

THE RIDING HOODS' CREED

By

Pia Cook

FADE IN:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

A near full moon casts its bluish light on a railway bridge high above a river.

A man, silhouetted against the moon, stands on the edge of the bridge.

His name is LONNIE (28). Head shaved on the sides. The hair replaced with biker tattoos. A long Mohawk braid hangs down his back. He looks scruffy in his biker outfit. A patch on his leather jacket reads, The Riding Hoods.

Six MEN of various ages in similar attire stand twenty feet in front of Lonnie. Their faces serious.

In their right hands, they all hold revolvers.

The oldest of the bikers, HARRY (50), gazes at Lonnie. His eyes hard, but with a tinge of sadness.

HARRY
Got anything to say?

Lonnie shakes his head, no.

Harry glances over at the other bikers.

HARRY
Ready.

All six men, assume the weaver stance.

HARRY
Aim.

All guns aimed at Lonnie. CLICK! Hammers pulled.

Lonnie closes his eyes, takes a deep breath.

HARRY
Fire!

Six revolvers fire simultaneously.

In extreme slow motion, six silver bullets hurl towards Lonnie.

On the last frame before impact --

CUT TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

A smoky haze floats across the room. Music blares.

Bikers, along with a few slutty women, drink and have fun.

Lonnie, Harry and two other Riding Hoods members play pool.

The door opens. GWEN (15) struts in. She wears high heels, a short tight black leather skirt. An even shorter and tighter red top. She makes her way to the bar. Tries to act cool.

The bartender, BOOKER (40), also a Riding Hoods member, eyes her up and down with a cocked brow.

Gwen sits down on the stool. Some patrons cast curious glances her way.

GWEN

Can I have some water please?

BOOKER

How old are you?

GWEN

(defiant)

Jeez! I'm only ordering water.

BOOKER

This is a bar. If you're under twenty-one, you're not allowed in here.

GWEN

What are you gonna do? Throw me out?

Booker nods with a smirk. Gwen glares at him.

GWEN

You touch me, and I'm calling the cops and --

BOOKER

-- they'll be happy I did the right thing.

Lonnie and Harry stroll up to the bar.

HARRY

What's going on, Booker?

BOOKER

Says she's gonna call the cops on me if I throw her out, but she can't stay here, she's just a kid.

Gwen's pissed off.

GWEN

I'm not a kid!

(starts to unbutton her skirt)

I'll take my clothes off, show you I ain't no kid.

Lonnie and Booker stare at Gwen amused. Harry grabs her arm, pulls her in, close to his ruddy face. Startles her. He speaks in a low menacing voice.

HARRY

Listen, little girl. If you haven't noticed yet, this is a biker bar. We're bikers. We're not the finest society has to offer. All these guys you see in here have committed at least one felony each.

Gwen's nervous. A little scared even.

HARRY

If I were you, I wouldn't stroll in here looking like a cheap piece of ass, begging these guys to have a go at you, because they'd give it to you, hard, and they wouldn't think twice about it.

Harry lets go of Gwen.

HARRY

Now go back home to your parents.

Gwen pouts.

GWEN

My parents are gone.

HARRY

Then go the hell home to whoever you live with then.

GWEN
I live with my grandma.

HARRY
And, where the fuck does she live?

Gwen pouts some more.

GWEN
Paradise Court.

LONNIE
I know where that is. A trailer
park about five miles south.

Harry checks his watch, heads over to a window, looks out.

THROUGH WINDOW:

The moon's faint light is just behind the tree line.

Harry turns to Lonnie.

HARRY
You got forty-five minutes. If you
cut through the woods, you
should've plenty of time.

GWEN
I don't wanna go home.

HARRY
Trust me, tonight ain't the night
little girls wanna be out walking
by themselves.
(to Lonnie)
No time to fuck around, Lonnie.
Take her home to grandma, then get
back here before eleven.

