

A **Gay** Werewolf in
Newcastle

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INT. AN AVERAGE LOCAL BAR
NEWCASTLE, UK

JASON (25) and RONNIE (25) are in a bar. It's a dowdy pub on the quay side, dark décor used splendidly to create the perfect bar in which to pull Newcastle-folk, the surroundings so obscure that it's impossible to see what you've got your hands on until you're out the door and shrouded in the more ample lights of the back streets.

Jason and Ronnie are standing at the counter. Ronnie glances over at a group of guys in the corner. They look like trouble. Shaved heads and rough appearances. The guys repeatedly look over at Jason and Ronnie with obvious disdain.

RONNIE

I'm just saying... We're not in Soho for God's sake. This is not London. We're in Newcastle upon Tyne. The locals here make Hitler look liberal. Just tone it down, will ya?

JASON

This is not a fashion statement to be toned down. This is who I am. Tone it down? I'm not afraid of my sexuality.

RONNIE

Neither am I. I'm afraid of being beaten-up by Nazis.

JASON

In a perfect world, I should be able to wear, say, and think how I like.

RONNIE

Oh, don't start that "perfect world" bollocks. "In a perfect world..." What the hell does that mean? "In a perfect world". You're like those women that dress up in a bra and thong, walk down an alley way late and night with their billfold sticking out of their crotches, get raped and then act indignant when someone suggests they could've helped prevent it. "In a perfect world".

JASON

If you change the way you are to suit bigots and homophobes then they've already won. If you avoided living because of what might happen, you'd never do anything.

RONNIE

I'm not saying stop being gay, am I? No one's saying you start smoking cigars and wearing cowboy boots.

JASON

Been there. Done it!

RONNIE

I'm saying camouflage it a bit. Be a little more... surreptitious. How is it going to change your life if you're more steak and less mince in public? Not one iota. You'll still date guys, have gay friends, be accepted by the people that accept you and be rejected by those who don't. But you won't attract so many insults and the occasional slap.

JASON

I wouldn't be true to myself. I wouldn't change my voice, my walk or my posture if... if I was reincarnated.

EXT. STREET

Ronnie and Jason are walking side by side through the streets of the quay. Jason is openly effeminate and dancing around excitedly. Ronnie still seems nervous as he walks through the badly-lit streets.

JASON

Oh, look at you. You look about as sure of yourself as a fat man on a tightrope. Just relax. Oooh, look at the pretty bridge.

RONNIE

Jesus, man!

JASON

Why did you come back to Newcastle if you knew it was so bad?

RONNIE

It's my home town. And when I'm on my own, I'm not nervous. When I'm with you, I may as well be carrying a pink flag and wearing a tiara.

Jason smiles and walks closer to Ronnie.

JASON

Oh, I see. You're worried about being jumped from behind.

Jason tickles Ronnie and Ronnie smiles. They continue walking up the bank. They walk down an alley and two men from the bar, KENNY (30s) and GARETH (30s) suddenly step out from the shadows and block their path.

KENNY

Thought we'd pop out for a fag!

Gareth laughs.

RONNIE

Hey, guys.

KENNY

We don't like your kind around here.

JASON

What? Conservatives? Fluent English speakers? Male hairdressers?

KENNY

Arse-bandits! Chocolate star-fish munchers!

JASON

I've never eaten a chocolate star-fish. Are they like animal crackers?

RONNIE

Look, you've made a mistake. We're not gay. We don't want any trouble.

KENNY

You look gay. Your friend sounds gay. You know what they say. If it walks like a duck...

JASON

It's probably you're sister!

Kenny jumps forward to attack Jason. Ronnie throws himself in the way and is hit in the face. He fights back but is brought to the ground. Jason is pushed against a wall and punched twice in the stomach by Gareth.

JASON

Only midnight and already up against a wall.

Gareth punches him once more for good measure and he falls to the ground.

JASON

You punch like my sister! You two should get together!

Gareth returns and kicks him.

JASON

And you think I'm gay.

Gareth returns and kicks again

GARETH

Will you shut the fuck up!

Kenny and co turn and walk away, leaving Jason with his back against the wall clutching at his stomach, and poor Ronnie nursing a sore eye and bleeding nose.

KENNY

Fancy a drink? All that queer-bashin's made me thirsty.

Ronnie rises to his feet and helps Jason up.

JASON

What idiots! Well, didn't that make for an adventurous evening?

RONNIE

Why did you do it?

JASON

I beg your pardon?

RONNIE

You! With all the jokes. Why couldn't you just have toned it down until we got to the bus? I have to work tomorrow. Oh, forget it.

Ronnie walks away, leaving Jason leaning on his wall.

JASON

Where you going?

RONNIE

I'm going to walk home. Alone!

JASON

But it's dark. You could get mugged. [one beat] I promise to be less gay... Ron... Bunny?

EXT. HIGH STREET

Jason's walking by himself, passed by young drunks and revellers. He sees the Metro Station and stops for a second in front of it.

JASON

Nah, nice night for a walk!

EXT. MOON

The moon is large and full and makes the night an eerie place to be. From a distant point a noise is heard, a wolf like howl fills the sky.

EXT. THE TOWN MOOR

Jason walks soulfully along the winding path that stretches the length of Newcastle Town Moor. Equally spaced street lamps flicker adding a feeling of isolation and loneliness. The end of the moor can't be seen, but the lights of the city centre create an attractive skyline, and the moon partially lights the way.

