

Role Play

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INT. VACATION HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A room imbued with quiet wealth. Velvet curtains obscure wide windows. Lovingly polished furniture sparkles in dim candlelight. Even in the darkest corners, classical music fills the space.

MARC (30s) leans against a bar. Handsome with angular features - piercing dark eyes.

Across the room, shadows dance - misshapen SHAPES, each unique. Long ears. Snouts. Silhouettes that couldn't possibly be human. Oddly, Marc doesn't seem alarmed.

Stepping into the light, one creature reveals its true form:

A MAN IN A BEAR SUIT. Exquisitely tailored, the outfit must have cost a fortune. The fur looks real.

Bear-man walks towards other shadows. Takes the hand of...

A WOMAN IN A SHEEP COSTUME. Exchanging nods, and furtive whispers, the two wander off into shadows - and a private room.

An amused Marc raises a BRANDY GLASS to his lips, revealing:

The striped PAW on his outfit. A stylized TIGER HEAD rests on the counter by his shoulder. But from toes to collar, Marc's suited up in costume, too.

More fuzzy PATRONS drift towards the bar, clearing Marc's line of sight to a CHAIR. He stops mid-sip as he sees...

A PETITE PARTY-GOER in a WOLF-COSTUME. Whoever's inside is clearly female. The waist curves in pleasingly, just right.

Marc's eyes travel up "Wolf-Girl's" legs. He doesn't try to hide his smile - no doubt he very much likes what he sees.

A BLOND MAN staggers to the bar, three sheets to the wind. His RACCOON OUTFIT matted with mystery stains. Grabbing a BOTTLE, RACCOON MAN spills, then refreshes his drink.

Noting Marc's object of interest, Raccoon Man leers.

RACCOON MAN

(slurred accent)

Ah - you've tagged a conquest? Go get her, Tiger. Before someone else does!

Marc eyes Raccoon's state with mild disgust.

MARC

I'm not decided, Rocky. Give it time.

RACCOON MAN

It's almost midnight, Mate! What're you waiting for? An introduction from her parents...

(snorts)

In this place?

Marc shrugs, points towards Wolf-Girl.

MARC

You see that mask?

RACCOON MAN

Yeah. It's cheap. But this ain't no fashion show. If you're lucky, little Red Riding Hood inside there's "cheap", too!

Marc eyes rolls at the joke.

MARC

But what does she LOOK LIKE under that Party City mess? There's gotta be a reason her mask's still on, this late.

RACCOON MAN

Give her a break. Maybe the girl's shy?

MARC

Or uglier than Wilbur over there!

Marc points towards a MAN IN A PIG COSTUME. Raccoon Man guffaws, elbows him in the ribs.

RACCOON MAN

If so, keep her head dress on. Better than a bag, and you stay in theme!

Across the room, Wolf-Girl picks up a WATER BOTTLE from an end table. Slipping off her mask, she takes a sip.

Revealing she's breathtakingly beautiful. CASSIE (30s): dark and elven in a quiet way.

Hit hard by the vision, Marc grabs his Tiger mask and shoves Raccoon Man away. Scoops up Champagne and two glasses...

And beelines towards Cassie's chair.

Raccoon Man hoots after him.

RACCOON MAN
If you two don't click, can I -

One look at Cassie, and Raccoon whistles.

RACCOON MAN
Lucky fuckin' bastard. Why does HE
always nail the tasty birds?

Marc strides across the room, past COSTUMED PARTIERS. And a sign which reads:

"Welcome Furrries! Be considerate: one hour limit per room."

Marc stops before Cassie's chair. She looks up, startled... His tiger shaped shadow eclipses the candle light framing her face.

He extends the Champagne bottle her way:

MARC
Best of the best Dom Perigon. Let's
break this in together. Shall we?

Cassie blinks. Recoils in her chair.

CASSIE
Do I know you?

MARC
(grins)
Not yet. But the night's young.

He pours a glass - fits it in her hand.

And perches on the end table with his drink. His eyes riveted to Cassie's face: she's got his full attention now.

MARC
This is your first ever event?

CASSIE
(blushes)
Is it that obvious?

MARC
Are you kidding? And that's a
compliment. I couldn't help but
notice - you're not mixing and
mingling like a pro.

CASSIE
Is that what people who come here
are... pros?

She starts to stand. Marc gently pulls her back down.

MARC
Not THAT sort of pro! Just... you
don't strike me as a social
butterfly.

CASSIE
Butterfly? People do costumes like
that, too?

MARC
No, it's just a turn of phrase.

Laughing, he waves a fuzzy arm around the room.

MARC
I've never encountered an insect
costume. Not that there are rules
against it. But it'd be a turn-off.
And Butterflies aren't furry. So -

Cassie shyly sips champagne. Seems to warm up to its taste.

CASSIE
Well, antennae are furry. In a way.

Her eyes slip to Marc's costume.

CASSIE
So are Tigers.

MARC
Wolves too. Grrrrr!

The two share a smile. Chemistry sparks; they start to bond.
Marc tops off her drink.

MARC
Now that we've established you're a
newb.

CASSIE
We have?
(coy)
Are you so sure?

MARC
With your vibe? Proof positive.
Though what I'm dying -

CASSIE

"Dying"? That seems harsh.

MARC

I mean, what I'd LOVE to learn is "why now"? What made you visit a place like this? Tonight?