Lonnie takes a hold of Gwen's arm, leads her to the door. She
tries to pull free. Like a scolded kid.

HARRY
Lonnie.

Lonnie turns to look at Harry who points at his watch.

HARRY
Eleven sharp. Not a minute late.

LONNIE
Don't worry. I know the rules.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Lonnie rides his steel horse down the road. Gwen sits behind him, holds on tight to his jacket.

Lonnie slows down, turns onto a dirt pathway into the woods.

They drive across a small meadow.

Broken glass lays scattered on the path.

Lonnie's rear tire rolls through the shards. CRUNCH. PFFHHT.

The tire goes flat.

Lonnie realizes something's wrong. He stops the bike, gets off. He sees the flat tire.

LONNIE

Fuck!

Gwen jumps off, stares at the tire. Lonnie checks his watch, then looks up at the sky. It's a little brighter now as the moon peaks over the tree tops.

Lonnie scratches his chin. A few hairs have sprouted. A hint of worry crosses his eyes.

GWEN

Can you fix it?

LONNIE

Yeah, but there's not enough time.

Gwen scoffs.

GWEN

You afraid your daddy's gonna get
pissed off if you're late?

Lonnie glares at her.

LONNIE

He's not my daddy.

She rolls her eyes.

GWEN

Whatever.

Lonnie thinks hard for a moment.

LONNIE

Listen, I'm gonna fix the tire and ride back to the club. You have to go the rest of the way on your own.

Gwen stares at him in disbelief.

GWEN

You want me to walk alone through the woods?

Lonnie lifts the bike's seat up, takes out some tools, a can of fix-a-flat.

LONNIE

Can't be more dangerous than looking like a slut and walking into a bar full of --

Lonnie peers up at the treetops where the crest of the moon is now visible.

LONNIE

-- bikers.

He feels his chin again. More hair. He drops down on his knees, to fix the flat.

Hair on his forearms, peek out under the sleeves.

Gwen sits down on the ground, watches him. She pulls her knees up. Exposes more than she should.

Lonnie peers over at her. Sees more than he should. He averts his eyes, continues to work on the tire.

Gwen keeps her eyes on Lonnie, runs her fingers up her calf.

GWEN

Do you think I'm sexy?

Lonnie glances over at her. He's got a good beard now. He grunts, turns back to the tire.

Gwen admires her legs.

GWEN

My grandma says I have really nice legs. What do you think?

LONNIE

Just shut up, will you.

Gwen does, for now.

One third of the moon's now exposed over the treetops.

GWEN

That other guy said you all had
committed a felony.

LONNIE

Part of the initiation.

Gwen mulls this over.

GWEN

What kind of felony did you commit?

Lonnie looks over at her. Gwen gazes at his beard, bushy
eyebrows...yellow tinted eyes.

LONNIE

Rape.

Gwen clamps her knees together. Blocks the view.

Lonnie glides his tongue over his lips. The tips of his
elongated canines are briefly seen.

LONNIE

Murder.

Gwen tugs on her skirt to cover her legs. Doesn't work. She
covers her chest with her arm.

GWEN

How come you ain't in prison?

LONNIE

I was never caught.

He gazes up at the half exposed moon. Sniffs the air.

LONNIE

They assumed an animal killed her.

Gwen scrunches her face.

GWEN

An animal?

He whips his head around to fix his yellow eyes on her.

LONNIE

The DNA on her wasn't human.

Gwen shudders.

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

All the women are gone. Only Harry, Booker and six other Riding Hoods members remain.

Harry paces. Checks his watch.

BOOKER

He's cutting it close, Harry.

HARRY

I know. Five more minutes and we have to lock up.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lonnie works on the tire. His back to Gwen. He grunts a lot. Almost animal-like sounds.

Gwen watches him. Curious. Not entirely unafraid.

The full moon is almost completely above the tree tops.

Lonnie glances up at it. His canines are longer. His face more hairy. He gets up, turns to Gwen.