JASON

This place is weird. No, that wasn't my fault.

Jason stops and turns for a second back towards the city lights in the distance.

JASON

You wanker, Ronnie. Be masculine when it counts for a change. Stand up for yourself.

Jason turns back to the dark path and continues walking. The street lamps flicker as he walks. One moment he's in light and the next in complete darkness. Light, then darkness. Light, then darkness. He seems unfazed as he ponders the night's events and his own misfortune until he hears an eerie sound from the distance...

The howl resounds around him and he stops, wide-eyed, and stares around curiously. For the longest possible moment all is quiet and Jason stops his pitter-patter to listen. Nothing. What was it?

JASON

I'll never understand Geordies.

Jason continues his walk for a second and then again he's stopped in his tracks by a second howl. This time the howl is closer.

JASON

What the hell?

Another howl sends shivers down his spine and he starts to walk, this time at a slightly hurried pace.

The howl has now stopped and all that can be heard is the rapid clip-clop of Jason's shoes against the tarmac as he minces along the path.

A final howl and Jason is practically running. But then he hears another sound; much, much closer and much more distinct.

There's a growl from somewhere in front of him. He stops his run as if frozen in place and peers into the distance. He walks backwards slowly to the nearest street light and stands in the imagined safety of its warming glow, shaking, straining to see from where the growl came.

The light flickers. A moment in darkness, and then a moment in light. A moment in darkness, then a moment in light. Each moment in darkness feels like an eternity as his eyes see nothing but endless black.

Then he hears it again. It's a definite growl and now behind him. He spins and looks around but there's nothing. Then he sees, something, something large, something dark, walking just outside of the glow of the street light. And it's circling him.

JASON (nervously)

OK, this is just not my night. Beaten by fascists. Ditched by best friend. And now stalked by a Geordie's idea of a loving house-hold pet. Why can't they just get beagles or Chihuahuas like normal people?

The shape growls again. In the centre of the glow Jason turns, peering out at the dark mass at the edge of permissible sight.

JASON

What the hell is that?

The light flickers on the street light.

JASON

Oh, this is silly. It's a dog. Here boy. Nice... nice... big fucking monster! Could be worse, eh? [one beat] Yeah, right. How could this night get any worse?

A final flicker and the street light dies.

From the blankness...

JASON

Oh, come on. You have *got* to be joking!

Jason listens intently and strains to see into the night but can see nothing now except a few metres of path in front of him, the glow of the city behind him, and the rough grass of the moors disappearing into nothingness. Far in the distance there is another functioning street light but it is a good minute.

The growl is heard one more time and then a beast's breathing. Whatever it is, it's close!

JASON

Nice monster. I'm going to die.

The breathing gets closer, then closer and then the attack happens...

A large growl and a metallic bang and Jason finds himself lying on the cold grass.

The street light flickers on and then off again. And then on. There's light.

Jason is holding his arm, blood pouring from three scratches on the surface of the skin. He looks over at the lamppost and sees a crumpled mess of hair. Like someone has left a giant black rug bundled up against the opposite side of the lamppost. Two hairy dog like arms reach out from each side of the base, one with a fragment of Jason's shirt in its grasp. The clump of hair and blood seems completely lifeless.

JASON

Christ on a pub-crawl!

He looks closer and the large creature isn't moving. Jason laughs for a second and then the lamp flickers again and goes out.

JASON

Ah, shit!

INT. APARTMENT

Jason enters his apartment and heads straight into the bathroom. He pours water on his arm to wash the blood off and then seeks a new shirt from the cupboard in his bedroom.

He opens his fridge and glances in at the contents.

JASON

Not hungry.

He closes the door and pours himself a whiskey, sitting down on his sofa and switching on the music system.

Just then his roommate, MICHAEL (22) returns, staggering and falling from wall to wall. He enters the living-room and sits down next to Jason.

MICHAEL

I'm drunk.

JASON

No shit, Sherlock. Know your limit.

MICHAEL

How was your evening?

JASON

Ronnie abandoned me in the pub so it kinda ended like microwaved shit!

MICHAEL

Why did he leave you?

JASON

We got into a fight with some homophobic losers and Ronnie said I was responsible for it. And afterwards I was jumped by a dog.

MICHAEL

Well, you're in Newcastle. You can't expect to find good looking gay men here.

JASON

No, I mean a real dog.

MICHAEL

Ooooh, body hair!

JASON

No, I mean a real, real dog. Like long hair and big teeth and dribbling, drooling, snarling...

MICHAEL

Shit, where'd you go? The Big Market?

JASON

No, the moor. I'm talking about an animal.

MICHAEL (said wearily)

He sounds it! You should stay away from these randomly placed gay bars. They're always so disappointing. Always!

JASON

Ronnie is so weird. I'm beginning to think we should never have left London. Ah, bollocks. I'm off to bed. I'm too depressed to listen to music. How was your night anyway? Michael?

Meanwhile, Michael has passed out on the sofa.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM

Jason throws himself onto his bed and closes his eyes. There he sits motionless and every indication is he's falling asleep. Then suddenly, he opens his eyes. He shakes his head and stretches, changing his sleeping position, and then closes his eyes again. A few moments later and his eyes open again wide.

