

ALL THE WOLVES YOU WERE

Original Story and Screenplay

by Ronald V. Micci

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ALL THE WOLVES YOU WERE

FADE IN:

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - VICTORIAN ERA - NIGHT
(TEASER)

A horse-drawn coach rumbles into view, taking the turn on a dark wooded road. The full moon casts shadows through the trees.

COATES, the driver, snaps the reins, urging the horses onward -- ah!

INT. MOVING COACH

RICHARD HASTINGS, the lone occupant, adjusts his white gloves with a neat little tug. He's a dapper-looking fellow in his 40s dressed in formal evening attire.

WITH COATES

as a MOURNFUL WOLF CRY goes up -- AH-O-O-O-O! YIP-YIP-YIP-YIP-YIP! He turns, fearful, straining to see what's going on behind him.

THE HORSES

sense danger and have begun to panic, going faster and faster, straining against their bridles.

IN THE COACH

Richard is thrown forward in his seat.

RICHARD

Coates!

He moves to the window. Grips the bars. Looks out.

Another WOLF CRY is heard -- AH-O-O-O-O!

The horses surge forward, neighing and grunting, straining harder and harder as the coach races along.

ON THE ROAD

a pack of YELPING and GROWLING wolves has appeared. They're chasing the coach.

IN THE COACH

Richard clings to the window bars.

RICHARD

Coates, for God's sake!

COATES' FACE is a mask of fear. He catches a glimpse of the pursuing wolves. Snaps the reins frantically.

THE COACH rumbles along at a furious clip, wheels churning, horses straining and straining against the bit.

RICHARD struggles to open the door as the coach shifts from side to side, threatening to topple over.

RICHARD

Coates!

The door swings open.

ON THE ROAD

the wolves abandon their pursuit as mysteriously as they appeared. Trail off into the woods.

COATES tugs on the reins.

COATES

Whoa!

IN THE COACH

Richard pitches backward. Manages to catch himself and regain the safety of his seat.

The coach thuds to a stop. Coates quickly climbs down, moves to the door and opens it.

A haggard-looking Richard climbs down.

RICHARD

What was that, Coates?

COATES

Wolves, sir -- wolves, wolves.

RICHARD

No, Coates, no, no.

COATES

Teeth, sir -- growl, growl.

RICHARD

Naughty, Coates, naughty, naughty. Between you, me and the moon up there, we're already late. You want to be more careful.

He tidies his coat.

COATES

A little dust-off, sir?

RICHARD

Please.

Coates produces a clothes brush. Freshens up Richard's topcoat.

COATES

Stunning, sir, stunning.

RICHARD

Don't press your luck, Coates.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRESCOTT ESTATE - NIGHT

The Prescott country home. Large and imposing, with stables and such.

Richard's coach pulls up in front. Coates lets him out.

INT. FOYER - PRESCOTT ESTATE

JAMES, the family servant, greets arriving guests.

Richard enters, removes his coat and gloves. Deposits them cavalierly on James' arm.

RICHARD

I think you might have a little wolf problem.

He proceeds down the hall.

Amiable SIR CEDRIC PRESCOTT, 60s, and his wife, AMELIA, greet guests in the hall leading to the ballroom.

CEDRIC

Richard -- so good to see you.

RICHARD

Cedric, looking as greedy as ever.

They shake hands.

RICHARD

Amelia, may I attack your hand?

He nibbles on her hand.

AMELIA

Richard -- !

RICHARD

Now, tell me a story -- about your son and a princess.

CEDRIC

Well, once upon a time --

Richard puts his hand on Cedric's shoulder.

RICHARD

There was a greedy man whose fortunes were in jeopardy. Shall we?

They start down the hall.

CEDRIC

Royalty established a summer residence nearby --

RICHARD

And you leaped at the chance to get your hands on all that money. Who could blame you? Though you may have overlooked one thing.

CEDRIC

What's that?

RICHARD

The girl harbored a secret. And more than a passing problem with unsightly facial hair.

CEDRIC

Richard -- !

RICHARD

She liked to hunt by night. Had a ferocious temper. And so there were clear and present dangers.

CEDRIC

And yet for money, as you well know, people will do most anything.

They reach the entrance to the ballroom.

RICHARD

Just how broke are you?

CEDRIC

This jacket? It's a loaner. Shall we?

They enter the ballroom.

INT. BALLROOM

The party is in full swing. Well-dressed aristocrats rub elbows sipping champagne.

On the dance floor, couples drift dreamily to WALTZ MUSIC.

Richard and Cedric survey the scene.

RICHARD

Quite a gathering.

(searching the crowd)

And that, I presume, is the royal family.

REVEAL a dapper-looking PRINCE FREDERICK VON WOOF WOOF of the principality of Eastern Slobobia and his stunningly attractive wife, PRINCESS FRANCESCA. Fortyish. Chatting in the corner.

CEDRIC

Indeed, Crown Prince Frederick von Woof
Woof of the shaggy principality of Eastern
Slobobia. And his wife, the lovely and gifted
Princess Francesca. And somewhere out there
on the dance floor --

RICHARD

Two young lovers, one a monster.

CEDRIC

Shame, shame!

LAWRENCE PRESCOTT and PRINCESS ELIZABETH VON WOOF
WOOF indeed drift across the dance floor together.

He: mutton-chopped, handsome, mid-20s. She: younger, dark-haired, fragily
beautiful.

As they circle in each other's arms, Elizabeth can't seem to suppress a troubled
look.

LAWRENCE

Elizabeth, what's wrong?

She can't hide her dismay.

LAWRENCE

I'm a little clumsy, I know.
All right, I'm a lot clumsy. . . There is
something wrong.

She breaks off, upset. Hurriedly leaves the dance floor.

LAWRENCE

Elizabeth?

He goes after her. Pauses to acknowledge an aristocratic couple with an
embarrassed smile.

Starts out again. Pauses in front of a second couple. Sticks out his tongue
defiantly. Proceeds to the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY

A distressed Elizabeth has moved to the railing. Lawrence enters.

LAWRENCE

Elizabeth?

He moves to her. She turns, her eyes now strange and bestial. Her features suggestive of a wolf.

LAWRENCE

My, my -- what big eyes you have.

ELIZABETH

All the better to leer at you -- grrrrr. . .

She bares her teeth.

LAWRENCE

And your teeth -- remarkably large and fearfully sharp. I was just about to return to the guests.

ELIZABETH

Wait.

LAWRENCE

(whimpering)
Please don't eat me -- please?

Elizabeth breaks into tears, melts in his arms.

ELIZABETH

Oh Lawrence, I'm so afraid.

He holds her close.

LAWRENCE

You're afraid -- are you kidding? Now, now, you sappy old princess, you just wipe away those tears and tell young Master Larry what's wrong.

ELIZABETH

Oh Lawrence. . . This may shock you.
(a beat)
Do you really want to know?

LAWRENCE

No.

ELIZABETH

The truth is, I've been keeping a secret. I didn't want to keep a secret from you, but it was simply too monstrous to divulge.

LAWRENCE

Then let's let bygones be bygones. Yes, I think it's time to --

She grabs him and gets rough.

ELIZABETH

I didn't want to tell you. I fought it with every fiber of my being, but now I must. Lawrence, prepare yourself -- for the shocking truth is --

LAWRENCE

You're a werewolf.

She can't believe it.

LAWRENCE

It was the teeth.

But now she gets physical with him again.

ELIZABETH

Lawrence -- do you even know what a werewolf is?

He shakes his head emphatically.

ELIZABETH

They're monsters. They're depraved. They seek out human prey.

LAWRENCE

Things I'm glad I didn't know.

ELIZABETH

They run around on all fours, keep very strange hours, and are murder on guests.

LAWRENCE

This is not music to my ears.

Here she comes again.

ELIZABETH

Do you have any idea what it's like living with a werewolf? . . . They have ferocious tempers, wake up in out of the way places, and leave hairballs all over the rugs.

LAWRENCE

The hairball thing, I could have an issue with.

She shakes him.

LAWRENCE

Kidding, just kidding.

A beat.

ELIZABETH

They have abominable table manners, like to run in packs, and howl at the moon.

LAWRENCE

Not altogether appealing attributes, but --

ELIZABETH

You've got to call off the wedding, do you hear me? Or would you prefer to have a werewolf for a wife?

LAWRENCE

Now that you mention it. Elizabeth, perhaps what you're saying is true. All right, it's terrifying, it's baffling, I'm freaked, okay? But you're forgetting one thing.

ELIZABETH

What's that?

LAWRENCE

I love you. . .

She bares her teeth -- grrrrr. . .

LAWRENCE

Like a lot?
(backing off)
Are kind of fond of?

ELIZABETH

Do as I say, Lawrence, please -- call off the wedding.

LAWRENCE

If I do, you have to answer one question that's really been nagging me, okay?

ELIZABETH

All right.

LAWRENCE

Promise you won't get mad?

ELIZABETH

I promise.

LAWRENCE

Cross your heart? . . . You've told me many disturbing things about your habits tonight, and frankly, they're a little off-putting. But there's still something I'm a little uncertain about, I mean it's really bothering me, and I have to ask you and I hope you won't get mad and will be completely honest with me --
(ulp!)

Do werewolves do shirts?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRESCOTT ESTATE - NIGHT

Clouds scud across the sky and an eerie full moon bathes the castle in light.

INT. BEDROOM

Lady Amelia lies quietly asleep in bed.

At the open window, a pajama-clad Sir Cedric gazes out on the mysterious night.

A mysterious WOLF CRY goes up -- AH-O-O-O-O!

CEDRIC

Ah, the rich and mournful cry
(rich-throated cry?)
of the werewolf. How it arouses me. I do feel,
however, that he needs to get that voice
checked.

(a beat)

The moon, how harrowing and eerie it is.
Nothing like an eerie and harrowing moon to
get the juices flowing.

There comes a KNOCK at the door.

CEDRIC

Hark -- what's that I hear?

Cedric moves to answer it, opens the door and finds James staring him in the face.

CEDRIC

Yes, James?

JAMES

Begging your pardon, sir, but Lady von Woof
Woof is downstairs. Woof-woof!

CEDRIC

Oh good. I'll come immediately.

James exits. Cedric moves to the closet, slips into his robe. Amelia stirs in bed.

AMELIA

Dear?

CEDRIC

You stay right here in bed like a good wifey.

INT. DRAWING ROOM

Princess Francesca von Woof Woof, looking as sharply beautiful and sensuous as ever, paces nervously for several beats, and Sir Cedric comes in.

CEDRIC

Princess Francesca --

He moves to her. He takes her in his arms.

CEDRIC

No one must know.

He attempts to kiss her.

FRANCESCA

(pushing him away)

Sir Cedric, please.

CEDRIC

All right, we can tell Amelia. But not until after we've signed the divorce papers. Now, you were saying?

FRANCESCA

She's gone, Sir Cedric. Our princess, your daughter-in-law to be, and everyone's favorite Slobobian showgirl. She's flown the coop.

CEDRIC

No.

FRANCESCA

Yes.

CEDRIC

You don't mind if I steal another kiss, you're simply irresistible.

He tries to steal a kiss. She rebuffs him.

FRANCESCA

Please. . . Yes, the princess has run away. We must go at once and find her or something terrible might happen this night.

