

THE DETECTIVES OF THE 9TH PRECINCT

FULL MOON MADNESS

"Steve see this calendar?"

"Yes Neal I see the calendar."

"What's the date today?"

Steve sighs. "It's Tuesday the 14th."

Neal leans over the desk. "The 14th of what Steve?"

Steve rubs his eyes. "October."

"What happens in October?"

"Columbus Day?" Steve replies.

"No. Besides that."

"Halloween." Steve replies softly.

"Ding! Ding! Have you looked for our costumes yet Steve? Because this year I don't want a repeat of last year! Last year is what happens when you wait until the last minute!"

"Oh come on Neal! It wasn't that bad!"

"Not that bad! Not that bad! We were wearing a donkey costume Steve!! A donkey costume!! And I was the rear end of said donkey costume!"

"For the last time it wasn't a donkey costume! We were a racehorse! We were the triple crown winner Secretariat!"

Neal laughs. "The only one who believed that was you!"

"Alicia was dressed as the jockey!"

"Who left with the guy who was dressed as a cop!?" Neal replies.

"See right there! Who comes to a Halloween party that is held at a police station dressed as a cop? That isn't very original!"

"It is when the guy is a garbage man!" Neal replies.

"Oh. Anyway it would have been a great idea if you would had let Ruby do what I suggested in the first place. Then we wouldn't have to have done the race horse thing!"

"Steve I told you! Ruby was not going to be Lady Godiva and we be her horse!" Neal replies as he gestures back and forth.

"That was a good idea!!"

"Lady Godiva rode her horse naked!" Neal replies.

"So! Lady Godiva's costume had a very, very long wig!!"

"Steve that wig WAS the only costume!!"

"So!!" Steve replies.

"So! The only horse Ruby will ever ride naked...is me!! The Italian Stallion!" Neal replies as he pats himself on the chest.

"What was the point of this conversation again?" Steve asks.

"Costumes. Not waiting until the last minute!" Neal replies.

"Alright already!!"

Neal points at him. "Nothing scary!! I don't want the baby or Joey scared!"

Steve crosses something off his notepad.

"Nothing too sexy either."

"There goes the sexy nurse costume." Steve replies as he crosses it off.

"I think Ruby is going as something else anyway." Neal replies.

Steve looks up. "I was talking about my costume."

"Oh." Neal replies as Steve shrugs.

"A sexy male nurse."

"Uh huh."

"I was thinking Ruby could be my patient..."

"No." Neal replies.

"Tongue depressors..."

"NO!"

"Kill joy." Steve replies.

Neal looks at him as he taps his fingers on the desk. "A team would be a good idea. I know. I could be the head cheese and you be the side kick! Like Batman and Robin. The Lone Ranger and Tonto!"

"Sidekick? Could I wear a loin cloth?" Steve asks.

Neal doesn't answer he just looks at him tapping his fingers on the desk.

"I take that to be a no. I'll find us something. Oh look Neal it's a full moon!"

"Joy! All the loose wing nuts come out when the moon is full."

"Let's talk about that! The Full Moon Madness one!" Steve replies.

"You start." Neal replies.

"Well it started something like this."

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SOMEWHERE ON THE STREETS OF OCEANVIEW:

"Neal do you ever think that we're in a rut?"

"No. Why would you say that?" Neal replies as he reads the paper.

"Because it's Monday."

"So it's Monday." Neal replies.

"And on Mondays the same thing happens. For example. You sit there and read the Sports section of the paper and you were just about to comment on the Rams..."

"Damn it! The Rams lost again to the Cowboys!!" Neal looks over the paper at him.

"And every Monday six fingered Larry comes bee bopping down the street and he heads right over there to that trash can to look for empty pop bottles. In about 1...2...3..."

And just like clockwork Larry comes around the corner, goes down the street to the trash can that Steve pointed out. He roots around until he finds two pop bottles then he stands up and he looks in their direction.

"Now he's about to shoot us the bird." Steve replies.

They watch as Larry does this then they watch as he goes back down the street.

"See I told you we're in a rut." Steve replies.

"Well sometimes police work can be boring. Sorta like now." Neal replies. "Last night was a full moon. So usually that bleeds over into the next day. I bet anytime now that old radio will be playing our song." Neal replies as they both look down at the police radio.

OCEANVIEW CITY GOLF COURSE:

"You know Neal when you're right you're right." Steve replies.

"There are times like now that I don't like to be right." Neal replies. "Hey Sam watcha got?" Neal asks as he and Steve walk up to Sam who was kneeling next to a sheet covered body. Steve and Neal also noticed that the

patrol officers who were working crowd control and such were all very pale. As a matter of fact none of them looked well.

"What gives?" Steve asks.

"Yeah Sam everybody acts like they never seen a dead body before." Steve replies.

"That's because boys this one is bad. I mean bad with a capital B. The groundskeeper found her. Come here and I'll show you."

They both squat down next to the body as Sam pulls the sheet back. Now Neal was a seasoned veteran in the homicide wars and he had seen a lot of things, and he also thought that he wasn't surprised by much. But when he saw this body he was wrong. Dead wrong. Neal felt all the blood leave his face and he thought he was going to faint. Steve not as seasoned felt immediately sick to his stomach. He fell to both knees as he looked at the body.

It was a full five minutes before anybody could find their voice to speak.

"Sam. What....what happened to her?" Steve asks.

"She was attacked by....something." Sam replies.

"Something? Is that the best you've got?" Neal replies.

"What could have done this to her?" Steve asks.

Sam covers her back up. "Don't know yet. Just as soon as I can get her back to the morgue I'll let you two know."

"Poor girl. Any I.D.?" Steve asks.

"Hey Detectives over here!"

They look to see one of the patrol officers waving to them from the edge of the woods that surround the golf course. They get up and go over to him and when they get there he points something out to them. In the woods they see a purse and clothes.

"Neal. Look at the branches on the trees." Steve points to them.

"Something big was after her."

Whatever had ran her to ground was big because trees limbs were broken off along the trail she had ran.

"Phil!" Steve yells. "I want pictures of everything. Neal we need the crime scene boys to collect all of this."

They were there for another few hours while photos were taken and evidence collected. Sam took the body back to the morgue while Steve and Neal supervised.

"Neal you know there's been some weird shit going on here lately."

"Yeah I know what you mean. Must be the full moon." Neal replies.

"Last month there was that body that had all the blood drained from it now this. "

"Very strange." Neal replies.

"You know the newspapers had a field day with that one. You do know what they said about that one don't you?" Steve replies.

"What?"

"That it was a vampire!" Steve replies.

"Oh come on! A vampire! Are they crazy? There is absolutely no such thing as a vampire! That had something to do with a ritual of some sort and they drained her blood! Pure and simple!"

"Yeah but we didn't find evidence of anything. And something tells me this one is going to be the same thing. Neal?"

"What?"

"Do you know what this reminds me of?" Steve asks.

Neal looks at him. "What?"

"A werewolf!"

Right then and there Neal laughs. Neal laughs so hard he cries. "Steve you're crazy you know that! A werewolf! You've been watching way too many scary movies! There are no such things as werewolves!"

"Then explain to me what did that to her! Huh! What!"

"It was a really big dog! Better yet a wolf!" Neal replies.

"When was the last time you saw a wolf in Oceanview?" Steve asks.

"You mean besides you?"

Steve just looks at him. *"That's werewolf damage!! We need some silver!"*

"What for?" Neal asks.

"To make silver bullets of course!!" Steve replies.

"Oh of course!" Neal replies as he shakes his head back and forth. "Come on we're finished here. Let's go back to the Precinct and do the report."

THE NEXT DAY AT THE PRECINCT:

"See look I told you!!" Steve replies as he holds up the preliminary report from Sam. "This says right here her throat was ripped out by a werewolf!"

"No it doesn't! Let me see that!" Neal grabs it out of Steve's hand then he reads it. "Steve this says a big dog or wolf killed her. "

"Read what it says about the teeth radius." Steve replies as he points.

Neal reads it. "Okay so it was huge!"

"Teeth marks and scratches. Saliva! Sam took a sample of that. Her name is Holly Watkins. She was a student at the College. I called her family this morning." Steve replies.

"How did they take it?"

"Oh about like you expect. " Steve replies.

"Okay I suggest we start at the Zoos and the wildlife Preserve that is on the outskirts..."

"The Zoo?" Steve replies.

"Yeah to see if anybody is missing a wolf or a hyena." Neal replies.

"They won't be." Steve replies just as the Captain walks up to them.

"Boys."

"Captain." They both reply.

"I know you two have a lot going on and this is really bad timing..." The captain replies.

"What is it Cap?" Neal asks.

"Neal you have a subpoena to appear in court in Los Angeles." The Captain replies as he hands it to Neal.

"Now?" Neal asks.

"Yes afraid so. There's a hotel room waiting for you in L.A. all the information you need is in this envelope." The Captain replies as he hands it to Neal.

"Damn Steve...."

"It's not your fault. You have to go you have to go. I can handle this by myself."

"Be at the courthouse tomorrow morning." The Captain replies as he picks up the folder on the desk and he reads it. "A big dog?"

"Or something similar." Steve replies as Neal looks at him. "What?"

"What's your theory?" The Captain asks.

"Well Cap...." Steve replies.

"It's too early to tell..." Neal replies.

"But I think..." Steve replies.

"Steve is just guessing..." Neal replies.

"I think it's a werewolf."

There Steve had said it out loud much to the chagrin of Neal who covered his eyes with his hand as he looked down at the desk.

The Captain stands there for a full minute thinking. "There are studies where people actually believe that they are werewolves. They dress up like them. Big teeth and all. But before you try and track any of them down I suggest you try the Zoos and the Wildlife Preserve to see if anybody is missing any animals. This sort of thing has a tendency to panic people. Try to find some answers Steve."

"Yes sir." Steve replies.

"And Neal keep us posted while you're in L.A. have a good trip."

"Thanks Cap I will." Neal replies as they watch the Captain walk away.

"See he didn't laugh!"

"Shit I just remembered! Sam is coming to visit and I won't be here." Neal replies.

"Sam? Sam who?" Steve asks.

"You know Samantha my cousin. Jeremy's younger sister?"