JASON

Can't sleep. Must be the excitement! Think about nothing! You'll fall asleep. Count firemen! Too exciting! Perhaps nuns? Too tempting to go through the score of Sound of Music.....

A few moments later and Jason is up again, on his way out of the bedroom.

INT. KITCHEN

Jason opens the fridge and glances around, again he spies nothing and closes the door, stopping at the last moment. He re-opens the fridge and takes out a plate of raw meat. He sniffs it and finds the smell delicious.

He just manages to stop himself biting into it, shakes his head and returns the raw meat to the fridge.

He leaves the kitchen and returns to his room where he once more lays down upon his bed.

EXT. MOON

The moon shines down from the heavens, through the trees blowing in the wind, and then down through Jason's window and onto Jason's face as he lies on his bed.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM

Just then his eyes shoot open and they're different, piercing and bright yellow. He screams in pain, rolling around his bed in agony and grabbing his skull as if his head were to explode.

His arms flail and his hands start grasping items from his desk side and pushing them to the floor. He tears the poster down from the wall and finds himself with a dildo in his hand, snatched from under his pillow.

Jason glances at it as if he doesn't recognise it and then throws it away and continues screaming. He finally rolls off the bed and onto the floor. He sees the hair already on his hands and grasps at the lock on his window. He opens it and jumps out into the night.

EXT. MOON

The moon shines down onto the world and from somewhere a faint noise is heard. A howl echoes throughout the Northern Town.

EXT. BACK ON THE TOWN MOOR

A young couple are walking back from a late night in the city. WAYNE (20) and ABBI (19) are walking arm in arm, laughing and giggling drunkenly.

Wayne stops for a moment and stares into Abbi's eyes.

WAYNE (thick Geordie accent)
You're nice like. I think I love yuh.

ABBI (thicker Geordie accent)
You've just met uz.

WAYNE
I've known yuh for hours, man. Can I have a shag?

ABBI
What? Here?

WAYNE
No man.

Wayne points into the darkness.

WAYNE
Over there away from the lamp post.

Abbi looks over into the blackness then back at Wayne.

ABBI
Alright.

And then they hear it. A howl that fills the night with dread.

ABBI
What the fuck was that?

WAYNE
Budgie?

ABBI
What would a budgie be doing out at night?

And once again the noise fills the air.

ABBI
What the hell is that? That doesn't sound like any budgie I've ever heard.

WAYNE
Come on, let's go have sex.

Abbi and Wayne start to walk into the field.
When once again the noise resounds...

ABBI (slightly nervous)
Wayne, that's not a budgie!

WAYNE

Maybe it's two budgies then.

ABBI

A mean, it doesn't sound like any budgie. What is that?
It's weird!

Wayne keeps kissing Abbi's neck despite her intense interest in the peculiar sound. Just then they hear a growl. And even Wayne stops.

WAYNE

Was that your stomach?

ABBI

No!

And again another growl. Then they see it.

WAYNE

SHIT! What the hell?

The monster charges... Wayne and Abbi split and run in different directions. Wayne is chased by the monster...

Abbi runs until she realises she's not being followed and turns back to look at Wayne, powering along the path.

ABBI

WAYNE! WAYNE! RUN! [1 beat] I knew it wasn't a budgie!

Wayne is nearly at the fence when the monster catches up with him. A flurry of motion; teeth and fur merge and Wayne is brought down.

EXT. MOON

The tenebrous moon disappears behind cloud and the night turns an impenetrable black.

INT. CITY CENTRE

Kenny and Gareth are walking up through the high street. Gareth is digging into a take-away curry. Kenny runs, jumps and kicks a shop front, rattling the protective metal cover.

An obviously newly married couple walk in the opposite direction to them on the other side of the street and pass by like ships in the night. Kenny doesn't like that idea.

KENNY

She's too good for you, you wanker!

Gareth laughs and continues walking.

KENNY

Come on, man. How far's the bloody chippy? You've got your curry, I want my chips.

There's a howl and the two stop for a moment to observe the skies.

GARETH

It's just around the corner, man. Come on...

Another howl.

GARETH

What the hell is that?

There's a moment of silence and then a quick tapitty tap as the man that they passed on the other side of the street, broken away from his lovely, runs hell for leather down the street, passing them once again. His bride follows at pace but lagging behind.

Gareth and Kenny turn to look at the commotion and they see the monstrous hairy creature leap onto the woman, dragging her down to the ground. The woman screams with fear.

The monster howls, filling the air with fear.

The woman screams again.

The monster howls, shattering the night.

The woman stares at the powerful mass of teeth and claw pinning her helplessly to the ground. She studies it for a second, a true monster, standing breathing sulphurous breath.

The woman unleashes a devastating scream.

The monster howls again, shaking the walls with its intensity.

KENNY

What the hell is that?

GARETH

Lovers tiff?

The werewolf turns its head to see the two rough-cut young gentleman. Burning eyes glare at them; it leaves the woman, scared but without harm and a look of pure evil comes over the monster.

KENNY

Jesus Christ!

GARETH

Guess again!

The monster bounds across the street towards the men who turn and run for their life's worth, but not before Gareth throws his curry. The monster's leap smashes into the flying curry which explodes all over the place. In a rage, the werewolf cries out, once more announcing to the night that death would shortly ensue.

KENNY

RUN!

GARETH

The bloody thing's gaining...