CEDRIC

Terrible, of course, having a terrible connotation.

FRANCESCA

You see, there are certain things you don't know about the princess, Sir Cedric. Sordid and unearthly things.

(a slight beat)

As a child, while gamboling innocently in the woods -- children love to gambol, you know how it is -- she was bitten by a wolf. And not merely your garden variety wolf, but a werewolf. Do you know what that means?

CEDRIC

She's got hideous bite marks all over her?

FRANCESCA

It means she's one of *them*.

CEDRIC

Oh no. Not one of -- *them*?

FRANCESCA

You see, they're different from us, Sir Cedric, these monsters. If she's allowed to run loose out there, there's no telling what might happen. We've got to find her and bring her back, or the wedding will be ruined.

CEDRIC

Which is another way of saying, there goes that nice dowry of hers that we've been counting on right down the drain. No, we wouldn't want that. You're right, we must go in search of her immediately. I'll have James bring round the hounds. And while we're waiting --

He tries to steal a kiss.

FRANCESCA

Please.

She turns to us.

FRANCESCA

Oh wolfly, wolfly, wolf-plagued night.

CEDRIC

With a woof, and a woof, we shall make it right.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Two teenage lads walk briskly along a darkened road -- BRIAN and ROGER.

A WOLF CRY is heard -- AH-O-O-O-O!

They freeze in their tracks.

ROGER

Wait a minute -- did you hear that?

AH-O-O-O-O!

ROGER

There it is again. It's a wolf. And he didn't sound happy. Rather than stick around here and get chewed to bits, I'm going back to town.

BRIAN

Wait. . . Oh Diana, Diana, joy and light, let us share our love tonight. Isn't that precious?

ROGER

Let's 23 skiddoo, my friend, before we're soft porridge for that beast.

BRIAN

We can't turn back. Not when we've come this far.

ROGER

Correction -- *you* can't turn back. I can do anything I want.

BRIAN

Wait. . . Roger -- friends forever?

ROGER

Friends forever.

BRIAN
And friends do for friends?

ROGER
Uh, don't press your luck.

Another WOLF CRY -- AH-O-O-O-O!

ROGER
No, I'd say friends say bye-bye.

BRIAN
Wait. Don't be insensitive. We must forge on. Love dictates it.

ROGER
You tell love for me, it's been kicks.
(aside)
Am I stupid enough to do this? Yes, I said,
stupidly answering my own question.
(to Brian)
All right, lead on.

They detour off the road into the woods.

BRIAN
These woods are full of scary things, but they don't frighten me. Ha!

As a tree branch THWACKS him in the face.

He composes himself.

BRIAN
I'm buoyed by my love.

And presses on, uncertainly.

They come to a clearing. The WELLINGTON ESTATE can be seen at the opposite end of a broad expanse of lawn. A balcony leads to Diana's window.

BRIAN
There it is, and that balcony lies directly beneath her window. Oh my darling Diana, let me hold you in my arms again.
(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)

(a beat)
How do I look?

ROGER

Disgusting. But that never stopped you before.
Let's get on with it.

They dart swiftly across the lawn. Crouch down at the base of the trellis beneath Diana's window.

Brian looks around. Collects a handful of stones.

BRIAN

Oh Diana, Diana, Diana fair, come to your
window beauty rare.

He flings the stones up at her window, and they RATTLE against the glass.

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She stirs in bed, young fair DIANA. Herself a teenager, and ripe with tender softness and beauty.

BACK TO SCENE

BRIAN

Dearest love, Diana mine, come out of your
room and in the moonlight shine.

He collects more pebbles and tosses them at the window. There is a pause.

A light goes on in Diana's window. After another pause, the doors to the balcony open and Diana emerges in her nightdress.

BRIAN

Oh darling, darling --

He throws her kisses.

DIANA

Brian? Brian, is that you?

Lights come on in the upstairs windows.

BRIAN

Is she kidding? I'm coming up.

Roger nudges him -- points to the lighted windows. Brian waves him off.

He begins to climb the trellis.

DIANA

Oh Brian, Brian --

Determined hands and feet grope their way up the wall, clinging to that trellis, as inside the house there is a stir of action.

INT. COLONEL WELLINGTON'S BEDROOM

Diana's grandfather and guardian, COLONEL WELLINGTON, a white-haired aristocrat in his 70s, throws on his bathrobe and moves to the door, poking his head out.

IN THE HALL

HASTINGS, the family servant, comes toward him.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Hastings, there's an intruder. Bring my gun.

BACK TO BALCONY

as Diana comes to the rail and looks down, her beloved Brian climbing toward her.

IN THE HALLWAY

Colonel Wellington pads toward Diana's room, shotgun in hand.

ON THE TRELLIS

Brian has almost reached the top, and he reaches out his hand. Diana extends her hand toward him.

She takes his hand and he struggles and manages to climb over the lip of the balcony and they find rapture in each other's arms.

But in no time, the French doors fling wide and Colonel Wellington storms out on the balcony.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Why you --

He raises the gun to fire. Brian breaks free and vaults the wall, starting down the trellis.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

In your room!

DIANA

Grandfather, please?

COLONEL WELLINGTON

In -- your -- room.

He moves to edge of balcony; she tries to stop him. He shakes free.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

That boy is no better than a common werewolf.

(aside)

Did I say werewolf?

He aims the shotgun and FIRES!

Buckshot explodes along the trellis but misses the boy, who hits the ground running.

BOOM! Another shotgun blast. Brian and Roger vamoose into the woods.

ON THE BALCONY

Diana continues to try to reason with her grandfather.

DIANA

Grandfather -- he's not what you think he is.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

All right, maybe he's not a werewolf, but --

DIANA

You don't understand, we love each other.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

You will stay away from him, do you hear me?

He's nothing but common trash from the village.

(MORE)

COLONEL WELLINGTON (cont'd)

Besides, you heard those unearthly cries.
Something is amiss this night. If we're smart
we'll all hide in our beds.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

Brian and Roger work their way back to the main road.

Another WOLF CRY is heard -- AH-O-O-O-O!

ROGER

That was close -- come on.

They quicken their pace, emerge onto the main road. Pause for a beat to catch their breath.

Up ahead something sweet and pure and innocent stands before them in the moonlight -- none other than Princess Elizabeth. She looks delicately lovely in her nightgown. This stops the lads in their tracks.

BRIAN

Whoa, what have we here?

They approach the princess.

BRIAN

Saw her first.

ROGER

No way.

Brian pushes his friend aside.

BRIAN

Good moonlit night, sweet lady, and what brings
you to these woods?

ELIZABETH

Might I trouble you -- it seems I'm lost.

BRIAN

Oh, that's terrible, simply terrible. Perhaps I
can steer you in the right direction.

He gazes into her eyes.

BRIAN

I must say, you're very beautiful.

ELIZABETH

You must say.

But he sees something there that unnerves him.

BRIAN

In a slightly peculiar way. Have you seen a good facial surgeon?

A slight pause.

ELIZABETH

Yes, I am beautiful if you look deeply into my eyes, not to say exceedingly hungry -- you?

BRIAN

Me, well, uh, I had a big dinner.
(a slight moment)

Why don't I escort you back to the village.

ELIZABETH

Oh, would you? I'd feel so much safer.

She takes his arm. But Roger senses danger.

ROGER

Brian?

BRIAN

Goodbye.

ROGER

Brian, something isn't right.

BRIAN

I'm a big boy. Be on your way.

ROGER

Brian?

BRIAN

You can find your way home.
(to Elizabeth)
Come.

He starts off down the road with the princess.

ELIZABETH

I know a shortcut through the woods.

Brian can't believe his good luck. He's licking his chops.

They start into the woods.

BRIAN

You know, I love the fact that you are very
forthright, that you're not shy.

She throws him a hungry, wolf-life look. Ulp.

BRIAN

On the other hand --

She takes his hand, leads him forward.

ELIZABETH

I've always loved the woods. So dark, so
mysterious, so terrifying.

Brian is beginning to feel uneasy. They move farther into the woods.

BRIAN

You're the princess.

ELIZABETH

Yes.

BRIAN

I thought you looked familiar. I must say,
there's something almost hypnotizing about
royal beauty.

Elizabeth looks around for a place to sit.

ELIZABETH

Why don't we sit over there?

They sit on an old log.

Brian gazes into Elizabeth's eyes. Her face betrays a slight touch of wolfishness.

BRIAN

I don't mean this in a bad way, but did anyone ever tell you you bear a slight resemblance to a wolf?

ELIZABETH

Grrrrr.

BRIAN

Only very slight. I didn't really mean anything by it.

ELIZABETH

Kiss me.

BRIAN

If you insist -- ulp.

They kiss.

ELIZABETH

Again.

They kiss, and she's getting rougher.

BRIAN

Hey --

ELIZABETH

Meal time, baby.

She lunges for him, baring ferocious teeth.

BRIAN

Help, help!

He tries to pull away, but she wrestles him furiously to the ground, snarling and snapping.

IN THE BUSHES

an astonished Roger looks on.

Elizabeth comes up for air, teeth and hands dripping blood.

She throws back her head -- a wolf's head. Lets out an unearthly cry -- AH-O-O-O-O! And sets upon him savagely.

BRIAN

Help me, help me -- please -- somebody!?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE MOORS - NIGHT

Sir Cedric commands the reins to an eager, yelping pack of bloodhounds. They sniff and bark their way forward. Francesca and Lawrence follow behind.

A WOLF CRY goes up -- AH-O-O-O-O!

FRANCESCA

Oh my God -- it's the princess. That cry is unmistakable.

(off a look)

She always howls in the key of G.

Several beats.

FRANCESCA

She's out there all right, making her nightly rounds in search of food.

Cedric spies something in the dirt.

CEDRIC

Look here.

He crouches down in the dirt. There's an animal track.

CEDRIC

A track --

LAWRENCE

On a trail --

FRANCESCA

In the woods.

A beat.

CEDRIC

There once --

FRANCESCA

Was a track --

LAWRENCE

On a trail.

Another beat.

LAWRENCE

But the track --

CEDRIC

On the trail --

FRANCESCA

Had gone stale.

She frowns.

FRANCESCA

What shall we do --

CEDRIC

You and me, me and you.

FRANCESCA

When the track had gone stale on the trail.

Pause.

FRANCESCA

We must press on, that's what we must do.

LAWRENCE

Speak for yourself.

FRANCESCA

You're not a paltry coward, are you?

LAWRENCE

A paltry coward, well --

FRANCESCA

We must find her, don't you see, even at peril
to our lives.

LAWRENCE

I just remembered, I have homework to do.

He starts to exit; she brings him up short.

FRANCESCA

Come, time is wasting.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COTTAGE - THE MOORS - NIGHT

A quaint thatched cottage occupied by ROSIE O'SHAUGHNESSY, a widow.
Plump, middle-aged. With a short Irish fuse.

The house is fenced in, and there are SHEEP nervously milling about in the
pens.

INT. BEDROOM

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, dressed for bed, is combing her hair in front of a full-
length mirror.

A WOLF CRY goes up from without -- AH-O-O-O-O!

She moves to the window, looks out. The sheep are BLEATING nervously
in their pens.

