

Dead and Breakfast

by

Dan Alvin December 2015

EXT: CRAMPED CLOSE - NIGHT

CRAMPED CLOSE is an Edwardian dead-end. A middle-class area that has gone to seed. The tail of the close is lined on either side with terraced houses with one isolated house at the end. At the top of the close are some shops: a butcher, a post office and a bakery..... a very old fashioned arrangement.

The close is poorly lit by dull streetlamps, one of which illuminates (poorly) a poster pinned up outside the post office. It exclaims - 'THE BITTEN-ON-SEA PLAYERS PRESENT: A STRANGER CALLS.'

A stranger steps in front of the poster. The stranger's name is PETE LORD. He is slow and deliberate, like a grizzly bear. He is huge, like a grizzly bear. He is dangerous, like a grizzly bear.

He is only a silhouette at this point and the zippo lighter that flips alight just gives a hint of his bald head and square jaw. He holds the light near his newspaper and reads the ad for HAVEN'S HAVEN, a bed and breakfast.

LORD looks at the house at the end of the close. A sign hanging outside the house reads 'BED AN BREAKFAST. HAVEN'S HAVEN.' A sign on the door reads 'NO VACANCIES' A note pinned under it reads 'Cat's Protection League meeting moved to 3pm Thursday.'

CUT TO:

INT: TEA ROOM - MORNING

A cat snarls and hacks up something on the window sill.

A large room with one table set for six places placed centrally and three smaller tables, set for two - one in front of the window and the others in the corners of the opposing wall.

An open arch leads through to the hallway and there is one door for the kitchen and one for the cloakroom.

Over by the window, JASPER CONNOR recoils from the sight of the retching cat.

CONNOR

Jesus!

CONNOR is a quiet watcher by nature, a cool head and a deep thinker - which makes his outburst all the more surprising. He has a weakness for sloganed t-shirts: currently wearing one emblazoned with 'Communication is the key.'

JAMES WEED looks over from his table in the corner. He pushes his fried egg around on his plate, wondering if he can eat it. WEED looks beaten when he is not being watched and has a sad clown joviality when in conversation.

WEED looks at all the claw marks around the otherwise immaculate room and then at the cat. He shakes his head.

MRS HAVEN enters with tea on a tray. She takes it to CONNOR.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Your cat just threw up.

MRS HAVEN
Oh goodness.

MRS HAVEN is very short and old - she seems primarily concerned with anything happening within three feet of her - her only outside interest being food and where it comes from.

CONNOR
I'm not sure I can eat my breakfast now.

MRS HAVEN
You should. Food is fuel, of course.

WEED
(To himself) Some places, they eat cats.

MRS HAVEN
What's that, Mr Weed?

WEED
I said, ah, (smiles weakly) they eat cats in, ah, some countries.

MRS HAVEN laughs.

MRS HAVEN
That's right!

CONNOR
Good idea. There are claw marks all over your house. It's a wonder you can tolerate it.

MR HAVEN enters from the kitchen.

MR HAVEN
They can't help their nature.

CONNOR

Perhaps you could train them to change it.

MR HAVEN

No. It would be cruel to try. What's the point in life if you can't be true to your nature?

MR HAVEN is very tall a pale with a shock of white hair. He seems more agile and aware of the undercurrents of conversation than his wife.

CONNOR shrugs.

MRS HAVEN

What country is that? Where they eat cats?

MR HAVEN

Nobody cares, Mrs Haven.

MRS HAVEN takes some tissue from her apron and cleans up the cat sick.

MRS HAVEN

Somewhere in the orient?

MR HAVEN

Everybody is disgusted, Mrs Haven. We'll try to keep the cats out Mr. Connor, Mr. Weed.

CONNOR

(Coldly) That would be nice.

WEED

Thank you.

MRS HAVEN looks down at the tissue in her hand and rushes it to the kitchen. MR HAVEN sighs and follows her out of the room.

MRS HAVEN

(O/S) Where is that cat eating place?

MR HAVEN

(O/S) Nobody cares.

CONNOR starts eating his breakfast again, with gusto. WEED looks at his own breakfast and pushes it aside, his appetite gone.

Distractedly, WEED strokes the claw marks on the wall near him.

CUT TO:

INT: HALLWAY - MORNING

MR HAVEN is pointlessly arranging peacock feathers in a vase by the front door, they flop in every direction except the one he wants

WEED walks through the hallway to the stairs and begins to climb them as CONNOR heads into the hallway and makes his way to the front door.

MR HAVEN
Oh - sirs. A quick word.