EXT. MOON

The moon, which stands bright in the sky, quickly grows dark as a thick black cloud covers it entirely.

EXT. WEREWOLF

The werewolf's speed is astounding and he's almost upon them when his growl begins to change, softening. His nose becomes less pointed. His beard begins to shrink, the hair receding, nails retracting, and his general proportions change to become more human. He's still running, still chasing...

EXT. STREET

Kenny looks over his shoulder for a second and then does a double-take, stopping on his heel.

KENNY

Mate!

Gareth stops running and turns to look at what Kenny has found. He suddenly puts on a swagger and strides over to join Kenny.

Jason runs towards them growling and snarling like a chipmunk on Creatine. He comes to a stop just in front of the men.

Jason is standing there completely naked.

KENNY

It's the gay-boy.

GARETH

Were you just chasing us?

JASON

Er...

KENNY

You've got curry on your face.

JASON

So I have! Must've been a good party. Why am I..?

GARETH

Where's the dog costume? Thought you were funny, eh?

JASON

Costume? I was in bed... God, look at the state of my nails!

KENNY

Come on, I'm not standing here talking to a naked bloke in the street. People might think I'm gay as well.

GARETH

Just this once, I think we should ignore this man's nudity and any potential misinterpretations in order that some measure of lesson be dealt to this poor, misguided boy.

KENNY

What?

GARETH

I think we should beat the living shit out of him.

EXT. HIGH STREET (Fixed Camera)

T'was the night before Tuesday, and all through the street, not a creature was stirring, not even a bit. And then the tranquillity was disturbed by a camp naked man running up the street at pace, chased by two brutes.

A moment of madness and the quietness of the city street was once again restored. The wind blows crisp packets gently from side to side until the sound of their skipping is replaced by heavy foot steps.

The two men run back in the opposite direction from a few seconds earlier. Followed a second later by a large, hairy, growling beast.

The howl of the beast fills the air and blood curdling screams follow shortly thereafter.

EXT. HIGH STREET

The monster leaps and Kenny is brought down. Gareth runs leaving his fallen friend behind, terror etched into his face and shock in his eyes. The werewolf engorges itself of the man below its feet.

Blood spurts everywhere as the werewolf bites off Kenny's head and pulls it from his body, the remaining tissues tearing like old cloth.

GARETH

This isn't happening. This isn't happening!

Gareth sees his salvation. A police car is parked just a little way down the street. His heart is thumping from his chest and he feels as if his lungs will explode.

Just as he gets to the police car and the waiting police officers, one male OFFICER GRANT (40s), one female OFFICER LEWIS (20s), before he has a chance to speak, his stomach gives out and the curry comes up. Gareth is sick all over the car door.

OFFICER GRANT

Jesus! You came all the way over here to give me that.

GARETH

I'm sorry. You have to do something. My friend was just gobbled by a gay man.

OFFICER GRANT

Well, I'm afraid that's no longer an arrestable offence these days. At least not officially. Half the bloody country's gay. They've got more power than the bloody government.

GARETH

No, I mean he ate him. He's eating him. There's blood everywhere.

OFFICER GRANT

A gay man at your friend?

GARETH

Well, he's a... werewolf.

OFFICER GRANT

Look, clear off will ya. I've got a job to do.

GARETH

No, I'm serious. I need your help. PLEASE! Don't leave me here. Put me in the car.

OFFICER GRANT

Unfortunately, being a wanker isn't an arrestable offence either.

GARETH

No, I need to be off the streets.

OFFICER GRANT

I can see that. But you'll have to go smash a window like everyone else.

Kenny looks around, sees a Rubbish bin, picks it up and throws it at the police man.

OFFICER GRANT

Any more of that, son, and I might be able to arrest you.

OFFICER LEWIS

Sir, we should take him in. He's a danger to himself and the public.

OFFICER GRANT

Bollocks, think of the paperwork.

Kenny starts to shout into the night, creating a disturbance, looking around for anyone to shout at in a desperate attempt to be arrested.

GARETH (shouting)

Arsehole. Shit. Cunt. Newcastle's shit. Northern girls look like dogs. Christians suck cock!

OFFICER GRANT

Quiet it down, son, will ya?

GARETH (shouting)

Black People smell. Catholics give good head. What did the muslim woman say to the shop steward? Does my bomb look big in this?

OFFICER GRANT

Right, son. I'm arresting you for disturbing the peace. You don't have to say anything but anything you do say will be noted down in my book. Now get in the fuckin' car!

OFFICER LEWIS

Her face becomes one of terror as she looks over the car to see the monster pounding towards them...

INT. IN THE POLICE CAR

Gareth looks out to see the monster powering down the street towards the car, blood dripping from its mouth.

EXT. HIGH STREET

Officer Lewis screams. Officer Grant turns casually to see what all the fuss is about and sees the monster mid-air. His quick reflexes allow him to duck and cover and the werewolf smashes through the window and into the police car.

Gareth looks into its gaping jaws, blood soaked fangs, and screams!

The two officers run away from the car screaming and disappear into the night.

INT. POLICE STATION

Inside the typically small Newcastle police station, Abbi is having a strange conversation with the custody sergeant. In the background his radio crackles to life...

RADIO

We have a sighting of a naked dead body. Male. Broken neck. Wrapped around a lamppost on the town moor. Can I show someone dealing?

Abbi is standing against the counter, confused and still a little drunk. The custody sergeant is listening disbelievingly to her story.