She quickly CROSSES herself, then moves to her bed where she kneels
down and folds her hands in prayer.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Deliver me, oh Lord, from these nightly cries.
Watch over the soul of my dear, departed
Rupert. And forgive me, I cheated on my tax
returns.

Another WOLF CRY goes up.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Be gone, I say, be gone!

She gets up, goes to the door, looks out. The sheep are agitated and frightened.

Out she goes into the yard and pauses at the gate. As she peers intently down at something lifeless on the ground, a look of horror crosses her face.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Oh my God!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VILLAGE CONSTABULARY - NIGHT

Two uniformed constables, GEORGE and ED, face each other across a chessboard that is set up on the duty desk.

George captures one of Ed's pieces and haughtily plucks it from the board.

GEORGE

Ha!

They warily eye each other. Ed contemplates his next move.

GEORGE

What do you make of that Slobobian girl, Ed?
Rumor has it she's a monster.

Ed reaches for a chess piece.

ED

Slobobians -- who has any use for them anyway?

He moves the piece. George acknowledges the shrewdness of his move with a nod.

A breathless Mrs. O'Shaughnessy rushes in.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Help, help, my flocks are being attacked by werewolves. You probably didn't hear me -- werewolves? Grrr, grrr -- mew, mew. . . I think we have a problem.

They ignore her.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

You probably didn't --

George's hand goes up, silences her.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Look, I can see you're in the middle of a game, but this is very important. My poor innocent little flocks are being molested. Can I make that any plainer?

George and Ed exchange subtle annoyed looks.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It's that Slobobian girl. She has foul manners. Not to mention she likes to eat people -- gobble, gobble -- and sheep. I demand you take immediate action.

They continue to fret over the chess game.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Don't just sit there.

ED

(re: chess move)

George?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

You are going to listen to me --

GEORGE

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, would you please be still. The game has reached a critical pass. Desist for just one moment until we finish.

He moves chess piece.

ED

Shrewd, George, but --

(moves piece)

Checkmate.

George rises to his feet in anger.

GEORGE

(to Mrs. O)

You -- I could strangle you. If you hadn't broken my concentration, I would have won. Now what is all this nonsense about werewolves?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It's not nonsense. That innocent little sweetie masquerading as a princess is none other than a werewolf, and right now she's out there prowling the countryside.

GEORGE

Ridiculous.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

If you stand by and pretend nothing is wrong, my entire flock of sheep will be destroyed. I insist you take action.

GEORGE

I could use a brandy. How about you, Eddie?

ED

Brandies. I'll do the honors.

He moves to cabinet, searches for brandy.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Now, are you going to do something?

ED

It's late. Perhaps your mind is befuddled -- who ever heard of such monsters.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I'm serious. You had better go out there and bring that fiend to justice.

George thinks a beat.

GEORGE

I must be frank with you -- I have precious little experience with werewolves.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

None of us have experience, they're monsters.
But surely you have guns, don't you? You can
go out there and shoot the beast.

Ed finishes pouring brandy. Hands glasses around.

ED

There.

They sip brandy.

GEORGE

Look, in a few hours the sun will come up.
We can forget all about this. Why don't we
have a nip and call it a night?

The door flies open and Roger comes running in.

ROGER

Help, help -- my friend's been eaten by a
werewolf! You probably think I'm crazy.
He's ranting, you say, he doesn't know what
he's saying, he's out of his mind. Perhaps I
am, but you should have seen this beast.

Puzzled looks all around.

GEORGE

I'm not sure I want to have seen him, lad. And
might I suggest -- get control of yourself?

ROGER

Easy for you to make light, constables. Poor
Brian, lying there with the life torn out of him.
Sure she looked pure and innocent in the
moonlight, that's what they want you to think.
The Slobobians. It was that princess. She turned
into a wolf right there in the moonlight, then
set upon him with savage fury. You know
what that is, don't you? Savage, unrepentant,
tearing at his throat until she had her fill of
flesh and blood, then she threw him lifeless to
the ground. We've got to go back for him and
give him a decent burial.

ED

Here -- drink this.

He hands Roger a glass of brandy. Roger sips brandy.

ED

Well, Georgie, we've got her flocks in distress on the one hand, and the lad's friend appears to have had a bad go of it. What do we do?

GEORGE

You ask me, we go hide under a rock. But I'm not sure that will go over well. You feel brave?

Ed shrugs.

GEORGE

We're going out with our hunting rifles for a walk in the moonlight.

ED

And if we should come across these monsters?

GEORGE

Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes.

(a beat)

I'll go with the lad. You go with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

(a beat)

Now, might I propose a toast?

ED

A toast.

Glasses are raised.

GEORGE

To the werewolf!

OTHERS

The werewolf!

They drink.

ED

To the lad's friend!

OTHERS

The lad's friend!

Another gulp.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

What about my sheep?

ED

Sorry. No time for that. Okay, everyone, a-wolfing we go.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GYPSY ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

YELPING and YAPPING bloodhounds emerge from the mists dragging Cedric, Francesca and Lawrence along with them.

Before them -- a covered wagon, tent and campfire. This is the gypsy encampment.

Cedric tugs the hounds to a halt.

CEDRIC

What have we here? The gypsy encampment.

Dare we pick her brain?

(a beat)

Yes.

They move to the tent.

CEDRIC

(calls out)

Hel-lo gypsy?! . . . She's probably sound asleep.

The GYPSY surprises them from behind. She's a shrewd old cookie in kerchief and shawl, stooped with age.

GYPSY WOMAN

Am I, Sir Cedric?

CEDRIC

You startled me.

GYPSY WOMAN

Why do you trespass in the gypsy's encampment at this hour?

CEDRIC

Well, you see, one among us has a bad case of the woof-woofs.

GYPSY WOMAN

And I wonder who that would be. Inside.

INT. TENT

They gather round the gypsy.

GYPSY WOMAN

(to Francesca)

You would be the girl's mother. And this is young Master Lawrence. You want something effective against growlies, I may have just the thing for you.

CEDRIC

I knew you'd come through.

GYPSY WOMAN

Spells and incantations are \$39.95. Potions cost extra. I take cash, credit cards and traveler's checks. Give.

CEDRIC

Naturally, we don't carry a lot of cash with us.

GYPSY WOMAN

I'm waiting.

Cedric takes Francesca aside.

CEDRIC

You must have something?

FRANCESCA

You can't make a deal with this woman, she's a witch.

CEDRIC

You want your daughter to be a hairy monster?

Francesca grudgingly produces a handful of gold farthings.

CEDRIC

What'll three gold farthings buy us?

The Gypsy snatches the money, examines it. Then she rummages in an old chest.

GYPSY WOMAN

Okay, we're doing a brisk business in vampires these days, the werewolf trade is kind of slow. But I think we have just what you're looking for.

CEDRIC

You know, gypsy woman, for a moment there I was really scared. I thought I'd have a werewolf for a daughter-in-law.

GYPSY WOMAN

My son-in-law's a monster -- you get used to it. . . Now, how about this?

She opens her hand and displays two SILVER BULLETS.

CEDRIC

Silver bullets. The Lone Ranger?

A moment.

GYPSY WOMAN

Place them under the girl's pillow for one full cycle of the moon. Voila, she's hair-free.

Happy smiles all around.

CEDRIC

Hey, you know, for a shriveled old crone, you're okay.

GYPSY WOMAN

You better be on your way and get those bullets under the girl's pillow.

CEDRIC

Thanks, gypsy woman.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - THE MOORS - NIGHT

Roger and a shotgun-toting George make their way on foot along the darkened road, returning to the spot where Roger encountered the princess.

The moors are thick with fog at this hour.

ROGER

It was quite a shocking sight, constable, as I believe I've made abundantly clear. My closest friend, who never did harm to anyone, succumbing to the princess' monstrous savagery. . . She made quite a meal out of him, that's for sure.

(several beats)

There -- it's just around that bend.

They turn the bend, come to a halt.

ROGER

It was right here we first encountered her.

A WOLF CRY goes up -- AH-O-O-O-O!

ROGER

And a cry just such as that that should have warned us.

That cry has thrown a chill into George.

GEORGE

That wasn't a friendly cry.

ROGER

(patting him on the back)

Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

(several beats)

Now it's true, constable, that she was radiantly beautiful in the moonlight. Enough to take one's breath away.

WOLF CRY: AH-O-O-O-O!

ROGER

And no sooner had we made her acquaintance
than she led him over there. Come.

They start into the woods. The constable is petrified.

ROGER

Now here -- on this log -- this is where they
sat. So innocent, so young, so hungry.

GEORGE

Lad?

ROGER

I tried to warn him. It's always something in
the eyes. And then -- grrrrr! She pounced on
him.

He mock pounces on the constable.

GEORGE

Lad, please.

ROGER

(matter of fact)

And it was all a furry mess.

(a beat)

Now he was right here before, but now where
has he gone?

WOLF CRY: AH-O-O-O-O!

Roger looks around, but there's no sign of Brian.

The constable slips away.

Roger continues to look around.

ROGER

He couldn't have just walked away. Constable?
Constable?

(pause)

Brian -- where are you?

IN THE BUSHES

not twenty yards away, a torn and bloodied Brian is attempting to drag himself to his feet.

BRIAN

Help -- help! . . .

He struggles upward with his last ounce of strength and collapses to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diana tosses and turns in bed, unable to sleep. She opens her eyes, bolts upright.

DIANA

Brian?

Quickly, she moves from the bed to the doors leading to the balcony and goes out.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Diana comes to the railing. Looks longingly in the direction of the woods. Yearns for her beloved.

Hold for several beats, then she retreats to the bedroom.

IN THE BEDROOM

she disappears behind a screen and quickly changes out of her night clothes.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - WELLINGTON ESTATE - NIGHT

Diana slips out the door and hurriedly moves across the wide expanse of lawn, disappearing into the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE - VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE - NIGHT

Cedric, Francesca and Lawrence and the hounds have returned from the moors.

CEDRIC

(to Lawrence)

Take these. I'll see Princess Francesca to the door.

Lawrence leads the hounds off.

CEDRIC

Shall we?

He escorts her through the gate and up the walk. They pause.

Cedric puts a move on her.

CEDRIC

You're much too beautiful to have a werewolf for a daughter.

FRANCESCA

Sir Cedric, please.

Sir Cedric reaches into his pocket, brings up silver bullets.

CEDRIC

You don't want to forget these.

He hands them over.

CEDRIC

Well then, when next we meet, it will occasion the marriage of your lovely daughter to my handsome son.

FRANCESCA

Your handsome son to my lovely daughter.

CEDRIC

Your lovely daughter's handsomely endowed dowry to my handsome son, which in effect means into my bank account, if you'll forgive me. Now, before we part, may I steal a kiss?

She sidesteps him.

FRANCESCA

Good night, Sir Cedric.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS FOYER - VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE - NIGHT

Lady Francesca pauses as she enters, thinks for a beat, then quickly moves up the stairs.

IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

she makes her way to the Princess's bedroom. Goes in.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM

Light from the full moon streams through the window onto the face of a sleeping Elizabeth.

Lady Francesca tiptoes quietly in. Moves to the bed where the girl lies sleeping.

FRANCESCA

Oh Elizabeth, my precious monster.

