he was injected with makes it come out more like an animal’s howl.

Howe is delighted by this. He starts howling back in return.

We go out on a wide shot of captor and captive at either end of the table, howling - one in agony, one in mockery. The sound is not unlike that of warring walruses.

EXT CHAPEL HILL - NIGHT

The howling continues. What does it matter? They’re in the middle of the woods.

EXT WOODS - SAME

A deer in the wild reacts to the howling in the distance.
INT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wallace is sleeping sitting up in his wheelchair. Suddenly, we hear the faint sound of an obnoxious smart phone ring tone ("Aw! Aw! Aw! Ooo-ah! Ooo-ah! C’MON NOW! MORE MARGHARITAS!"). Push in on Wallace and as we land in a close-up, his eyes snap open. Somewhere, the smart phone continues ringing.

EXT QUAIN'T WINNIPEG HOME - DAY FLASHBACK

Wallace’s rental car is outside the swinger house. We hear the same faint sound of an obnoxious smart phone ring tone ("Aw! Aw! Aw! Ooo-ah! Ooo-ah! C’MON NOW! MORE MARGHARITAS!").

INT RENTAL CAR - SAME

CLOSE ON THE PHONE. It’s a picture of Allison making a goofy face. The phone rings, unanswered.

Wallace stares at the phone for a beat, then clicks ignore and stuffs it in his pocket as he gets out of the car and heads up the walkway of the swinger house.

INT HALLWAY - NIGHT

A door opens and Wallace wheels out into the hallway. The faint sound of the obnoxious smart phone ring tone ("Aw! Aw! Aw! Ooo-ah! Ooo-ah! C’MON NOW! MORE MARGHARITAS!") is louder now. Wallace wheels as quietly as he can, searching for the source. Just as he gets closer and it gets louder, it stops.

INT STUDY - NIGHT

Wallace wheels into the room where he had sat with Howe before the madness. It’s dark but the moonlight through the window reveals enough detail for him to maneuver. From the confines of his chair, he looks for the phone.

Wallace is a five feet from us. In the severe foreground, his cell phone ignites in the darkness, letting him know he has just missed a call from Allison. Wallace desperately turns his chair and wheels over to us.

Wallace punches recall and keeps looking over his shoulder to see if Howe is anywhere nearby.

INT ALLISON’S BATHROOM - SAME

Allison’s smart phone is plugged into a charger on the sink. It’s also on vibrate so there’s no ring alerting her to Wallace’s incoming call. There’s another phone charging beside it on the basin, face down.
Reflected in the mirror, we can see the bathroom door is half open. Allison sits on her bed in the next room, wearing just a t-shirt and underwear. She’s talking to someone in her bedroom that we can’t see.

ALLISON
He calls me and he says he’s not gonna fuck the swingers and he’s coming home. And now he doesn’t answer my calls for three days.

On the sink, the smart phone stops vibrating and indicates a missed call on the screen.

INT STUDY - SAME

Wallace quietly barks a desperate plea for help into his smart phone.

WALLACE
Help me, Allison! I was abducted and, I shit you not, I lost a leg! This guy’s talking about making me an animal or something! He’s fucking nuts! You gotta save me, baby! I swear I’ll never fuck anybody but you ever again! Please! Please! Please! Please! Come find me! I’m two hours outside Winnipeg in the woods of Manitoba! Call the cops! Please save me! I’m so scared, Allison! I’m so scared I’m never gonna see you again...
   (he silently cries)
I don’t wanna hang up... Oh God, please be there, Ally! Please hear this! Please, God! Please, Jesus! Please, please, please hear me...

Wallace tries to muffle his whimpering as he hangs up the phone. He holds it to his forehead, crying for a beat before he tries to pull himself together. He looks over his shoulder and dials another number.

INT ALLISON’S BATHROOM - SAME

The face-down phone charging beside Allison’s on the basin rattles around vibrating with an incoming call

Reflected in the mirror, we can see the half-open bathroom door and Ally on her bed, listening to someone we can’t see.
MAN’S VOICE
I don’t wanna talk about him anymore, okay? He’s not here. I am.
And I wanna fuck you like crazy.
You - not some swingers in Canada.

Allison smiles. She pulls her shirt off and lays down.

ALLISON
Go brush your teeth.

In the mirror, we see the half open bathroom door swing wide, revealing a naked TEDDY entering the bathroom. He grabs a toothbrush and notices his phone vibrating.

Teddy looks at his phone to see WALLACE is calling.

He presses ignore, puts the phone down and looks at himself in the mirror as he brushes his teeth.

INT HALLWAY - SAME

Wallace rolls out of the study, the smart phone between his shoulder and ear.

TEDDY MESSAGE
This is Teddy. Gimme head-y.

WALLACE
It’s me! I’m being held captive in Manitoba! A crazy fucker called Howard Howe cut off my leg!

Wallace’s wheelchair clears the study doorway. We rack focus to the fireplace mantle, where the walrus oosik used to be.

INT BEDROOM - SAME

Mid S.O.S.-call, Wallace wheels back into his bedroom.

WALLACE (CONT’D)
Seriously, man, this crazy fucker says he’s gonna turn me into a...

WHAM! Wallace is struck on the head hard by the walrus oosik, his phone clattering to the floor. Reveal Howe in his nightgown and nightcap, panting, holding the oosik.

HOWE
Your life as you knew it is over, Mister Brighton! If you want to continue living, you will only do so as a walrus! The tusk will be your only salvation.
His head lolling, struggling to stay conscious, Wallace bleeds from his skull, crying and screaming at Howe.

HOWE (CONT’D)
You’ll be a walrus... or you’ll no longer be at all.

And Howe brings the oosik down hard on Wallace again, knocking him out in his wheelchair.

EXT LOS ANGELES APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

We see joggers and people walking dogs.

INT ALLISON’S BATHROOM - MORNING

Allison shuffles in and sits on the toilet, sleepily peeing.

At the sink, she grabs a tooth brush, pastes it and go to work. As she brushes, she activates her smart phone. It shows the message from Wallace. Allison stops brushing.

ALLISON
(brush in mouth)
Asshole...

She presses the voice mail button and puts the phone to her ear, resuming her teeth brushing. She listens for a beat, then goes wide-eyed.

INT ALLISON’S BEDROOM - SAME

Allison jumps on the bed, phone in hand, shaking Teddy awake.

ALLISON (CONT’D)
Teddy, wake up!

TEDDY
Huh?

ALLISON
(panic)
Get the fuck up and listen to this message! I think Wallace is in trouble...

She presses the speaker button and Wallace’s message plays. Teddy’s grogginess wears off as he listens. Allison runs to the bathroom and grabs Teddy’s phone.

ALLISON (CONT’D)
He called you too! Oh my God... Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God...
She hits the voice mail and speaker buttons on Teddy’s phone.

TEDDY
(off Allison’s phone)
That can’t be real. He’s just fuckin’ with you, Ally...

We hear the message Wallace left for Teddy, which is interrupted by the sound of Wallace getting whacked across the skull with the oosik. Then the phone goes dead.

Teddy and Allison look at one another, deeply concerned. Teddy dials Wallace’s number on his phone and waits for an answer that’s not coming.

INT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Wallace’s smart phone vibrates on the floor. Nobody’s there to pick it up. In the distance, the sound of Pinky Tomlin’s The Object of My Affection plays.

HOWE (O.C.)
Uh-oh! Someone’s looking for Walllllllll-accceee!

INT OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Wallace’s phone ringing in the other room is drowned out by an old Victrola, which provides the scratchy 1926 ditty. In the background, an out-of-focus Howe is hunched over a table.

HOWE (CONT’D)
It must feel nice knowing there’s someone out there who cares about you.

We’re close on Howe now. He pulls a suture into the frame, then brings it below the frame, sewing something we can’t see. During his monologue, we’ll slowly circle him, never revealing what he’s sewing.

HOWE (CONT’D)
That’s how I felt on the island – with dear, sweet Tusk. He was the only living thing that ever had my best interests at heart. Even in my childhood, I was not cared for so much as... filed away - like a document. A document fed into shredding machine that was fueled by the blood of the innocent.
(beat)
You see, I am a Duplessis Orphan...
INSERT NEWSREEL FOOTAGE

File footage of Maurice Duplessis, Quebec Premier from 30’s, 40’s and 50’s.

HOWE (V.O.)

Maurice Duplessis was the Premier of Quebec in those days - the head of the conservative party Union Nationale. He was an advocate for rural Canadians - a union-busting anti-Communist crusading for provincial rights, with strong ties to the Catholic Church. And it was in secret collusion with these charlatans of the Lord that Duplessis brought upon Quebec La Grande Noirceur.

INT OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Howe stares ruefully at nothing, lost in thought.

HOWE

"The Great Darkness."

He shakes it off and goes back to sewing what we can’t see.

HOWE (CONT’D)

They say there are three subjects one must always avoid at a dinner party, so as not to make people feel... uncomfortable: religion, politics and sex. And yet it was these same sinister forces - this infernal triumvirate - that destroyed my childhood and made it so very... uncomfortable.

EXT MONTREAL IN THE 40’s - DAY FLASHBACK

Holding the hands of his PARENTS, a 10 year old HOWE looks up at the tall buildings of the city, thrilled.

HOWE (V.O.)

When I was just a boy, my Mother and Father took me to Montreal. As a child of the plains, I had never seen anything so big and beautiful in my entire life.

INT MONTREAL BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

High overhead on a mugging scene.
Two thugs hold Howe’s parents at knife point while the boy looks on terrified. The Father hands over his wallet and is knifed viciously. The Mother’s throat is slashed and the attackers flee, leaving Howe with his dying parents.

HOWE (V.O.)
But when night falls in Montreal... the horrors come out to play. As we walked to dinner, we found ourselves accosted by brigands in a back alley. My Father was stabbed repeatedly by a mugger’s knife. My Mother’s throat was slashed, as if she were cattle.

INT OPERATING ROOM - SAME
Howe stops sewing to reflect.

HOWE
The police called it a miracle that I was spared. Yet in the years of nights that followed, I would wish I, too, had been dispatched with my beloved parents, and spared an eventual fate worse than death.

EXT QUEBEC ORPHANAGE - DAY FLASHBACK
A TEN YEAR OLD HOWE sits on a bench outside an office.

HOWE (V.O.)
At ten years old with no known living relatives, I was placed in a Quebec home for abandoned boys.

Inside the office, we can see two priests and a nun argue, pointing to the young Howe on the other side of the door.

HOWE (V.O.)
I was a true orphan: robbed of both my parents by the dirty blades of French Canadian sociopaths.

INT QUEBEC ORPHANAGE - NIGHT
Close on the dirty, sad faces of 1940’s Canadian orphans, all staring at us blankly, hollow.
HOWE (V.O.)
However, many of my fellow orphans were not orphans at all - they were only categorized as such following forced separation from their unwed mothers at the behest of the powerful Catholic Church.

INT HOSPITAL - DAY FLASHBACK

A young, bed-ridden Mother screams, pinned by orderlies. A nun exits the room, holding a newborn.

HOWE (V.O.)
The church of that era destroyed generations of Canadian families with her divine license to yank bastard children from the arms of their Mothers.

INT ORPHANAGE - DAY FLASHBACK

Wide shot: way too many orphans in a room.

HOWE (V.O.)
But hungry babies are costly babies. And as the budgets of the state-financed orphanages soared, so too did the imaginations of Duplessis and the heads of the Catholic Church in Quebec.

INT OPERATING ROOM - SAME

Howe continues his tale, slowly sewing.

HOWE
You see, the orphanages were the financial responsibility of the provinces - in this case, the very Catholic province of Quebec. But the mental institutions... They were paid for by the Canadian government. And so in an effort to secure more money from Canada, Duplessis and the Church developed a scheme to obtain federal funding by reclassifying the orphanages... as mental health-care facilities. If that didn’t work, they simply closed the orphanage and shipped children to insane asylums. Thousands of children died and were reborn as lunatics on paper.
INT INSANE ASYLUM - DAY FLASHBACK

Ten year old Howe is marched by a priest down a hallway filled with cells from which the insane reach for him.

    HOWE (V.O.)
    And this is what happened to me. A priest I never met falsified my records and labelled me mentally deficient - all so Quebec and the church could gorge themselves on the government teat.

INT INSANE ASYLUM CELL CORRIDOR - NIGHT FLASHBACK

A bloody, terrified, ten year old Howe runs down the hallway in tears, pursued by two giggling mental patients.

    HOWE (V.O.)
    And for the next five years, I was raped. Beaten. Tortured. One night, I was even filleted for experimentation - like a dead frog. All to feed the greed of monsters I would never even meet.

INT ASYLUM OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT FLASHBACK

Young Howe is out on a table.

Doctors have opened his skull to examine his brain.

    HOWE (V.O.)
    My humanity was peeled away like the shell of a peanut as I endured unnecessary surgeries at the hands of the aberrant. I was not a person to them - I was something to be used. And use me they did. But I used them as well. As they worked, I watched. I adapted. I learned.

INT OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Howe takes a break from sewing to remember the horror.

    HOWE
    One needn’t curse the Lord to know of Hell - simply ask an orphan. You see, an orphan has no advocate - nobody to fight for them. And with no one to answer to for their horrid crimes, these devils ran amuck with my innocence.
Howe goes back to sewing.

HOWE (CONT'D)
I have had things in my mouth that no human being should be forced to taste. I have had... instruments... shoved inside of me that no human being should ever have to endure. Priests, politicians, pederasts, nuns, nurses and night watchmen - all of them witches, satisfying their most base physical and financial desires... through the lips and sphincter of a child.

EXT SECURITY FENCE NEAR WOODS - NIGHT FLASHBACK

The young Howe we saw in the ship’s kitchen scales a barbed-wire fence, escaping into the night.

HOWE (V.O.)
At age 15, I managed to escape - at which time I fled from Canada. I joined the American military, got on a boat and never looked back.

