

WEREWOLVES OF LONDON: KRAGEN

Written by

Gary Rademan

FADE IN:

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - DAY

KRAGEN, 40s, muscular, sleek, walks down a backstreet in Soho. He wears a well-tailored suit with well-groomed hair,

He passes a menagerie of businesses and shops with colorful awnings. Rain drops splat the pavement.

Kragen clutches a Chinese menu. He shields his eyes from the rain, stops a PASSER-BY, points at the menu.

He mimics his pointing, thanks him, and walks in the new direction.

JAMES, 20s, tall, lean, follows Kragen. He ducks into doorways, behind newspapers, in line with bus passengers.

I/E. RESTAURANT - DAY

Kragen arrives at Lee Ho Fook's. He smiles and enters.

James blends in with the tourists outside. He pulls up the collar of his coat, continues his surveillance.

LATER

Kragen savors a big dish of beef chow mein. Extra beef.

He tips the WAITRESS. She counts the tip and hugs him.

Her hair flows into his face. He sniffs her hair with brief desire. He pulls back from the hug and pats her shoulder.

He steps outside the restaurant and smells the air. Puzzled, he sniffs again.

A quick flash of James across the street. Kragen frowns.

INT. KENT, ENGLAND - JAMES' FLAT - NIGHT

James sits at the kitchen table alone, reads the newspaper.

A long, low HOWL cuts through the quiet. His back stiffens. He sneaks to the door, peaks through the curtain.

He spots a MALE FIGURE outside, drops to the floor.

He takes a deep breath and checks again. The figure is gone but something else is there. He spies a canvas sack.

He ponders for a moment. He opens the door, scrambles to the sack, grabs it and races back to the kitchen.

He tests the weight of the sack, places it on the table. He grabs a knife from the pointy things drawer.

He cuts the rope, loosens the sack. He attempts to reach inside but shakes his head no way. He hesitates, dumps the sack...

The decapitated head of an elderly woman thumps on the table.

Animal bites and scratches mar the neck line and forehead. Blood oozes onto the newspaper.

He raises his hand to his face as if to keep away the stench.

A hairy human hand with long nails scratches a cutting board.

James turns to a smiling Kragen, still in his suit. Hair still perfect.

James looks puzzled as he glances from Kragen to the door. Kragen shrugs with a hint of hubris.

He nods toward the head, somber.

KRAGEN

This is what he does. This is what  
I used to do.

Kragen lets that sink in. James gulps and falls into his chair, hyperventilates. He puts his head between his knees and dry heaves.

Kragen delays by the door.

KRAGEN

You're getting better. I almost  
didn't see you in Soho today.

When he looks up, Kragen is gone. And so is the head.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT (THREE WEEKS AGO)

James follows Kragen down a dark street. He hides behind signs, stairways, and alleyways. He moves without elegance.

The moon glows, something HOWLS from up ahead. James runs down the alley. Out of breath, he turns a corner into...

Kragen.

He grips James by the throat and lifts his feet inches off the pavement. He puts his nose up close to James neck, his nostrils flare as he sniffs.

Satisfied, Kragen releases his grip. James gasps.

James pulls his wallet out and a photo soon follows. The photo remains in his outstretched hand. Kragen scoffs.

James opens his mouth, shuts it. He lowers the photo, but not his gaze.

Kragen shakes his head, sighs, averts his eyes. He nods, strides away.

James gazes at the photo held in his palm of a young woman. He walks away with an unsure look on his face.

END OF FLASHBACK

EXT. LONDON, ENGLAND - NIGHT

TWO DARK FIGURES fight in an alley in Mayfair. James watches from a roof top. They pass in and out of the lights.

Werewolves.

James looks between the two with a confused expression. He stares at each without recognition.

He scans the area ahead, notes a fire escape, and advances closer to the fight.

The fighters continue to damage each other with claws and fangs. James hides behind nearby crates.

His eyes open wide at the intensity of the blows and bites.

He scrutinizes the combatants. He observes no tell tale markings though one opponent seems sleek and smaller compared to the other.

The wolves crash into the crates. James scuttles out of the way of the jagged teeth. The larger one shreds his arm with a claw. Blood soaks his shirt.

The sleek wolf howls in anger. He swipes his claws at the larger one and slices his throat. He gurgles, bleeds out.

James pulls out his kitchen knife and points it at the dead wolf. He then points it at the sleek wolf. Hands shaking.

The werewolf strikes it out of his hand with spread claws. He stands at full height and howls.

James, scared shitless, cowers.

The werewolf morphs into... Kragen. Pain forces him to collapse into James' arms. He struggles to remain upright.

And fails.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - WEEKS LATER

James drinks at Trader Vic's with WORK FRIENDS. He wears a suit and a sling for his arm.

He spies Kragen across the room, alone, drinking a piña colada. His hair is perfect.

James compares his suit to Kragen's well tailored ensemble and shakes his head.

Kragen touches his nose as if sniffing the air and smelling something bad.

James approaches him...

KRAGEN

Did I tell you I once saw Lon  
Chaney walking with the Queen?

James chuckles, silence.

James pulls out the photo and views it with Kragen.

JAMES

She was a great friend.

KRAGEN

And a better sister.

No hand shake. James heads back to his work friends, looks over his shoulder, and Kragen is gone.

He smiles as his friends welcome him back to the bar.

FADE OUT.