She lifts the corner of the pillow carefully. Places those two silver bullets underneath it.

FRANCESCA

This will whisk away facial hair to give you that fresh, unfettered look.

She kisses Elizabeth gently on the forehead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MRS. O'S COTTAGE - THE MOORS - NIGHT

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Ed, the constable, come to the gate. Sheep bleat nervously in the pens.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It was a shameful sight, constable -- not to mention disgusting and unseemly.

(a beat)

You look -- I can't bear the sight of it.

Ed gazes into the pens. Grimaces.

WOLF CRY: AH-O-O-O-O!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

There -- you heard it for yourself. Now, is that unearthly?

ED

Yeah, I'd even go so far as to say it's terrifying.

He hands her his gun.

ED

You want to shoot him, be my guest.

And quickly exits.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Constable? . . . Men, what cowards are they. . . Well, I'm not going to stand for this.

She storms off down the road.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT

Its cobblestone streets and pavements are deserted at this hour. Street lamps flicker.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy stalks in. Pauses in the middle of the town square.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

All right, all of you -- out of your beds. Listen to me, if you care for the safety of this village. Listen to me, because there's a monster out there, a werewolf.

LIGHTS come on in the windows.

VOICE FROM WINDOW

Hey, keep it down!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

You won't laugh when it's your tender and innocent child in the grasp of that fiend.

(gentler, more conspiratorial)

Listen, it's that Slobobian princess. She's a werewolf. I know she's cute as all heck. Daddy's little girl.

(MORE)

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY (cont'd)

But she's out there night after night prowling
the moors, attacking people. We've got to call
her bluff.

(louder now)

So arise, village of fools, before it's too late.

(aside)

Not bad, huh?

A crude looking MAN approaches, taps her on the shoulder.

MAN ON STREET

Isn't it past your bedtime?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I know what you're thinking -- this one's off
her nut. "There are no werewolves in God's
creation," says you. Then tell me, what's been
howling all night? What tore the throat out of
my sheep? Wise up. We've got to put a stop
to her.

She starts across the square, looks for a familiar door and pounds on it.

A head pops out of an upstairs window. This belongs to MILLIE O'GRADY,
Rosie's friend.

MILLIE

Who's there?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It's me, Millie, Rosie, open up.

MILLIE

Oh Rosie, go home to bed.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Let me in, Millie, please?

MILLIE

Rosie. . . All right, just a minute.

Millie disappears.

A NEWSBOY appears with a bundle of papers under his arm.

NEWSBOY

Extra, extra, hot early morning edition here.
Read all about it. Werewolf on the moors.
Lady, they think it's the princess behind the
slew of killings. Get your copy right here.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Here.

She hands him a shilling, takes a newspaper. Peruses it.

The downstairs door opens and Millie appears.

MILLIE

You woke me out of a sound sleep, Rosie.
Come in.

INT. KITCHEN

It's a cozy place, with a potbellied stove, table and chairs. Millie and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy enter through a narrow hallway.

MILLIE

Now calm yourself, Rosie, and be quiet. I'll
get you some tea.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

We don't have time for that. There's a monster
prowling those moors.

MILLIE

Sure there is.

Millie moves to the hob.

MILLIE

Go on, sit down.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy seats herself at the table.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It's that Slobobian princess. She's a werewolf,
and she's killed one of my sheep.

MILLIE

Shame on her.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I'm serious.

Millie sets down a cup of tea.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

You don't believe me -- look at this.

She hands her the newspaper.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It's that Slobobian princess -- she turns into a wolf.

MILLIE

You don't say.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It's true, and we've got to stop her, Millie, we've got to.

MILLIE

What, just because she gets a little hairy in the moonlight?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Millie --

MILLIE

All right, a lot hairy. Who's complaining?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

They're monsters, every one of them. You and I are going up to that estate to demand they surrender that girl.

There is a slight beat.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Are you with me?

MILLIE

Rosie?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

As opposed to agin' me?

MILLIE

Uh, Rosie?

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy starts to her feet.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

We're talking werewolves, Millie -- furry, hairy, uncouth. Did I leave something out?

MILLIE

Yeah, they make a terrible ruckus.

A slight pause.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

So -- are you with me?

MILLIE

I don't know.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Come on, say yes.

MILLIE

Sorry, this time I come down on the side of the werewolves. A little joke.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Well, I'm putting a stop to them.

She starts to exit.

MILLIE

Rosie?

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

A determined Rosie O'Shaughnessy moves briskly along the pavement.

EXT. SMILING ROGER'S PUB - NIGHT

Two or three drunks linger in front.

INT. SMILING ROGER'S PUB

The place is plenty clogged even at this late hour. Maids serving drinks. Dingy men leaning over the bar. Cigarette and pipe smoke. Noise.

RICHARDS and BOYD, two crusty old farts, cling to the countertop over sudsy ales.

The Newsboy enters with papers under his arm.

NEWSBOY

Hey, early edition.

(to Richards)

You look like you could use a good read.

Read all about the werewolf.

Richards and his friend exchange suspicious looks.

NEWSBOY

Hey, I don't bite. Larger than life, more hideous than the queen herself. A ha'penny and you can read all about it.

(off a look)

What's the matter, you don't believe in werewolves?

Richards grabs him.

RICHARDS

Mind yourself, laddie.

He pulls free, continues to circulate.

NEWSBOY

Hey, early edition. Get your early edition, read all about it.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy hurriedly enters. Moves to the bar.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

(to Richards)

All right, you look like a reasonable man.

True, you're dressed like a slob, but hear me out. That Slobobian princess? She's a werewolf.

(MORE)

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY (cont'd)

She's the one howling all night, making it impossible to sleep. We're not going to stand for it, are we? We're not going to let her get away with it.

(off a hostile look)

Then again, let bygones be bygones. Why create issues over a little barking?

(a beat)

Look, can I count on you?

Richards and his friends exchange looks, shrug.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I know this sounds a little crazy. I know it sounds a lot crazy. . . I know, free drinks. That's it, free drinks for everyone who'll go with me to the castle. We'll show that princess. What do you say?

RICHARDS

You hear that everyone -- free drinks. Sure, lady, we'll go with you.

He winks to his friend.

Now there's a general clamor, as customers crowd the bar.

CUSTOMER

(pounding on the bar)

Free drinks, you heard her.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

We'll show that princess she can't get away with it. Go on, barkeep, fill 'em up. I'm paying.

She throws some coins on the counter.

RICHARDS

I say we toast the lady.

He hoists an ale.

RICHARDS

To your health!

OTHERS

To your health!

RICHARDS

Drink up!

As they slurp their ale, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAWRENCE'S BEDROOM - PRESCOTT ESTATE - NIGHT

Lawrence is preparing for bed as Cedric comes in.

CEDRIC

Well, no wolves in our future. It won't be long before our fortunes will be restored. You just tuck yourself in.

LAWRENCE

I wish you wouldn't place so much emphasis on money.

CEDRIC

If you mean did I overlook their royal status, no, I'd given it some thought.

LAWRENCE

Poor Elizabeth, so hairy around the gills. But I do love her, truly I do. I don't even mind her unseemly growling.

He gets in bed and pulls the covers over him.

CEDRIC

I have to admit -- you have excellent taste in werewolves.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - MOORS - NIGHT

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy stands on a small rise before an angry lynch mob of townsfolk. They bear lighted torches, shotguns and placards.

The placards read: "Say No to Werewolves"; "Slobobian Monsters Go Home"; "Export Grain, Not Werewolves," etc.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

All right, we're going to show those Slobobians they can't foist their monsters on us, aren't we?

OTHERS

Yes!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Before you know it, there'll be werewolves in our schools. I don't want my children associating with werewolves, do you?

OTHERS

No!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

You don't want them dating your daughters, do you?

OTHERS

No!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

In our church choirs, in our work places -- they'll stop at nothing. Before long they'll be on the faculties of our universities. Is that what you want!

OTHERS

No!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I can't hear you.

OTHERS

No!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Today, one or two of them frolicking in the woods. Tomorrow, hoardes of them overrunning the countryside, terrorizing our flocks, stealing our babies from their beds. You don't want furballs everywhere, do you?

OTHERS

No!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Howling in the night?

OTHERS

No!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I can't hear you.

OTHERS

No!!!!!!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Louder!

OTHERS

No!!!!!!!!!!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I can't hear you.

The incensed crowd starts out in the direction of the von Woof Woof estate.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE

Frederick and Francesca von Woof Woof lie next to each other in bed fast asleep. The faint SOUNDS of the chanting lynch mob can be heard from without.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM

The sleeping princess, as if sensing the approaching lynch mob, stirs uneasily in bed.

TWO SILVER BULLETS

shift precariously beneath her pillow, threatening to come loose.

BACK TO SCENE

Francesca is wakened by the SOUND of the lynch mob. She gently nudges her husband.

FRANCESCA

Frederick?

He stirs drowsily.

FRANCESCA

Frederick, wake up.

FREDERICK

What is it?

A KNOCK at the door, then HENRY, the family servant, comes in.

HENRY

Sir, I'm sorry to trouble you but we might have a problem. There's a lynch mob out there. They don't seem happy, sir.

FREDERICK

A lynch mob? What's this all about?

HENRY

The princess, sir. They seem to be chanting for the princess. You know how it is, sir, when the masses get wind of a monster.

FREDERICK

Get my gun.

Henry goes out.

FREDERICK

Is it such a crime that she gets a little hairy in the moonlight? Don't worry yourself, dear, I'll take care of this.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE

The angry mob is now congregated there and they are being "conducted" by Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who waves her arms, as they chant -- WEREWOLF, WEREWOLF, WE WANT THE WEREWOLF!

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL

Frederick von Woof Woof comes down the stairs in robe and slippers. Henry is waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs with a shotgun.

HENRY

You show 'em, sir.

Frederick takes the shotgun, moves to the door, and opens it, peering out.

POV SHOT - THE ANGRY MOB

FREDERICK

Hmmmm -- large, unruly, and not altogether pleasant.

Frederick steps out onto the porch with the gun.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE

As one of the TOWNSFOLK elbows Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and she turns and spies Frederick.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Quiet -- quiet, everyone.

She marches up to the door.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

All right, we want the girl.

FREDERICK

What girl?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Your daughter, who is none other than a werewolf.

FREDERICK

Now wait a minute.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

We want her, and you're going to give her up.

FREDERICK

My daughter is sweet and precious and I'll not have you calling her a werewolf.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

All right then, a monster.

FREDERICK

A monster, well, yeah, maybe, but --

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

And we happen to know she sprouts hair by moonlight, and her teeth grow large and savage.

FREDERICK

Well --

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

All of which means, she's a werewolf, and you'd better surrender her now or we'll break down the door.

Frederick thinks a beat.

FREDERICK

If she agrees to stop prowling the moors, would that be enough?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

No.

FREDERICK

Her teeth -- if we agreed to file them down, would that do the trick?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

No.

FREDERICK

I know what's bothering you -- it's all the growling. Voice training. All she needs is a little voice training. We'll fix that.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

You'll surrender her now and stop stalling, or we'll tear the place down.

FREDERICK

Well, in that case -- okay, I'll get her. But you'll see how wrong you are, just wait.

He disappears inside the house.

IN THE FOYER

Frederick confronts Henry.

FREDERICK

Get Elizabeth -- now.

HENRY

You're not going to give in to them?

FREDERICK

Get the girl.

ON THE LAWN

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is rubbing her hands together in eager anticipation.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

We'll show him what we do with monsters. They're not going to ruin our neighborhoods.

Frederick reappears.

FREDERICK

All right, get ready now, step back.

The crowd moves back uneasily.

FREDERICK

Here she is, direct to you all the way from Eastern Slobobia, everybody's favorite little showgirl and our own darling princess -- Elizabeth.

A dreamy but tired-looking ELIZABETH emerges from the entrance, dressed in her nightclothes.

FREDERICK

Smile for them, honey, show them you love them.

Elizabeth shows a faint smile.

FREDERICK

Isn't she something? And she can sing and dance, too. Baby?

Elizabeth shakes her head "no."

FREDERICK

Aw, come on, baby, that's your public, give them a little thrill. . . It's all that prowling, she's tired out.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

See!

FREDERICK

Now I ask you, is this not the picture of sweetness and innocence? Does this look to you like a werewolf?

The mob is confused.

FREDERICK

Of course not. So now, all of you, go home to your beds. You've obviously made a big mistake.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Oh no. She's a monster, she's a monster all right.

FREDERICK

Come on, honey, give 'em a little soft shoe. That'll quiet them down. Then we can all go home.

Frederick removes a whistle from his pocket. Blows into it, raising little jazz riffs.

Elizabeth breaks into a TAP-DANCE ROUTINE, feet tapping smoothly, throwing kisses to the crowd.

She finishes up with a neat little CURTSY. The crowd is dazzled and applauds.

FREDERICK

Nice work, baby.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

She's a werewolf, I tell you.

FREDERICK

Good night, everyone, go home.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Show us her teeth!

Elizabeth opens her mouth, displaying normal teeth.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Her hands -- they're monstrous claws.

Elizabeth shows sweet, dainty little hands.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

She's a monster, I tell you.

FREDERICK

Good night, everyone. Thanks for coming to the show. Come on, baby.

He and Elizabeth go inside.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy turns to the mob, which is dispersing.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Wait -- don't go, she's a monster!

But her calls fall on deaf ears.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Don't listen to him. He's lying. Come back.

But it's no use.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Come back, I tell you.

She starts after the departing mob.

INT. FOYER

Elizabeth turns to her father.

ELIZABETH

Did I do good, daddy?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - MOORS - MORNING

At long last, the werewolf-plagued night has given way to day, and a hay wagon pulled by a team of horses makes its way along the road.

The driver of this rig, a fellow named MORTIMER, amiable, forties, albeit unshaven, is all smiles, idling the time away with happy whistling.

He catches sight of something in the road up ahead, and pulls the horses to a stop.

He climbs down and discovers BRIAN, clothes torn, face covered in scratches and blood, no longer able to move and very faintly clinging to life.

MOANS come from Brian's lips.

BRIAN

Ohhhhhhh. . .

MORTIMER

My God, what's happened?

He kneels, examines the wounds.

MORTIMER

Deep wounds --

BRIAN

Ohhhhhhhh. . .

Mortimer's getting a perverse sense of pleasure from this.

MORTIMER

Lacerations --

BRIAN

Help me -- please?

MORTIMER

Painful, are they?

BRIAN

Ohhhhhh. . .

MORTIMER

You just hold still.

He struggles to lift Brian.

MORTIMER

You're a load, lad.

Drags him to the rear of the wagon.

MORTIMER

Up you go.

With great struggle, he lifts Brian's body into the back of the wagon, depositing him in a bed of hay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - LATER

Mortimer's hay wagon continues to bounce along. Up ahead someone has appeared in the road. It's Diana -- yes, Brian's sweetheart. She waves him down.

MORTIMER

Whoa.

He pulls the rig to a halt.

DIANA

Might I trouble you for a ride? I've been walking for hours.

Mortimer gestures. She climbs up beside him.

DIANA

Thanks, you don't know what a help this is.

Mortimer snaps the reins. The wagon rolls forward.

DIANA

You know, for a while there, I wondered whether I'd even make it.

MORTIMER

What do you mean?

DIANA

Those wolf cries? It's kind of dangerous out here at night. . . Boy, those cries can really give you the willies.

Several beats.

DIANA

You headed for town?

MORTIMER

Yup.

DIANA

You hadn't come along, I don't know what I would have done. I mean, my legs are tired and I'm not that familiar with these roads.

There is a pause.

DIANA

Have you ever been in love?

MORTIMER

Yeah.

DIANA

That's why I'm here. My boyfriend lives in the village. I don't think I'd do something crazy like this if I wasn't in love.

MORTIMER

We all do crazy things. And speaking of crazy, you'll never guess what I came across on the road this morning. No, I shouldn't discuss it.

DIANA

Please -- I'm curious.

MORTIMER

Really, it's not suitable for young ears. Though I must say, in my many years of traveling these roads, I've never seen anything like it.

(off a look)

Well, a lad about your age. Lying there bloodied in the road. Well, I couldn't just leave him there, could I? So I stuck him in back. Grizzly, very grizzly.

Diana mulls this for several beats.

DIANA

Would you mind if I had a look at him?

MORTIMER

The lad?

DIANA

Yes.

MORTIMER

Oh, you don't want to look at him.

DIANA

But I do -- and I will pester you until you stop this cart and let me see for myself.

MORTIMER

Oh, this is a big mistake.

He pulls the rig to a stop.

MORTIMER

I don't think you're going to like this.

He helps her down. They move to the rear of the cart.

MORTIMER

I'll give you a lift up, and God forgive me.

He helps her into the back of the wagon.

Brian's twisted body lies there in a heap. His bloodied face is turned away.

She kneels to him, cradles his head, gently turns his face.

DIANA

Brian?!!!

And faints dead away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - WELLINGTON ESTATE - MORNING

Colonel Wellington, Diana's grandfather, sits reading his newspaper at the breakfast table, sipping tea. The remains of his breakfast have not yet been collected from the table.

He's unaware Diana has disappeared.

Several beats, then HASTINGS, his faithful servant, comes in.

HASTINGS

May I take those, sir?

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Please.

Hastings begins to clear the table, placing the items on a tray.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

That was a messy business last night, Hastings, that lad from the village showing up beneath Diana's window. I don't want her consorting with lower class trash.

HASTINGS

She'll be the death of us, ey, sir?

(off a dirty look)

Just a figure of speech.

(several beats)

Will Mrs. Wellington be joining us for breakfast?

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Yes, I believe so.

(several beats)

Do you believe in werewolves, Hastings? You know -- bark, bark -- growl, growl -- men become wolves, that sort of thing?

HASTINGS

I hadn't given it much thought, sir.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Because it says here that werewolves are out and about on the moors, attacking our sheep. Does that frighten you?

HASTINGS

Oh no, not me, sir. I say live and let live.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Those things are monsters, Hastings. They haven't any scruples.

HASTINGS

Well I know, but --

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Speaking of which -- your habits, Hastings, have been rather peculiar lately. Are you keeping something from me?

HASTINGS

No, sir.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Isn't it a fact you've been keeping late hours?

HASTINGS

Well yes, but we all deserve to have a little fun now and again, sir.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Your living quarters are a mess, with furniture overturned and hairballs all over the rugs. . . Tell me the truth, Hastings, are you one of *them*?

HASTINGS

Them, sir?

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Werewolves.

HASTINGS

Oh, no, no, no. On the other hand --

A cheery LADY WELLINGTON comes in.

LADY WELLINGTON

Good morning, dear.

She kisses the Colonel on the cheek.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

I was just remarking to Hastings that werewolves
have been sighted on the moors.

LADY WELLINGTON

Werewolves?

An embarrassed Hastings wants to beat it out of there fast.

HASTINGS

I'll go for Mrs. Wellington's breakfast, sir.

He exits.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

It seems they've been out there menacing the
flocks.

LADY WELLINGTON

Oh dear.

She seats herself at the table.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Unightly teeth, too much hair, wolf-like
features -- but what really disturbs me is, once
they were *human*.

(pause)

We can't afford to tolerate these beasts in our
midst.

Lady Wellington looks around.

LADY WELLINGTON

Where's Diana?

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Isn't she in her room?

LADY WELLINGTON

No.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

She's not here -- maybe you'd better go check on her.

Lady Wellington rises, goes out.

Hastings returns with a tray.

HASTINGS

Madam's breakfast, sir.

He sets it down.

HASTINGS

If I might have a minute of your time, sir. I hate to trouble you, but I truly feel I deserve some sort of consideration in terms of a raise.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

A raise, Hastings, doesn't that strike you as just a trifle impudent?

HASTINGS

No, sir. I feel I'm very deserving and worthy.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

You're greedy and money-grubbing, is what you are. We pay you well here. Feed and clothe you. You should be happy we keep you on.

HASTINGS

Sorry, sir, but I think if you knew all the true particulars about me, you'd be only too willing to change your mind.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

You're an ingrate, Hastings, and there's an end on it.

Hastings' nose begins to twitch. His face contorts slightly. He delivers a low, menacing growl.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Hastings, what's wrong with your throat?

HASTINGS

Nothing, sir. Neither is there anything wrong with my teeth.

He flashes large, sharp wolf teeth, lets out with a GRRRR.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Oh dear.

HASTINGS

You see, sir, I was lying to you, and in fact you were correct. I *am* one of those things, sir. And a very hungry one of those things at that.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

You mean?

HASTINGS

A werewolf, sir. Grrrrr.

His face is sprouting hair. His features are turning wolf-like and feral.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

If you'll excuse me.

He makes a dash for the living room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

the Colonel positions himself behind an armchair. Hastings comes after him. Grabs the front of the armchair and wrestles with it.

HASTINGS

I'll have that raise, sir.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Anything you say, Hastings, old boy. But your fingernails are definitely in need of a trim.

He's off at a run, ducking behind the sofa. Hastings follows after him, looking now like a full-blooded werewolf, whatever that is.

HASTINGS

Come out, come out, wherever you are.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Have I ever told you what a joy it is to have you in our employ, Hastings, because truly it is. Don't eat me, Hastings, I'm nothing but bone and gristle.

HASTINGS

I know where you are, sir, and I'm coming after you.

He ducks around the back of the couch. Grabs the Colonel by the lapel.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

You monsters are very powerful, but we humans can be elusive.

He stomps on Hastings' foot and slips out of his grasp, dashing for the downstairs hallway.

Hastings chases after him.

HASTINGS

I'm fleet of foot, sir. Monsters always are.

IN THE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

the Colonel takes refuge behind the banister. Hastings comes in, spots him.

HASTINGS

Time for my morning feeding, sir. What's on the breakfast menu?

He lunges for the Colonel and corners him.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Whatever you want, Hastings, it's yours -- more money, time off, better accommodations. If you want to bring other wolves -- I mean, women -- up to the room, that's fine. Just please, don't devour me.

Mrs. Wellington appears at the top of the stairs.

LADY WELLINGTON

Dear?

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Run, dear, run -- Hastings is a werewolf!