The two hang back for him.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
About the decorating - you recall my mentioning it? If you can both check out by the close of the day I would really appreciate it. I'm sorry for the inconvenience but we really can't have guests while we redecorate.

CONNOR shrugs.

CONNOR
Fine.

WEED looks more put out.

WEED
I....that's a little awkward.

MR HAVEN
Oh dear.

CONNOR leaves by the front door, uninterested in the conversation.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
I was hoping to have the space cleared to work.

WEED
I know but....you never - you didn't say anything about this when I checked in.

MR HAVEN scowls at the unhelpful peacock feathers.

MR HAVEN
Things do happen.

WEED
I know but this is very short...
(coughs)... short notice.

MR HAVEN shrugs. Both men are very awkward.

MR HAVEN
Stay another night if you wish but
tomorrow -

WEED timidly cuts him off.

WEED
Thanks. I have to go up to my room
now.

WEED does so. MR HAVEN sighs, looks at the peacock feathers and sighs again.

CUT TO:

INT: WEED'S ROOM - MORNING

WEED piles into the room and sits straight down on his bed. He is almost panting with nerves.

WEED
You told him Weed. You told him.
Damn, I'm a nobody. Scared of an
old man.

CUT TO:

EXT: HAVEN'S HAVEN - EVENING

CONNOR quietly leaves the bed and breakfast as snow gently begins to dust the snow globe scene that is softly lit by the interior lighting of the house. He quickly becomes a silhouette which just as quickly disappears into the gloomy dark.

PETE LORD approaches the front door, within a picturesque porch. He looks at the note on the door, 'Cat's Protection League meeting moved to 7pm Thursday.'

A black cat hops onto a nearby garden wall and it stares at LORD.

LORD stares back.

The cat hisses and runs away.

CUT TO:

INT: SITTING ROOM -DAY

An open fire is blazing in the fire place. The weather outside is dark and gloomy. The sitting room is softly lit by lamps and would be extremely inviting if it were not for the fateful combination of old ladies and flying cat hair.

There are cats meandering on every surface and old ladies of all varieties and conditions slumped in chairs and creeping up on other old ladies poised to strike with a barbed word or a buttered scone.

MRS HAVEN sits centrally, an undistracted but also unengaged figure.

CUT TO:

INT: TEA ROOM - DAY

MR HAVEN sits alone at the central table. An oasis of calm.

The doorbell rings.

MR HAVEN sighs and stands. He seems to have to will his body into forward motion.

CUT TO:

INT: HALLWAY - DAY

MR HAVEN walks past the sitting room door, where the muted chaos of the meeting cats bleeds through.

MR HAVEN looks at the glazed front door. PETE LORD'S huge figure looms, visible through the frosted glass as a distorted herald of doom.

MR HAVEN opens the door.

PETE LORD looks down at him. He is holding the black cat. The cat is wriggling frantically to escape his grip.

MR HAVEN
Can I help you?

The cat is spitting now and clawing LORD'S hands, though he seems oblivious.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
(Repeats) Can I help
you?

LORD
Cat's protection.

MR HAVEN
I'm sorry?

LORD looks at MR HAVEN for an uncomfortably long time. All the while, the black cat claws at LORD's hands and LORD does not flinch.

LORD
Cat's protection.

There is a long pause and MR HAVEN takes the hint.

MR HAVEN
You want to join the meeting?

LORD says nothing.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
Very well. Come in, come in.

MR HAVEN shows LORD in, closing the door.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
This way.

MR HAVEN takes LORD to the sitting room door.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
I didn't catch your name.

LORD pauses to squeeze the black cat quiet. He stares at the moggie, daring it to fight.

Then LORD stares at MR HAVEN with equal intensity.

LORD
Pete. Pete Lord.

MR HAVEN has to stop himself from gulping. He opens the sitting room door and LORD's eyes open wide, startled by the lavender, lace and fur.

CUT TO:

INT: SITTING ROOM - DAY

PETE LORD looms in the doorway with MR HAVEN barely visible on the other side.

The room falls completely silent except for one cat that keeps mewling.

LORD focuses on the cat, sat atop the piano. He walks towards it and the cat falls silent.

MR HAVEN
This is - ah - this is Mr Lord.

Still silent, the room has yet to recover from his entrance.

MRS HAVEN
Do you know where they eat cats?

MR HAVEN rolls his eyes and the room relaxes.

MR HAVEN
Nobody cares, Mrs Haven.

The old ladies move in on LORD.

OLD LADY 1
That's a lovely kitty you have there, Mr Lord!

OLD LADY 2
Coal black, like mine.

OLD LADY 3
Do you like long walks in the rain?

LORD looks hard at her. She takes LORD by the arm and tries to walk him away but OLD LADY 2 also has an arm and pulls him the other way.

MR HAVEN leaves, closing the door.

CUT TO:

INT: HALLWAY - DAY

MR HAVEN
(Chuckles) Good luck fella.

FADE TO:

INT: SITTING ROOM - EVENING

LORD is sat next to MRS HAVEN.

They both stare straight ahead, in but not part of the scene. Around them gaggle the geese of old ladies and upon them stalk dead-eyed felines.

OLD LADY 1 approaches LORD with a giant tabby cat.

OLD LADY 1
Will you stroke my pussy while I
go to the toilet?

LORD's eyes roll across to her and then back again to join his head in watching straight ahead.

OLD LADY 1 puts the cat in LORD's lap.

MRS HAVEN stares straight ahead.

MRS HAVEN
We do this every month.

The tabby crawls across to her and jumps down on to the floor. Another three cats jump up into her lap and two of them crawl across to LORD.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
I've forgotten why.

There follows a series of dissolves as the evening wears on and the numbers of cats and old ladies thin out. Finally, there is only MRS HAVEN, PETE LORD and OLD LADY 3 left in the room - and, of course, the old lady's white cat and LORD's adopted black cat.

LORD
Where's the toilet?

MRS HAVEN
Top of the stairs.

LORD stands.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
I expect you'll be off then? It's
getting late.

LORD does not answer, he just leaves the room.

OLD LADY 3
It is late, isn't it? I had
better get going.

CUT TO:

INT: TEA ROOM - EVENING

MR HAVEN, still sat at the table, looks through into the hallway and watches LORD leave the sitting room and walk to the door under the stairs. LORD opens it and walks down into the cellar.

MR HAVEN scratches his chin.

CUT TO:

INT: CELLAR - EVENING

LORD turns on the light. It is a large cellar, fairly empty. There is a large chest in one corner, atop of which are piled cleaning products. There are more cleaning products in the opposite corner - almost an industrial amount for a small B&B. There is a barred slit of a window that peeks up into the front garden. LORD takes a closer look out, checking the view. You can just see the road, past the front garden railings.

CUT TO:

INT: TEA ROOM - EVENING

MR HAVEN watches, waiting. After what seems a long time, LORD comes back up, out of the cellar. MR HAVEN watches as LORD bypasses the sitting room and walks up the stairs.

MRS HAVEN leaves the sitting room with OLD LADY 3.

MRS HAVEN

Thank you so much for coming.

OLD LADY 3

Thank you for looking after us.

MRS HAVEN shows her out the front door.

MR HAVEN gets up quickly.

CUT TO:

INT: HALLWAY - EVENING

MR HAVEN scoots up beside his wife, who is still at the front door. She turns and is surprised to find him there.

MRS HAVEN
Gosh, you set my heart racing!

MR HAVEN
Just wondered if you'd like a
cocoa?

MRS HAVEN is surprised by the offer and pauses before
replying.

MRS HAVEN
That would be nice.

MR HAVEN
And why don't you have it in the
sitting room?

MRS HAVEN
What's brought this on

MR HAVEN
No reason. Just thought you might
like it. Go on, go in and sit
down.

He guides his bemused wife into the sitting room and shuts
the door on her. Then he stares up the stairs before
walking back into the tea room.

CUT TO:

INT: TEA ROOM - EVENING

MR HAVEN sits down at the central table and looks through
to the hallway, waiting for LORD to re-appear.

CUT TO:

INT: LANDING - EVENING

LORD checks the doors on the landing.

He looks in on the bathroom, a quick, cursory look.

He looks in on Connor's old room, bare but functional.

He looks in on MR and MRS HAVEN's room.

CUT TO:

INT: HAVEN'S BEDROOM - EVENING

LORD walks slowly into the room. This room is not accommodation, it is homey and personal. Photographs and keepsakes. Memorabilia. A pile of vinyl but no turntable in sight. A small cupboard with magazines piled high on top.

LORD goes to the bed, sits on it and looks at the items on the bedside cabinet. A framed photograph of the couple. A prescription of pills. A letter - a wish-you-were-here from old friends in Romania.

LORD opens the cabinet and takes out a bundle of clothes. He holds them up, one after the other - giant pairs of men's underpants, one after the other.

LORD looks at the other bedside cabinet and walks around to it. He looks inside and pulls out another clothes bundle. Giant frilly knickers, one after the other.

He leaves them on the bed and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT: LANDING - EVENING

LORD goes to the last door and tries it but it is locked.

CUT TO:

INT: WEED'S ROOM - EVENING

WEED is lying on the bed. He looks at the door in alarm.

The doorknob wrenches back and forth violently and WEED sits up on the bed.

LORD
(O/S) Hey - open up.

WEED turns white and does not move.

CUT TO:

INT: LANDING - EVENING

LORD slowly releases the doorknob, staring at the door.

Then he goes downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT: TEA ROOM - EVENING

Lord sits down at the table with MR HAVEN. MR HAVEN does not move, he is very tense. He waits for LORD to speak.

LORD
I need a room. For a couple of
nights.

MR HAVEN wets his lips with his tongue.

MR HAVEN
Sorry - no rooms available.

LORD stares.

LORD
Just looked at one. Seems just
right.

MR HAVEN
What.....what I mean is that we
are (coughs) we are redecorating.
So we need an empty house.

LORD
You got someone else here.

MR HAVEN
He'll be gone tomorrow, I think.

LORD stares.

LORD
Yes he will. I'll have both your
rooms then.

MR HAVEN goes to speak but LORD wags a thick finger at him.

LORD (CONT'D)
What time is breakfast?

MR HAVEN is so rattled that he can barely reply.

MR HAVEN
It's -

LORD
Never mind. I'll come down when I
smell the bacon.

LORD gets up and slowly leaves the room, walking into the hallway and up the stairs. We hear the door (of what is now his room) shut.

MR HAVEN sits in silence, in shock.

Silence. What just happened?

Suddenly -

MRS HAVEN
(O/S) Where's my cocoa?!

MR HAVEN nearly falls out of his chair.

CUT TO:

EXT: YARD - NIGHT

The small yard at the back of HAVEN's HAVEN B&B has three dustbins lined up against a wooden fence.

The moon in the clear winter sky is in it's last night of it's gibbous phase. Tomorrow will be a full moon.

Cats start crawling over the bins, scratching at the lids. Two of them pull the lid off one dustbin and scatter, frightened by the cymbal-sound of the lid hitting the concrete slabs. They slowly return to the scene of the crime.

The curtains of the second floor window are pulled back and LORD looks down at the cats as they jump into the bin and start emptying it out onto the yard.

CUT TO:

INT: WEED'S ROOM - MORNING

WEED gets up from his bed. He is in his tidy pyjamas. He is a tidy pyjamas kind of guy.

He walks over to a nearby sideboard which has a small TV and a kettle on it. He switches on the kettle and goes back to the bed, sits on it rubbing his head and then his face, slowly coming to.

MR HAVEN
(O/S) Sodding bloody pests!
Rubbish everywhere! Bloody pests!

WEED looks up and wanders to the window, opens it and looks down at the yard.

MR HAVEN, surrounded by rubbish, looks up at WEED.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
Sorry, sir. Lost my temper.

WEED
It is a bit of a mess.

MR HAVEN
Bloody cats. I heard them last night but I didn't think they'd manage to get in the bins.

WEED
Can't help their nature, I suppose.

MR HAVEN grunts.

MR HAVEN
I suppose.

WEED
But there is a limit.

MR HAVEN
I'm beginning to think so. Anyway, I'd better clear up. Sorry for the noise.

WEED is about to close the window when MR HAVEN stops him.

CUT TO:

EXT: YARD - MORNING

MR HAVEN
I take it you're checking out today?

WEED looks uncomfortable.

WEED
No - as I said, I needed some notice really.

MR HAVEN
It's just that we need to decorate. As I said.

WEED gasps with nerves.

WEED
No I said! That's it!

He closes the window abruptly.

MR HAVEN sighs and he jumps as the curtains at the window adjacent to WEED's open quickly. LORD looks out and then moves out of sight.

MR HAVEN
I have a feeling you will be
leaving, Mr Weed.

CUT TO:

INT: WEED'S ROOM - MORNING

WEED sits back on the bed, gasping for breath.

WEED
You did it. You did it. Just hold
your ground, Weed. You have a
perfect right to stay as long as
you agreed to. Their mistake.
Not mine.

WEED moves to the kettle and grabs a cup and teabag. He pours in the hot water and his hand shakes.

WEED (CONT'D)
God, you're pathetic. Calm down
man.

There is a knock at the door.

WEED sighs and composes himself. He goes to the door and unlocks it.

