

THE WOLF AMONG US:  
SNAP CRACKLE POP

Written by

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Based on, If Any

OVER BLACK

RUMBLE

EXT. DRAIN - NIGHT

Water floods into the endless pit of darkness.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Amongst the downpour, a hooded figure dodges puddles. Passing under a street lamp, their face is illuminated; it's Bigby. Cheek purple and blood dripping off his forehead, he looks wrecked. He enters a gate with a plaque declaring, *The Woodland: Luxury Apartments*.

EXT. WOODLANDS APARTMENT

A few stories up, in a window, stands Snow. She looks out onto the wet New York City pavement.

MOMENTS LATER

The door swings open behind her. She turns.

INT. BIGBY'S APARTMENT

Bigby enters and pushes his hood off. Surprised—

BIGBY

Snow. What are you doing?

SNOW

I could ask you the same. What happened tonight?

Idle:

SNOW (CONT'D)

You better start talking, Bigby. It doesn't look good.

Choices:

- 1) Confused.
- 2) Leave.
- 3) My Job.

4) Drink?

1) Confused.

BIGBY  
I don't know what you're talking  
about.

SNOW  
Don't play dumb, Bigby.

2) Leave.

BIGBY  
I think you better leave.

SNOW  
We have to talk about this.

3) My Job.

BIGBY  
I was doing my job, Snow.

SNOW  
You lit Scarecrow on fire.

4) Drink?

BIGBY  
Can I get you something to drink?

SNOW  
Don't try to change the subject.

[Main Path]

SNOW (CONT'D)  
This is serious. You are supposed  
to be protecting them from each  
other.

BIGBY  
I'm trying to do that.

SNOW  
And beating the shit out of them is  
the way, huh?

Idle:

SNOW (CONT'D)

Answer me!

Choices:

- 1) They started it.
- 2) Fuck off.
- 3) You have no clue.

- 1) They started it.

BIGBY

They are shady characters. If they had just abided by the law.

SNOW

We have rules, too. You have to learn to control yourself.

- 2) Fuck Off.

BIGBY

Fuck off.

SNOW

Excuse me.

- 3) You have no clue.

BIGBY

I'm the one out there, trying to stop them. You have no clue what it's like.

SNOW

How dare you say that? I've always been by your side.

[Main Path]

Heated, Bigby throws his keys. They smash into a mirror.

Suddenly-

He yelps in pain, clutches his gut and folds over.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Oh no. Bigby. Are you okay? Bigby, what's wrong?

Snow rushes over to him. She pushes herself under his arm and walks him to the sofa.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Here. Sit.

They collapse into the cushions. Bigby winces.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Let me take a look.

She unbuttons his shirt and examines the wound. He watches her.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Jesus. That's a nasty bruise, but you'll be fine. Just some time to heal.

She looks up, and they lock eyes for a long moment. She notices the blood.

SNOW (CONT'D)

Oh.

BIGBY

What?

SNOW

You've got a little something.

She points to his forehead. He dabs the spot. His bloody fingertips confirm the wound. Snow reaches for her purse and takes out a tissue. She holds his face and gently blots the cut.

The room is silent. Outside, the storm roars on.

BIGBY

About my behavior—

SNOW

Have you thought about seeing a professional?

Idle:

SNOW (CONT'D)

Maybe talking to someone could sort things out for you. Give you answers.

Choices:

- 1) Not gonna happen.
- 2) Maybe you're right.
- 3) Can't I just talk to you?
- 4) What are you getting at?

- 1) Not gonna happen.

BIGBY  
No way. Not gonna happen.

SNOW  
Hey. Don't knock it 'til you've  
tried it.

- 2) Maybe you're right.

BIGBY  
I guess maybe you're right.

SNOW  
Wow. I did not expect that. See.  
Just the idea is already helping.

- 3) Can't I just talk to you?

BIGBY  
Can't I just talk to you?

SNOW  
Ha. Ha. Very funny. You're gonna  
have to start paying me.

- 4) What are you getting at?

BIGBY  
What are you getting at, Snow?

SNOW  
I just think it could be good for  
you. It's not a bad thing.

[Main Path]

SNOW (CONT'D)  
All done.

Snow sits back and studies her work. He smiles at her.

BIGBY  
Best Doc in town.

They share a soft laugh.

BIGBY (CONT'D)  
So-

SNOW  
Bigby.

She looks at him with disappointment. His smile fades.

SNOW (CONT'D)  
I have to suspend you. Effective  
immediately.

Idle:

SNOW (CONT'D)  
Please don't get upset. I have to  
do what's best.

Choices:

- 1) Why?
- 2) What can I do?
- 3) I wish this was a Glamour you.

1) Why?

BIGBY  
Why?

SNOW  
My job is on the line, Bigby. I  
don't have another choice.

2)What can I do?

BIGBY  
What can I do?

SNOW  
Nothing. My mind is made up.

3) I wish this was a Glamour you.

BIGBY  
I wish this was a Glamour you  
talking.

SNOW  
Me too.

[Main Path]

She brushes the back of her hand against his face. Bigby lingers.

Then—

He takes her hand and places it by her side.

Bigby struggles to his feet.

SNOW (CONT'D)  
Where are you going? You need to  
rest.

BIGBY  
I need a drink.

SNOW  
Bigby. You really shouldn't.

BIGBY  
I know.

Bigby moves to the door and re-slides into his coat.

SNOW  
Bigby.

He turns to face her.

SNOW (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

BIGBY  
I know.

Bigby exits. Snow releases an agonized sigh. Her head falls to her palms.

INT. BIGBY'S APARTMENT - WINDOW

Down below, a neon yellow light shines through the misty rain.



EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - YELLOW MIST

The light comes from the local bar, *The Trip Trap's* sign.

SNAP CRACKLE POP

Lightening strikes. The sign goes black. It sizzles back to life. The letters that remain, T-R-A-P.

CUT TO BLACK.