

Guardians of Mayfair: If M Night Shyamalan Could Write
Something Sweet

By

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EXT. MAYFAIR TOWN SQUARE - NOON

Spokes of a ten-speed bike spin to a rapid stop at a telephone pole. Adjacent Mayfair Gazette news stand box displays double column headline: WELCOME HOME, SSG DONALD MOON, WIA. Third column reads CAR ACCIDENT KILLS LOCAL MUSICIAN over ANIMAL CONTROL PURSUES FERAL DOGS.

MIKE, 17, steps off the bike, slaps a hammer stapler to a colorful sheet of paper into the telephone pole, reads: OPEN CALL, LEAD SINGER, TUESDAY 6pm, TRADER VIC's.

Mike turns around as MR. CHANEY, 50, corpulent wealth, sashays by. One hand holds his SHARPEI on a studded pink leash, dog looks just like Mr. Chaney. In his other hand he holds the graceful hand of his cross dressed BOYFRIEND, tastefully attired and accessorized for lunch.

DONALD MOON, 30, rolls up on his shiny red electric scooter, empty pants legs neatly folded up underneath his new stumps.

All silently nod acknowledgment to one another. The trio continues. Mike & Don quietly watch the threesome glide down the sidewalk. Mike & Don turn to each other. They grin.

MIKE

All... righty, then! You comin'
Tuesday night, Staff Sergeant? We
could really use your pipes.

DON

I don't know, Mike. Yesterday
was... a pretty busy day for me. I
was thinking I'll just lay low for
a few --

MR. FOOK, 60, rushes out of Fook's Chinese Restaurant.

MR. FOOK

Staff Sergeant Moon! Thank you for
delivering my brother's package!

DON

You're welcome Mr Fook. Any time.

MR. FOOK

No troubles? Directions good?

Flashback: Chromed wheelchair sparkles in the rain as Don gets soaked on a China Town street. Large tan box in his lap turns brown. He holds something over his head for futile rain protection. Pulls it down, looks at it, looks around, tilts his head up for mouthful of rain while people run around him. He wheels onward, smiles, suppresses laughter.

DON

It was no bother, Mr. Fook. Got caught in a little rain, but after three tours of Afghan desert --

Flashback: Don stands in uniform on a barren, arid mountain top while he surveys the valley below through field glasses.

DON (cont'd)

-- it was nice.

MR. FOOK

You're a good man, Staff Sergeant Moon. Chicken chow mein is on the house. For life!

Flashback: Don rips open a large brown MRE package. Rips open a smaller green MRE package. Rips open a clear plastic spork package. Digs pale, chicken-bullsh!t-whatever out of the green package. Looks disgusted. Eats with defeat.

DON

Not to be ungrateful Mr. Fook, but I've about had my fill of chicken for the rest of my life.

MR. FOOK

Oh! You want the good stuff, right?!

DON

I wouldn't dare ask, Mr. Fook...

MR. FOOK

Anything for you, Staff Sergeant Moon. You're a real life saver! You men have a good day. Kitchen duty calls!

Mr. Fook returns to his restaurant. Don looks up at Mike.

DON

I gotta get goin', Mike. Gotta see the doc. Later.

MIKE

Tuesday night! Be there!

Mike mounts the ten-speed, waves goodbye and shoves off just as Don starts forward on his electric scooter...

MRS. ANNE, 70, arthritic, stumbles out of her flower shop into the sidewalk. Fairly concerned, she borders on panic.

MRS. ANNE

Hello, Donald. Will you please help me to Doctor Hand's? I've cut myself rather bad.

She shows him a nasty cut in her left forefinger.

DON

Ewww! Ouch. Sure, Mrs. Anne. I'm headed right that way myself. You sit right here and get comfy. I don't need you squirming in my lap once we get going. I didn't get everything blown off.

MRS. ANNE

Oh, stop it! I'm old enough to be your grand mother!

DON

Yeah, but you've kept a good watch on your figure, Mrs. Anne. So, hold on.

They arrive under a hanging sign lettered: DR. HAROLD HAND. M.D. FAMILY PRACTICE just as JIM, 70, walks out. He coughs and lights up a cigarette.

MRS. ANNE

What's the matter Jim? You look pale as a ghost.

JIM

G'dafternoon, Mrs. Anne. Ehhh... Doc says cancer's back. Gonna cut out another spot or two.

Don & Mrs. Anne exchange breif, grave looks.

JIM (cont'd)

Don't know how I'm gonna 'ford it. Howdy, Don. Good to see you back, son.

Don's eyes narrow. DR. HAND, 55, walks out, impeccably dressed, places a reassuring hand on Jim's shoulder. His accent is English.

DR. HAND

You're going to be okay, Jim. But you need to quit that smoking.

JIM
Yessir. Thank you, Doc.

DR. HAND
Good afternoon Mrs. Anne. Staff
Sergeant Moon, nice set of wheels,
there.

DON
It's a real chick magnet, Sir.
Caught one already. Been wounded in
action herself, though.

Mrs. Anne, still seated in Don's lap on the scooter, holds
up her clutched, white handkerchief wrapped hand.

MRS. ANNE
I've sheared my own finger a bit.

DR. HAND
Come inside, Mrs. Anne. Let's take
a look at that. Staff Sergeant
Moon, you don't mind if I...

DON
No, Sir. Women and children first.
I.. ah.. want talk to Gunny for a
moment, anyway.

With a great creak and slam Jim opens his son's truck door
and sits. PHIL, 45, wears a Hawaiian shirt, black shades,
and sits behind the wheel of his rusted red F-10 pick-up.
Phil runs a black comb through a foot of black hair. His
beard and mustache are thick as a beaver's back. Don
scooters over to the truck door, window rolled down, men
seated.

DON (cont'd)
Gunny. Phil. Looks like three years
hasn't changed much around here.
Has it?

Jim & Phil nod. Don places a scarred hand in the window's
edge.

DON (cont'd)
Gunny, you've been a good friend to
my mother and father --

JIM
God rest their souls.

DON
 ... since before I was born. I'd
 like to return a favor. Can you
 fellas meet me... Tuesday evening
 at Vic's?

EXT. TRADER VIC'S FAMILY BAR - EVENING

Gravel parking lot is overflowing onto adjacent streets.
 More families enter than exit.

INT. TRADER VIC'S FAMILY BAR - EVENING

Don scooters through the standing crowd best it allows. Live
 band plays Joan Jett's "I Love Rock and Roll". SOCCER MOM
 slobbers on the mic, kills her cat with incomprehensible
 lyrics. Mike at sound control stares in awe, horrified.

Don waves to Mr. Fook seated with his family. Mrs. Anne sits
 with Jim behind the Fooks, they wave. Don waves back then
 spots at the bar Dr. Hand holding a scotch neat talking to
 Phil nursing something with an umbrella in it.

Drinks raised, cheers to Don, he scooters by Soccer Mom, she
 wrings out the last bit of life from her cat, to Mike at
 sound control.

DON
 How's the talent tonight?

MIKE
 'Bout time you showed up, Staff
 Sergeant. Aw, it's God awful
 terrible. It's worse then American
 Idle for hillbillies. Every jackass
 who's touched Guitar Hero in the
 last year is out here just
 murdering me. You savin' me from
 this, or not?

DON
 Yeah... Why not. Savin's what I do.

Soccer Mom staggers back to her laughing family. The band
 exchanges looks and sighs relief. Don scooters over to the
 band, they chit chat, he backs up and rolls over to the mic.
 Keyboard starts up with soft, simple chords. Don smiles
 while he drops the mic to his level. The house quiets down
 some.

DON
Evening, Mayfair!

EVERYONE IN THE HOUSE
Good evening, Staff Sergeant Moon!

He drops his head and smiles. Raises his head.

DON
I brought something special tonight
for someone VERY special to me and
my family, and I know to quite a
number of you.

Don pulls out his Army Special Forces beret, pokes his
finger through a hole in it, twirls it.

DON (cont'd)
This beret never saved my life but
it can help save the life of my
friend Gunnery Sergeant James
McClung. Gunny Jim!

The house audience long applauds Gunny Jim. He waves back.

DON (cont'd)
I'm going to pass this around and
ask that you kind folk of Mayfair
help out our old soldier.

