

FADE IN.

INT. LEE HO FOOK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A dive bar. Low lights. Rain pounds from the outside.

The bartender, LONNIE CHAN, (37) has a Chinese menu in his hand. He puts it under the bar.

A couple sits at one end of the bar. Lonnie approaches.

LONNIE
Almost closin' time.
(To woman)
Another pina colada?

WOMAN
No, thank you.

LONNIE
(To man)
How's the beef chow mein?

MAN
Good, thanks. Can we get the bill?

LONNIE
Yes, sir.

Lonnie rings the couple up.

On the other end of the bar, JIM MAYFAIR, (28) sits. Lowly and drunk. He wears an expensive suit.

Empty beer bottles and shot glasses in front of him.

The couple pays. They get up and leave.

LONNIE (CONT'D)
(To couple)
Have a good night.

They exit.

Lonnie turns his attention to Jim.

LONNIE (CONT'D)
Jim, right?

No acknowledgement.

LONNIE (CONT'D)
Closin' time, my good man.

Jim looks up. His eyes glassy and speech slurred.

JIM
Can I get another one?

Lonnie cleans up the bottles and glasses.

LONNIE
I think you met your quota. Can I
call you a cab?

He sits up straight, stretches his arms.

JIM
I drove.

LONNIE
That's why I asked.

Jim scoffs.

JIM
I'm fine. Just not ready to pack it
in yet.

Lonnie stands over a sink. He cleans a beer stein.

LONNIE
Well, I'm closing so I'm gonna need
you to pack it up from here.

Jim nods. He looks over to the other end of the bar.

A jukebox sits in the corner.

JIM
That a real jukebox?

Lonnie nods. He dries the stein.

He scoots the chair back, stands. Jim approaches.

Jim places his hand on the jukebox. He steadies himself.

JIM (CONT'D)
(To Lonnie)
Any good songs in here?

No answer.

He looks. A song piques his interest.

JIM (CONT'D)
(Chuckles)
You got "There's No Easy Way Out?"

Lonnie continues at the sink.

LONNIE
Guess so.

Jim reaches into his pants pocket. He pulls out a quarter.

The quarter clanks into the jukebox.

He begins to put in the code for the song.

Jim turns to Lonnie.

JIM
I haven't heard this song in
forever!

He finishes the code, turns back to the jukebox.

Lonnie turns around.

LONNIE
Hey, man. I gotta close up.

Jim steadies himself. He walks back to the bar.

JIM
Just after this song.

LONNIE
Well, you mind paying your bill?

He laughs.

JIM
Oh, yeah. Sorry.

Jim takes out his wallet.

LONNIE
Thirty-two.

JIM
Here's forty.

Lonnie takes the money.

The song begins.

Both men turn towards the jukebox.

"Werewolves Of London" by Warren Zevon plays.

A look of confusion comes over Jim.

JIM (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

Behind the bar, Lonnie smiles.

JIM (CONT'D)
This isn't what I wanted.

LONNIE
Nice suit.

Jim turns to Lonnie.

LONNIE (CONT'D)
I'd like to meet your tailor.

He turns his attention back to the jukebox. Jim takes a step.

JIM
I hate this song.

A hairy hand with a large claw clamps down on Jim's shoulder.

Jim turns.

Lonnie transformed into a werewolf. His ears pointed, a hair-covered face. Pointed fangs. He snarls.

LONNIE
I love this song.

The claw digs deep into Jim's shoulder.

Lonnie pulls Jim over the bar. He begins to maul him.

The song continues to play.

Jim screams from behind the bar. Lonnie growls.

In sync with the song, Lonnie raises his head above the bar. Blood has stained his fur.

LONNIE (CONT'D)
Ahhwoooooo!

He lowers his head and continues to maul.

Jim's screams subside.

Lonnie stands up. Now human, his face covered in blood.

LONNIE (CONT'D)
(Towards Jim)
Told you I love this song.

The song continues to play.

He looks down.

LONNIE (CONT'D)
(Chuckling)
Sorry about the lungs, Jim.

Lonnie walks from behind the bar. He approaches the jukebox.

He fixes his hair, wipes his face with his hand.

The song ends.

Lonnie reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a quarter.

He puts it into the jukebox, punches in the code.

"Werewolves Of London" begins again.

A smile comes over Lonnie's face.

LONNIE (CONT'D)
(In sync with the song)
Ahhwooooooo... Werewolves of
London, Ahhwooooooo!

FADE OUT.