

A-Hoo!

By

Mike Shelton

Copyright 2010

shelton.mike@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - UNKNOWN

A dreary, no frills room, with a cheap, bright light situated over an even cheaper set of table and chairs.

A two way mirror is on the wall to the right of the door.

Three men enter the room. Two of them, JIM and KINCAID, both in their forties, look relatively normal.

The third, LAWRENCE, is not so normal. He's a werewolf, and also has his hands cuffed behind his back.

Jim sits Lawrence down in one of the chairs, uncuffs him, then takes a seat across from him. Kincaid stands in front of the door.

Jim takes out a small notepad and pen, touches pen to paper.

JIM
Name?

LAWRENCE
Lawrence.

JIM
That your first or last name?

LAWRENCE
First. My last name's Talbot.

JIM
Eye color?

LAWRENCE
Brown.

JIM
Hair color?

Lawrence doesn't answer, just stares. Really?

JIM
Um...also brown.

LAWRENCE
Excuse me, but why am I here?

JIM

Just getting to that. A little old lady got mutilated late last night.

Lawrence doesn't understand.

LAWRENCE

What's that got to do with me? I didn't do it.

JIM

We have witnesses that place you at the scene. Say you were howling around her kitchen door.

LAWRENCE

Howling? Really? That's absurd.

JIM

Then where were you?

LAWRENCE

Down at Lee Ho Fook's, having some beef chow mein.

KINCAID

Large or small?

LAWRENCE

Big dish.

Kincaid steps forward.

KINCAID

Liar! Nobody can eat that much!

Jim holds up a hand to stop Kincaid's advance.

JIM

Can anyone corroborate that story?

LAWRENCE

Lee probably can. He knows me. I also have this.

The werewolf holds a Chinese menu in his hand. Jim takes it, gives it a once over.

LAWRENCE

Give me a couple days and I can get you the receipt from my tailor slash dry cleaner too. My suede coat got ruined walking through Soho in the rain.

JIM
He a good tailor?

LAWRENCE
The best.

JIM
I'd like to meet him.

LAWRENCE
You've got a better shot of seeing
Lon Chaney walking with the Queen
than getting in as a new customer
with him.

Jim is disappointed.

JIM
Oh well. We'll look into this
menu, but we have to hold you until
we can confirm your story.

A knock comes from the other side of the two way
mirror. Jim looks to it.

JIM
Yeah.

The officer's voice comes through a speaker.

OFFICER (O.S.)
Let him go.

JIM
What? Why?

OFFICER (O.S.)
We got a full description from one
of our witnesses. Our mutilator is
apparently the same hairy handed
gent that's been running amuck in
Kent.

JIM
And?

Jim looks to Lawrence, who showcases his hands. His totally
bare hands.

KINCAID
Oh that's crap! He could've shaved
them. Right, Jim?

JIM

Right.

Kincaid looks closer.

KINCAID

Actually, that might be Nair. His hands look baby soft. It's Nair, isn't it? Answer me!

LAWRENCE

I assure you it's not. The fellow you're looking for has been heard around Mayfair lately. Better stay away from him. He'll rip your lungs out, Jim.

JIM

We can handle it. Just don't get any ideas about skipping town in the meantime.

Lawrence gets up.

LAWRENCE

You fellas need anymore from me, I'll be havin' a Pina Colada down at Trader Vic's.

Lawrence walks to the mirror, taps on it.

LAWRENCE

How's my hair look?

OFFICER (O.S.)

Perfect.

Lawrence smiles.

LAWRENCE

Nice.

Lawrence exits.

FADE OUT.