A COSTUMED COUPLE stagger past, make drunken animal noises. Gross. Cassie winces in embarrassment. But as she watches them leave, half-smiles.

CASSIE

Well, the venue's... colorful.

MARC

You could call it that. But - the million dollar question is: are you here to sight see or participate?

He reaches for Cassie's hand/paw. She pulls away.

CASSIE

That's MY business. Not yours.

Marc warms the room and Cassie's reluctance with his smile.

MARC

You don't have to say. There's no rule for that, either. But there's just something about you. Something I'd really, really like to know.

He pours more champagne. This time, Cassie doesn't mind.

CASSIE

You want the truth?

MARC

(nods vigorously)

Oh yes, I really, really do.

Sinking into her chair, Cassie hugs herself tight.

CASSIE

I just wanted a place to be alone.

MARC

On Furry Swinger Night? Odd choice. I hate to break it to you, but that's not how these shin-digs work.

CASSIE
(stammers)
Not alone physically! Just a place I
could melt into the crowd and -

She eyes the menagerie surrounding her.

CASSIE
Not be the strangest one around.

The classical music switches tunes. No longer a Sonata, now
a Waltz. Marc holds out a debonair paw.

MARC
Little Wolf, may I have this dance?

CASSIE
My name's Cassie.

MARC
And I'm Marc. Or Tony the Tiger.
Whatever turns you on.

Cassie chuckles. Rises to her feet.

In moments, the two find themselves swaying to music. A
strange form of privacy, despite debauchery on all sides.

Marc caresses Cassie's arm. Savors the sensation - and the
rhythm of her moves. She seems to be relaxing. Is it the
champagne or Marc's charm - who knows?

MARC
Why'd you pick a Wolf as your
fursona?

CASSIE
I don't know. It felt right? And -
uh - that's what they had in the
store?

Marc grins, twirls her around. Cassie stumbles, tipsy. Marc
catches her, holds her close.

MARC
(whispers)
How about we finish this dance in a
back room?

Cassie's eyes widen - a clear "no". Marc takes the hint,
guides her towards the front door.

MARC

Just a suggestion. On second thought,
let's sample some fresh air outside
instead.

As he reaches the exit, Raccoon Man catches Marc's eye. With a wild wave and thumb's up, Raccoon whoops from the bar.

RACCOON MAN

On the prowl. Woot!!

Marc raises his glass to toast. Guides Cassie out the door.

CASSIE

(to Marc)

I shouldn't stay out *too* late...

EXT. FOREST PATH - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

A dirt road winds away from the house. Inside, furry silhouettes flicker in the windows. Doing God Knows What.

Marc strolls arm in arm with Cassie. Now, the champagne's hitting her hard.

As she missteps, Marc repeatedly "herds" her back onto the ever-less well-marked path.

The forest thickens. Cassie peers up at dark, skeletal trees.

CASSIE

Uh, there was fresh air back on the lawn. Why go this far?

MARC

Who doesn't like a nature walk? It's got more privacy. And that's what you wanted, right?

They lapse into silence. Leaves crunch under their feet. Cassie shivers, suddenly ill at ease.

CASSIE

Wait - what time is it? It's so dark. I can't even see the path.

MARC

You don't have to. Instinct's good.

CASSIE

No, it's not. This was a mistake!

She whirls around. Marc grabs her arm.

Cassie falls. Seconds later, she's on her hands and knees - body finally rebelling from too much Dom Perigon.

Marc stands over her, watches until the coughing stops.

MARC

You ok?

CASSIE

I guess so. But I should go home -

Marc's shadow falls across her face. Taking in her vulnerable pose, Marc suddenly leers.

MARC

Why rush? We're here in the forest.
Wild and free. Looking like we do -

He points to her Wolf outfit.

And reaches for a ZIPPER in the front of his Tiger costume.

MARC

I bet you like to role play -

Horrified, Cassie tries to scramble to her feet. Slips in mud. Slides back down.

Mark looms over her. Pins one arm.

MARC

C'mon. You wouldn't have come if you
didn't want to experiment.

CASSIE

That's not true. I -

Mark pins another arm. He's bigger. And she's still drunk.

MARC

I mean - dressed like that. In the
woods. That counts as consent, right?

Cassie SPASMS again. Harder this time.

Mark fumbles with Cassie's costume - rips much of it off, exposing skin.

MARC

Baby, don't be shy. We're all human.
You had too much to drink, let it
out. Then we can have some fun.

He grabs her waist. Freezes when -

Skin RIPPLES under his fingers. Marc looks down in shock as muscles REARRANGE in Cassie's back.

With a ROAR, she FLIPS him over: suddenly, seemingly, super strong. Now Marc's in the mud. Helpless. Flat on his back.

Cassie looms over him - eyes morphing to amber.

CASSIE
(half growls)
You shouldn't have done that.

Mark gasps as hair sprouts at her temple - spreads in a wild-fire line down her neck.

He struggles to stand. A clawed SWIPE from Cassie's now REAL PAW turns his handsome face into hamburger.

Marc gurgles through blood, stares at the FULL MOON high in the sky over Cassie's shoulder.

As her voice and face morph to full Wolf-Form, Cassie grunts out her final human words.

CASSIE
I warned you. All I wanted was to be
alone!

Mark screams. The werewolf lunges. Tears out his throat.
Feeds.