

WEREWOLVES OF LONDON

EXT. SOHO STREETS - NIGHT

London fog blankets the city, as a slow drizzle leaves a sheen that glistens off the streets.

The few denizens still out and about this time of night, accustomed to the weather, are bundled in jackets and raincoats.

Everyone moves with a purpose, nobody lingers -- none wishing to remain out any longer than necessary.

A YOUNG GIRL, accompanied by her MOTHER, waits at a stop for the light to turn. She tugs on her mother's coat and points to something O.S.

Her mother quickly yanks her arm down, and pretends not to see whatever she was pointing at, as the little girl continues to stare, eyes saucer-wide.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Cozy, and well lit, exactly where you'd want to be on a dreary night. A GENT sits at a table next to the window, sipping his coffee, reading the Times.

Printed in the paper's headline:

*"Elderly Kent Woman Found Mutilated Last Night."*

And the sketch below displays an artist's rendering of a wolf-like creature, its mouth curved in a toothy grin.

The man lowers the newspaper and glances out the window, and passing directly, on the other side of the pane, is a creature matching the illustration.

He blinks for a moment, then brings the paper back up, blocking his view of outside.

EXT. SOHO STREETS - NIGHT

The WEREWOLF makes its way down the sidewalk, its gait ape-like rather than on all fours, as one hand reaches down to support its weight as it shuffles forward on hind legs, while the other holds a CHINESE MENU.

Passing commuters give the creature a wide berth as they hurry along, keeping their eyes averted.

And further up, some choose to go over to the other side of the street to avoid crossing the beast's path.

But strangely no one flees in terror.

EXT. SOHO TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Those inside looking out pull down blinds, or shutter windows as the creature passes, taking no chances.

If the werewolf notices the reaction it has on folks, it doesn't show it as it ambles along, minding its own business.

Periodically, it stops, looks up at the moon and howls.

WEREWOLF

Awhoooooo!

Down the block a neon sign flickers, identifying the establishment as LEE HO FOOK'S, a poster displaying a bowl of BEEF CHOW MEIN hanging in the window.

The beast pauses in front of the seedy Chinese eatery, then proceeds next door to an equally seedy tavern with a sign overhead that reads: TRADER VIC'S.

EXT. TRADER VIC'S - NIGHT

Through the porthole in the door, we glance inside the dive, at the variety of ODD PATRONS who frequent this watering hole.

At the end of the bar sits the werewolf, head tilted back, muzzle lifted, downing a Pina Colada.

EXT. SOHO STREETS - NIGHT

The werewolf is once again on its way, Chinese menu now replaced by a carry-out bag.

A couple emerges in the fog ahead.

An older woman, dressed in a frumpy matronly outfit, with matching pillbox hat atop her head of white hair, proceeds along, posture erect, a dignified air.

At her side is a tall gaunt gentleman, with a trim moustache, sporting a red velvet-lined cape draped atop his immaculately tailored tuxedo.

As they draw nearer, their identities are revealed as THE QUEEN and LON CHANEY.

The werewolf stops and bows to the pair as they pass. And Chaney acknowledges the beast with a nod before continuing on their stroll, disappearing into the fog once more.

WEREWOLF

Awhoooooo!

EXT. MAYFAIR RESIDENCE DISTRICT - NIGHT

A working-class area filled with two-story brick flats crammed side-by-side, along a narrow length of street.

The werewolf turns and heads down a walkway, which in turn leads up a series of steps, that end in front of an open doorway, in which stands the looming figure of MRS. WEREWOLF, arms crossed, frowning down at him.

Under the weight of her glare, the werewolf proceeds inside sheepishly, Chinese take-out in hand.

Late again with dinner.

THE END