ABBI

And I heard this shrieking like...

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Shrieking...?

ABBI

Like a big budgie.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

You were attacked by a budgie?

ABBI

It wasn't a budgie.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

What then?

ABBI

Maybe a dog? I don't know... It was bigger than a dog. Massive. Like a monster dog.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

A monster dog? Can you describe it?

ABBI

Yeah, it was like a... well, a dog... only bigger. And it had a funny run.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

A funny run?

ABBI

Yeah, like it had just had a pole shoved up its arse!

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Like the dog...? You mean, the dog was mincing?

ABBI

Yeah, that's it, it were almost mincing. Like a mincing monster dog.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Ms Lane, you realise that lying to the police is a criminal offence. We don't find this the least bit amusing. A boy has been mutilated.

ABBI

I'm not lying. It were bloody mincing.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Mincing!

ABBI

Yeah, running about with its butt-clenched like... you know. Cos it's back legs weren't moving much... like...like...it was trying to chew a toffee with it's arse.

Abbi attempts to imitate the actions of the dog, running in a strange clenched fashion.

ABBI

Like that...

The police man rolls his eyes and grabs Abbi by the arm.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Come on then, let's go see your boyfriend.

ABBI

He's not my boyfriend. I was just gonna shag 'im once!

Just then the bizarre calm of the police station is shattered by the arrival of Officers Lewis and Grant and Gareth, all out of breath, crashing into the front desk. The three talk with raised voices.

OFFICER GRANT

There's a giant dog on the loose in the Town Centre.

OFFICER LEWIS

That wasn't a dog. It was a wolf.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

I'll call the Animal Control Unit when I show this lady to the waiting room.

GARETH

It wasn't a dog or a wolf, it was a gay man.

Gareth strolls in also out of breath.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

A gay man?

OFFICER GRANT

Don't be stupid. I've seen gay men before. Their teeth aren't THAT big.

GARETH

I saw him change. One moment he was a teenage Julian, next he was a rug with teeth. That's not normal for dogs.

OFFICER GRANT

But you find that normal for gay men? I thought I was homophobic, but you...

The Police Man's radio then crackles to life with a new announcement.

RADIO

We have a report of a mad dog eating a police car in the city centre near Monument. Can I show anyone dealing?

OFFICER GRANT

See? Dog. Gay men don't eat police cars either.

GARETH

It was a werewolf.

OFFICER LEWIS

Sorry, sir, not many people believe in werewolves around here. You know, that rational and sane thing the rest of us share.

GARETH

I don't either but that's what I saw. That woofter became a wolf!

EXT. CITY CENTRE

The police van approaches and two men get out with all manner of nets and bizarre animal capture equipment. JERRY (35) and STEVE (30). They look at the police vehicle. The doors are dented and one is hanging off. The inside upholstery has been mauled and the springs

are showing. There's blood spattered on the dash board; just a few tiny droplets, fallen from a mouth recently having been stained with the life-sustaining fluid of its kill.

JERRY

What the hell did that?

STEVE (Manchurian accent)

Did they say a dog or a bear?

They look from side to side, but it's now late into the night and there's next to no-one around.

A howl fills the air and a scream can be heard of a man somewhere in the distance. They run in the direction of the scream. Around pubs and shops, closed and quiet.

Eventually they cease their running to catch breath and to listen.

They hear once more the blood curdling howl; this time closer than ever.

Jerry begins to kneel as he notices something on the ground beneath him.

STEVE

Would you take a look at that?

JERRY

Well I never...

STEVE

What is it?

Steve picks up the severed hand and glances over at Jerry.

JERRY

I think it's a pineapple, Steve.

STEVE

Serious mate, what's it doing there? I think we're going to need more specialist equipment here.

EXT. ANIMAL UNIT VAN

Steve opens the doors and we see the cages, the nets and a case. He opens the case and assembles the weapon within. It's a tranquiliser gun.

JERRY

You really think we need that?

STEVE

No, 'arm in it. Get it? No 'arm in it?

Steve points at the severed hand in Jerry's grasp.

JERRY

You weren't breast fed, were you?

STEVE

No, but Geordie girls have done their best to make up for it! Seriously, there was this one girl... all I did was say hi and..

JERRY

Shhh! I heard something!

EXT. CITY CENTRE

Jerry and Steve walk cautiously through the streets towards the location of the last howl.

JERRY

Give me that thing... You're liable to put someone's eye out.

STEVE

No, I'm fine.

JERRY

What was that noise?

There's the sound of screams, shouts, a voice of terror, a man in trouble... The two Animal Control Officers race forward in pursuit of their quarry. One armed with a specialist tranquiliser-gun, the other with a long, wire net attached to a rod.

They stop when they reach a back street. They can hear the sound of the scream and then it stops. There's nothing to be heard.

Steve lowers his weapon ready... When suddenly a man runs out into view from another street. He shrieks at them. And Steve in shock pulls the trigger.

The man falls to the ground in a heap, caught by the dart.

Then the monster appears...its jaws gaping, its teeth bared and dripping with blood. The monster takes a bite out of the fallen man's leg.

Steve drops the gun. Jerry hits the werewolf with the net. It gets caught around its head, and Jerry and Steve use the opportunity to escape...

They disappear out of the site in a cacophony of cries.

The werewolf paws at the net and eventually shakes it off. It roars into the night.

A window opens from high above street level.

MAN AT WINDOW

Shut the fuck up! It's 2 in the morning.

INT. POLICE STATION

At the front desk, the Custody Sergeant is talking to Jerry and Steve.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

It was a monster dog...

JERRY

It was incredible...

STEVE

Even with the tranquiliser gun we didn't have a chance.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Did you manage to get a shot off before the dog took your gun...

STEVE

Er... yes, sir!

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Great, did you get the dog before it sped off?

STEVE

Not the dog sir, no!

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Bollocks. And you say the dog ran off with your gun?

JERRY

No, sir. That's...

STEVE

Completely correct, it did that, sir. It grabbed my gun and a net and ran off.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Who's Annette?

JERRY

No, a... net... sir. Like for fishing? Or catching small animals?

The Detective Chief Inspector arrives at that point for an update.

DCI

Sergeant? What's this I'm hearing about a mad dog?

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Seems someone's let loose a mad dog in the city and people are being found missing, sir.

DCI

Being found missing? How can they be found missing? You've either found them in which case they're not missing. Or they're missing in which case you can't find them. How can they be found missing?

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Because we've found that we can't find them, sir. Witnesses reported them there and then carried off by this mad dog. We've found one person but he's missing a few body parts.

DCI

Is that right? Gruesome business!

CUSTODY SERGEANT

We need a hand, sir.

DCI

Well, I'm too busy at the moment.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

No, sir! We've found one cadaver minus a fore-arm and hand. We're looking for it now.

STEVE

I know where it is!

DCI

What?

STEVE

The hand. It's in our van, sir. We were so shocked by the ordeal that... Well, I forgot it was there. We picked it up on the high street.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Good work.

DCI

Well, I'm off to my office. Keep me posted.

STEVE

Wait, I've got to hand it to you, sir.

DCI

What?

STEVE

The hand!

DCI

Ah, right. Give it to the custody sergeant. He'll process it as evidence.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Thank you, sir.

STEVE

Great, well, I'll go get it then.

DCI

Oh, and put out a description of this mad dog, will you?

CUSTODY SERGEANT

That's not so simple, sir.

DCI

Not so simple? It's perfectly simple. You collate the statements given by these witnesses and you form a single collective description and pass it to the switchboard.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

If that's the case, sir, I'd be putting out a description of a mincing gay werewolf with fish nets and a tranquiliser gun.

JERRY

No, fishing net, sir. Like for fishing. Small animals.

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Right.

DCI

Okay, just stick with "mad dog" then. And book yourself a day off when you get a chance, will you? Get some sun!

CUSTODY SERGEANT

Sir!

EXT. THEATRE / BACK STREET

GERALD (40s) is having a smoke break at the stage door. He's wearing make-up and is obviously an actor dressed in period farm costume and wearing a contemporary overcoat. As before, the arrival of a certain hairy monster is heralded by a frightening howl.

Gerald stops and scans the darkness.

Once more the sound is heard, piercing every fibre of his being. He feels a shiver down his spine and then he hears the growl.

(OFF SCREEN) The werewolf approaches the man slowly...

GERALD

Nice dog. There's a good boy. Where did you escape from, eh?

Gerald reaches down to pick up an empty bottle from the ground. He holds it as a weapon and steps backward slowly through the stage door.

There's a flash and the werewolf pounces, pushing Gerald back through the door way and into the theatre. The door instantly swings closed behind them.

INT. THEATRE / ON STAGE

A cast of three characters are on stage, PAPA (50), LADY (19), RICHMOND (25). The house is almost full but many of the audience looks bored. The actors are all dressed as farmers and the décor is of a 1920's farmland.

PAPA

You have dealt me a blow...

LADY

But I didn't mean to blow you, Papa... er

The audience and actors look uncomfortable as the young girl corrects herself.

LADY

I didn't mean to... hurt... you, Papa.

PAPA

Oh, I know you didn't. You never would. But he would. He is only using your affections to get to me. He wants revenge for his father's death. He seeks the land.

RICHMOND

Excuse me, but that's a darn lie, sir. I love your daughter. And I will make her happy.

PAPA

A farmboy? No, never. She is already engaged to be married to a suitor that can provide for her and her children.

RICHMOND

The scoundrel... Speak his name...

PAPA

I shall introduce you... for he is here...

The werewolf then strolls out onto the stage, carrying GERALD's head. The monster throws his head to one side and releases it, allowing it to bounce down into the orchestra pit.

AUDIENCE / FRONT ROW

AUDIENCE MEMBER

Every time I watch Oliver Levey I get something new out of it.

ON STAGE

RICHMOND (now as gay as a box of frogs)

Oh, my God, what is it? What is it?

The werewolf roars and the cast screams, immovable by fear and shock. The werewolf jumps at Richmond, sniffs him, and then walks over to the girl. It sniffs her too, but does not attack. The girl faints.

PAPA

Don't run, it'll only hunt you down and kill you.

The werewolf jumps at Papa, carrying him off stage.

The audience applauds and screams in excitement.

EXT. ROOF

The werewolf breaks through a door at the top of the roof, carrying a leg. It drops it and stands on its hind legs, roaring and howling at the full-moon in the distance.

It hears the sirens in the distance and starts running across the roof tops, jumping roof to roof until on the final jump it lands on a glass panel/skylight and falls into the shop below...