LADY WELLINGTON

(starting down the stairs)

Don't be ridiculous. Diana's disappeared.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

We're going to disappear too, if Hastings has his way. Run for it, now, while you still have a chance.

Hastings turns his attention on Lady Wellington.

HASTINGS

Grrrrr.

LADY WELLINGTON

Hello, Hastings. Goodbye, Hastings.

She turns and makes a run for it as Hastings starts up the stairs after her.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Hastings, oh Hastings?

Hastings halts and turns. The Colonel makes a face at him.

Hastings heads back down the stairs after the Colonel. They grapple with each other.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

I think Colonel Wellington is about to become Beef Wellington.

The Colonel elbows him, breaks free, and scoots up the stairs.

IN THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

Lady Wellington seeks refuge, slamming and locking the door behind her.

IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

the Colonel comes hot-footing it down the hall to the bedroom door. He tries the handle.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Open up, dear, please. Hastings is going to eat me.

IN THE BEDROOM

Lady Wellington is hesitant to open that door.

LADY WELLINGTON

And let that monster in?

COLONEL WELLINGTON (O.S.)

Open the door, please?

Hastings has reached the top of the stairs, and he tilts his head back and lets out a ferocious GROWL.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Dear, I beg of you.

Hastings makes for the Colonel at a run. At the last minute, the door opens and the Colonel ducks inside, slamming it shut behind him.

IN THE BEDROOM

a relieved Colonel leans against the door, breathing heavily.

LADY WELLINGTON

She's gone. I checked her room, I looked everywhere.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

That boy. I knew it. What are we going to do?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAWRENCE'S BEDROOM - PRESCOTT ESTATE - MORNING

Lawrence stands before a dressing mirror, readying himself for the wedding. As he buttons up his shirt, his right hand begins to twitch.

He holds it up, examines it -- it's shaking, becoming slightly gnarled; he becomes unnerved.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

CEDRIC (O.S.)

Lawrence?

LAWRENCE

Just a minute.

He looks around for his suitcoat, locates it and puts it on, struggling to fit that shaking hand into the sleeve.

Turning to the mirror, that hand is still shaking. He attempts to hide it away -- in his pocket, behind his back, but nothing seems to work. Uneasy now, he exits.

IN THE HALLWAY

Lawrence comes out of his room, comes face to face with his father.

CEDRIC

Something wrong?

LAWRENCE

Something wrong? No, I'm just turning into a werewolf.

(off a look)

She bit me. You know, love play.

CEDRIC

Well, if we're going to make the church on time, we'd better get going.

They head downstairs.

IN THE FOYER

they encounter James, the family servant.

CEDRIC

Ah -- James. Bring the coach 'round, won't you?

James goes out.

CEDRIC

So you're turning into a wolf, are you? You think I'm going to be alarmed by that?

LAWRENCE

No, just terrified.

CEDRIC

Just hold on for a little while longer.

Several beats.

LAWRENCE

Shouldn't we possibly consider calling this off?

CEDRIC

You like sleeping in the street, do you?

Amelia Prescott enters, dressed regally.

AMELIA

Well now, don't both of you look dashing.

She moves to Lawrence, tidies his suit coat.

AMELIA

Let me just fix you up here. . . Yes, you're going to make quite the impression. But what is it about that hand?

She attempts to tuck it away.

AMELIA

If I didn't know better, I'd think you were a werewolf. Just don't bark too loud when you say "I do."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Mortimer and Diana have reached town and now stand before an office door with a shingle that reads: DR. FELIX WOLFMEISTER, M.D. -- EAR, NOSE, THROAT & LYCANTHROPY.

MORTIMER

Lycanthropy?

They exchange puzzled looks. Mortimer knocks on the door.

There is a pause.

He knocks again -- the door slowly CREAKS open and a hunchback in white lab coat, RUTHERFORD, appears.

RUTHERFORD

Yes?

MORTIMER

We've got a boy who's hurt here -- can we bring him in?

RUTHERFORD

Depends.

He heads for the wagon.

RUTHERFORD

The doctor has what he calls a wound threshold. Only lacerations sufficiently deep warrant his professional consultation. May I?

He climbs into the wagon, examines Brian.

RUTHERFORD

Oh, yes, yes, these are nice deep wounds. The doctor will see him immediately.

They heft Brian's body out of the wagon.

INT. ANTEROOM - DR. WOLFMEISTER'S OFFICE

Rutherford and Mortimer carry Brian in with Diana following behind them. They pause momentarily beneath neatly mounted werewolf trophy heads.

RUTHERFORD

Ever seen a collection like that? The doctor always get his werewolf. Come.

They continue down the hall to the EXAMINING ROOM.

RUTHERFORD

There.

They flop a bloodied Brian on the table.

RUTHERFORD

I'll go for the doctor.

He goes out.

MORTIMER

That hunchback gives me the willies.

Mortimer returns with DR. FELIX WOLFMEISTER, a short, sharp-eyed man with bushy eyebrows, outfitted in lab coat.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I'm Dr. Wolfmeister. Clinically insane, yes, but what the heck. Now, what have you brought me?

He flexes his hands, applies them gingerly to Brian's wounds.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Ah, nice deep wounds. . .

Brian lets out an agonized MOAN. Diana comes to his aid.

DIANA

Oh Brian, Brian. . .

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Easy --

DIANA

What monster could have done something like this?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

In a word -- a werewolf.

DIANA

But -- ?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I'm only the foremost authority on werewolves in the British isles. Not exactly a crowded field, but --

(turns to Rutherford)

Rutherford -- towel and syringe.

Rutherford goes out.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Yes, this is definitely the work of a werewolf, and a fine and splendid specimen he must be.

Rutherford returns with towels, basin and syringe.

Brian lets out another MOAN.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Don't lose heart, lad, we'll save you. Yes, we'll patch you up just like new, with one possible exception.

DIANA

What's that?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

He'll be a monster for life. But not to worry, they make wonderful pets and house companions. Rutherford -- wet that towel.

Rutherford soaks the towel in the basin, hands it to the doctor.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Here at last is a chance to study one of these beasts in captivity.

(he applies the towel to the wounds)

They're quite handsome, you know, when full-grown. Look here, there's something in his hand.

The doctor pries open Brian's clenched fist -- he's holding a woman's locket.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Will you look at that.

(MORE)

DR. WOLFMEISTER (cont'd)

There's an inscription -- "To Elizabeth, Our Darling Princess." In point of fact, a monster. It's Princess Elizabeth, and today's the wedding, isn't it?

RUTHERFORD

Yes.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

We haven't a moment to lose. Mortimer, my shotgun.

Mortimer disappears.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

We'll put a stop to this!

Mortimer returns with the shotgun.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Quickly.

They start to exit.

DIANA

What about Brian?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Stay with him. If he gives you any trouble, hit him on the head.

EXT. DR. WOLFMEISTER'S

Mortimer, Dr. Wolfmeister and Rutherford, armed with a shotgun, hurriedly emerge from the doctor's office.

MORTIMER

The wagon.

They climb aboard Mortimer's wagon. Dr. Wolfmeister takes the reins. Whips the team into action.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - DAY

While the Princess is dressing in her bridal gown in an anteroom, a couple of maids -- RACHEL and EMMA -- are whistling happily, going about their business making the girl's bed and tidying up.

The first maid, Rachel, plumps the princess' pillow and two silver bullets roll out from under it, making a CLATTER as they hit the floor.

She leans down, gathers them up.

RACHEL

Emma? Emma, look at this.

Emma comes over.

EMMA

What are they?

RACHEL

What do you think, they're bullets.

Emma is dazzled.

EMMA

They shine, don't they.

RACHEL

They're silver. You know what silver bullets are for, don't you?

EMMA

The Lone Ranger?

RACHEL

No -- werewolves. The princess is a werewolf. That explains why there was so much hair all over her room.

EMMA

And why she had such a bad temper.

RACHEL

Our own little princess, a werewolf. I thought she was just your garden variety slob. Well, I'll just hold on to these for safekeeping.

She pockets the bullets.

EMMA

You really think she's one of -- *them*?

RACHEL

You're not to say anything about this.

IN THE ADJACENT ROOM

the Princess is being attended by two maids, EILEEN and PRISCILLA, as she stands before a large mirror in her bridal gown.

ELIZABETH

Well?

EILEEN

Not bad, for a werewolf.

This merits a dirty look.

EILEEN

You know, today I'll bet you're really going to tear up the place.

Another dirty look. But this is an Elizabeth fresh with new hope.

ELIZABETH

You know, last night my whole world was caving in. Unsightly facial hair, furry little hands -- I wouldn't have given myself one tiny iota of a chance to make it through this day. But suddenly I feel renewed. As though I have a whole new lease on life. Facial hair -- gone. Growling and roughhousing -- a thing of the past. No, once again I'm the princess you've come to know and love. And I could just tear the world apart -- grrrrrr.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRESCOTT ESTATE - DAY

Sir Cedric and Lawrence come down the steps to the waiting coach. Lawrence's right hand is gnarled and shaking as he fights to control it.

CEDRIC

Step lively, Master Lawrence, step lively.
Soon you will be wed to your princess bride.

LAWRENCE

Soon I'll be having her for a lunch if I don't
get this little problem under control.

Amelia comes toward them.

AMELIA

Still having trouble, dear?

LAWRENCE

You might say that.

AMELIA

Now be a good little werewolf. Soon it will
all be over, and the von Woof Woofs and the
Prescotts will be one happy family. Won't
that be wonderful?

She takes Lawrence's arm.

AMELIA

Easy --

James approaches.

JAMES

Your coach, madam.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Dr. Wolfmeister is at the reins of the hay wagon. It speeds along the
cobblestone street, wheels churning, horses puffing and puffing.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Faster!

He whips the reins to the team. They surge forward. As they are about to
turn a corner, the figure of a MAN ON HORSEBACK charges suddenly in
their path.

MORTIMER

Look out!

THE DOCTOR

pulls frantically on the reins, trying to bring the wagon to a stop.

THE RIDER'S HORSE

rears up on its hindquarters and very nearly throws him.

THE HAY WAGON

swerves to one side, just missing the man on horseback, and is brought to a crunching stop.

There is a pause.

The man on horseback, none other than Colonel Wellington, slowly dismounts. He cleans himself off.

IN THE WAGON

the Doctor and company manage to collect themselves.

Colonel Wellington comes over.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

You'll want to be a little more careful, sir, and watch where you're going.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I know perfectly well where I'm going, and you're spoiling our plans.

(off a look)

The princess is a werewolf.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

No.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Yes. And she's about to marry our own Master Lawrence. Only she never reckoned on this.

He waves a shotgun.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

That's funny -- my own man Hastings turned into one of those monsters today. Brazen little snippets, aren't they?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

They think they're clever, but they'll get what's coming. Now sir, we must be on our way.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Wait. You haven't by any chance seen a girl of about sixteen? Fair hair, so high?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

She's back there in my office.

(off a look)

Not to worry, she's okay. You'll see the name on the door -- Wolfmeister. And now I must bid you good day.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Good day to you, sir. Godspeed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A quaint little church where the Prescott/von Woof Woof wedding will be held. Coaches pull up in front discharging guests.

INT. VESTRY

In the shadows of his quarters, REVEREND WILLIAM LANCASTER, a distinguished-looking man in his 60s, is changing into clerical garb.

A VOICE accosts him from the shadows.

GYPSY WOMAN

Got a moment, reverend?

REVEREND LANCASTER

You. How dare you show your face around here?

GYPSY WOMAN

You better be nice to me, I may be your last hope.

REVEREND LANCASTER

What are you talking about?

GYPSY WOMAN

The girl, the princess. She might have a little problem.

REVEREND LANCASTER

You think she has a problem -- look at this.

He waves his gnarled hand.

GYPSY WOMAN

Oh my.

REVEREND LANCASTER

I went out for a little stroll in the moonlight last night and lo and behold, I was set upon by wolves. And not just garden variety wolves, but werewolves. Why is it that so often where there are gypsies, there are also wolves? You're nothing but trouble, gypsy woman.

GYPSY WOMAN

You can't blame me for this. It's that girl, that Slobobian princess. She's a werewolf.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Blame the princess, shall we?

GYPSY WOMAN

I gave her a talisman to lift the curse, but something has gone wrong. I can no longer make any guarantees.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Well I'll guarantee something -- wherever you are, there's trouble.

GYPSY WOMAN

Please.

REVEREND LANCASTER

So what then exactly are you trying to tell me?

GYPSY WOMAN

You've got about a fifty percent chance of a werewolf-free wedding.

REVEREND LANCASTER

And the other fifty percent?

GYPSY WOMAN

Duck for flying furballs.

The Reverend wags a finger at her.

REVEREND LANCASTER

A thousand curses and plagues upon you, gypsy woman.

GYPSY WOMAN

One great big phooey on you, reverend. Good day.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Dr. Wolfmeister flails away at the horses, urging them onward as the hay wagon thunders along the dusty road.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Whoopee!!!

Up ahead, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is waist deep in a milling flock of sheep stretched across the road.

The doctor pulls back on the reins, brings the horses to a stop. He scrambles down.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Shoo! Shoo!

The sheep bleat nervously.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Out, out, out!

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy comes over.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Will you get those sheep out of here? Shoo!
Shoo!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Now, now, be kind to them.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Are you crazy -- get them out of here!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Don't you yell at me.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I'll yell at you. And I'd like to strangle you.
Now get these sheep out of here.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Good little babies.

The doctor throws up his hands in disgust. Quickly returns to the rig and climbs in.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Hang on.

He detours the wagon to one side. Steers it off the road and into the field, around those milling sheep.

THE WAGON WHEELS

thump and churn along the rough terrain.

They're picking up speed as they head slightly downhill, but the going is rough.

ONE OF THE WHEELS

finds a rut and catches there, pitching the wagon on its side, and the passengers thwump to the ground.

Dr. Wolfmeister gets up, dusts himself off. Examines the wheel with chagrin. It's broken.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Look at this. We'll have to go on foot. This way.

They start out across the field.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The von Woof Woof coach pulls up in front. Henry, the driver, climbs down and opens the coach door.

Frederick, Francesca and Princess Elizabeth emerge.

FRANCESCA

Henry, I feel beastly. Make inquiries. I'd like to freshen up.

HENRY

Yes, madam.

He bows. Disappears into the church.

Elizabeth is having a little trouble with her nose -- it's twitching. She has begun to adopt the mannerisms of a wolf.

Francesca parts the veil that covers Elizabeth's face.

FRANCESCA

Your nose is twitching dear. Don't tell me -- a little case of the wolfies?

Elizabeth is clearly unhappy.

ELIZABETH

Mother -- I think we should tell the Prescotts the truth.

FRANCESCA

Oh no, we can't do that -- that would spoil everything.

ELIZABETH

But they have a right to know the truth.

FRANCESCA

I'm not so sure about that. Besides, if they find out we're really peasants, they'll call it off.

ELIZABETH

Well, isn't that their right?

FRANCESCA

And we'll have to go back to our peasant life. We wouldn't want that. No, you just stay focused, dear. And, if you could, please keep the howling to a minimum.

Henry returns.

HENRY

You can freshen up in the parish house, madam. The Prescotts haven't arrived yet.

FRANCESCA

Good.

(to Elizabeth)

All right, dear -- let's pretty up that wolfly snout of yours.

They start out for the parish house.

IN THE CHURCHYARD

a VOICE can be heard among the shadows.

GYPSY WOMAN

Princess?

Elizabeth puzzles for a beat, looks around.

The Gypsy is hiding beneath the trees.

GYPSY WOMAN

Over here.

Elizabeth slips away from Francesca into the shadows.

GYPSY WOMAN

Stall the vows.

(MORE)

GYPSY WOMAN (cont'd)

Delay them as long as you can. Something has gone wrong, but we'll make it right. But you must do as I tell you.

ELIZABETH

I don't understand.

GYPSY WOMAN

Don't take those vows. Stall until I get back.

ELIZABETH

But --?

GYPSY WOMAN (cont'd)

And one more thing -- freshen up. You might be in need of a shave.

The Gypsy disappears.

ELIZABETH

Wait!

But the Gypsy has disappeared. A confused princess looks around.

ELIZABETH

Who was that woman?

She hears a voice.

GYPSY WOMAN

Hi-ho Silver!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH

The Prescott coach pulls to a stop.

James climbs down and opens the door for Cedric, Lawrence and Amelia.

They move up the steps of the church.

INT. CHURCH VESTIBULE

Prince Frederick is chatting with friends as the Prescotts enter. Lawrence makes an effort to hide his hand.

These lines are spoken in a sort of lilt, with handshakes, bows and curtsies.

CEDRIC

Prince Frederick.

FREDERICK

Sir Cedric. Lady Amelia.

AMELIA

Prince Frederick.

They resume introductions.

CEDRIC

Lady Amelia.

AMELIA

Prince Frederick.

CEDRIC

Prince Frederick.

FREDERICK

Sir Cedric. . .

(a beat)

I couldn't help but notice your son's hand. He wouldn't by any chance be one of *them*?

CEDRIC

Well, I suppose anything is possible.

FREDERICK

Then again, what difference does it make. No, I'm certainly not one to believe in discriminating against someone on the basis of fur or bad temper.

(to Lawrence)

Even if you're a hideous monster, lad, you're welcome to the family.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOORS - DAY

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has joined the posse. She nags Dr. Wolfmeister as they make their way across the field.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I knew she was one of them, I told them she was one of them, but no one would listen.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Why don't you go back to your sheep?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

She's going to get what she's got coming this time, just you wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH

There's a sense of anticipation among those assembled for the wedding. Down front, Lawrence, Cedric, Amelia and Francesca nervously await the start of the ceremony.

An apprehensive Reverend Lancaster emerges from the shadow of the pulpit. He extends a gnarled paw.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Sir Cedric.

They awkwardly shake hands. Reverend Lancaster quickly hides his hand again.

REVEREND LANCASTER

(aside)

You didn't tell me the girl was a werewolf.
You know I detest wolf's hair.

The Reverend's hand is trembling.

CEDRIC

What's the matter?

REVEREND LANCASTER

Just a little case of the jitters.

IN THE CHURCH VESTIBULE

Elizabeth fidgets with her veil. Tries to conceal a face that has begun the transformation to wolf. Frederick waits at her side.

ELIZABETH

I can't go through with it, I can't.

She bolts. He goes after her.

EXT. CHURCH

Frederick catches up to her.

FREDERICK

Now Elizabeth, if you're turning into a monster, how dare you? No, what I mean is, hide your face, you can do it.

ELIZABETH

And deny them the privilege of gazing upon a true werewolf? Nonsense.

She pulls back the veil. Frederick is taken aback.

ELIZABETH

Father, I really think we should call this off.

FREDERICK

You might have a point. Then again, if we had a pair of pinking shears.

(a beat)

Oh baby, there's nothing to worry about. You'll be fine. And remember, you'll always be my little girl.

They embrace. Her strength is terrific.

FREDERICK

Uh, honey?

He manages to free himself.

ELIZABETH

Grrrrrrr.

FREDERICK

Don't worry, you can feed the moment the
vows are over.

(several beats)

Now baby, you just do your best. Say those
vows, and let love take care of the rest. Now,
come on, the guests are waiting. Be brave.

ELIZABETH

Father?

FREDERICK

No one's gonna hold it against you for being a
big bad wolf.

ELIZABETH

I can't.

She bolts down the steps.

FREDERICK

Elizabeth?

He goes after her.

IN THE CHURCHYARD

Frederick halts. Looks around. Elizabeth has disappeared.

FREDERICK

Elizabeth? Elizabeth?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD

The Gypsy's covered wagon rumbles along. The old crone snaps the reins,
driving those nags onward.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

Our ragtag troop of justice-seeking vigilantes, with a shotgun-toting Dr. Wolfmeister leading the way, continues their determined march toward the church.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH

Lawrence adjusts his lapel. His nose has begun to twitch. He rubs it.

IN THE CHURCHYARD

Frederick continues to search for Elizabeth.

THE PARISH HOUSE

provides a sanctuary for Elizabeth. She ducks inside. Hears a noise. Turns.

FREDERICK

Elizabeth?

It's too late.

FREDERICK

Honey, I'm sorry if I said something that might have offended you.

ELIZABETH

Like that I'm a monster, and very hairy?

FREDERICK

Yeah. I mean, if I stepped on your paw or something, I'm sorry.

(pause)

Look, baby, this is all just a matter of self control. You take a deep breath, brush the fur back from your face, and say your vows.

ELIZABETH

Yeah. Self control. . .It's, uh, the fur part.

She pulls back the veil. Her face has taken on a decidedly wolfly cast.

FREDERICK

You can do it. Come on, be a good little werewolf. . .

CUT TO:

EXT. VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE

The Gypsy's wagon rumbles to a halt out front.

She scrambles down.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH

The guests are getting restless. They sense something is amiss.

The Reverend surveys the scene nervously, awaiting the signal from Frederick to start the service.

Cedric doesn't like the look of things.

CEDRIC

What's holding them up?

The door at the rear opens and Frederick pokes his head out, gives the okay signal.

The Reverend cues the organist.

The processional begins.

Prince Frederick enters with Elizabeth on his arm. Her face is concealed by the veil.

They slowly begin down the aisle.

ON ELIZABETH

as her nose twitches.

A wisp of air blows the veil momentarily off her face. Her wolf snout is apparent.

A woman in the audience GASPS.

UP FRONT

Lawrence waits anxiously, face and arm exhibiting an occasional twitch.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Elizabeth and her father as they come down the aisle and stop at the altar.

An apprehensive LAWRENCE looks at Elizabeth. Elizabeth pushes the veil back from her face.

At this point, their hands, ears and noses all betray the subtle characteristics of a wolf.

The Reverend eyes them nervously, fidgeting with his bible.

The guests sense something is wrong, and now there is audible murmuring.

The music comes to an end.

The Reverend, bible in hand, steps forward. He struggles to suppress a facial twitch.

Lawrence shows his teeth.

LAWRENCE

Grrrr.

ELIZABETH

Grrrr.

A nervous Reverend clears his throat.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Well, here we are, gathered together. . .

He swallows hard.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Nice little ducks in a row.

(nervously)

All right then, here we go. Dearly beloved, we are gathered together in the presence of God to witness the union of this man -- er, werewolf -- and this woman -- whatever she is, in holy matrimony.

