

Untitled Halloween Exercise

by

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EXT. CREEPY ENGLISH ESTATE - DUSK

A gloomy night, cloudy, a storm brews on the horizon.

A black car travels along the long, cobblestone driveway toward a large house. Shudders hang off the windows.

Red, orange and brown leaves litter the driveway, the trees nearly bare.

INT. PROFESSOR'S CHAMBERS - DUSK

PROFESSOR LAWRENCE ATWELL studies over a book at his desk. He hears the car approach, rolls his wheelchair to the window, draws back the curtain.

He watches as CONSTABLE MILLOY exits the car, examines his surroundings. The Constable looks up...

EXT. CREEPY ENGLISH ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

...spies the figure at the window, gazes suspiciously. The curtains flutter, close.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

The MAID pours a cup of tea. She places the teapot beside an unlabeled bottle, picks the bottle up, uncaps it, holds it over the cup...

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

She jumps, startled by the thunderous crashes at the door. Maid breathes heavily, catches her breath.

EXT. CREEPY ENGLISH ESTATE - DUSK

Milloy waits at the door, checks the sky, balls his fist to knock again...

The door opens. Maid fakes a smile.

MAID

Good evening, Constable.

CONSTABLE MILLOY

So far.

Constable checks his pocket watch.

MAID

Do you expect that to change?

CONSTABLE MILLOY

(looks at her)

Do you not?

MAID

(chuckles nervously)

Please, sir... won't you come in?

One last glance to the sky as the Constable enters, the door closes. The first few drops of rain pelt the fallen leaves.

INT. MAIN HALL - DUSK

Maid leads Constable Milloy through the dark hall. Cobwebs hang from the ceiling, the paint peels off the walls.

MAID

Professor Atwell should be down momentarily, if you'll be so kind as to wait in here...

INT. PROFESSOR'S STUDY - DUSK

The rain picks up, RAPS on the window. The doors to the study CREAK open.

Constable Milloy follows Maid into the room, heads galore line the walls, trophies of a once great hunter.

MAID

May I take your coat?

Maid reaches, he abruptly grabs her wrist, stern yet gentle.

CONSTABLE MILLOY

Thanks...

(lets her go)

But I don't expect to be kept long.

MAID

(smiles)

Of course.

Maid exits, Constable looks around, glances at his watch.

On the table, a newspaper, Constable picks it up. The headline; "Fourth Victim Found Mutilated."

THUNDER cracks, a FLASH of lightning draws Milloy's attention to the window. He stares out the window at the sky.

PROFESSOR ATWELL (O.S.)

Gruesome.

Constable quickly turns, sees Professor Atwell, wheelchair bound, in the doorway.

PROFESSOR ATWELL

Twenty four years old. Throat torn out. Chest and stomach slashed open. Left leg, torn clean from the body, severed just below the knee.

CONSTABLE MILLOY

Interesting.

PROFESSOR ATWELL

What's that, Constable Milloy?

CONSTABLE MILLOY

Most of those details were not made public.

PROFESSOR ATWELL

I am informed of many things that are not public knowledge.

CONSTABLE MILLOY

Why have you called me here?

PROFESSOR ATWELL

In the hopes of preventing any more deaths.

INT. KITCHEN - DUSK

Maid stands over the teacup, on the verge of tears. She pours a clear liquid from the unmarked bottle.

Maid presses a small crucifix to her lips, closes her eyes, crosses herself.

INT. PROFESSOR'S STUDY - DUSK

The storm outside intensifies, wind whips the trees.

CONSTABLE MILLOY
 Pardon my rudeness, Professor, but
 I really must be somewhere. If you
 could please get to a point.

PROFESSOR ATWELL
 The point. Yes.
 (sighs)
 The point is, I know who... or
 rather what, killed those people.

CONSTABLE MILLOY
 How is this possible?

Maid enters, places the tea service on the table, scoops
 sugar into the cup.

PROFESSOR ATWELL
 Because the person responsible, is
 in this room.

Maid looks up at Constable, he looks at her, she shies away.

