

Things Can Get Hairy

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Rain falls in a light drizzle. The streetlights cast a hazy glow. A WEREWOLF, clad in jeans, T, and a jacket, walks quickly. He scans the shops as he passes. His furry hand clutches a large Chinese menu. WARREN, a blonde man with glasses, stops him.

WARREN

Need any help, friend?

WEREWOLF

Yeah, um, trying to find a place called...

(checks menu)

...Lee Ho Fook's?

WARREN

Fook's? Ah, yes, I know it. Next left, then the first right. It's on the corner. They do a great beef chow mein.

WEREWOLF

So I've heard. Thanks for your help.

WARREN

No problem.

(beat)

Oh, and here's a couple of pounds.

WEREWOLF

Um, what for?

WARREN

Buy yourself some razors.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The Werewolf howls outside the back door of an old house. The door opens a crack, an OLD LADY peers out blindly.

OLD LADY

Jim, is that you? Been down the pub again, haven't you?

The Werewolf leaps forward, drags her out. ROARS in her face.

OLD LADY(CONT'D)

Oh, Jim...your breath is horrid tonight. I\_\_\_

Her words are silenced as the Werewolf rips into her.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

An elderly man, JIM, enjoys a pint at the bar. The barman reads a newspaper.

BARMAN

Hmm, I see some maniac has been running amok in Kent. Speculation it's a werewolf. Can you believe that?

JIM

Well, those folk down there have always been a bit odd like.

BARMAN

True...and this 'hairy handed gent', as they describe him, has been overheard in Mayfair.

JIM

More good news. Those toffee nosed twats deserve it...

BARMAN

Ha! Werewolf, hey? I'd sure like to meet his tailor!

They both laugh. Jim drains his pints, stands.

JIM

Better get home, I suppose. The scone burner might get suspicious.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Jim strolls along, whistling. The Werewolf lunges from an alley. In no time, Jim's lungs are hanging from a ripped open chest cavity.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT

Warren walks past the gates. He hears SOUNDS, and peers in through the bars. Queen Elizabeth 11 and Lon Chaney are dancing, their motions involving GROWLING and clawing at the air. Warren blinks, looks again. This time, Her Majesty's partner is Lon Chaney Jr.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Warren walks in. Patrons are scattered about, drinking, playing darts. The Werewolf stands at the bar. His hair is perfectly oiled and combed. Low MUSIC plays on a jukebox.

WEREWOLF

Hey, it's my restaurant finder! Can I buy you a pina colada?

WARREN

Thank you. That's very kind.

The Werewolf signals to the barman. He whips up two drinks. The Werewolf hands one to Warren. A sharp claw inadvertently slices Warren's knuckles. Blood drips.

WARREN(CONT'D)

Ow...

WEREWOLF

Oh, man, so sorry.

He stares at the crimson fluid. His eyes glow, saliva oozes from his jaws. Around the bar, the other people start to shimmer and transform...

WARREN

It's ok. Just a scratch.

WEREWOLF

I didn't...mean to...

(beat)

Draw blood.

He flings his glass away, HOWLS at the ceiling. His fur ripples. Warren steps back, looks about. The bar is packed with werewolves, even the barman is one. The music grows LOUDER and the creatures SING along...

'Ah-ooo, werewolves of London'

'Ah-ooo...'

'Ah-ooo, werewolves of London'

'Ah-ooo...'

FADE OUT.

END