

TRAIL OF THE WOLF

by

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FADE IN:

INT. LIVING ROOM - WANDA'S HOUSE - KENT - NIGHT

WANDA and JOHN, late 70s, watch a Britcom on the telly. From somewhere outside, a strange, throaty howl.

WEREWOLF (V.O.)

Aaahoo!

Wanda turns toward the kitchen, then to John.

WANDA

Did you hear that?

JOHN

Huh?

John turns, reveals his hearing aid.

WANDA

I think I heard Mortimer.

JOHN

Mortimer? Howlin' around your kitchen door, is he? Better not let him in.

John returns his attention to the telly, adjusts his hearing aid. Wanda walks to the kitchen.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Wanda walks out the kitchen door, to a patio out back. She hears a deep growl from the nearby bushes.

WANDA

Mortimer, sounds like you have a cold. Come inside, love.

A snarling figure rushes in from the darkness.

INT. MARKHAM'S OFFICE - KENT POLICE STATION - DAY

Captain TROY MARKHAM, 45, aims a dart as he sits back in his chair. He tosses it at a dartboard on the wall. Bullseye.

Constable EDDY STANTON, 26, runs in.

EDDY

Sir. Little old lady got mutilated late last night.

TROY
Again?

EXT. WANDA'S HOUSE - DAY

Troy surveys the backyard. He spots a shredded shirt, picks it up. The label reads, "Valentino." Eddy walks over.

TROY
You know what this means?

Eddy looks at the label.

EDDY
Metrosexual werewolves?

TROY
Exactly.

EDDY
What do we do?

TROY
This one's a little out of our skill set.

Troy lights up a cigarette, blows smoke into the chilly morning air.

TROY
Send for the American.

INT. CONCOURSE - HEATHROW AIRPORT - LONDON - DAY

JIM CHAMPLAIN, 50, wears more khaki than the law should allow as he struts down the concourse. One look says this guy's a hunter, and he's on safari.

INT. KENT POLICE STATION - DAY

Eddy hands Troy a newspaper. The banner headline reads, "WHO RAN AMOK IN KENT?" Troy shakes his head.

EDDY
Sir, we have a man here who says he saw a werewolf.

TROY
Who?

Eddy points to NIGEL, a fat man with fuzzy knuckles.

EDDY
He's the hairy handed gent.

Nigel takes a seat. The doors burst open and Jim Champlain storms in.

JIM
Hear you folks got lycanthrope problems.

EDDY
Wha?

JIM
Werewolf. Canis Diabolicus.

TROY
Uh, yes. We have a witness here.

NIGEL
Well, I saw Lon Chaney walkin' with the queen. Then I saw Lon Chaney Jr. walkin' with the queen. Then...I saw Bigfoot and Willie Nelson playin' doubles tennis at Wimbledon.

Jim grabs Nigel by his shoulder.

JIM
Alright.

NIGEL
They lost in straight sets.

Jim launches Nigel out of the room.

JIM
Back to the mothership, freako!

Jim looks around the room.

JIM
There's no time to waste. I need to set a trap. A trap so diabolically clever, so utterly ingenious, our werewolf will stroll right into it.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

ETHEL, an old lady, sits in a rocking chair in the middle of a field.

Jim and Troy huddle behind some trees nearby.

TROY
I'll be honest, mate. I expected something more than this.

JIM
Just you wait.

Jim grabs a brown paper bag, runs over to Ethel. He reaches into the bag, pulls out a box of Purina Wolf Chow, sprinkles the kibble all over Ethel.

ETHEL
I don't understand. I thought you said we were doing King Lear?

JIM
What do you care? You're gettin' paid.

Jim hustles back over to Troy.

TROY
So, you've hunted them before?

JIM
Oh, yes. First time was in L.A. See, I have a gift for spotting werewolves in human form.

FLASHBACK

INT. TRADER VIC'S - NIGHT

GARY, 30, dressed to kill, sips a pina colada at the bar. Jim, garbed in his safari wear, sits a table nearby.

JIM (V.O.)
He was drinkin' a pina colada at Trader Vic's. Good lookin' guy. I mean, his hair was perfect. And that suit? I'd like to meet his tailor. Next time I saw him, he was in New York.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

Gary wanders along the street, a Chinese menu in his hand. Jim stalks, about twenty feet behind. Rain pelts them.

JIM (V.O.)
He was walkin' through the streets of SoHo in the rain. He was lookin' for a place called Lee Ho Fooks. Gonna get a big plate of beef chow mein, I suppose. Maybe the pu pu platter. Who knows?

BACK TO SCENE

Jim scans the moonlit field.

JIM
 Point is, they seem to follow the
 fashion scene. If we don't stop
 'em here, the streets of Milan'll
 be flowin' red.

A howl from the nearby woods. Jim grabs his rifle.

JIM
 Come and get it, Fido.

A werewolf bursts from the trees, sprints right for Ethel. A
 tranquilizer dart strikes its hindquarters just before it
 reaches Ethel's throat. It goes down in a furry heap.

Jim and Troy run toward the felled beast.

TROY
 You better stay away from him!
 He'll rip your lungs out, Jim!

By the time they reach the werewolf, it has transformed back
 to Gary.

ETHEL
 Bloody hell with this!

Ethel bolts from the chair, disappears into the darkness.

LATER

Gary awakens in the rocking chair. The box of wolf chow
 covers his crotch. Jim holds his rifle on him.

JIM
 Well, well. Enjoy your little nap?

GARY
 What...how did...

JIM
 Don't make me draw blood. How many
 of you are there?

GARY
 Just two of us. But you gotta
 understand, I can't control myself
 when I turn--

TROY
 And where's your friend now?

GARY
 Not sure. Lately, he's been
 overheard in Mayfair. He's a real
 howler.

TROY
What are you doing in London?

GARY
Fashion week. We're buyers for Nordstrom.

JIM
I knew it. Let's kill him now.

TROY
Wait! They've only killed in werewolf form. That's gonna be hard to prosecute.

JIM
We can't just let him go.

INT. KENT DOG POUND - NIGHT

Gary, now clothed in an orange jumpsuit, sits in a cage. A sign on the cage reads, "Werewolf. Do not euthanize." Caged dogs bark all around him.

Jim and Troy eye him coldly.

GARY
This is dehumanizing.

JIM
This is your new home 'til we find your compadre.

GARY
And then?

TROY
We'll see. But your days off leash are over, mate.

Jim and Troy walk toward the exit.

TROY
I could use a pint.

JIM
Sounds like a plan.

FADE OUT.

THE END