INT OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Howe uses his teeth to cut the suture from the needle.

HOWE
Until now.

Off-camera, Howe ties the suture closed. We come around to reveal an unconscious Wallace, a bite guard in his mouth.

HOWE (CONT'D)
Man is a savage animal, Mister Brighton.

Pull back to reveal Howe has Wallace splayed out on an operating table and the old man is stitching Wallace’s underarms to the sides of his body, creating a crucified a sort of T-Rex-Jesus looking affair. We can also see his other leg has been amputated now as well. Behind this Canadian Frankenstein and his monster-in-the-making, we can see TWO old-timey pull-down medial maps of the HUMAN body and the WALRUS body hanging from the ceiling, as well as a third, newer medial map between them detailing how the two can be fused as one. It gruesomely reveals Wallace’s fate.

HOWE (CONT'D)
Better to be a walrus instead.
As we pull back further, we see Wallace’s amputated leg resting on a table in a bucket of ice, beside an intimidating array of surgical instruments. In the shadows, we can make out a realistic, oversized walrus suit hanging from a rack.

EXT LA CIENEGA BLVD - DAY

Allison’s car speeds down La Cienega toward the airport.

TEDDY
...his last name is Brighton. B-R-I-G-H-T-O-N.

INT ALLISON’S CAR - SAME

Allison drives like a mad-woman. Teddy is on the phone with his laptop open.

TEDDY (CONT’D)
He said he was two hours outside of Winnipeg. We know he rented a car, but we don’t know where he rented it from. So as soon as we land, we’ll go to every car rental desk at the airport to see if anyone remembers Wallace. We find where he rented his car, we can track him through the car’s recovery system.
(listens; then...)
Recent pictures? Yes, on our web site. It’s called PillowPants.com.

On the laptop screen, we see a video clip of Wallace and Teddy doing their podcast live at a comedy club. A close-up shows a happy, smiling Wallace.

EXT AIRPORT - DAY

An AIR CANADA plane takes off, hurling itself into the sky.

INT THE ENCLAVE

Close on an old speaker from which echoes the sounds of seagulls and surf. Over that, we hear inhuman howls of anguish, not seeing their source.

Projected onto dirty old sheets hung from the wall is a looping reel of seagulls on a beach, the surf rolling behind them in the background. It’s as if the projected reel is intended to be a habitat background.

HOWE (O.C.)
The sun was shining on the sea.
Shining with all his might.
The howls turn into sobbing now. The recording of the sounds of the surf still blares. We dolly down a small drawbridge, to reveal what looks like carved earth, man-made to look like a small rock island.

HOWE (O.C.) (CONT’D)
He did his very best to make the billows smooth and bright.

The drawbridge acts as a walkway over a moat that surrounds the rock island. We get the idea it goes deep. The water is dark. A festive beach ball floats along the surface until it’s disturbed by ripples.

HOWE (O.C.) (CONT’D)
And this was odd because it was, the middle of the night.

FROM UNDER WATER, we see one of Howe’s leg dangling in the pool from the fake rock platform above. He wades it back and forth, creating the rippling waves that move the ball. We hear a sudden, dulled screaming howl from under water.

Close on a WALRUS TAIL on the platform as the howl turns into sobbing. We hold the walrus tail sharp in the foreground to see it’s creepy texture but soft in the background. Howe’s bare, right leg, very near what looks like the large body connected to the tail. The tail is chained to the platform.

HOWE (CONT’D)
(soothingly)
There, there, Mister Tusk...

Close on a walrus flipper - or the mockery of one - built from the pelt of a dead walrus with fresh, broadly grotesque stitching marks in evidence. The flipper has a small metal hole with a chain attached to it. The chain is mounted to the platform. Howe’s arm wraps around it, hugging.

HOWE (CONT’D)
(as if talking to a dog)
I know, Mister Tusk... I know...
(singing now)
Sometimes it’s so very hard to be, the elephant of the deep blue sea!

Close on the large tusk we saw Howe polishing earlier in the film, after Wallace lost his first leg. It has a twin now. We see the tips of both but not the mouth from which they jut. The sickly, sucking breathing is loudest here.
HOWE (CONT'D)
(still singing)
_with mustache made for finding food_
_and a heart of gold that's made of_
_gooooooood!

Close on Howe - on his back on the platform, laying under the blubber of what looks like a walrus belly. He’s naked but the blubber covers his pelvis. One of his legs dangles in the water below, the other rests on the platform. Mesmerized, Howe hugs a flipper with one arm and with his other hand, he caresses the tip of a tusk that pokes in and out of the frame. The blubber blanket moves ever so slightly atop him in sync with the throaty sobbing and whimpering.

Finally, Howe rolls his eyes, frustrated - his buzz harshed.

HOWE (CONT'D)
The _blubber_ of a walrus is the most comfort I’ve ever known outside the womb. But the _blubbering_ of a walrus? _Excruciating._

We hear more sobbing. Then he bellows ferociously.

HOWE (CONT'D)
STOP! CRYING! WALRUSES NEVER CRY!

The sobbing turns to whimpering. Howe closes his eyes, as if trying to get back to that magical place.

HOWE (CONT'D)
(back to singing)
The _walrus_ swims with _mermaids_ deep and eats and plays and loves and _sleeeeeeps_!

We boom up from Howe and up the long tusks implanted in the butchered mouth of the WALLACE-RUS.

REVEAL WALLACE-RUS. It’s a freakish, Frankensteinian affair: a giant walrus pelt sewn onto the body of the altered Wallace. The surgically implanted tusks puff out his cheeks in a walrus-like fashion. The front ball of his nose has been removed, to give a more snouty appearance. His ears have been trimmed to nubbish little ear-holes. His head is shaved bald, the top of the walrus pelt sewn to his scalp, the bottom sewn to his chin. A big, fake mustache creepily and comically completes the effect. Wallace-Rus whimpers in utter despair.
(singing still)
Walrus is friend to all the world,
beloved by both boys and
giiiiiiiiiiiirls!

Howe goes from singing to cackling. He’s blissful.

Oh how I’ve missed you, Mister Tusk! How I’ve missed our merry times together on Ponder Rock!

EXT CAR RENTAL JOINT - NIGHT

Through the window, we see Teddy and Ally talking to a clerk at a car rental counter. The clerk shakes his head no.

I’ve regretted every day my return to this wretched civilization.

INT ANOTHER CAR RENTAL JOINT - NIGHT

Close on a picture of Wallace on an iPad.

Teddy and Ally hold up the iPad for another car rental clerk. She shakes her head no.

This western world, with all the banality of a breakfast cereal.

EXT AIRPORT TAXI CAB STAND - NIGHT

Same deal for the guy running the cab stand. Same reaction.

This writhing nest of two legged vipers, each devouring the next to stay alive.

INT BAR - NIGHT

The same bar where Wallace found the handbill. The same bartender. He looks at the iPad Teddy holds up and shrugs. Ally holds back tears as the bartender shrugs an apology.

