A-Hoo!

By

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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

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.