EXT. MOON

The moon is covered by thick cloud once more. Slowly, slowly the sky around it brightens...as a new day dawns.

INT. SPORTS SHOP

Jason, naked and bloody, lies on a shop display. There is no movement, no sound, all is now quiet and he's returned to human form.

EXT. SUN

Daylight has returned...

INT. SPORTS SHOP – MORNING/DAYLIGHT

Jason opens his eyes to find himself lying on the floor, naked except for the tennis balls he's lying in. There are tennis balls everywhere and the stand has fallen on him. Golf clubs are strewn everywhere and it doesn't take long to figure out he's in a sport shop. The store security man stands over him, looking down.

Jason closes his eyes as if suffering from hangover.

INT. SPORTS SHOP (some time later)

A policeman is now standing next to Jason, holding his arm. Jason has now been dressed in a Newcastle Football strip and is wearing trainers. The security man is behind him and the store manager is in front of him, listening to his explanation.

JASON

I told you, I don't remember. Last thing I remember I went to bed at home. Then I woke up naked with balls on my face.

SECURITY GUARD

Bet that wasn't the first time!

STORE MANAGER

Well, drunkenness is no excuse.

JASON

I wasn't drunk. I had only a little bit to drink. I can clearly remember going to bed. I just can't remember what happened after... Why do I smell like curry?

POLICE MAN

Well, I think we'll continue this down the police station.

Jason is dragged from the store by the officer.

INT. POLICE STATION/INTERVIEW ROOM

In the interview room, Jason sits confused and bewildered.

OFFICER LEWIS

We're talking about the death of four people and one man is critically ill in hospital. We've had reports of a savage beast attacking people from behind.

JASON

I'm bottoms, not top.

OFFICER LEWIS

And one witness has reported the involvement of an... if you'll excuse me... an effeminate man. Are you in possession of a dangerous animal?

JASON

Is that a euphemism?

OFFICER LEWIS

You see, it's best suggested that this dog only attacks straight-men. It doesn't bite women. It doesn't bite gay men. Why do you think that is?

JASON

Maybe it has a sort of radar...

OFFICER LEWIS

Or maybe it was trained to attack straight-men?

JASON

I don't have a dog. I don't know.

OFFICER LEWIS

This is a serious offence, I hope you realise.

JASON

I haven't done anything. I told you, I fell asleep and then woke up where I woke up... in that sports shop.

OFFICER LEWIS

Do you think I'm playing? You trained a dog to attack straight people and then out of some strange perversion you walk around naked and watch your victims suffer...

JASON

Look, how do you teach a dog to attack straight men anyway? Only bite people wearing cologne under £ 20? Body odour? Bad taste in clothes? What?

OFFICER LEWIS

According to one of our witnesses, you were attacked on the Quay Side by the very men that were attacked by this dog. And then you turn up in the area where the attacks took place. Another victim was on the moor, which is in a direct line to your house.

JASON

I can see why it'd be suspicious... But I didn't do it.

OFFICER LEWIS

Well, we don't have the lab results back yet anyway. For now, we're charging you with breaking and entering.

JASON

What does that mean? Will I have to do time?

OFFICER LEWIS

No, you get a caution! Jails are full! Don't do it again! Sign here, you're free to go!

EXT. POLICE STATION

Officer Grant leaves the building accompanied by Officer Lewis. They stop outside and Grant lights up a cigarette.

OFFICER GRANT

There's something strange going on here.

A reporter approaches and begins asking question, followed by another reporter.

REPORTER #1

Are you working on the murders? Can you comment on the deaths?

OFFICER GRANT

I cannot. All I know is that there was some kind of large animal on the loose last night and as of yet it remains at large.

Gareth exits the building and approaches the camera.

GARETH

It was a gay guy. He's a werewolf.

REPORTER #2

Werewolf? Tony Collins. Daily Star. Tell me about the werewolf?

OFFICER GRANT

It was *not* a werewolf. It was a dog. This man has been through a great ordeal...

GARETH

Nearly eaten by a homosexual werewolf.

OFFICER GRANT

He needs his space to recover his strength and mental faculties.

Abbi also exits the station at this point with another officer. She walks over to the camera when she hears what is being said.

OFFICER GRANT

We're confident we will find this dog quickly...

ABBI

It was a monster. It came from the town moor.

OFFICER GRANT

It was not a monster. It was a big dog. I saw it. It ate my car.

REPORTER #2

It ate your car?

OFFICER

Well, chewed it. Look, you'll need to wait for an official statement. I'm not very good at these things.

GARETH

I'll give you a statement. It was a gay werewolf.

ABBI

Yeah, it were mincing.

REPORTER #1

Mincing Monster of the Moor!

GARETH

It wasn't a monster. It was a werewolf. We were going to beat this guy up, well, anyway... And he just turned into a werewolf before our very eyes. He swallowed my friends head.

REPORTER #1

This is crazy.

REPORTER #2

I know, it's friggin' wonderful!

OFFICER GRANT

Exactly, you can't really believe this nonsense, can you? It was a big dog.

GARETH

It wasn't! It was a monster. It killed Kenny.

ABBI

Like that beast of Oddbins in Kent. It were like that. Only bigger.

GARETH

Bodmin.

ABBI

Well, same to you, mate!

The police officer with her drags Abbi away to a waiting car.