Steve shakes his head. "Wait! You mean Sam from Hanford? Your cousin Sam? The tomboy girl who always wanted to follow us around and she had that page boy haircut? That Sam? How old was she again?"

"Ten." Neal replies.

"How old is she now?" Steve asks.

"She is 22 and she isn't a tomboy anymore." Neal replies.

"No.?"

"While I'm gone keep her eye on her if you don't mind. And Steve she is my young cousin. She's like a sister to me." Neal replies.

"Yeah I know."

"Steve she's my cousin." Neal replies seriously.

"Yes Neal I know you've said that already. How many times are you....?"

"Until you get it! She's my cousin." Neal replies.

"Oh!! She's your cousin!" Steve says with the quotation marks in the air.

"That's right! Sam is a good girl, pure as the driven snow. Innocent as the day is long."

"Uh huh." Steve replies as he rests his head in his hand tapping his fingers on the desk.

"She's thinking about going to school here. She's coming down here to check out the College. Make sure she's alright. Maybe even take her to a movie. But never forget she's my cousin."

"When is she supposed to be here?" Steve asks.

"Two days from now. Wednesday. I thought I was going to pick her up at the bus station but now I can't."

"That's okay I'll pick her up. What time?" Steve asks.

"Two o'clock."

"No problem I'll pick her up and get her settled in. I even go by the store and pick up a few groceries."

"Thanks Steve I appreciate that. And don't forget..."

"I know, I know. She's your cousin. Pure as the driven snow and all that." Steve replies.

"Okay well let's by the Zoo and see if they are missing any animals." Neal replies.

"Then later I'll help you pack. Let's go partner."

THE NEXT DAY NEAL'S APARTMENT:

Steve already knew the answer when they went to the Zoo and the Animal Preserve on the outskirts of town. Neither of them were missing any animals. Of course they were given strange looks when they asked them. But then again strange looks they were used to. Late Monday afternoon, after Steve helped Neal to pack, he saw him off on his trip to L.A. Neal promised to call and check in.

It was a long day at the office what with Neal being gone and no new leads to run down in their latest murder cases. Steve went out and canvased the neighborhood. Nothing. Less than nothing.

So now Steve was letting himself into Neal's apartment. He stopped by the grocery store on the way over to restock some items before Neal's cousin gets here tomorrow. Bread, milk, cereal, the usual. Once in the apartment he goes into the kitchen to put the groceries away then he grabs the watering can to water Neal's plants. He goes out to the living room and when his back is turned he hears...

"Stop where you are!!"

Steve glances over his shoulder and he sees a young woman nervously pointing a gun at him.

"Who are you?!" She asks.

"Who am I? Who are you?" Steve asks as he raises his hands in the air.

"I asked you first! Who are you and what are you doing here? I know you don't live here!" She replies.

"You don't live here either! My name is Steve. How did you get in here?" Steve asks.

"A key! You?" She asks.

"A key! Wait!" Steve looks back over his shoulder at her again. "You're not Sam? Are you?"

She lowers the gun slightly. "Maybe? Why?"

"I'm Steve. Steve Perry from Hanford. I'm Neal's partner. Can I turn around now?" Steve asks as he sits down the watering can.

"I guess. I thought you were a burglar."

Steve turns around. "What sort of burglar brings groceries and waters the plants? Be careful with that gun."

"Oh it's not loaded." She then points it at the ceiling and pulls the trigger and when it fires into the ceiling she screams and that is when Steve steps in and he takes it from her.

"It's not loaded now." Steve replies as he looks at it. "There's goes Neal's security deposit. Where did you get this?" Steve asks.

"My brother Jeremy."

"It figures." Then Steve gets a good look at her. She's wearing a long t-shirt and nothing else. Her long hair piled up on the top of her head. "What happened to you!?" He asks just a little shocked.

"What do you mean what happened to me?" She asks.

"I mean...." Steve replies as he gestures. "Ah...you used to be...but now you're not. And you didn't used to have....but now you do." Steve scratches his head.

"It's called hormones! You look different too! You got taller." She replies.

Steve looks at himself. "I did? I mean...oh yeah I did. Wait a minute. You weren't supposed to be here until tomorrow. How did you get here from the bus station?"

She just looks at him then she makes a box. "It's something they invented. It has four wheels and it's yellow! It's called a cab moron!"

"Oh yeah you're Neal's cousin all right. You sound just like him."

"I got here early and I thought I would surprise him."

"Well surprise! He's not here. He had to go to L.A."

"Yes I found that out when I called the precinct and the secretary told me. So I just thought I would get a cab. So here I am."

"Neal wants me to keep an eye on you until he gets here." Steve replies.

She puts her hands on her hips. "Keep an eye on me?"

"Yes he seems to think you're a virgin...."

At this Samantha laughs hysterically. "I love Neal but sometimes he's crazy!"

"Sometimes? And that you're as pure as the driven snow!" Steve replies.

"Oh brother! Well I don't need looking after. I can take care of myself." Samantha replies.

"Except for the gun that you didn't know was loaded! Go and get dressed and I'll take you out to dinner. You're not a vegetarian are you?"

Again at this she laughs. "No! Steak. As rare as possible."

"Steak?" Steve takes out his wallet and he looks in it.

"Want to go Dutch?" Samantha asks.

"Oh no! Of course not! A man never asks a woman out and then expects her to pay half! I'll check Neal's cookie jar." Steve replies as he points back over his shoulder. "You go and get ready."

As Samantha turns to go back into the bedroom Steve heads into the kitchen looking back over his shoulder at her.

THE NEXT DAY AT THE PRECINCT:

"Yes Neal I said she had a gun."

"Where did she get it?" Neal asks.

"Jeremy." Steve replies.

"Well that figures." Neal replies.

"That is exactly what I said." Steve replies.

"How's the murder case going?" Neal asks.

"It isn't. No leads. No nothing. But I did find out that there were some similar type werewolf attack cases near Hanford." Steve replies.

"Near Hanford?" Neal replies.

"Yeah. So I guess it's good that Samantha is here." Steve replies.

"Do me a favor. Can you send me the info on those cases here at the LAPD?" Neal asks.

"Sure just give me the number." Neal gives the Steve the number and he writes it down. "Just as soon as we're through here I'll send them over on the teletype to you. Neal what do I do now? I mean I canvased the entire neighborhood, talked to everybody at the college there is to talk to. I'm at a dead end. I could use your expertise right about now partner."

Neal sighs. "Sam hasn't come up with anything new?" Neal asks.

Steve rubs his eyes. "No he's still waiting on the test from the saliva to come back."

"You aren't going to like this but..." Neal replies.

"You're going to say that we have to wait....wait for another murder to happen. Aren't you?"

"Yeah something like that. Check the calendar and see when the next full moon is. I'm not saying it's a werewolf, it's just somebody who is affected by the moon. A crazy, lunatic type."

"Uh huh." Steve replies.

"When you find out when the full moon is go back to the College and tell them what's going on. Don't panic them and don't use the words werewolf." Neal replies.

"Uh huh."

"Tell them it might be a good idea to close down the campus. Don't have anybody walking around alone late at night. That sort of thing. Just be discreet." Neal replies.

"Yeah okay sure. When will you be back?"

"Hopefully this weekend. You'll do okay partner. I have faith in you." Neal replies.

Steve smiles. "I'm glad that you do."

"Oh and Steve...."

"Yes Neal I know. Keep an eye on Samantha. Don't touch her just keep an eye on her."

Neal laughs. "That's right. See you soon and be careful."

"Alright. You be careful too. Later partner." Steve replies.

"Later."

LATER:

So Steve did what Neal wanted him to do. Keep an eye on the calendar. The next full moon was coming up. And he also kept an eye on Samantha. Since Samantha was interested in the College and he was going there anyway he escorted her there. While there Steve had a sit down with the powers that be.

Without using that word Steve asked for their help. He told them there was a crazed, homicidal maniac on the loose and he seem to target the students at the College. He asked for their cooperation. Their due diligence. And much to Steve's surprise they agree. They agree to escort the students after dark, a campus impose curfew and better yet they agreed to report any suspicious activity. Steve felt giddy. Afterwards he went back to the precinct to get down on paper what had transpired at the College. While there he looked at the clock. Samantha.

Samantha. Just saying her name. Thinking about her caused him....what exactly. It was hard to say. He was supposed to be watching out for her but he didn't want to be near her...but then again...the pull he felt to be with her, to be next to her was hard to ignore. This was a new experience for Steve. He had nothing to gauge this experience by. For all the women that Steve had known, up to this point, in his life, Samantha has been the only one to have this effect on him. Whatever this effect might be.

So he took her out to the obligatory lunches and dinners and still be the gentleman he would walk her to the apartment door. Every time she asked if he wanted to come in....he had to stop himself. He wanted desperately to come in but then again...he didn't. So he would decline. Then he would go back to the precinct. He would try to concentrate on work. Then after he would go back to the apartment and sit in the car down on the street. When it got dark he would watch and see her turn the light on in the apartment. Then only after when he saw the light go out....knew that she was alone....and in bed....asleep. He went back to his apartment.

The days went on like that. At night. It was a study in frustration. He took Samantha to a movie. As usual he took her back to Neal's apartment then he waited. He waited until it got dark...for her to turn on the light in the living room...then he waited for her to go to bed. After she turned out the light Steve went back to his apartment.

He had been home for an hour when there was a knock on his front door. When he opened it he was surprised but then again not surprised to find Samantha standing there.

"Can I come in?" Samantha asks.

"It's late."

"I know it's late. I have a question to ask you and since you don't see fit to come into my apartment when I offer. I thought I would come here."

Steve opens the door wider as she comes in then he shuts it behind her.

"Okay what's the question?" Steve asks as he tries to keep a reasonable distance from her.

"Why are you avoiding me?" Samantha asks.

Steve laughs. "How can I be avoiding you when I took you lunch and dinner and tonight we went to a movie? How is that avoiding you?"

"When you sit at the back of the movie theater and I am sitting at the front. And you won't come into the apartment. I consider that avoiding me. I can see you...."

"See me I don't understand...."

"Sitting down on the street in your car. "

Steve rubs his forehead. "Oh that. Neal told me to keep an eye on you...but not to touch you!"

"Do you always do what Neal tells you to do?" Samantha asks him.

"Yes! No! I mean no! Hell! I don't know what I mean anymore. Maybe..." Steve replies as he stops himself.

"Maybe what?" Samantha asks as she comes a little closer and Steve takes a step back.

"Maybe....you should go."

"Do you want me to go?" Samantha asks.

"No! I mean yes. No! My head is fuzzy. I....I have never felt this way before. It's you. There's something about you."

"Let me touch you." Samantha replies.

"No. If you touch me I won't let you go. It scares me how much I want you right now." Steve replies.

"Don't be scared. Just let it happen."

She says as she walks towards him and then she puts her arms around his neck and she kisses him with a passion that excites and scares him all at the same time. He slips his arms around her waist and he pulls her closer also surprised by the suddenness of it all and by her kiss, he feels himself tremble slightly as she touches her tongue to his then she stops and she whispers in his ear soft and low.

"I won't hurt you."

Steve has no words as she takes him by the hand their fingers interlocked as she leads him upstairs to the bedroom.

The moon was their only source of light as he nervously unbuttons her blouse and she pulls his t-shirt off over his head, she runs her hands over his chest as he moves his hands down and he unzips her skirt and as it falls to the floor they kiss and she unbuttons and unzips his jeans her bare breasts pressed against his chest, his hands move slowly up her back and they find their way to her breasts and he rubs her nipples with his thumbs, she moans as she pushes down his jeans and he stops long enough to take them off the rest of the way then he scoops her up in his arms and he carries her to the bed.

By the moonlight he could see that Samantha was perfect and beautiful and her pale complexion was in stark contrast to his dark skin and they fit together like a hand in a glove and he felt his nervousness slip away as he slowly made love to her their bodies moving in perfect rhythm, their hands leaving little trails of fire on each other's bodies her kisses taking his breath away and with her moans of encouragement he gradually picks up the pace, moving ever increasing faster and harder, feeling the sheer intensity of it increase until he sees her eyes close and she gasps loudly then he feels her tremble, holding her hands interlaced tightly with his own above her head and once he feels her organism start, then and only then, when he makes sure that she has been wholly and totally satisfied he lets himself go. It is a sweet and forceful release as they organism together, the sounds of their lovemaking effort echoing throughout the apartment, his head thrown back in ecstasy, his eyes closed and she clings to him her legs thrown over his as they ride out the waves of their organisms together.

It was intense. What had Samantha said earlier? That she wouldn't hurt him? He wasn't sure but somewhere along the way she had. Steve saw and heard things that he never thought was possible. It had to be his mind playing tricks on him. She had done things to him that no other woman had ever done to him. In many ways he wanted it to go on to never stop but then again....

The morning always comes and with it Steve waking up alone. He could barely move. His head hanging off the side of the bed, his long hair almost touching the floor. The bed devoid of all sheets except for the one that barely covered him. He felt like he had been rode hard and put away wet. Every place on his body hurt. It took every ouch of energy he could find to just turn over onto his back. He looked over at the clock on the bedside table. Ten A.M. TEN A.M.!

Steve sat up quickly. Too quickly because the sudden movement caused him to become dizzy and he grabbed his head. He leaned back against the head board his eyes closed. Work. He

needed to call in. Slowly opening his eyes he saw the phone and his pager on the bedside table. Picking up his pager and checking it he can see that nobody tried to page him and then he also realized that it was Saturday.

Then he realized something else. The usually white bed sheet had blood on it. Then he looked closer at himself. Scratches. Scratches on his arms and chest. He threw the sheet off of himself then as he looked at his legs. None there but by now he could feel them on his back. He slowly moved to the side of the bed and he swung his legs over. Then making sure he had a tight grip on the bed post he stood up. Unsteady at first but then finding his footing he slowly walked naked into the bathroom.

It took a while. The shower was painful. He tried not to watch as his own blood washed down the drain. After the shower he felt well enough to get dress and to have numerous cups of coffee then after checking his gun and strapping it on....he went looking for her.

It was crazy. A crazy thought. Actually the whole thing in itself was crazy. He now realizes why the attraction he felt for her was so strong. She was the werewolf. The werewolf who had killed the student from the college. She might have even been the one who had wreaked havoc around the Hanford area. He tried saying that out loud. It sounded even worse speaking it, giving life to it, then when it was rolling around in his head.

Of course the first place he went to was Neal's apartment and she wasn't there. He wasn't really expecting her to be. Neal. Now that was another area of concern. How to tell him that his cousin....is a werewolf. Especially since he didn't believe in that sort of mumbo jumbo. Now driving thru the city he was tracking her by her scent. Tonight was the full moon and he knew where she would go back to. The woods near the campus of the College. There were thick and overgrown a perfect place to hide while the College itself was the perfect hunting ground. Hopefully he would stop her before it got....that far.

LATER:

Neal had driven back from Los Angeles a little early in order to surprise Steve and his cousin Samantha but it was he that got the surprise from Sam the Coroner.

"It's what?" Neal asks again.

"How many times are you going to ask me that?" Sam asks.

"Until I understand it. Tell me again."

Sam takes a deep breath as he takes off his glasses. "The salvia that was found on Holly Watkins is human."

"Human?" Neal asks. "You know what that means Doc?"