Gwen's eyes widen in confusion. Horror. She jumps up.

Lonnie pulls his belt off. Gwen gasps, scared.

GWEN

You gonna hurt me?

LONNIE

Not if you do what I tell you to.

He hands her the belt.

LONNIE

Tie me to that tree.

Gwen's really confused.

GWEN

That's kinda kinky.

LONNIE

You walk into a biker bar and you're afraid of kinky?

GWEN

No. My cousin used to tie me up when I was young.

LONNIE

Young?

GWEN

When I was ten.

Lonnie stares at her with his yellow eyes.

LONNIE

That's not kinky. That's sick.

Gwen shrugs.

GWEN

She was into that kind of thing.

Lonnie stalks over to a tree, wraps his arms around it.

LONNIE

Tie my wrists together.

Lonnie's breathing changes. He pants. Like a dog...or wolf.

Gwen's unsure.

LONNIE

Do it, girl! Do it now, or by God,
you better start running!

INT. BIKER BAR - NIGHT

All the bikers now have lots of facial hair. Their physical changes similar to Lonnie's. Yellow eyes. Lots of grunts.

BOOKER

He's not coming, Harry! We can't
wait any longer!

Harry's troubled, but makes up his mind.

HARRY

All right, let's lock-up.

They all head towards a door behind the bar.

INT. BIKER BAR - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A cramped room with several cage-like cells.

Each one of the bikers, go inside their own cage. Harry follows. Locks each one with a padlock.

The men turn more animal-like. Some howl. Others growl.

Harry enters one cage, locks it with a padlock with a timer on it. He tosses the keys safely away from anyone's reach.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Lonnie's tied to the tree under a full moon.

He howls at the moon. Saliva drips from his mouth. His canines look vicious. He tugs against the belt.

Gwen stares at Lonnie in horror.

GWEN

Holy shit!

LONNIE

(growling)

Run girl!

She backs away.

GWEN

What's happening?

LONNIE

What the fuck does it look like?

She gasps, covers her mouth with her hand.

GWEN

You look like a...werewolf.

Lonnie rubs his wrists against the belt. Tries to get free. He stares at Gwen with hungry eyes.

LONNIE

Run, girl, or I will kill you!

Gwen stands horrified, unable to move, then she kicks off her high heels, takes off into the woods as fast as she can.

Lonnie howls after her, then turns to the moon with a full wolf like howl.

INT. BIKER BAR - BACK ROOM - NIGHT

The bikers are fully morphed. They growl and howl. Make aggressive moves at each other.

They throw themselves at their cages. They are animals...contained for everyone's safety.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

A near full moon casts its bluish light on a railway bridge high above a river.

Lonnie stands on the edge of the bridge, silhouetted against the moon.

Six Riding Hoods members, including Harry and Booker, stand twenty feet in front of Lonnie. Their faces serious.

In their right hands, they all hold revolvers.

HARRY

You let her get away, Lonnie, and now there's a teenage girl out there who knows about us. Knows what we are.

Lonnie's lips tighten. Shame all over him.

HARRY

What's our first rule, Lonnie?

LONNIE

Don't let anyone know our true nature.

HARRY

We're not much for rules, but that one...it's a matter of survival.

HARRY gazes at Lonnie. His eyes hard, but with a tinge of sadness.

HARRY

Got anything to say?

Lonnie shakes his head, no.

Harry glances over at the other bikers.

HARRY

Ready.

All six men assumes the weaver stance.

HARRY

Aim.

All guns aimed at Lonnie. CLICK! Hammers pulled.

Lonnie closes his eyes, takes a deep breath.

HARRY

Fire!

Six revolvers fire simultaneously.

In extreme slow motion, six silver bullets hurl towards Lonnie.

The last second before impact, end slow motion.

The bullets slam into Lonnie's chest. Blood sprays out.

The force pushes him backwards, off the bridge.

Lonnie falls gracefully down through the dark night air to the black water beneath.

FADE OUT: