

Hobos of London

by

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Based on the lyrics of Warren Zevon
Werewolves of London

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FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT

The train rumbles past the hobo town with the CLACK-CLACK of steel wheels on the long rails.

Moon light. Cardboard boxes, sleeping bags and old furniture clutter up hobo town.

FIVE HOBOS rest around the campfire now turned to embers. Rusted coffee cans spillover with the dinner leftovers.

Their attire consists of patched coats and pants with thread bare shirts.

They sit like men having a brandy and cigar rather than cheap liquor and cigarettes.

The largest of the hobos, BIG JOHN, 30s, big as a bear, sits next to DO TELL TED, 50s, gaunt. The other three, FAT TOM, THIN MAN, and NEIGHBOR, complete the circle.

Ted pulls the filter off his cigarette. He lights it with a borrowed cigarette. He cherishes it, nods at John.

Big John pulls out a brown-stained canvas bag, tied with a rope. He plops it in the middle of the hobos.

DO TELL TED

I saw a werewolf with a Chinese menu
in his hand...

He waits as his face turns a warm gold by the fire light.

FAT TOM

Go on, then. Tell your story. We don't
have anything better. I know, I've
heard them.

Thin Man and Neighbor nod. Fat Tom eyes the canvas bag.

BIG JOHN

Mates, they don't call him Do Tell for
nothing. Do tell Ted. Do tell.

DO TELL TED

...walking through the streets of Soho
in the rain. He was looking for a
place called Lee Ho Fook's. Going to
get himself a big dish of beef chow
mein --

FAT TOM

Werewolves of London? Chinese food?

Neighbor slurs his protest.

NEIGHBOR

What the hell? No way!

Big John flexes one of his arms. Fat Tom and Neighbor cower.
Big John motions for Ted to continue.

Ted looks each of them in the eye, lowers his voice.

DO TELL TED

If you hear him howling outside your
kitchen door, better not let him in.

Big John spurts in.

BIG JOHN

He's the hairy-handed gent who ran
amuck in Kent. Lately he's been
overheard in Mayfair. Not too far from
here, you know.

Ted gives Big John an exasperated look, continues with a crazy
shout.

DO TELL TED

Better stay away from him. He'll rip
your lungs out, Jim!

He points at Fat Tom, Thin Man and Neighbor. The three look at
each other, puzzled.

FAT TOM

No one here goes by Jim. This is a
story right?

Fat Tom regrets his second interruption, Big John gets up and stands behind Fat Tom.

DO TELL TED

Little old lady got mutilated late
last night. Werewolves of London
again? Werewolves of London.

Ted gazes at the canvas bag. The others follow his eyes. Fat Tom blurts out.

FAT TOM

What's in the bag?

Ted gets up and dances a jig with Big John. They sing a nonsense tune.

DO TELL TED

Well, I saw Lon Chaney walking with
the Queen doing the werewolves of
London.

BIG JOHN

I saw Lon Chaney, Jr. walking with the
Queen doing the werewolves of London.

Fat Tom and the others cast awkward glances at each other.

They move away from the two cackling dancers. But they look back at the bag and they stay.

FAT TOM

Werewolves of London? Right then. I'd
like to meet his tailor.

BIG JOHN

You can't meet his tailor, but you can
meet his poor old mum.

He unties the sack, dumps it on the ground, the decapitated head of an old lady stares back at the hobos. Long scratches cover the face.

Fat Tom vomits on Neighbor.

BIG JOHN

Aaaaa! Werewolves of London, draw
blood!

EXT. MAYFAIR, ENGLAND - NIGHT - FOUR WEEKS LATER

The train wheels and their CLACK-CLACK fade away. Different hobo town. SEVEN HOBOS sit by a fire. Two familiar figures sit among them.

DO TELL TED

I saw a werewolf drinking a pina
colada at Trader Vic's. His hair was
perfect...

A canvas bag sits by Big John's foot.

FADE OUT.