Sam just looks at the floor as in the way of an answer.

"It means whatever did that to her...."

"Yes Neal it would seem so. It makes no sense but yes a person did that to that poor girl." Sam replies. "I mean at one time it was a person. Where are you going?" Sam asks as Neal turns and runs out of the room.

"To find someone." Neal replies.

STILL LATER:

Steve had found a parking space in the College parking lot which wasn't difficult since it was a huge parking lot and after that all he had to do was wait. Wait for darkness and the full moon. The darker it became the more intense his longing grew. She was out there. He could feel her. Sense her. He gets out of the car and using a flashlight he crosses the parking lot and he enters the woods. The woods are dense but he knows up ahead is a small clearing. The golf course close by. He gets his gun out of its holster. Looking up he can see the full moon now high thru the tops of the trees. The wind blowing slightly.

As he makes his way thru the woods he would stop and listen. Hearing nothing he would start walking again. Then he would hear it. As he walked it would walk as he stopped it would also stop. Giving him the illusion of being alone. Up ahead glowing in the moonlight was the clearing so Steve made his way there constantly looking behind him. She was close now. Steve could feel her.

When he got to the middle of the clearing is when he heard a low growl break the silence. Then a loud, ear piercing, heart stopping howl. Steve was now turning in circles looking in all directions. He could feel her coming for him, the ground now tremble slightly as something large and foreboding ran in his direction. Then he saw it. Coming thru the trees. Knocking limbs off as it ran. It leveled one tree with just a push of its arm.

Steve faced her. He raised his gun at her but she covered the space between them in just a few strides. When she reached him she grabbed him hard by one arm, almost pulling it out of its socket. She wrapped her massive arms around him lifting him off of his feet and as she did so the gun flew out of his hand and then she slammed him hard down onto the ground. Knocking the breath out of him. Once on the ground she was on top of him. She was crazed and strong and Steve knew there was no way he could save himself. Steve raised one arm in vain trying to protect himself from her and he closed his eyes just so he couldn't see. He could feel her hot breath on his neck, the

smell of her, the weight of her and then at that moment when he could feel her fangs on his neck is when he heard the gunshots. Two in quick succession.

Steve opens his eyes and he looks up at her. Her eyes wide by the sudden shock. She begins to drool as she breathes harder then she stiffens as she rolls over and falls off of him. Steve sits up and he watches her. In her dying throes is when she is transformed back to Samantha. Gone is the muscular and furry shell replaced by her naked skin. The once wolf like face has now gone back to being the human Samantha. The sharp fangs now back to regular teeth. The claws recessed back into normal hands, the claws replaced by fingernails. Her long hair now matted with blood as it fans out behind her.

Once Samantha is back to her human form, then, and only then does Steve takes his eyes off of her to see who have saved him. Neal. Of course. Neal stood there with his gun still raised pointing it at Steve. The moonlight bouncing off of it. The look on his face one of horror and disbelief. His hair disheveled from the wind.

"Neal!" Steve replies as he gets himself off of the ground and he runs over to him. "Samantha! It was Samantha all along!" Steve replies as he gestures back to her.

Neal looks at him over the gun. "Stop!"

"Neal you can put the gun down now." Steve replies.

"Did she bite you?" Neal asks.

"No!" Then Steve looks closer at him. Neal's eyes saying more than his words ever could. "You knew! You knew didn't you?! You knew all along that it was her! You set me up!"

"I had to be sure!" Neal replies as he still points his gun at Steve as he circles him. "There was no other way. I had my suspicions about her for some time but I couldn't do anything about it until now. I needed proof. I knew you couldn't resist her."

"You son of a bitch you used me as bait!! Put down that gun! Don't you think if I was a werewolf I would have become one by now!?" Steve replies.

Neal shakes his head as they continue to circle one another. "I'm not sure. There's something different about you."

"Do I scare you Neal? Well do I?" Steve replies as he comes closer to him.

"Stop! Don't make me shoot you! Please Steve stop I don't want to hurt you!" Neal pleads with him.

Steve laughs at this as he continues to walk closer to him, a sinister smile on his face, his arms outstretched.

"What's in that gun can't hurt me. You don't have to be scared of me Neal I want to thank you."

Neal looks at him. "What do you mean thank me? Thank me for what?"

Steve laughs as he looks at the ground then when he looks back up Neal wants to scream. Steve's eyes are dark. In a matter of a few seconds his countenance has changed. The smell of death and decay is strong. Steve takes one more step in his direction....

"Forgive me."

Neal replies as he fires one shot into Steve's chest. The shot is loud in the clearing as it rises to the treetops then finds its way back down to them. The gun smoke lingers around them as Steve stops then and he looks down at his chest. Steve touches the bullet wound with his hand then he holds it out to Neal to show him. Nothing. No blood.

Then Neal fires another shot into Steve's chest. Steve is driven back a few steps but then he stops and he stands his ground. Raising his head his eyes angry.

Neal was stunned. Terrified. Horrified. He had shot his cousin who had been a werewolf and now he just shot Steve. His partner that he loved like a brother. Those two bullets from this Magnum revolver should have dropped Steve like a rock. It would have dropped any other human being...but then again...Neal has finally come to realize that Steve was no longer...human.

