Wolves at the Door

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FADE IN:

INT. PUB - NIGHT

BARTLEY (24) thin, wispy hair, skinny as a rail, is sat on a stool at the bar. A frothing pint is sat in front of him on the bar.

CUT TO:

CHRISTOPHER LEE (V.O.)
(speaking very properly and eloquently)
Mark ye well lads and lasses, carnivore or vegen, there always be wolves at the door.

The pub is packed and very rowdy and boisterous. A football match plays on several large screens.

We see ALROY (almost 25 and a half) walking towards the bar. He has thick red hair that resembles a fiery lion's mane. He is wearing a skin tight T-Shirt with Simon Cowell's face on it that is at least two sizes too small. A fag hanging from the corner of his mouth sends smoke wisps into the already very smoky air. You could probably even cut it with a knife it's so smoky.

His hairy, rotund gut sticks out like a big beach ball. As he walks towards us, we see his gut shake up and down, back and forth, and even side to side. It's quite a funny and disturbing sight, actually.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

A pack of WOLVES sulk toward the entrance of the pub. The biggest one in front has three specs of blood on its snout. The smallest one in the rear has a carrot, a tomato, and a head of lettuce in its mouth. All the other wolves have only their tongues in their mouths, and a few rotting, old teeth that look like they are about to fall out.

We hear several loud HOWLS and then we hear their paws padding along the stone sidewalk. PAD...PAD...PAD...PADDING along the stone sidewalk

The BOUNCER, who is sat on a chair, is about 40 years old. He looks like a combination of Richard Gere, Harry Hamlin, and Richard Grieco, but with worse hair, and not as rich or popular (even though Richard Grieco isn't very popular anyway). He is wearing an old plaid shirt and Guess jeans with a fairly new looking belt. He also has a shiny necklace on that hangs down to his big, old beer gut. Some sweat or grease or some substance is dripping down his chin.
He sees all the wolves except one of them and stands up in surprise. He then wants to talk to them and see why they are here...and also make sure everything is cool.

BOUNCER

Hold up there, you wolves! What are you doing at this fine pub on this fine night? You know no wolves are allowed in, right?

The wolves just stand there looking at him. Some of their tongues even hang out of their snouts...and they blink their eyes a lot also.

The biggest one with the blood on his face sneaks around behind him when he's not looking and creeps inside the pub.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

I need to know what you are doing here. Do tell me...now, or be gone with you...Go bark at the moon!

He pulls out a large crucifix from his shirt pocket and holds it out in front of him. The moonlight reflects on it and we can see like over a hundred different reflections darting back and forth in every single eye of every single wolf (except the biggest one who isn't outside any longer).

The smallest wolf in the back steps forward, revealing its salad in its mouth. With a shake of its small head, it sends the tomato smashing into the bouncer's mouth. He is so surprised that he swallows the tomato in one giant gulp.

The wolves all laugh...even the smallest one, but he can't really laugh because he still has the carrot and head of lettuce in his mouth, but it looks like he is still trying to laugh anyway.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

We see Bartley drinking his pint happily. He guzzles it down in a single swig, then he burps and farts.

Alroy walks up and smells the sick odors coming from Bartley's burp and fart. He is disgusted but he looks so disgusting anyway that it probably doesn't matter anyway. Then we see the wolf as it creeps along under the bar... (it's pretty big but it can do it somehow).

BARTLEY

Another pint, my good man...and make it snappy. What the Hell kind of meat is in your meat pies, for God's sake, man? Please tell me now. I need to know.
We can see Alroy watching Bartley with a funny smile on his big face.

ALROY
What's wrong with you, mate? You a fuckin' vegen or something? Meat's meat, and if ye like meat,, you'll fancy them meat pies, ya skinny bugger.

Bartley looks shocked and pissed and like he's going to go crazy or something. It's hard to say what he'll do right now, because he just looks really freaky.

BARTLEY
What's wrong with me? What's wrong with you, mate? I'm a Carnivore, you dumbass. Are you a vegen?

The big old wolf keeps creeping unseen under the bar. He is now right underneath Bartley's legs, but no one knows he is there.

The barkeep sets another pint in front of Bartley.

ALROY
Yes sir, I is, and damn proud of it, too. You Carnivores disgust me...you're no better than the wolves that prowl the Moors.

The wolf looks up at Alroy with a bloody smile.

ALROY (CONT'D)
I spit on your grave, you blood sucking freak! You might as well be a cannibal for all I care. Maybe them meat pies are chock full o' human meat.

EXT. PUB - NIGHT

The bouncer and the smallest wolf enjoy the rest of the salad together. The other wolves run off and all leap into the river as the moonlight dances in their eyeballs.

INT. PUB - NIGHT

BARTLEY
I'll kill you right here, you old ugly fuck! How dare you compare me to a wolf. Wolves are the scourge of the Earth.

(MORE)
BARTLEY (CONT'D)
I'd kill every damn one of 'em if I
could, but that would be right after
I'd already killed and gutted you
first, vegen.

The wolf stands up and is much bigger than we actually thought
he was. He is eight feet tall and weighs maybe like six
hundred pounds or maybe even more. His mouth is bigger than
Alroy's gut and his hair is longer than his fiery red mane
even.

WOLF
(licking his lips
with his tongue))
I'm gonna kill both your ugly asses,
bitches. But first, I'm gonna get
shitfaced and you two fucks are gonna
pay for all my pints.

Bartley and Alroy both look shocked and very scared.

WOLF (CONT'D)
By the way...the meat pies in here
are for shit.
(glares at the barkeep))
No quality control at all in who
they throw into their grinder. I
may be a carnivore, but I don't eat
just anyone, so consider yourselves
lucky, bitches.

Alroy just stands there, staring at the wolf. Bartley moves
his pint over to the wolf.

The wolf motions for Alroy to sit.

WOLF (CONT'D)
Whataya waiting for, you fuck? Get
me another pint. I'm thirsty.

SOMEONE IN THE PUB
Is that a wolf at the bar?

SOMEONE ELSE IN THE PUB
Argh...ah...etc...etc... Run for
the hills!

BAR PATRON # 4
(almost fainting from
fright and shock)
Someone help us! Etc...etc..
EXT. PUB - NIGHT

The smallest little wolf bounds toward the river where his pack are frolicking merrily.

The Bouncer's head is between his jaws. A trail of blood can be seen trailing behind. The head of lettuce sits alone on the chair with three drops of blood on it.

CHRISTOPHER LEE (V.O.)
(speaking very proper English language and puffing his chest out as he talks)
And to all a good night, carnivores and vegens, sinners and saints, lamb, wolf, and sheep. We are definitely not always who we eat.

FADE OUT: