

"The Draw"

Scene from *Grim Rock*

LOGLINE: In 1969, as WWII rages on against Nazi werewolves, a guilt-ridden nurse rescues a rebellious, All-American werewolf girl from the Sandman's attempt to cure what she is. Together, they must survive lawless Grimsby Rock — and each other — in search of an elusive anti-war commune led by a reformed witch.

THE SCENE: The morning after Anne discovers Franz's secret lab, and the girl who might be his next experiment. A routine blood draw becomes a quiet interrogation about loyalty, secrets, and the cost of careless words.

CHARACTERS:

Anne (protagonist): A mixed-race nurse at Andersen House and surrogate daughter of Franz Andersen. Two years ago, she left searching for something to believe in. She returned to find her childhood home has become a CIA testing ground — and the father figure she trusted has become someone she doesn't recognize.

Franz Andersen: A German pediatrician-turned-orphanage director who doesn't age. He can manipulate dreams; his blood is the key ingredient in sand wafers he uses to cure childhood trauma. Franz was the real-life inspiration for E.T.A. Hoffmann's "The Sandman" — a book that destroyed his life and drove him to America. He's spent decades trying to outrun that story. But now, paranoid and desperate to end the war, he's becoming the very monster Hoffmann wrote about.

INT. ANDERSEN HOUSE - INFIRMARY - DAY

Anne, seated on a rolling stool, arranges blood-draw supplies near a JUG OF PURPLE SAND.

Franz enters. Anne clocks his stony look. She rolls over to him with the tray as he sits up on the bed and rolls up his left sleeve to reveal old needle tracks on his forearm.

His eyes drift to the jug of sand.

FRANZ

Top up the jug with Saharan. I want the children out cold tonight.

Anne picks up the needle.

ANNE

They didn't make a peep yesterday...

FRANZ

Mildred and the hens thought it wise to prattle on about some raid on hybrids. Spared no details either.

(beat)

We don't need their nightmares when Trinity's barking does just fine.

Anne's hand twitches -- the needle an inch from Franz.

ANNE

(clears throat)

Y-yeah, she was pretty loud.

FRANZ

What could have possibly spooked her?

Anne finally gets the needle in. Blood flows into the jug. She glances at Franz. He's waiting for an answer.

ANNE

Oh. Um...A rat? Maybe?

Anne focuses on his arm. Sweat beads on her forehead. Franz's eyes narrow.

FRANZ

For a creature that once protected you from a pack of coyotes, a rat is...an unsettling thought.

(then)

Perhaps she's forgotten who she is.

Anne shrugs, rolls to the prep station. Busies herself looking for something.

FRANZ (cont'd)
 You need a room away from
 distractions. Mildred won't be
 needing hers tomorrow.

ANNE
 (swiveling back)
 What?

FRANZ
 The children need someone they
 recognize. Someone who knows what we
 say about careless tongues.

Anne stiffens. Beat.

ANNE
 ...They make monsters of shadows.

FRANZ
 You remembered. Good girl.

ANNE
 ...I don't know if I'm ready for that
 responsibility. A lot has changed.

Franz nods, letting her words sink in. Anne swivels, starts clearing the counter. He watches with regret. Sighs.

FRANZ
 Did I ever tell you about Hoffmann's
 confession to me?

Anne spins around, curious.

FRANZ (cont'd)
 He invited me to his home once. Years
 after the hysteria.
 (leans in)
 He admitted the treatment had worked.
 His nightmares were cured.

ANNE
What? He ruined your life--

FRANZ
 --because I ruined his, child.
 (off her confusion)
 He realized Napoleon's monsters had
 given his life meaning. All that was
 left was a blank page.

Anne sits with this.

ANNE
(hesitant)
Wasn't he worried you might...

FRANZ
Harm him? No. Inviting me was the point. Show the world that Franz Andersen and "derr Sandmann" were two different people.
(beat)
Alas, it was too late.

ANNE
The world only saw the monster.

FRANZ
People see what they want to see. Hoffmann saw the innocent doctor he once wronged sitting across from him, laughing, drinking his wine. He didn't see that man was another of his creations. One inspired by his lies.
(beat)
That man filled his corpse with sand and hung it in his child's bedroom.

Anne's breath catches. He removes the needle.

FRANZ (cont'd)
Be careful with the stories you tell, child. The monster you invent might conjure a real one...

Anne freezes. He rolls his sleeve down. Walks to the door.

FRANZ (cont'd)
The Saharan sand is in the basement -- if you're still inclined.
(reaches the door)
For their dreams. Or yours.

Franz exits. Anne stares at the jug. The rust-red, gel-like sludge that has the power to induce heaven and hell.