CONSTABLE MILLOY
 Professor, these allegations are
 very serious. Are you sure you
 know what you're doing?

Maid hands the cup to Atwell, he touches her hand, they share
 a glance.

PROFESSOR ATWELL
 I'm sure.

The Professor nods to her.

PROFESSOR ATWELL
 Constable, you may want to sit.

Milloy sits on a sofa. Maid exits the study, closes the
 doors behind her.

CONSTABLE MILLOY
 Please, tell me what you know.

Loud CLICKS from beyond the study doors. Constable gets up,
 rushes to the door. Grabs the handles, pulls, LOCKED.

The Professor calmly drinks his tea.

Constable shakes the doors harder, draws his gun.

PROFESSOR ATWELL (O.S.)
 Good...

Metallic RATTLING, Professor Atwell drops a handful of silver bullets onto the tray.

PROFESSOR ATWELL

I was hoping you'd brought your
pistol.

Professor Atwell slowly rolls his chair away.

PROFESSOR ATWELL

I've been researching methods,
poisons. Wolf's bane specifically.
Hoping to find something painless.

Constable looks at the now empty teacup.

PROFESSOR ATWELL

But, if my attempts are not
successful, Constable, you will
have to shoot me.

CONSTABLE MILLOY

What are you talking about? What's
going on here?

Constable pounds the door, shouts.

CONSTABLE MILLOY

Open the door!

Professor Atwell pulls back the curtains, looks to the sky.
The moon is full.

PROFESSOR ATWELL

I'm sorry.

The Professor's neck twists, CRACKS, his face contorts,
almost cries out in pain through clenched teeth.

Fearful, wide-eyed, the Constable turns slowly.

The Professor looks dead, body slumps, head hangs.

Milloy cautiously steps forth.

Atwell awakens, convulses violently in his chair, tightly
grips the rails of his wheelchair, RATTLES the metal, one bar
SNAPS off in his hand.

Constable Milloy looks to the tray, POPS open his gun. He
rushes to the table, grabs the bullets, loads.

The Professor GROWLS, his face and hands covered in hair, his
body twitches, still transforming.

The Constable closes his gun, aims...

Professor's wheelchair falls over on its side, behind the sofa, out of view.

Constable's shaky hands hold his gun, aimed at no one. He pants, frightened, waits.

CONSTABLE MILLOY
(nervous)
Professor?

A furry hand reaches from beneath the sofa, grabs Constable's leg, pulls him down, drags him under.

Constable SCREAMS in pain, kicks his legs, frees himself. He crawls away, his leg bleeds from a gaping wound.

Constable grabs his gun, FIRES, hits the sofa. AGAIN, AGAIN!

The sofa slides away, reveals Atwell in full wolf form. His claws grip the wood floor, he pulls himself after Constable.

Constable SHOOTS, grazes Atwell's shoulder. Atwell HOWLS, growls at Milloy, crawls faster, whacks the table aside.

Milloy SHOOTS again, hits Atwell's neck.

Atwell rears back, lunges, Milloy SHOOTS Atwell in the chest. The wolf's body falls atop Milloy, still, silent, calm.

INT. MAIN HALL - NIGHT

Peaceful silence fills the empty hall. Two GUNSHOTS, bullets rip through the lock of the study doors.

The doors CREAK open and Constable Milloy exits, limps, his leg wrapped in a piece of cloth, gun held at his side.

CONSTABLE MILLOY
Hello?
(shouts)
Hello?!

Constable's cry for help ECHOES.

CONSTABLE MILLOY
Where...?

Constable gives up, grabs his leg. Moves through the hall.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Constable enters, leans against the door, examines the room.

On the counter, the brown bottle lays on its side, pours down to the floor, puddles beside a broken teacup.

LIGHTNING, THUNDER, rain pours in through the shattered window, wind whips through the curtain.

EXT. LONDON ESTATE - NIGHT

Constable Milloy shambles to his car, getting soaked.

A distant HOWL, Milloy tenses up, tightly grips the handle of his revolver.

The rain washes the Constable's blood down the driveway.

FADE TO BLACK.