

...In Sheepskin

by  
Sean Chipman

Based on the song "Werewolves of London"  
By Warren Zevon

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAWN

A young man in an expensive-looking but blood-covered suit, DAVID CARLISLE (33), stands in front of the two-way mirror.

With his hands cuffed, he combs his hair with his fingers as the door opens. David doesn't acknowledge it.

CORPORAL JIM WESTIN (35), plainclothes, watches David.

JIM  
Can you have a seat, please?

DAVID  
Hang on. I can't quite get it right.

JIM  
I'm not asking.

David looks at Jim.

DAVID  
Suit yourself.

David sits at a metal table, faces the mirror. Jim sits opposite David.

Jim sets a folder on the table.

JIM  
I'm Corporal Jim Westin.

DAVID  
David Carlisle.  
(Clears throat)  
Were you one of my arresting officers?

JIM  
No, I wasn't.

DAVID  
Good. I didn't really like them.

JIM  
I'm sorry to hear that, David.

DAVID  
No, you're not.

JIM  
So, where do we begin?

DAVID  
You're the cop, man. I'm just  
visiting, here.

JIM  
Visiting?

David nods. Jim opens the folder, pulls out a couple crime scene photos.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Ethel McConnell, age seventy-three.  
A quiet old woman, who, until last  
night, was very much alive.  
(Sighs)  
You want to tell me what happened  
to her?

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The door gets kicked open by two POLICE OFFICERS, guns drawn.  
The police officers look in each direction with flashlights.  
They spot David in the same clothes, sitting Indian-style in  
a puddle of blood.

In front of him is ETHEL MCCONNELL (73), slashed to death.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVID  
I'd tell you but then I'd have to  
kill you.

Jim stares at David, stone-faced.

JIM  
So, are you claiming you don't know  
what happened to her?

DAVID  
You know, there's this great  
Chinese place near where I live.  
Called Lee Ho Fook's.

JIM

The murder, David. Help me out, here, because you're looking at some serious time if you don't.

DAVID

Their beef chow mein, I'm telling you is amazing. You should really try it sometime.

Jim slams his hand on the table. This gets David's attention.

JIM

You were at the scene, sitting in front of her. You're in the same clothes that are covered in her blood for Christ sakes!

DAVID

And?

JIM

And... this isn't the first crime scene we've had like this.

Jim spreads a couple other crime scene photos on the table.

JIM (CONT'D)

Jerry Renfro, age 26. Former resident of 276 Kent Street. Do you know anything about that?

David stares down at the pictures.

INT. TRADER VIC'S - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

David sits at a table. He drinks a piña colada. Between sips, he looks up a pretty boy-type, JERRY RENFRO (26).

Jerry talks and laughs with the bartender before he turns to leave. David takes a \$20 from his pocket and follows him out.

BACK TO SCENE

JIM

From the sound of things, someone sure ran amuck on Kent. In one night, one dead, three on life support and one is comatose, possibly for the rest of his life.

DAVID

Once again, it's not my fault. And, really, I feel for the victims and their families.

JIM

I'm sure you do. How about 31-year old Leslie Jacobs of 1744 Mayfair Place? Any of this ringing a bell?

DAVID

What if it is? Are you going to imply that I'm responsible?

JIM

No. I bet you a jury does, though.

DAVID

(Laughs)

You know, I'd love to rip your lungs out, right now.

Jim sits up straight in his chair.

JIM

You would, huh?

David rolls his eyes.

DAVID

Of course not, man. I think that would be downright mean.

JIM

What about Leslie? You're not really answering me on this one.

DAVID

I'm still undecided on that one.

INT. LEE HO FOOK'S - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

David sits at a table, almost finished with beef chow mein. He wipes his mouth with a Wet Nap.

David looks over, checks out a woman in a short skirt and a tube top, LESLIE JACOBS (31), who picks up a take-out order.

LESLIE

Thank you so much.

Leslie takes two large paper bags and leaves. David stands up, throws his platter in the trash.

David grabs a menu off the trashcan and follows Leslie.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

David walks a short distance behind Leslie. He walks with his arms behind his back.

Slowly, David's right hand becomes a wolf's claw.

BACK TO SCENE

JIM  
So? Anything to tell me?

DAVID  
(Sighs)  
All right. You caught me.

David throws his hands in the air.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I swing both ways.

Jim looks flabbergasted.

JIM  
Excuse me?

DAVID  
I like guys and chicks. Is there some crime in that?

JIM  
You have... nothing else to tell me?

DAVID  
Not as far as I know.

Jim puts the photos back in the folder. He stands up.

JIM  
I'll be back in a few minutes.

DAVID  
You may want to give me my phone call soon so I can make bail before nightfall.

JIM  
Why is that, David?

DAVID  
I'm not as personable at night.

JIM  
Well, we'll see about your calls,  
ok?

DAVID  
No rush.

Jim takes the folder, leaves the room.

David stands up and walks over to the mirror. He begins to  
comb his hair with his fingers again.

FADE OUT.

THE END.