Don turns to the band, nods, turns, passes the beret to the
nearest outstretched hand. Simple chords flow into
"Werewolves of London". Don looks at Mr. Fook. Mr Fook rocks
his GREAT GRAND DAUGHTER on his knee. Don's voice rolls like
smooth leather.

DON (cont'd)
I saw a werewolf with a Chinese
menu in his hand
Walking through the streets of Soho
in the rain
He was looking for a place called
Lee Ho Fook's

The house cheers! The Fook family claps their hands. Laughs.

DON
Going to get himself a big dish of
BEEF! chow mein
AH-OOOO! Werewolves of London
AH-OOOO!

If you hear him howling around your

DON
kitchen door
Better not let him in

Don looks over to Mrs. Anne and scowls.

DON
Pretty little lady got mutilated
late last night

Don smiles. Mrs. Anne blushes and clasps her bandaged hand to her face. The crowd rocks to the beat of the music.

DON (cont'd)
AH-OOOO! Werewolves of London again
C'mon everybody!

EVERYONE IN THE HOUSE
AH-OOOO! Werewolves of London

Don scooters back some and points to Dr Hand at the bar.

DON
He's the HARRY HAND-ed gent, who
ran away away from Kent

Audience laughs.

DON (cont'd)
Lately he's been overheard in
Mayfair

The house cheers! The beret gets passed around. Parents gently clap the hands of small children in their laps.

DON
Better stay away from him

Don's scooter spins a backward 180 arc, he points his finger like a spear at Jim. His eyes go wide! Jim smirks.

DON
He'll rip your lungs out, Jim!
I'd like to meet his tailor

The house cheers! Hands clap. The beret fills with cash donations.

EVERYONE IN THE HOUSE
AH-OOOO! Werewolves of London again
AH-OOOO! Werewolves of London

The bar goes quiet. Don in sotto voce:

DON
 Well, I saw Lon Chaney walking with
 the Queen
 Doing the...

Don mimics the best he can Mr. Chaney sashaying with his
 wrist out. The audience recognizes the imitation and howls
 with laughter.

DON
 I saw Lon Chaney JUNIOR! walking
 with the Queen
 Doing the...

Don imitates Mr. Chaney's sharpei and the audience falls
 apart laughing. Don turns back to the bar, waves to Phil.

DON (cont'd)
 I saw a werewolf drinking a pina
 colada at Trader Vic's

Don throws his head back, swishes his high-and-tight.

DON (cont'd)
 His hair was... perfect

Phil chuckles with reserve at his bar stool. The house
 cheers! There are now ball-caps and cowboy hats filled with
 donations being passed around. Claps and stomps continue.

EVERYONE IN THE HOUSE
 AH-OOOO! Werewolves of London again

EXT. TRADER VIC'S FAMILY BAR - NIGHT

Camera pulls back out of the bar's front door up into the
 night as the music slowly fades.

EVERYONE IN THE HOUSE
 AH-OOOO! Werewolves of London
 AH-OOOOOOOOO!

Pack of feral dogs runs down the middle of the street under
 lamp light, slowly pursued by animal control truck, amber
 lights revolve.

THE END

The above is the ORIGINAL VERSION as if it were to be directed similar to Lady Gaga's "Telephone" music video.

Below is the ALTERNATE ENDING as if it were character introduction to a feature or TV series.

EXT. TRADER VIC'S FAMILY BAR - NIGHT

Camera POV pulls out of the bar's front door into the dark parking lot, tire & hood height, as the music slowly fades.

EVERYONE IN THE HOUSE
 AH-0000! Werewolves of London
 AH-000000000!

POV pulls close along the hood of the passenger' side of a dark green SUV facing Trader Vic's Family Bar.

Pack of feral dogs runs between the fourth wall and the SUV.

Vinyl signage in the SUV door reads: BOYLES SURVEYING SERVICES & PROPERTY DEVELOPMENT.

Faceless passenger sits in the dark, nice suit, flicks cigar ashes into the parking lot out the window. Passenger takes a long pull on cigar, holds, blows out a smoke cloud, sucks it back in then blows it back out. Flicks ashes again.

He waits.

CUT TO: