

"Draw Blood"

by  
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Based on the song Werewolves of London by Warren Zevon

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FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

In the midst of the courtyard sits a large stone monument depicting a pack of wolves on the hunt. A bronze plate mounted at its base reads: "St. William's Hospital"

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A tiled corridor stretches into the distance. Heavy metal doors line its length.

Bright fluorescent lights hum and sizzle overhead.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The walls are padded, as are the floor and ceiling. A long and narrow window splits the wall vertically.

A PATIENT, with a roughly shaved head, sits with his face hidden in a corner. He is strapped into a straight jacket.

PATIENT

I saw a werewolf with a Chinese  
menu in his hand.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

A GENTLEMAN(50) with sculpted hair and rich attire, saunters down the walk.

The wet asphalt mirrors the night.

PATIENT (V.O.)

Walking through the streets of Soho  
in the rain.

He stops before a large window and looks inside.

Beyond the pane of glass, people engage in muted conversation and laughter.

PATIENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

He was looking for a place called  
Lee Ho Fook's.

An OLD WOMAN(60), with beautiful silver hair, sits alone.

The Gentleman walks in and as he does, a smile removes the sadness from the Old Woman's face.

He takes the seat across from her and warmly takes her hand.

PATIENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
He was looking for a big dish of  
beef chow mein.

Somewhere far off a wolf howls.

PATIENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Werewolves of London.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A full moon casts everything in a pale glow.

The Old Woman stands at a window and washes dishes as a large shadow slides past and startles her.

Close by, a wolf howls.

The Old Woman looks out into the yard.

PATIENT (V.O.)  
If you hear him howling around your  
kitchen door.

Something mewls softly. A scratching sound draws the Old Woman's gaze away from the yard.

She disappears into the kitchen.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)  
Zevon?

PATIENT (V.O.)  
Better not let him in.

Hinges creak as the Old Woman opens the door.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)  
Is that you making all that --

An animal roars and shadows dance in the window as a horrific struggle takes place within the house.

Glass shatters and the lights go out.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The Patient continues to rock, his face still hidden.

PATIENT  
 Little old lady got mutilated late  
 last night.

He looks towards the vertical window as a wolf sings to the moon.

PATIENT (CONT'D)  
 Werewolves of London again.  
 Werewolves of London.

The Patient arches his shoulders and strains against the straps that line the back of the straight jacket.

A buckle breaks.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The Gentleman tosses his keys on a table, his hands are stained with blood.

PATIENT (V.O.)  
 He's the hairy handed gent who ran  
 amuck in Kent.

He disappears into the bathroom and turns on the water. The shower door closes and the man lets out a satisfied howl.

PATIENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Lately he's been overheard in  
 Mayfair.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - LATER

The Gentleman, half dressed, thumbs through records on a shelf and pulls one out. In the "V" shaped groove left by his search, a James Taylor album can clearly be seen.

He plays the record and dances a jig into the other room.

PATIENT (V.O.)  
 Better stay away from him. He'll  
 rip your lungs out, Jim.

The Gentleman reappears in a sharp Armani suit.

PATIENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I'd like to meet his tailor.

Far off a wolf howls and the Gentleman smiles to himself.

PATIENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Werewolves of London.

EXT. APARTMENT - MAYFAIR LONDON - NIGHT

The Gentleman dances down the steps of the apartment building and into the street.

PATIENT (V.O.)  
Well, I saw Lon Chaney walking with  
the Queen. Doing the Werewolves of  
London.

As he walks down the sidewalk, he does another quick jig.

PATIENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I saw Lon Chaney, Jr. walking with  
the Queen.

The Gentleman performs one last jig as he turns the corner of Queen Street and out of view.

PATIENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Doing the Werewolves of London.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER

The Gentleman sits at the head of a table in a large high back wicker chair. A group of enthralled listeners sit around the table before him.

PATIENT (V.O.)  
I saw a werewolf drinking a pina  
colada at Trader Vic's.

He takes a sip of his drink and carries on with his tale.

PATIENT (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
His hair was perfect.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

The Patient stands before the small window, the shredded remains of the straight jacket at his feet.

With wistful fingers, he rubs the back of his shaved head.

A wolf howls.

PATIENT  
Werewolves of London.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Three LARGE ORDERLIES approach the Patient's door. The one in the lead steps forward and looks in.

PATIENT (O.S.)  
You won't get it without a fight.

LEAD ORDERLY  
We'll see.

He unlocks the door and they rush into the darkness.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - NIGHT

A dark operating room is seen through a glass wall. A long desk stretches before it and houses complex instruments.

Above a switch, a label reads: "Start Transfusion"

Two DOCTORS sit before this desk. One reaches forward and flips a switch. The lights in the operating room come on.

The Patient is strapped to a table. His bald head reflects the harsh glare from the array of operating lights above him.

His face is gaunt and deathly pale. Vampire teeth are bared as he snarls at his captors.

Next to him is a covered body, only its hairy and taloned arm is exposed.

The two are connected by a series of tubes and machines.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The hairy handed Gentleman walks in. He now wears a white lab coat over his suit.

He turns to the doctors in the observation room.

THE GENTLEMAN  
Draw blood.

One of the doctor reaches forward and turns a dial.

FADE TO BLACK.