

WOLF WHISTLE

Short Film Script

Written by

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FADE IN:

Evening. 1970. Fall foliage litters the sprawl of American suburbia.

INT. LANNISTER HOUSE

DIANNE LASSITER - Early 20s Caucasian-American female, petite and conservative, sits in a dimly lit room at an old-fashioned typewriter on a worn, wooden desk. The rhythmic clicking on worn keys fills the spacious room.

Super: I Am More Than a Wolves' Prey: A Memoir by Dianne Lassiter

She presses the carriage return lever, typing away with a sense of urgency.

DIANNE (V.O.)

I always felt like I was just as much a victim as the boy. He barged into our shop and put his hands on me with no provocation! Do I think he deserved to be killed?

She twirls a strand of her golden hair.

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

Absolutely not! We both paid a price that fateful day. He may have lost his life, but my life was altered too, in fact my life may never be the same again! In a way, we're both vict-

CRACK! Dianne looks up, disgusted, as smeared yolk drips down her bedroom window. She rushes over and hoists the window upward gazing below with a fowl scowl.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

Hey!

Costumed teenagers scurry across her lawn with mischievous snickers.

An African-American woman, with her face shielded by a wide-brimmed hat, tends to her garden a fence over. She's as a microscopic as an ant from Dianne's vantage point. Dianne yells.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

Those your brats?

The gardener ignores her.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Hey-Hey! I'm talking to you!

The gardener looks up and Dianne is taken aback.

The woman has no eyes.

THE WOMAN HAS NO EYES.

Dianne SLAMS the window shut when--

RING. RING.

In the stillness of her bedroom a landline RINGS on her bedside table. Unnerved, She answers.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Hello...Hello?

Heavy breathing.

She hangs up, fully prepared to walk away when--

--it rings AGAIN

Nervous, she picks it up.

Heavy breathing...then silence

DIANNE (CONT'D)
Hello? Stop playing on the phone.
My husband's a cop!

Heavy breathing ensues.

The low voice mumbles.

DIANNE (CONT'D)
I can't hear ya, speak up chile!

Silence.

DISEMBODIED VOICE
D-Dianne..

Dianne freezes.

A faint wolf-whistling CRESCENDOS through the receiver.

Dianne SLAMS in the phone on its hook switch in and RUSHES back to the window. Her eyes scan the lush greenery of the residential neighborhood, but The GARDENER has VANISHED.

She backs into her room, her breaths short and rapid before slowing into deep exhales.

DIANNE
Just the devil..It's just the
devil. I'm covered in the
blood..I'm covered.

The phone RINGS a third time and she YELPS. She watches it ring until it stops, eyes wide with unease.

Dianne returns her seat, twirling a strand of her stringy, blonde hair and resumes typing

DIANNE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
If anything I'm the real victim.
I've made a social pariah, excluded
from my community and what for?
I've even been condemned a racist
accomplice. Racist? Me?
Preposterous! My neighbor's are
black. I live amongst those people
in fact-

Dianne clears out the last sentence when a loud CRASH occurs from behind. She spins around in her chair and her glass vase is shattered on the ground. She curses and grabs a broom.

She LEANS under her bed to check for any residual debris when she notices IT.

Her eyes WIDEN.

But not nearly as wide as the TWO GOLDEN EYES staring back at her.

She SCREAMS and scrambles for the door

BO'S QUARTERS

A NEWSPAPER headline reads "Lynching Stirs Nation, Slayers Acquitted"

BO LASSITER, late 20s conservative blue collar man, ankle-deep in a foot tub, sips from a glass of whiskey as Dianne RUSHES into the room.

DIANNE
Bo! Come quick!

BO
What's the rush?

DIANNE
There's someone in our bedroom. Now
Bo!

BO
We've been home all day, ain't
nobody here but us

DIANNE
Please just come on!

She tugs at his broad shoulders, and He concedes.

Bo grabs his shotgun propped by the door sill and leads her
out into the hallway.

INT. BEDROOM

Bo storms into the bedroom. She motions for him to check
under the bedroom. Nothing. Nor the closet either. He even
ganders outside the window into an eerily empty yard. No
laughter of children. Only the howling winds of Autumn
persist.

BO
You sure your mind isn't playing
tricks on you, dear?

DIANNE
I know what I felt.

BO
Maybe it was a mouse

He approaches the window, and shuts it.

DIANNE
But I-

BO
Woman you know I have court
tomorrow. Can a man enjoy his day
off?

Dianne cedes and Bo exits after a quick, reluctant kiss on
the cheek.

Dianne returns to her seat, shiftly and unnerved.

Before she can even so much as type a sentence a QUICK RUSH
of footsteps scurries down the hallway.

She SWINGS the door open, but the hallway is empty.

DIANNE

Bo?

Silence.

BO

Bo? That you?

THE LIGHTS SHUT OFF.

Dianne YELPS.

Unnerved, she SLOWLY runs her hand along the wall until she finds the light switch. It isn't working. She fumbles her way down the hallway to the FUSE BOX. She flips through the switches, but darkness persists.

BO (CONT'D)

Bo, the lights are out! Did you forget to pay the bill? Bo?

BO'S QUARTERS

Dianne reenters Bo's quarters and the LIGHTS TURN BACK ON.

She's HORRIFIED at the grisly sight of her lover sprawled on the ground, glossy-eyed and bleeding out the side of his head.

DIANNE

Bo! Bo! Dear god no.

Dianne cradles her husband's corpse, blood smearing her white blouse.

She RUSHES to the nearest landline, dialing frantically.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

911? Hello? Operator?

Dianne's heart pounds over the unnerving silence.

She HANGS up the phone and DIALS again. No dial tone. No ringer -- THEN A TINNITUS INDUCING WOLF WHISTLE RINGS INTO HER EARS. She tosses the phone and BOLTS.

DIANNE (CONT'D)

Help!

She can feel HEAVY footsteps gaining on her as she maneuvers down the stairway.

EXT. LIVING ROOM

Dianne breaks for the front door, twisting the knob
FRANTICALLY.

But it won't OPEN.

IT WON'T OPEN.

DIANNE
Help! Somebody hel-

HEAVY FOOTSTEPS approach her from behind.

She FREEZES.

There's a SHAPE in her peripheral.

THERE'S SOMEONE IN HER PERIPHERAL.

Her breaths are SHORT and RAPID

She TURNS.

The SHAPE has a bloodied sheet draped over it, unmoved, but
wolf whistling away.

Dianne FREAKS OUT, twisting the doorknob in a panic, but the
door won't open. The incessant whistling gets closer.

CLOSER.

Until the SHAPE is within feet of its cornered prey.

Dianne SCREAMS.

INT. GARDENER'S HOUSE

A stovetop tea kettle WHISTLES and STEAMS.

Hot liquid waterfalls into a teacup submerging a buoyant
teabag.

The FACELESS woman sits at an ancestral altar with an URN as
its centerpiece.

BLACK.