The worst of man has long been fetid with greed and indifference.
INT BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT
Teddy takes a leak at the same urinal where Wallace found the handbill. The space where the handbill was is now covered over by newer newspaper clippings and GARAGE SALE notices.

HOWE (V.O.)
The best of man has been lobotomized by reality television.

Teddy flushes the toilet and heads off.

EXT HIGHWAY NEAR MANITOBA WOODS - NIGHT
A rental car crawls down the highway alone, two flashlight beams shooting out both side windows into the treeline.

HOWE (V.O.)
I never should have left the wilderness, Mister Tusk.

INT RENTAL CAR - SAME
Close on Ally, peering into the woods, shining a powerful flashlight. Behind her, Teddy drives.

HOWE (V.O.)
I never should have left you.

Close on Teddy’s face, as he drives slowly and shines his flashlight into the treeline on the other side of the road, looking from the road ahead to the woods beside him.

HOWE (V.O.)
And I betrayed you for what?

EXT THE CITY OF WINNIPEG - NIGHT
The citiest part of Manitoba. It’s a tiny metropolis.

HOWE
Man’s world?

EXT WINNIPEG POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT
An establishing shot.

HOWE (CONT’D)
An immoral cesspool, pregnant with the wayward and the destitute...

We hear Wallace’s desperate call to Teddy again.
WALLACE (V.O.)
(from phone speaker)
I’m being held captive in Manitoba!

INT DETECTIVE’S OFFICE - SAME

Close on the cell phone on the desk.

WALLACE (V.O.)
A crazy fucker called Howard Howe
cut off my leg!

The DETECTIVE goes wide-eyed at this. Teddy and Ally look at him, nodding.

WALLACE (V.O.)
Seriously, man, this crazy fucker
says he’s gonna turn me into a...

The message ends. The Detective stares at the phone for a long beat. Then...

DETECTIVE
That’s it?

ALLISON
It just ends.

DETECTIVE
And you’re sure he’s not pullin’
yer legs, eh? Gettin’ up to some
good ol’ American monkey shines?

TEDDY
That doesn’t sound like monkey
shines. And he’s not that guy.

DETECTIVE
(off laptop)
Well I did some checking, and we
don’t have a Howard Howe anywhere
in Manitoba. I asked Border Patrol
if they got a record of your friend
leaving the country yet. They says
he come into Winnipeg. That’s it.

ALLISON
Fuck...

DETECTIVE
But I’m putting a Missing Persons
out on ‘em, so don’t you two worry.
(nods to phone)
That leg bit is something, eh.
TEDDY
It’s creepy, right?

DETECTIVE
No, it’s something.
(digs through drawer)
I had a fella from Quebec in here two days ago, askin’ aboot any leg- less bodies might’a turned up. Used to be a cop. Says he’s tracking some kinda serial killer. I told him Canada doesn’t get serial killers. We barely get occasional killers, how they gonna keep up with the demanding pace of a serial killer? Anyway...
(holds up paper)
He left his number.

EXT MANITOBA MOTOR LODGE - NIGHT
An establishing shot. We see the rental car parked in the near-empty lot, beside a car with Quebec plates.

EXT MANITOBA MOTOR LODGE ROOM 37 - SAME
Teddy and Allison knock on a door. They door opens.
A French Canadian in boxers and a tank top looks at us. He steps out of the room and closes the door slightly, saying calmly, in an extremely French Canadian accent...

GUY LAPOINTE
I am Guy Lapointe.

Guy Lapointe nods to a BAR across the street.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT’D)
Can we meet there in five minutes? I just... ‘ow you say?... Moved my bowels. So the room, she stinks.

INT THE ENCLAVE
Close on Howe removing the chains from Wallace-Rus’ flipper.

HOWE
It occurs to me, Tusk, that if you are to fulfill your destiny...

Close on Howe removing the chain around the Wallace-Rus tail.

HOWE (CONT’D)
If you are to be a true walrus...
Howe comes around to face the Wallace-Rus.

**HOWE (CONT’D)**
You must learn to sw...

The Wallace-Rus attempts to lunge at Howe with his tusks, howling with an inhuman, guttural attack cry. But unaccustomed to his new body, the Wallace-rus cannot make it far. Howe side-steps the lunge, chuckling mischievously.

**HOWE (CONT’D)**
Oooo! He is answering the call of the wild, is he?! He is letting go of his so-called humanity and unleashing the feral walrus inside.

Howe moves to the back of the platform, behind the whimpering Wallace-Rus.

**HOWE (CONT’D)**
Well now - if you want to be a walrus? I do say, a walrus swims.

Howe viciously kicks the Wallace-Rus who then goes tumbling into the pool, howling. Howe claps excitedly.

**HOWE (CONT’D)**
SWIM, MISTER TUSK! SHOW ME HOW THE FISHIES SWIM!

The Wallace-Rus has no arms to speak of - they’re sewn to his side and stuffed into the walrus-suit flippers. The weight of the outfit threatens to pull the terrified Wallace-Rus under the water. It’s like watching Jabba the Hutt drown.

Howe barks from the platform...

**HOWE (CONT’D)**
YOU ARE A MIGHTY CREATURE OF THE SEA! SO SWIM! SWIM, DAMN YOU!

Unable to keep the weight of the walrus suit above water, the Wallace-Rus goes under for good.

UNDER THE WATER, the Wallace-Rus is not swimming, he’s sinking in his walrus suit, struggling to get air, eyes widened in terror. He sinks to the bottom of the pool, where he lands face to face with...

ANOTHER WALRUS-MAN. Long dead, his mouth frozen in a silent scream. This was once a human being like Wallace. Now, he’s a blubber-encrusted mockery of a man. One of his tusks is busted and there’s another tusk in what used to be his chest.
Seeing his own eventual fate, the Wallace-Rus bellows, bubbles bursting from his mouth under the water.

From under the surface, we see Howe looking down at us.

GUY LAPOINTE (V.O.)
I have been ‘unting this man for the last thirteen years of my life.

INT BAR - NIGHT

Close on crime scene pictures of dead bodies, all with legs amputated below the knee and arms sewn to their sides.

GUY LAPOINTE (O.C.)
For thirteen years, ‘e brought the blood and terror to the True North.

Guy Lapointe eyes the six shot glasses lined up before him.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT’D)
And for the first time, I can almost smell this piece of shit.
(throws back shot; then)
Pardon my French.

TEDDY
(off pictures)
I count twenty three different dead bodies here.

GUY LAPOINTE
If your friend ‘as been abducted by the same monster I am ‘unting, it will be twenty four very soon.
(picks up next shot)
‘is M.O. is always the same: two weeks after a disappearance, we find a body. The legs? Always amputated at the knees. The arms? Always fused to the body - like a crucified T-Rex-Jesus.

Ally looks to Teddy as Lapointe takes his second shot, marking the weird-ass visual the French man chose.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT’D)
And always, the mouth and teeth ‘ave been... disturbed.

ALLISON
Disturbed how?
GUY LAPOINTE
(off pictures)
In every case, the tongues are ripped out.

Ally grips Teddy’s arm, as if suddenly shot.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT’D)
(off her reaction)
Oh yes, madame. It is repugnant.

ALLISON
(afraid to ask)
Were any of them... sexually...

GUY LAPOINTE
No. ‘e doesn’t touch them like that. ‘e butchers them. Amputates limbs, cuts out tongues. But ‘e don’t do nothing sexual with them.

TEDDY
You say you don’t have any leads but you keep saying he.

GUY LAPOINTE
‘oo else could it be but a fucking man? A woman, she makes life. But a man? angry ‘e cannot make life? ‘e only know ‘ow to take life.
(off pictures)
The boys on the force nicknamed our mystery killer The First Wife.

Teddy and Ally exchange confused looks with Guy.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT’D)
Because The First Wife doesn’t let you talk, doesn’t let you go anywhere, and doesn’t fuck you.
(of their non-reaction)
It’s funnier if you’ve been married a few times.

Ally and Teddy watch as Guy Lapointe throws back another shot and slams his empty shot glass on the bar.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT’D)
You wanna know my theory? The theory that got me... excused... from the Quebec City Metropolitan Police Department?
ALLISON
Please.

GUY LAPOINTE
(pointing to pictures)
All of them ‘ave ‘oles this big...
(holds up circled fingers)
...in the mouth, no? ‘e puts
something in their mouths that we
don’t get to see. Some cops say it
is meat hooks. Like ‘dis...

Guy Lapointe mimes a person being hung up by hooks.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT’D)
‘ung up like meat. They say this is
the reason for the ‘oles in the
victims’ mouths.

TEDDY
What do you say?

Guy pulls one photo out and taps it.

GUY LAPOINTE
This is Victim Number 2. ‘e go
missing eight, nine year ago but
‘is body we are only finding last
year, badly decomposed. Just like
all the rest, ‘e ‘ad the missing
legs, the missing tongue, the
missing teeth, the ‘oles in the
roof of ‘is mouth. But the medical
examiner found something inside one
of the ‘oles in his mouth.
(indicates tiny size)
A tiny piece of the victim’s own
tibia bone. No bigger than this.

ALLISON
The tibia’s a leg bone.

GUY LAPOINTE
(raises shot to her)
You are as smart as your are
beautiful.

TEDDY
Why would a piece of his leg bone
be... in his mouth?

GUY LAPOINTE
This is also what I want to know.
Guy Lapointe stares, reflecting, getting emotional.

**GUY LAPOINTE (CONT’D)**

So I go to see the MaMa of Victim Number 2. And I say to ‘er “You are the MaMa. You know things about the child... feel things... no police can know or feel. Tell me: ‘ow you think your boy was killed.” And MaMa... she is crying.

(Guy is crying now)

It is as if she is my own MaMa - bereft. ‘opeless. And she tell me... MaMa, she say to me...

(as old woman)

“This man... ‘e is making a monster.”

INT THE ENCLAVE - NIGHT LIGHTING

The Wallace-Rus is raised from the pool, soaked and sobbing.

Howe holds the button that lifts a porous metal platform containing the Wallace-Rus from the water. The engine pulley system that raises the platform operates the same way shark cages are raised and lowered into the ocean from boats.

**HOWE**

Why do you still cry as if fouled?
You can’t possibly be mourning your lost humanity, can you?

(as the lift stops)

Why?

Howe moves around to the front of the Wallace-Rus and leans on his knees, talking to him like an animal.

**HOWE (CONT’D)**

Why on earth would you want to be human? In all my travels, I’ve only ever found mankind to be... an ocean of shit. And my vessel, she lists, leaking.

Howe sits beside the Wallace-rus, petting him as it sobs.

**HOWE (CONT’D)**

I am so very tired, Mister Tusk - battered by a life of cruel fate, poor decisions and the terrible consequences of both.
Howe gazes into the pool, the weight of the world on him. He closes his eyes and breaks into a very sad, world-weary, a cappella rendition of *The Water is Wide*.

HOWE (CONT’D)
The water is wide. 
I can’t cross o’er. 
Neither have I 
the wings to fly.

The Wallace-Rus cannot believe where the fuck he is in life right now. He’s beyond fear and sadness: he’s letting go of his humanity, howling. Howe continues his soulful song, petting the Wallace-Rus.

HOWE (CONT’D)
Give me a boat 
That can carry two. 
And both shall row. 
My love and I.

The Wallace-Rus lets out a tortured howl.

INT AIRPLANE - NIGHT

We roll down the aisles of sleeping passengers to find Allison, wide-awake. Beside her is Teddy, also alert.

HOWE (V.O.)
(singing)
A ship there is 
and she sails the sea. 
She’s loaded deep, as deep can be. 
But not as deep as the love I’m in. 
I know not if I sink or swim. 
Water is wide. I can’t cross o’er. 
Neither have I the wings to fly.

INT THE ENCLAVE

Howe sings, getting to his feet now.

HOWE
Give me a boat 
That can carry two. 
And both shall row, 
My love and I.

Howe pats the Wallace-Rus and heads to the bridge. He grabs a large bucket, which he hides behind his back.

HOWE (CONT’D)
You must be so hungry by now...
Howe reveals a large, iced mackerel, which he swings and throws on the platform. It slides a foot toward the Wallace-Rus, who snaps to attention as best he can. Howe smiles.

    HOWE (CONT’D)
    Bon appetit, Monsieur Tusk.

Howe crosses the drawbridge and seemingly exits the enclave. We hear a door. The lights go dim. Then, all we hear is the hum of the pool filter and the breathing of the Wallace-Rus.

Close on the Wallace-Rus in the barely-lit room. He snorts at the fish, six or seven feet from him on the platform - too far for him to reach. He tries to move but merely rolls. Frustrated, he lets out an agonized howl.

In a metal door, we see a slit quietly open at eye-level. We push in on it to see Howe’s eyes, watching the Wallace-Rus.

EXT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Howe from the other side of the door. He caresses the oosik, studying the Wallace-Rus in silence ‘til he quietly hisses...

    HOWE (CONT’D)
    Yeesesss...

INT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

The Wallace-Rus howls, sobbing. It looks to the mackerel on the platform - so close... But in his condition? Miles away.

EXT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Close on Howe through the door slit, willing the outcome.

INT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Close on the face of the Wallace-Rus, suddenly filled with determination. We see his face strain, hear his effort. Suddenly, his whole body moves a few inches.

EXT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Howe’s eyes light up as he whispers to himself...

    HOWE (CONT’D)
    That’s it! Now go to the fish!

INT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Oblivious to his secret audience, the Wallace-Rus strains to move another few inches, grunting and snorting each time.
EXT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Extreme close-up on Howe’s mouth.

    HOWE (CONT’D)
    Take the mackerel, Mister Tusk!

INT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

In tight focus in the foreground, the mackerel laying on the platform. In the background, flapping toward us slowly at one excruciating bellow at a time, is the Wallace-Rus.

EXT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Extremely close on Howe’s hands, tightening around the oosik.

    HOWE (CONT’D)
    Feeeeeeeed. Unleash the beast...

INT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

The Wallace-Rus is closer now, but he seems exhausted from the effort. With a final howling bellow, he collapses atop the mackerel with his tusks, tearing into as best he can with the giant tusks in his mouth. It’s savage and feral and sad.

EXT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Howe smiles widely, delighted with this progress. He opens the door and heads in again, armed with his oosik. We hear...

    HOWE (O.C.) (CONT’D)
    WHO SAID YOU COULD EAT THAT FISH!

We hear the Wallace-Rus bellowing back ferociously.

    HOWE (O.C.) (CONT’D)
    DON’T YOU SNAP AT ME! THAT’S MINE!

INT THE ENCLAVE - SAME

Against the dirty sheets with the projected beach loop, we see the shadow of Howe wielding the Oosik at the Wallace-Rus as it howls and grunts like a dog protecting a bone.

    HOWE (CONT’D)
    YOU GET AWAY FROM THAT MACKEREL!
    THAT’S MY MACKEREL!

WHAM! We see his shadow bring the oosik down hard on the shadow of the Wallace-Rus, silencing it.
EXT WINNIPEG - MORNING

The city is off to work and school. We see Allison and Teddy’s rental drive by, with a passenger in the back seat.

GUY LAPOINTE (V.O.)
If we ‘ope to find your friend
before it is too late, we must re-
trace ‘is every step.

INT CAR - SAME

Allison drives, Teddy is in the passenger seat and Guy Lapointe is in the back, leaning between the front seats.

TEDDY
We already did that. We tried all
the car rental places at the
airport, we went to Bar H, where he
said he was when he called Ally...

GUY LAPOINTE
Which one of you knows ‘im best?

Allison and Teddy exchange glances. Guy looks to Allison.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT’D)
‘e said ‘e was driving two ‘ours.
Is ‘e a smoker?

ALLISON
No. Well... marijuana. But he’d
never smoke weed and drive.

GUY LAPOINTE
Nobody does nothing in a car. What
does ‘e do when ‘e drives? Some
‘abit you’ve maybe noticed?

INT 7-11 – DAY

In the foreground: a stack of BIG GULP cups. In the
background: at the counter, Allison, Teddy and Guy show a
picture to the same Clerk who’d helped Wallace earlier.

CLERK
I remember this man. He was talking
to someone on his phone and he
asked me how far it was to Bifrost.
(thinks)
Or did he say Morweena...?
ALLISON
(to Teddy)
Whoever was on that phone knows where Wallace is.

GUY LAPOINTE
Do you remember anything else?

CLERK
(thinks; then...)
He borrowed a pad and paper to write down an address.

GUY LAPOINTE
Give this to me. Please.

The Clerk finds the pad and pen and hands it over. Guy Lapointe holds the pad up to the light, pouring over it.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT’D)
Do you have a pencil?

The Clerk finds one. Guy Lapointe brushes the pencil tip over the pad. An impression starts to show.

ALLISON
Wow...

TEDDY
(not as impressed)
They did it in Lebowski.

GUY LAPOINTE
This is where I learn it from.

Close on the address now. RURAL ROAD 37, MILE MARKER 9.

EXT 7-11 - NIGHT

The trio exit. Teddy dials his cell phone.

TEDDY
I’m calling the cops. What’re the towns? Morweena and... Bi-frost?

GUY LAPOINTE
What’re you doing? No, no. ‘ang up.

TEDDY
Why?

GUY LAPOINTE
These towns are two ‘ours away. We’re best to go ourselves.
ALLISON
What about the police?

GUY LAPOINTE
(shows shoulder holster)
I am police.

TEDDY
You said you were kicked off.

GUY LAPOINTE
For ‘unting this man! And this is the closest I’ve ever come to ‘im in thirteen years. If we call the local police, we risk scaring the killer back into ‘iding, or worse? ‘e’s scared into killing your friend. We must go ourselves while we have the element of surprise.

TEDDY
(to Allison, sternly)
We should call the cops or the Mounties or whatever the fuck. But we need pros, Ally.
(to Lapointe)
No offense.

GUY LAPOINTE
Go fuck yourself. No offense.

Allison is torn. She looks to Lapointe.

ALLISON
You really think we can find him, Mister Lapointe.

GUY LAPOINTE
Monsieur Lapointe. And yes: if we go now, I believe in my ‘eart we can save the man you love from an unimaginable fate.

INT THE ENCLAVE

Howe is in the pool with the semi-conscious Wallace-Rus. Object of My Affection plays again, with surf and seagulls.

The Wallace-Rus floats on his back, blood running off him into the water as Howe tows the man-beast around the pool like the Wallace-Rus is his baby.
HOWE

Well isn’t this soothing to the soul? If I close my eyes, I’m almost back at our beloved Ponder Rock – where I knew the most peace in this twisted, hateful world.

Howe closes his eyes and inhales deeply.

HOWE (CONT’D)
Oh, how I miss our tiny paradise, Mister Tusk! This poor facsimile is the best I could do to recreate that magical enclave where we first became such good friends.

(beat; sadly)
Until that terrible day.

EXT ISLAND - NIGHT FLASHBACK

Close on the young, shipwrecked Howe (the cook on the Anastasia plus wild hair and beard and dark tanned skin).

HOWE (CONT’D)
You were not ready for the savagery of man...

He stares out at the night sea, empty and desperate. A small fire lights his face in flickers.

HOWE (V.O.)
The insatiable call for blood that makes us the most... unpredictable animal that ever lived.

Howe raises a hunk of meat to his mouth and eats, blood caking his lips. Behind, we can make out the lifeless walrus.

HOWE (V.O.)
You had cared for me better than my biological parents or the province of Québec, but you were a stranger to the abattoir of the human heart.

Extreme close up on Howe’s mouth tearing into the flesh.

HOWE (V.O.)
Man feeds on the meat and sinew of the helpless. Until we are all alone.

Howe tears at the walrus meat savagely when a light hits his face. Howe looks up suddenly, staring wide-eyed.
HOWE’S POV: A SHIP IS ON THE HORIZON

Someone on the deck is flashing a searchlight at us. This is immediately followed by a long toot of the boat’s horn.

HOWE (V.O.)
We survive at all costs only to butcher and fuck, again and again.

Howe waves frantically. Then, he looks at the meat in his hands and immediately breaks down crying.

HOWE (V.O.)
Until we ourselves are, at last, butchered or fucked in turn.

INT THE ENCLAVE

Close on the Wallace-Rus, almost a docile animal now in Howe’s arms, floating in the pool.

HOWE
You were not prepared for me last time, Mister Tusk.

Howe looks down at the Wallace-Rus compassionately.

HOWE (CONT’D)
You stood no chance in the fight. This time, it will be different. It is why I have hardened you - to show you how both kind and how cruel man can be - before that moment I betrayed you with a Judas-Kiss-bludgeoning as you slept.

Howe suddenly pushes the Wallace-Rus’ head under the water, holding it there. Wallace-Rus tries to struggle but can’t.

HOWE (CONT’D)
And if I have truly brought out the walrus in your soul, this time...

Howe pulls the Wallace-Rus up for air. It gasps and sputters.