Neal walked to run but he couldn't. As scared as he was he was transfixed. Stuck in place. His feet refusing to move. The moonlight in this clearing was the brightest place on earth as he watched Steve. He now can see that Steve's clothes are tattered and torn. Dirty. His hair as well. Steve now looks like something that had crawled out of a coffin.

"What...what are you?" Neal asks.

"Oh Neal haven't you figured it out by now? That body that was found last month with no blood in it...I did that. Thank you for getting rid of Samantha she was encroaching on my territory."

"You?" Neal asks. "What do you mean she was encroaching on your territory? How is this possible?"

"You can't have a vampire and a werewolf in the same city. It just isn't done! Remember when I spent that weekend at the lake?"

Neal nods his head. "A vampire?!"

"I went to a bar that was in town and there I met a woman and I went home with her. Being with her was incredible. That night my life changed. That night I died. She was a vampire and she bite me. The pain was beautiful. I was free. Nothing can hurt me. Nothing can kill me. I want you to come with me." Steve replies as he holds his hand out to Neal.

"What do you mean come with you?" Neal asks as he looks at him.

Steve walks closer up to him. Neal knows by now his gun can't hurt him and Neal now feeling hypnotize by him let's Steve take the gun from his hand and he watches as Steve tosses it aside. Holding his hand in his he pulls Neal to him.

"We can be together forever. Just like we always planned." Steve replies as he moves his hands up to Neal's head.

"I'm afraid." Neal replies.

"Don't be. Don't be." Steve replies as he shakes his head at him. "It will hurt for only a minute. You close your eyes and when you wake up....it will be a new world. No fear. No pain. Nothing can touch us. I love you. Come with me....and be with me forever."

Neal places his hands on Steve's wrists as Steve pulls him in closer then he kisses him fully on the mouth. Neal's eyes wide with shock and pleasure. Then Steve slowly turns Neal's head to the right and in the moonlight Neal can see Steve bare his fangs. Neal closes his eyes as Steve sinks his fangs deep into Neal's neck and he begins to drink.

Steve holds Neal up as Neal lets out a moan of pain then when Neal's knees buckle Steve lowers him slowly to the ground. His arms tight around him as he continues to drink...taking his life from him. Then....

Neal lets out a scream of terror as he rolls off of the sofa and onto the floor entangled in the blanket that he was covered with. Steve had fallen asleep in the recliner in front of the TV. Now the picture was all snow and the sound static.

Steve wakes up and he sits up quickly in the recliner when he hears Neal scream.

"What in the hell! Neal!? What happened?" Steve asks as he rubs his eyes.

"I had a nightmare and it was a dozy!" Neal replies as he pulls the blanket off raising himself off of the floor and onto the sofa.

From the recliner Steve yawns. "I told you not to eat all that Halloween candy and then watch those scary movies on television."

Neal runs his hands thru his hair. "But they were having a triple feature! The Wolfman, Dracula and Frankenstein!"

Steve gets up from the recliner. He goes around the living room and turns on a lamp. Then he collects some of the beer bottles and throws them away.

"Why don't you just spend the night here? It's late." Steve replies.

Neal looks at the clock. "Oh it sure is. That nightmare I was having you were in it." Neal replies as he points at Steve.

"I was? What was it about?" Steve asks curiously.

"A werewolf and a vampire. They were both terrorizing Oceanview. It was creepy." Neal replies.

Steve laughs. "Wow! A werewolf and a vampire? Was Frankenstein's monster in there too? Which one were you?" Steve asks.

"Neither. Samantha was the werewolf..."

"Samantha! You're cousin? She was in it too?" Steve laughs. "So I guess that would leave me as the vampire?" Steve replies as he points to himself. "That was one crazy nightmare Neal."

"Yes it was crazy and it's a good thing that you were the vampire." Neal replies.

Steve looks at him. "What do you mean...that it's a good thing? Neal?"

Neal then stands up. "Because you know werewolves....they're so....overrated. Because vampires...like me...is where it's at these days!" Then Neal smiles at him showing Steve his fangs as he hisses at him.

"Neal! Oh my god! What's happened to you?" Steve asks as he backs away.

"Come here Steve!"

"No Neal stay back! Don't come any closer!" Steve replies as he runs behind the sofa.

"Come on Steve just think about it. You and me! The two undead cops! Just think about all the bad guys we will be able to put away! We can't be killed. We will be the most bad ass cops ever! We will stay young and good looking like this...forever!"

"What about the sunlight? We're have to work the night shift forever!" Steve points out to him.

This causes Neal to laugh. "That's a myth! We can go out in the sunlight. And just think about the money we'll save on groceries." Neal replies.

"That's another thing I'm not too keen on drinking other people's blood. If you know what I mean. I can barely drink tomato juice." Steve points out.

"Don't worry about that! That's why they have blood banks!" Neal replies.

"How and when did this happen to you?" Steve asks.

"That weekend I spent in Mexico. Too much tequila. A woman made me a proposition I couldn't turn down. I went back to her place and well...you see the result. I wasn't so sure at first either...but now." Neal puts his hand out. "Join me. We could start a new series."

"I think that's been done already." Steve points out.

"We can call it 'Dusk'." Neal replies.

Steve puts his hands on his hips. "You know that's not a bad idea...wait! What in the hell am I saying?!" Steve replies as Neal comes around the sofa and Steve retreats. "Neal wait!" Steve replies as he puts his hand out to stop him.

"You love me don't you Steve?" Neal asks him.

"Yes of course you know I do." Steve replies.

"Then come with me. It's just a little pain then nothing. You wake up into a new world. A new being. Come on Steve let me put the bite on you...literally." Neal replies as he smiles at him.

Steve shakes his head. "I don't know."

Then before Steve can blink Neal is next to him. "I'll be gentle I promise." Neal then reaches out and grabs Steve before he can get away and before he can even cry out Neal sinks his fangs into Steve neck. Steve tries in vain to fight against him but it does no good. Neal holds him closer to him as he continues to drink. Neal holding his limp body as they both go to the floor. His life draining from him. Then...

Steve lets out a scream of terror as he rolls off of the sofa and onto the floor entangled in the blanket that he was covered with. Neal had fallen asleep in the recliner in front of the TV. Now the picture was all snow and the sound static.

Neal wakes up and he sits up quickly in the recliner when he hears Steve scream.

"What in the hell! Steve!? What happened?" Neal asks as he rubs his eyes.

"I had a nightmare and it was a doozy!" Steve replies as he pulls the blanket off raising himself off of the floor and onto the sofa. "You were a vampire! And I was a vampire! Samantha was a werewolf!!"

Neal laughs. "Samantha a werewolf?! You know she is no such thing." Neal gets up off of the recliner and he stretches. "You know Samantha is a witch." Neal replies as he takes Steve's hand and pulls him up off of the sofa.

"I know." Steve replies as he readjusts his tux tail coat. "How do I look?"

"Pretty good for a guy whose 150 years old." Neal replies. "Nobody would ever know that you were really a vampire." Neal looks at him as he puts his hands on his hips.

"And you my very hairy partner. Nobody will ever know that you were really a werewolf." Steve replies.

"Samantha is the one we should thank. With her being a witch and all she keeps us looking human all year long. Halloween is the only time we get to howl...no pun intended!!" Neal replies as he howls loudly.

"Sssshhhh!! I have neighbors you know!" Steve replies.

"Sorry! Let's go! Are my clothes in the back seat of the car?" Neal asks as they head for the front door of the apartment.

"Every year you ask me the same thing. Yes dear you know they are." Steve replies as he puts his hand out to stop Neal. "You're not planning to get in my car like that, are you?"

"Why?" Neal asks.

"Because I can never vacuumed up all the hair that you leave that's why."

"No I don't have to get into the car." Neal replies.

"Also this year when I whistle for you...you better come running! Last year I drove all the way to Hanford looking for you. I thought the dog pound picked you up or something!" Steve replies.

"Yes master anything else?" Neal asks.

"Yeah don't chase cars!" Steve replies as he opens the front door for them.

"Ah Steve... you know...I just can't help it." Neal replies as he goes outside.

"I know. I know." Steve replies as he shakes his head shutting the door behind them.

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"Steve."

"Yes Neal?"

"I don't mean to complain..." Neal replies.

"Oh yes you do."

"Okay. What in the hell is this?" Neal replies as he points at his costume.

"You told me nothing scary." Steve points out.

"Yes I did say that."

"And these costumes aren't scary and you also said nothing sexy." Steve replies.

"Yes I did say that too. Steve..."

"Yes Neal."

"Is this the best you could come up with?"

"Yeah. It's not that bad! Come on Neal!" Steve replies.

"Steve."

"Yes Neal?"

"Shouldn't there be like, oh I don't know, five more of us?" Neal asks.

"Well no not necessarily."

"Steve!! We're two of the Seven Dwarfs! Two of the Seven Dwarfs!!"

"You don't have to yell! I heard you the first time!" Steve replies.

"Okay then I want to be the good looking one!" Neal replies.

Steve raises his arms up in the air. "They don't have a good looking one! They have Sneezzy, Doc, and Dopey..."

Neal points at him. "That's you! You be the Dopey one!"

Steve lets that remark go. "...Bashful, Sleepy, Happy and look Neal this one is tailored made for you...Grumpy! You can be Grumpy! Ruby can be Snow White! She fits the costume."

Neal takes a deep breath with his hands on his green tight wearing hips tapping his foot that is shod in a shoe that turns up at the toes. Pushing the hat back up on his head.

"It's only for one night! Neal what are you doing?"

"These tights itch!" Neal replies as he scratches himself.

Steve bats his hands away. "Don't do that! It's rude and crude."

"Let's go!" Neal replies as he opens the door. "Wow! They call these things tight for a reason. Does my voice seem higher to you?"

"No! Let's go before Snow White turns into a pumpkin." Steve replies.

"I think that's Cinderella." Neal points out.

"Whatever!!" Steve replies.

Neal stops then he turns around. "From Steve and myself everybody out there have a safe and Happy Halloween."

"Yeah don't eat too much candy!" Steve replies.

"This has been a Public Service Announcement from the Detectives of the 9th Precinct! What was that? Don't eat too much candy?!" Neal replies as he shuts the door behind them.

