

EXT. SILVER BULLET CAFE - STOREFRONT - NOON

The air is crisp, seagulls are cawing, the orange glow of the setting sun shines on the window front of the Silver Bullet Cafe as a gust of wind blows leaves across. Two friends walk across the window front to the door- One with a confident, bouncy stride, the other slower; a little hunched.

Before entering the door, we close on the confident friend- Kismet, abruptly turning around to their timid friend, Olive. Kismet slyly has leaves up to his ears, ones they apparently snatched from the wind. They make a funny face and laugh, patting Olive on the back. Olive laughs back, a little reserved, obviously nervous about something. Olive takes one more look into the glass storefront of the Silverbullet, staring at his reflection, at the reflection of the setting sun behind him. The orange glow melts to reddish-pink, the sun sinking further, and Olive looks up to see Kismet holding the door open for him and takes a deep breath

INT. SILVER BULLET CAFE - BOOTH - NOON

We close-up focus on fidgeting hands on a table as they rush and then hesitate to look at a countdown on their phone. Pressing a button we see the countdown to something is rapidly approaching. Suddenly two styrofoam cups are placed on screen, one reading "Kismet" and the other "Olive"

We pull out to see Olive seated at a booth, now pulled away from the countdown on his phone as Kismet hands him his cup and takes a seat across the table.

Olive, thankful for the drink, gives a smile and resists to look at his phone again with the impending countdown. What was he thinking? This was a bad idea. He shouldn't be out tonight- especially not with Kismet.

Another gracious distraction is given as Kismet offers their cup out to dink- reminding Olive that he has yet to actually try his smoothie. Olive cheers his smoothie with Kismet and takes a sip- wow! It's actually really tasty.

Cut to Kismet looking on their phone, mischievous, finding something funny and holding back their laughter. They turn their phone to Olive and show him and Olive bursts out into sudden laughter; inexplicably spraying some of his smoothie. The two crack up together in the booth. It's good, it's warm, Olive briefly forgets why he was even worried.

Ding!

Olive's phone notification noise goes off and it's like all sound is sucked from the cafe, a vacuum, save for the echoing remnants of the notification noise from Olive's phone.

INT. DISTORTED SILVER BULLET CAFE - ???

Reminded again of his anxiety, in this moment, Olive feels suffocatingly alone- othered, reminded of the weight of what he's planning to do. As he feels alone, he is- visually. Just a booth, just his phone, just the countdown notification which is hauntingly low- seemingly speeding up.

We close in on Olive, expression twitching, beads of sweat, breath quickening; he can feel every hair on his skin. Hints at him transforming. Glowing eyes materializing in the void behind Olive; with a heavy presence. Before the panic attack can get too bad, Olive shoots his hand out into the darkness, pinky extended- and after a beat a pinky connects with his.

INT. SILVER BULLET CAFE - BOOTH - NOON

Sound bursts back into the world, the Cafe is back to normal, and Kismet is across the table, connecting their pinky with Olive's. Kismet gives him a reassuring smile and raises their pointer finger; wagging their eyebrows. This is obviously a familiar handshake and Olive raises his pointer as well. Pinky's still connected, they take turns lifting and lowering their indexes, back and forth- it's silly. It's grounding. Olive is thankful.

EXT. SILVER BULLET CAFE - STOREFRONT

The moon begins to rise in the reflection of the storefront. Silhouettes of Kismet and Olive pass.

EXT. SILVER BULLET CAFE ALLEYWAY - EVENING

Close on an open trash can as two empty smoothie cups are tossed inside.

Wide on Kismet and Olive walking after just leaving the cafe. Olive is trailing behind Kismet. He glances at his phone and the countdown is almost over. Panicked, Olive looks up at Kismet walking ahead and has a nightmare vision.

EXT. NIGHTMARE VISION

The last few seconds of the countdown tick down, the moon is eerily bright in the sky, shining down on Kismet ahead of Olive. Thick darkness begins to creep into the corners of Olive's reality, a colorless dread as that same heavy presence looms over him. Sharp, glowing eyes rise, rise, up behind Olive. Olive looks ahead, desperately, to Kismet who is still unknowingly looking at the sky; the darkness from Olive's nightmare creeps down the alleyway towards them.

A striking red firework shoots up and bursts in front of the moon and Kismet lifts their arms in celebration. The red from the firework briefly illuminates the nightmare monster behind Olive and it slinks around Olive and makes its way towards Kismet. Olive is frozen in fear- his worst nightmare is coming true. The countdown is over, the moon is out, Kismet is none the wiser and is going to get hurt because Olive can't control this monster. Olive grimaces as the dark tendrils from the monster curl around him as it passes. Another burst of color from the sky and the creature rushes full speed towards Kismet's back.

Sensing something is amiss, and that they've been cheering at the fireworks alone, Kismet turns just as the huge clawed hand of the monster reaches for their shoulder; a swirling darkness following in suit. Just as the monstrous hand makes contact with Kismet-

EXT. SILVER BULLET CAFE ALLEYWAY

-it is revealed to be Olive's own hand. Kismet looks up from Olive's hand to see him physically struggling. Olive is wincing in pain, pupils blown out, face and muscles twitching and quivering like he's fighting to hold something back. Both friends are frozen as another firework blasts in the sky, illuminating them both: confusion, worry, panic - pain, regret, fear.

Not knowing what else to do, Kismet offers their hand to Olive, pinky extended. Trembling, Olive raises his hand, but before he can extend his pinky, a surge of pain ripples through his arm; making it fling backwards and away from Kismet. The transformation has begun. It travels through Olive's body violently; jerking and contorting his limbs as he stumbles backwards and is brought to his knees. He doubles over, growing twice his size, hair sprouting from his body, claws, sharp fangs, blood red eyes.

Kismet watches in fear and confusion; the moonlight like a spotlight on them. They grab a fistfull of their shirt, clutching their chest, and stumbles back- not knowing if they should run or call for help.

As they stagger backwards, their phone falls from their shirt pocket. As the phone hits the ground, the background image of Olive and Kismet together illuminates. This catches Kismet's eye. With sweat forming on their brow, they look at the image and back up at the creature which is now hunched on all fours, fur bristling and teeth bared.

It wasn't attacking Kismet- it looked like it was fighting really hard to stay back. A new resolve washes over Kismet from looking at his phone- at the photo of them together.

This was Olive. This was still Olive.

No doubt the reason he was more nervous than normal today.

With this new resolve, Kismet takes a step towards Olive in his new form. Olive visually recoils at the approach, a look of fear and regret fighting with a wild, feral anger on his face. Kismet swallows their fear and continues to walk towards Olive. They were friends- best friends, and nothing about that was going to change- no matter who or what Olive was. Cautiously, Kismet closes the distance between them and ducks their head so Olive can see the smile on their face. As always, when words aren't enough- Kismet raises their pinky towards Werewolf Olive.

Werewolf Olive's huge paws dig and scrape into the concrete ground, he rears back his arm, claws extended, and just as it looks as if he's about to strike- he stops his arm and extends his pinky, quivering, right in front of Kismet. Kismet struggles a bit to twist their pinky around Olive's much bigger one, but they laugh warmly all the same. Confused, Olive tilts his head, but visually relaxes as Kismet laughs. Fireworks continue to light the two as Kismet looks over Olive in awe.

EXT. SILVER BULLET CAFE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The two now sit atop a building to watch the remainder of the fireworks show. They are close together, Olive's fur keeping the chill away. Olive's tail is not-so-subtly wagging as Kismet cheers and pumps their fist at the colorful display in the sky, the moonlight shining on both of them.