HOWE (CONT’D)
You might just prevail.

Howe suddenly hugs the shit out of the Wallace-Rus, like a child with a puppy. He weeps into the wet folds of his skin.

AUDIO NOTE: We hear an adaptation of the Fleetwood Mac TUSK drum beat kick in. It will underscore the rest of the film.
EXT MANITOBA WOODS - DAY

Aerial footage of trees, trees and lots more trees.

INT HELICOPTER - SAME

Guy Lapointe rides up front with the pilot. Allison and Teddy are in the back. Lapointe uses binoculars, searching the ground below. Ally and Teddy do so the same without tech aid.

BINOCULARS POV: THE WOODS BELOW

We’re searching through the treeline, moving slowly ‘til we stop, then move on again. As we scan, we catch a glimpse of something RED in the very green and brown treeline. The POV rushes back to the red blur and tries to focus. We shakily hold on a color that should not be in the wilderness, buried by branches so we can’t quite make it out.

Guy Lapointe signals the helicopter pilot to take them down.

EXT MANITOBA WOODS - SAME

The helicopter starts circling for a descent.

EXT WOODS - DAY

A BIG GULP CUP sits on the forest floor. Three sets of feet surround it. Tilt up to reveal Lapointe, Allison and Teddy. Lapointe is carrying a long GUN CASE. He looks off-camera and exits the shot.

Guy Lapointe studies the ground, getting lower and lower until he comes across A TIRE TREAD MARK in the earth where none should be. He looks up to the off-camera Ally and Teddy.

EXT SMALL LAKE IN THE WOODS - DAY

The tip of Wallace’s rental car’s back bumper pokes out of thicket of waterlogged leaves in the marshy body of water. Lapointe, Ally and Teddy are on the opposite shore, seeing the car bumper. Guy Lapointe puts his gun case on the ground, kneels and opens the lid.

GUY LAPOINTE
The path is almost invisible to the naked eye, but it is there.

Close on a silver-plated SHOTGUN and two silver-plated HANDGUNS. There are two cartons of shells as well.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT’D)
We follow it to where it ends, we will find your friend...
Guy Lapointe pulls a handgun from the case.

GUY LAPOINTE (CONT’D)
  And the dangerous man who take ‘im.
  (holds up handgun)
  This will make any dangerous man considerably less dangerous.

Guy Lapointe tries to hand Teddy the handgun.

TEDDY
  Whoa, whoa whoa! I’m not a gun guy.

GUY LAPOINTE
  But you are American, no?

TEDDY
  Just because we can have guns doesn’t mean I ever had one myself.

Allison puts her hand on the gun. Lapointe offers it freely. Allison takes it. Teddy looks at her, flummoxed for a minute. Then, Guy Lapointe offers him the other gun.

INT THE ENCLAVE

It’s dark. We’re close on the sleeping Wallace-Rus. Suddenly, we hear a speaker come to life. The Wallace-Rus wakes in a panic, looking for the location of the voice in the dark.

HOWE (O.C.)
  Sixty years ago today I was rescued from the island of Ponder Rock, a mere hour after I had butchered my sweet savior walrus to stay alive.

WALLACE-RUS POV: SOMETHING ELSE IS IN THE DARK

Wallace-Rus can see he’s not alone: a large shape is a few yards in the distance.

EXT THE MANITOBA WOODS - DAY

We’re tracking across the floor of the woods, seeing evidence of tire tracks.

HOWE (V.O.)
  And for the last fifteen years, I have marked this solemn occasion by giving my flippered friend the fighting chance he never had.

Guy Lapointe, Ally and Teddy, guns in hand, creep through the forest, following the trail left by Wallace’s rental car.
INT THE ENCLAVE

Close on Howe’s mouth in the dark, covered by something.

HOWE

You have been my greatest Tusk to date. And now we will finally find out the answer to the riddle...

The LIGHTS snap on, forcing the Wallace-Rus to hide his face with his flipper. Reveal Wallace-Rus is in the empty moat, now drained of water. The Wallace-Rus goes wide-eyed at...

HOWE IN HIS OWN WALRUS SKIN, MADE OF HUMAN FLESH. We know this because we can make out faces in the ripples of the man-made blubber. It’s flesh made of those he’d stolen and made into human walruses for this same purpose over the years.

Howe’s face pokes out from where the mouth of the walrus would be, so he glares from behind his tusks, which act as a sort of battle-helmet face-guard. As weird as Wallace-Rus has been to look at all this time, Howe in his own walrus get-up might even be a little scarier. He bellows...

HOWE (CONT’D)

Is man, indeed, a walrus at heart!

The Wallace-Rus reacts as surprised as us, as the walrus-wearing Howe rushes at him, flopping forward on a padded belly as only a walrus can.

BOOM! Howe-Rus chest-slams into the Wallace-Rus, as walruses do in the wild atop ice flows, before they tusk wrestle for dominance. The Wallace-Rus howls at us defensively.

HOWE (CONT’D)

FIGHT ME, TUSK! FIGHT ME OR DIE!

Howe-Rus charges Wallace-Rus and gorges him with his tusks, puncturing the blubber prosthesis. Stabbed in his shoulder beneath the walrus skin, Wallace-Rus howls in agony.

EXT THE WOODS - DAY

Guy Lapointe, Ally and Teddy march their trail, guns drawn. Suddenly, we hear the distant howls of Wallace-Rus echo in the forest. They freeze. After a beat, we hear it again.

ALLISON

Wallace...

Ally charges ahead, gun held high. Teddy and Lapointe react.
INT THE ENCLAVE

BOOM! Howe-Rus body slams into Wallace-Rus again, goring him with his tusks again. The Wallace-Rus howls and struggles to move away from the attack, crying.

HOWE
Just as I killed you to stay alive on Ponder Rock, you have a terrible choice to make here, Mister Tusk...

The Howe-Rus shuffles menacingly.

HOWE (CONT’D)
You have to kill me if you want to live. And if you live? It will only be as the walrus you almost are.

The bleeding, terrified Wallace-Rus is wide-eyed as his bizarre attacker shuffles toward him another foot.

Close on Howe now.

HOWE (CONT’D)
You either go full-walrus... or you go to Hell.

Howe-Rus charges Wallace-Rus.

Close on the eyes of the Wallace-Rus, survival instincts kicking in.

The Wallace-Rus rears back just as the Howe-Rus reaches it, and he slams his tusks into the Howe-Rus, puncturing the costume and drawing blood from a howling Howe.

EXT CHAPEL HILL - DAY

A POV RUNNING SHOT reveals the house in the distance, buried by the trees. We hear the howling of Howe echo in the woods.

Allison leads the charge, determined to save her man.

ALLISON
WALLAAAAACCCCE!!!

INT THE ENCLAVE

The Howe-Rus and the Wallace-Rus belly-buck, viciously slashing at each other with their tusks. We hear the distant call of Allison, yelling Wallace’s name. Wallace had the upper-tusk on Howe for a moment but is distracted by Ally’s cries. He reacts, wide-eyed with hope for a moment, about to bellow a response, when Howe slashes his face with his tusks.
EXT CHAPEL HILL - DAY

Allison leads Lapointe and Teddy in a race to the front door. When she gets up the front porch steps and to the door, she pounds it, calling out Wallace’s name as she tries the knob.