GARETH

Mark my words... there'll be more killings if something isn't done. I'm telling you. There will be death on the hands of those who do nothing.

Just then Jason exits the police station, freed on bail. He spots the cameras and the crowd and tries to slink away. Gareth sees him and decides to follow, leaving the baffled reporters.

EXT. POLICE STATION CAR PARK

Out of sight of the bemused reporters, Gareth jumps Jason. A group of young men stand around a car, wolf-whistling, "whooping" and shouting as they see the two men struggling on the ground.

JASON

Get off me, you *beastly* Geordie!!

GARETH

RIGHT! You're dead son. Tell them you're a werewolf!

One of the men from the crowd calls over.

MAN

You have to end the blood line. Cut his throat!

GARETH

To end the curse of the werewolf once and for all!

MAN

Werewolf?

Gareth pulls a knife from his boot and tries with all his might to put it to Jason's throat. With every ounce of strength, Jason fights back. Ordinary Jason would have no power to fend off such an attack but with werewolf blood running through his system, Jason's anger heralds an awesome force.

Jason puts his knees up to his chest and kicks out. Gareth flies back through the air into one of the police cars in the car park, smashing against the window. He pushes himself to his feet and chases Jason who runs back towards the Police Station entrance.

JASON

Help! He's mad!

The reporters suddenly come around to see what the commotion is all about.

Just as Jason comes to the end of the car-park, a large white van drives out of nowhere and smacks into Jason, running him down. Jason falls beneath the wheels.

The drivers of the van get out and come around to see what's happened.

JERRY

What have you done, Steve?

STEVE

He came out of nowhere. I didn't have a chance.

JERRY

Is he dead?

STEVE

Either that or he has the most flexible spine I've ever seen.

Steve feels in Jason's neck for a pulse.

STEVE

He has no pulse.

Officer Grant steps forward and gives him a once over.

OFFICER GRANT

No, he's dead. His neck is broken.

They all stand around and look at the body of poor Jason, a young gay man who died in the prime of his life. The curse of the werewolf finally broken, or was it? Not far from that location, in a tacky NHS hospital...

INT. HOSPITAL

Wayne is lying in bed on his back, dead to the world, his wounds cleaned and dressed. His eyes move back and forward as he dreams bad dreams...

EXT. CITY SCAPE

The city awakes, goes to work, has coffee, has lunch, goes shopping, rushing around like ants and the sun crosses from east to west...

A day has passed and the sun is about the set once more...

INT. HOSPITAL

Wayne is lying in bed on his back, seemingly asleep when Abbi approaches. She sits down carefully as though not to wake him.

WAYNE

Where am I?

ABBI

Wayne. You're alive. You've been asleep since they brought you in this morning.

WAYNE

I'm in hospital.

ABBI

Do you remember anything?

WAYNE

I was walking with you through the park. You said you'd shag me. And then I blacked out. God, you must've been good. Did you come?

ABBI

We didn't do anything. You were attacked by a monstrous gay werewolf.

WAYNE

Gay?

ABBI

Yeah.

WAYNE

Wait a minute... Werewolf?

ABBI

Yeah. So do you have any money you could lend uz? I can't get home.

WAYNE

I feel so discombobulated.

ABBI

Wow! You just used a word with like six syllables. Are you okay?

WAYNE

I'm peachy. Boy, I could *murder* a fag.

Wayne throws open his covers and steps onto the floor. He has scars on his arms and his chest where he was scratched and bitten. He walks unsteadily to his coat.

He takes a cigarette from his coat and lights it.

ABBI

You're not allowed to smoke in here.

WAYNE

No-one's around, man. You're givin' uz a headache! Shut-up!

ABBI

You might want to straighten your wrist there a little...

Wayne looks down and his arms are crossed in a feminine pose and the cigarette is facing behind him with his wrist bent backwards.

Wayne straightens up his wrist and modifies his posture, pushing his shoulders out and clearing his throat in a masculine, phlegmy kind of way.

WAYNE

I'm going for a piss.

ABBI

Right! So can I borrow 20 quid? I'll send y'it back!

Wayne walks off towards the bathroom, his butt-clenched and his feet close together. Abbi looks bemused as the former pinnacle of masculinity strolls off daintily to the bathroom.

Abbi is left there alone. She looks around the empty hospital ward. There's no noise. And then there's a noise of something being knocked over in the bathroom.

WAYNE

Arghh, God.

Abbi stands and starts to walk slowly towards the bathroom.

ABBI

Wayne? Wayne? Are you alright in there?

Wayne doesn't reply. Again she hears Wayne's voice, contorted and pained.

ABBI

Wayne? Wayne? Are you alright?

Again no reply.

Abbi approaches the door to the bathroom and presses her ear up against it. She listens intently but all she can hear is heavy breathing, and a series of grunts.

ABBI

Wayne? Wayne? WAYNE?

WAYNE

Will ya fuck off, man. I'm trying to have a shit! WAYNE!
WAYNE! Jesus woman! I'm trying to concentrate.

ABBI

Sorry.

Abbi walks back to the bed and sits down on the chair by its side. She peers down at the bed and notices a strand of hair, thick and bushy.

ABBI

God!

She takes a long look at the closed toilet door.

EXT. HOSPITAL

As the moon shines down on the end of an exhausting day, an all-too familiar noise can be heard, splitting the skies and striking fear into the night.

A howl...

THE END