(MORE)

REVEREND LANCASTER (cont'd)

I'm terrified.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD

Dr. Wolfmeister and company spy the church spire in the distance.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

There!

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE

The Gypsy goes inside.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL

She looks around. Starts up the stairs.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

she turns, peers down the hall. There are several doors on the hallway. She tries one. Looks inside. Wrong room.

She moves to the next door. Opens it. This time she's found what she's looking for -- the princess' quarters.

She quickly moves inside and checks under the girl's pillow. Nothing.

She checks under the bed. Ditto.

She's up again, turns. RACHEL is watching her from the doorway.

Rachel bolts. The Gypsy goes after her.

ON THE STAIRS

Rachel scrambles down the staircase with the Gypsy hot on her heels.

Emma blocks her way at the base of the stairs.

RACHEL

Out of my way. . . Emma?

The Gypsy catches up to her.

GYPSY WOMAN

Give me those bullets.

RACHEL

Let go of me.

GYPSY WOMAN

Give them to me!

RACHEL

No -- please?

GYPSY WOMAN

Do you hear me?

RACHEL

All right, all right.

She surrenders them.

RACHEL

Don't hurt me.

The Gypsy eyes the bullets for a beat. Digs into her apron, brings up a gold farthing. Puts it in Rachel's hand.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH

The Reverend struggles to control his hand. It's a hairy wolf's paw. He eyes the proceedings nervously.

Amelia intervenes.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Now, where were we?

AMELIA

Don't do it.

CEDRIC

Hurry!

AMELIA

Stop this, please, I beg of you.

ELIZABETH

Grrrrr. . .

REVEREND LANCASTER

A very compelling argument.

CEDRIC

Go on -- hurry.

REVEREND LANCASTER

All right -- who gives this werewolf to this man?

FREDERICK

I do.

REVEREND LANCASTER

You're really going to give a monster to a --

CEDRIC

Get on with it!

REVEREND LANCASTER

Here we go. All right -- do you, Lawrence, take this werewolf to be your lawful wedded wife, in sickness and in health, for richer or for poorer, and forsaking all others agree to be faithful to her as long as you both shall live? Well -- do you, do you?

LAWRENCE

Grrrrrr. . .

The guests in the pews are growing uneasy.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Yes, she's a monster, we all know that. Has her little idiosyncrasies -- like running around on all fours, barking at the moon. But surely you could cut her some slack?

LAWRENCE

Grrrrrr. . .

REVEREND LANCASTER

I take it back.

More uneasiness in the pews.

REVEREND LANCASTER

And do you, Elizabeth, take this werewolf to be your lawful wedded husband, in sickness and in health, for richer or for poorer, and forsaking all others, agree to be faithful to him as long as you both shall live -- which is probably until the next full moon. Do you? Well? Well??????

ELIZABETH

Grrrrr. . .

REVEREND LANCASTER

That's good enough for me.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MOORS

The Gypsy's wagon rumbles along. She lashes the horses.

GYPSY WOMAN

HA! HA! . . .

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH

The Reverend continues with the vows.

REVEREND LANCASTER

So, we're agreed that we all take each other for better or worse, in hairiness and poorness, as long as we both shall live -- growl?

Lawrence and Elizabeth begin to close in on the Reverend with hostility in their eyes.

FRANCESCA

I demand you stop this at once!

Guests have begun to desert the church.

CEDRIC

End it -- now!

REVEREND LANCASTER

The ring. Who has the ring?

Cedric moves to Lawrence.

CEDRIC

It's in your pocket.

AMELIA

Cedric, please, don't go on with this, I beg of you.

CEDRIC

What, you don't have a sense of humor?
(to Lawrence)

Hurry.

Lawrence fumbles in his pockets. He finds the ring but his hand is shaking and he loses control and drops it.

CEDRIC

Oh God.

He kneels down, searches for it.

Lawrence growls and snaps at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth does likewise.

CEDRIC

Where is that thing?
(several beats)
I've got it!

He rises. Hands the ring to the Reverend.

REVEREND LANCASTER

All right, put the ring on her hand.

Lawrence somehow manages to get that ring on her finger.
The Reverend is shaking uncontrollably, himself ready to explode.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Repeat after me -- with this ring, I thee -- grrrr -- wed.

LAWRENCE

Something wrong?

CEDRIC

Go on.

LAWRENCE

With this ring, I thee wed.

AMELIA

Stop this!

REVEREND LANCASTER

If there's anyone here who can show just cause why these two monsters should not be joined in holy matrimony, speak now or forever hold your peace -- please?

The rear door BANGS open. Dr. Wolfmeister marches down the aisle waving a shotgun.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I can -- the girl is a werewolf!

REVEREND LANCASTER

That's fairly obvious. Could you be a little more specific?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

All right -- she's a monster, and I'm going to put an end to it.

He raises the shotgun.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Why did I ever agree to this?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Time to meet your maker, she-monster.

The door BANGS open again. The Gypsy comes storming down the aisle.

GYPSY WOMAN

Wait!

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Where do you think you're going?

GYPSY WOMAN

Out of my way!

She knees him in the groin. Bolts for the altar.

The Gypsy slaps the silver bullets in Elizabeth's hand.

GYPSY WOMAN

Go!

REVEREND LANCASTER

Then by the authority vested in me by the church
and the fact that I am absolutely terrified and
can't bear this anymore, I now pronounce you
man and wolf -- wife. Kiss the bride.

Lawrence and Elizabeth ROAR! Then they kiss.

As their mouths touch, a miraculous GOLDEN HALO surrounds them.
They instantly revert to human form.

Gasps go up from the crowd. Then applause.

But as miraculous as this is, now the Reverend has problems. He snaps and
growls, beats on his chest. He's a full-fledged werewolf.

Panic breaks out. Church guests scream and shove. Jam the aisles. Fight
their way to the exits.

Dr. Wolfmeister struggles forward against the onrushing tide of fleeing
bodies.

He plants, steadies his shotgun. Takes aim at the Reverend.

The Reverend growls angrily. Ready to go down on all fours.

The doctor draws a bead and FIRES.

Buckshot flies. He misses the mark.

Guests continue to fight their way out of the church.

The Gypsy slips out the back with Lawrence and Elizabeth.

The Reverend snaps and snarls defiantly, down on all fours, darting to and fro, circling like a caged animal.

Dr. Wolfmeister busily reloads.

He edges forward. Takes aim.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

So long, little doggie.

He FIRES!

Buckshot flies through the air. Splatters against the Reverend's furry chest. It has no effect.

The Reverend roars defiantly. The doctor can't believe his eyes.

He discards the shotgun. Makes a break for it. Heads up the aisle.

The Reverend sets out after him on all fours, snapping and growling.

He manages to maneuver Dr. Wolfmeister into a corner.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Don't mutilate me -- please.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Grrrrr.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I'll give you the number of a good
laryngologist. He'll fix you up -- please? . . .
Boo!

He's off at a run down the outside aisle.

The Reverend bolts after him.

Cutting through one of the pews, the doctor manages to circle back and heads up the center aisle for the front exit.

He pauses for an instant at the door.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Take two aspirin and don't call me in the morning.

EXT. CHURCH

The Prescotts and von Woof Woofs are strolling in the fresh air, exchanging congratulations.

A terrified Dr. Wolfmeister emerges from the church and goes flying down the steps past them.

The Reverend, a wolf on all fours, comes barreling down the steps after him, snapping and growling.

There are bewildered looks all around. But as the Doctor and Reverend disappear down the road, the mood again brightens.

CEDRIC

Well, Prince Frederick, welcome to the family. It's really exciting to be associated with royalty.

FREDERICK

Not half as exciting as it is to be a part of the Prescotts.

CEDRIC

Shall we get down to cases. Just exactly how rich are you?

Frederick turns out his empty pockets.

FREDERICK

And you?

CEDRIC

Well --

He does likewise.

CEDRIC

I thought --

FREDERICK

We were royalty? Nope, never were. Just country bumpkins dressed up for a good time.

CEDRIC

But -- ?

FREDERICK

Admit it -- we put on a clever act.

Cedric absorbs this.

CEDRIC

What are we going to do for money?

FREDERICK

Don't worry -- the important thing is, we're happy.

CEDRIC

Amelia?

He moves to her.

AMELIA

I know, dear. I suspected all along. But they're nice people.

Cedric turns back to his friend.

CEDRIC

What about the werewolf bit?

FREDERICK

That's real. By the way, you insured for wolf damage?

CEDRIC

Nope.

FREDERICK

Me neither. Still, I think we're going to be happy.

CEDRIC

You know, I think you're right.

He puts his hand on Frederick's shoulder, they start on their way.

CEDRIC

Now come, tell me all about the customs of your country.

FREDERICK

Only my country is *your* country.

CEDRIC

Oh, make something up.

The ladies follow after them.

AMELIA

Does the princess really sprout hair and everything? I mean, that wasn't an illusion?

BACK TO CEDRIC

who can't believe what he's learned.

CEDRIC

You faked the accents and everything?

Frederick nods.

CEDRIC

You'll never guess how we squandered away our wealth.

FREDERICK

You speculated.

CEDRIC

Werewolf futures.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

The Reverend, a full-blown werewolf, has Dr. Wolfmeister pinned against a tree.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Don't eat me, please. I'm a friend to werewolves. . .

REVEREND LANCASTER

Grrrrr. . .

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I'll raise money for the BE KIND TO
WEREWOLVES FOUNDATION, anything
you say.

The Reverend smiles sweetly, sneers.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Nice wolfy, nice little wolfy.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD

The Gypsy wagon rumbles along the dusty road.

In back, Lawrence and Elizabeth sit with their legs dangling over the side,
cozy together, gazing longingly into each other's eyes.

ELIZABETH

Oh Lawrence. . .

LAWRENCE

Oh Elizabeth. . .

ELIZABETH

Oh Lawrence. . .

LAWRENCE

Oh Elizabeth. . .

(beat)

Just think, we can sit around the fire in our old
age swapping wolf stories.

ELIZABETH

Yes, and the wolfier the better.

Another pause.

LAWRENCE

Now, you do have the bullets, right?

ELIZABETH

Right.

She feels in her pockets.

ELIZABETH

Oh no.

She frantically roots in her pockets for them. He taps her on the shoulder. Opens his hand. Voila, the bullets.

ELIZABETH

Oh Lawrence.

She throws her arms around him.

ELIZABETH

We're going to be so happy.

LAWRENCE

Yes.

ELIZABETH

So very happy.

She gazes longingly in his eyes.

ELIZABETH

Will we love each other forever and ever?

LAWRENCE

Forever and ever -- or until the wolves come home. How about a wolf-sized kiss?

They plunge into each other's arms, kiss and snarl affectionately.

Lawrence sneaks a peek at those bullets in his hand. Checks on Elizabeth.

With a wink, he discards the bullets, and they bounce innocently in the road.

A WOLF CRY goes up -- AH-O-O-O-O!

The wagon pulls away, trailing tin cans behind it. A "JUST MARRIED" sign is plastered to the back.

Wolves have suddenly appeared on the road, yipping and yapping. They chase the retreating wagon out of sight.

FADE OUT.

THE END