ALLISON (CONT’D)
WALLACE! WALLACE!

INT THE ENCLAVE

The Howe-Rus and the Wallace-Rus fight, barking at one another like beasts, blood and meat flying with every incision their tusks make. Wallace-Rus’ tusks come close to Howe-Rus’ face and Howe slips his hand out of his costume to punch Wallace-Rus in the face.

HOWE
What a feral kitten you’ve become!

INT CHAPEL HILL FOYER - DAY

The door knob is obliterated by repeated shots from the other side of the door. The gunshots stop and the door is kicked open. Allison leads the charge, followed by the boys.

ALLISON
WALLACE WHERE ARE YOU?!?

We can see the oosik is gone from the fireplace mantle.

INT THE ENCLAVE

We hear the pounding of feet on the ceiling above us and hear the muffled cries of Allison and Teddy. Wallace-Rus looks from the ceiling to the Howe-Rus.

HOWE
You have lasted longer than any of the others because you have gone full walrus. You are so savagely beautiful in your ferocity. You will kill me to stay alive. The amygdala has taken over. Your survival instinct has kicked in.

Howe rips out of his costume, pulling himself out of the blubbery coat, withdrawing the walrus oosik from the blubber.

Wallace-Rus goes wide-eyed as Howe climbs to his feet using the oosik as his crutch. He raises the oosik above his head.

HOWE (CONT’D)
But so has mine...
Howe brings the oosik down hard on the Wallace-Rus’ head, and Wallace-Rus bellows in excruciating pain in the empty pit.

INT THE BASEMENT

Allison, Lapointe and Teddy charge down a staircase, searching for the source of the howling.

ALLISON
Oh my God, WALLACE! WALLACE, WHERE ARE YOU?!

We hear the muffled cries of the Wallace-Rus again.

GUY LAPOINTE
‘e is behind this wall! Find the door! Find the door!

All three pour over the walls, looking for an entry.

INT THE ENCLAVE

The Wallace-Rus whimpers, bloody and battered, looking back at the muffled sound of voices and pounding behind him. The oosik strikes him anew.

Howe raises the oosik to strike again, but the Wallace-Rus lets out of roar and attacks Howe, his tusks burying deep in the old man’s chest, essentially impaling him from above.

Howe screams and spits blood, releasing the oosik. The Wallace-Rus shakes Howe from side to side like a dog with a toy. When Howe slips off the Wallace-Rus’ tusks, he lands with a thud, sputtering blood. He looks up at the Wallace-Rus, and smiling, manages to spit out...

HOWE
You did it, Mister Tusk... You are the walrus...
   (he giggles, adding)
   Coo-coo ca-choo!

The Wallace-Rus dives atop Howe and gores him anew, howling as he repeatedly stabs the old man to death with his tusks.

INT THE BASEMENT

Allison is tracing a groove in the wall with her finger.

ALLISON
I’VE GOT HINGES!

Guy Lapointe levels his shotgun at the groove in the wall and fires, blasting tiny holes in the hidden door.
INT THE ENCLAVE

Another shotgun blast shreds the door in the back wall.

Allison, Teddy and Lapointe rush into the enclave and stop cold, going wide-eyed at what they see.

In the empty moat below them, the Wallace-Rus is atop the very bloody, very punctured, very dead Howe, repeatedly goring him with his tusks, barking.

Close on the horrified faces of Ally, Teddy and Lapointe, left utterly speechless by what they’re seeing. Until...

ALLISON (CONT’D)
WALLACE!!!

The Wallace-Rus yanks its tusks from deep inside the disemboweled Howe and snaps to attention, panting heavily, taking in the sight of the rescue party. The rescue party stares right back, equally as shocked.

Close on Allison, tears welling up in her eyes.

ALLISON (CONT’D)
Wallace... Is that you?

Close on the Wallace-Rus, all humanity now gone. Full walrus. The creature bellows ferociously at Allison and her companions, brandishing bloody tusks.

Allison weeps. Teddy puts an arm on her shoulder and she turns into his chest, the sound of the howling Wallace-Rus filling the enclave.

Lapointe looks down at the remains of Howe - his life-long quarry. He squints at the monster bellowing at them, no longer a man.

Guy Lapointe looks to Teddy. Teddy looks away, unable to watch. Guy slowly aims his shotgun at the Wallace-Rus below.

Close on the ferocious Wallace-Rus, bellowing up Guy Lapointe. There is no humanity left in the eyes of the beast.

WALLACE-RUS POV: LAPOINTE AND HIS SHOTGUN AIMED AT US

Lapointe aims his shotgun down the barrel of the lens. Behind him, Teddy comforts the horrified Ally. As Guy Lapointe is about to pull the trigger, we...

CUT TO BLACK
EXT PARKING LOT - DAY

We see a car pull into an empty parking lot. Allison and Teddy emerge and open their trunk. Burn in SIX MONTHS LATER.

EXT PARK ENTRYWAY - SAME

Close on a wrapped package in Teddy’s arm.

Teddy’s free hand is on Ally’s back for support. The pair pass a sign that reveals we’re at the ASSINIBOINE PARK ZOO.

EXT ASSINIBOINE PARK ZOO - SAME

Teddy and Ally walks by the kangaroo habitat. The kangas regard them and go back to their business.

They pass by Hudson the Polar Bear, who dives into his pool.

EXT ASSINIBOINE PARK ZOO BACK STAGE - SAME

Teddy and Ally wave to some zoo employees as they cross over from where the general public is allowed to roam to where only the zoo-keepers dwell. They head for a small structure.

INT THE ROOM - SAME

A door opens. Teddy and Allison enter a dark room. We get the distinct impression they’re on a catwalk kind of affair, lit from below, the light shimmering as if reflected on water.

The pair look down at something we can’t see because we’re looking up at them. And both look sad. Allison looks to Teddy. Teddy nods. He starts opening the package.

Close on the package Teddy unwraps. Reveal a LARGE MACKEREL.

Allison grabs the fish and carefully throws it into the darkness, watching. We hear it hit a platform below, followed by the sound of a walrus snort. Tears fill Allison’s eyes as she quietly says...

ALLISON (CONT’D)
I love you, Wallace.

Crying, Allison exits, leaving Teddy standing there alone. He looks down into the darkness, saddened. Then, he heads for the door. We hear the sign-off of the Pillow Pants podcast.

WALLACE (V.O.)
...and this is Wallace Brighton saying it’s a big, bad world out there, so put on your Pillow Pants.
Crane down to reveal a new enclave. While it’s a better version of what we know, it’s still not inspiring any feelings of comfort. We stop on the mackerel.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, tusks gore the mackerel, as the Wallace-Rus savagely feeds. We push in until we’re almost on top of the beast. It raises its head slightly to look at us. Then it unleashes a furious bellow as we...

CUT TO BLACK

THE END