The door burst open immediately and LORD walks in, backing WEED right back into the room - WEED almost falls open.

Before WEED can overbalance, LORD grabs him by the shoulders and puts one booted foot onto WEED's naked foot.

LORD stares.

WEED's lower lip quivers.

LORD
Are you going to cry?

WEED nods.

WEED
Maybe.

LORD stares.

LORD
Why?

WEED
You're standing on my foot.

LORD stares.

LORD
Not a reason to cry. You're a man.

WEED does not answer.

LORD shakes his head.

LORD (CONT'D)
I want your room. Check out
today.

WEED immediately agrees, replying before LORD has finished saying 'today'.

WEED
Okay.

LORD stares and then leaves the room, closing the door.

CUT TO:

INT: TEA ROOM - MORNING

LORD sits at the central table with a huge cooked breakfast. LORD seems over-sized in front of the delicate table and he picks at the food with his fork in an almost dainty way, skewering a mushroom and gently transporting it to his mouth, savoring the flavour.

Looking through to the hallway, we see WEED round the foot of the stairs and come to a halt as he sees LORD. WEED has his bag in his hand and his coat in on.

LORD stares at him.

WEED looks back at the front door and moves that way slightly before leaning back again, towards the tea room.

LORD beckons WEED to come in with a magisterial flick of the wrist.

WEED moves into the tea room, his gravitational force urging him to move in the opposite direction. Once in, he looks around for MR and MRS HAVEN with genuine desperation.

LORD lets him look for awhile and then points to the kitchen.

WEED moves past LORD, looking ill.

CUT TO:

INT: KITCHEN - MORNING

MR and MRS HAVEN are washing up.

WEED pokes his head in.

WEED

Can I -

MR and MRS HAVEN look his way and that is enough to shut up the shell-shocked man.

MR HAVEN

What was that , Mr Weed?

WEED

Can I.....check out?

MR HAVEN

Oh certainly. I'll take the keys in the sitting room if you din't mind.

WEED nods and leaves, grateful for the instruction to leave the tea room.

MR HAVEN dries his hands.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)

I'll see to Mr Weed now. Stay here until I get back.

MRS HAVEN

But what if Mr Lord wants anything else?

MR HAVEN

He won't. But if he does, just call me.

MRS HAVEN chuckles.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)

I don't know why you're getting so protective all of a sudden. I'm no great catch.

MR HAVEN heads for the door.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
God knows, I know that.

CUT TO:

INT: SITTING ROOM - DAY

WEED sits on a chair, a flowered part of a three piece suite. He looks crowded - his bag on his back, his raincoat buttoned up tight, his fingers working anxiously in amongst each other, looking for an escape.

The door opens and MR HAVEN slides quietly into the room.

MR HAVEN
Mr Weed. Thank you for giving us
this time for our home
improvements.

WEED
Well

He trails off, MR HAVEN goes to the piano. On it is a box which he opens and needlessly checks some paperwork therein.

MR HAVEN
In actual fact, all I have to do
is give you back your deposit and
you need to give me back the
doorkey.

MR HAVEN fishes out a few pounds from his pocket and puts it on the piano.

WEED stands and takes the key from his coat pocket. The key has a, frankly, gigantic fob attached: about seven inches of black plastic. WEED walks it over to the piano and swaps it for the money.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
Thank you. Good luck and see you
again, Mr Weed.

He holds out his hand and WEED wetly shakes it.

WEED goes to leave and then looks back.

WEED
You know, that key is ridiculous.

MR HAVEN grunts.

WEED (CONT'D)
It's much too big to comfortably
fit in your pocket. It's very
unnecessary.

MR HAVEN
It's....just to stop it being
lost.....

WEED looks defeated and turns to leave.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
Was there anything else?

WEED sighs.

WEED
No.

MR HAVEN
If you would permit an
observation, sir? Your point of
view has value, even if others
don't agree with it..

WEED considers this and adjusts the bag on his back.

WEED
I was going to say that not all
bed and breakfast's require a
deposit. It's a bit over the top.

MR HAVEN
I disagree.

WEED smiles ruefully and goes to the door - he suddenly
notices all the claw marks on the door and surrounding
wall.

WEED
I'm surprised you let the cats do
this. Your house is immaculate in
every other respect.

MR HAVEN looks around at the marks.

MR HAVEN
Yes.....indeed. But, as I said,
there's no helping their nature.

WEED shrugs, not particularly understanding.

WEED
Speaking of which, I'd watch out
for your new lodger.

MR HAVEN

Yes. I haven't worked out how to handle that yet.

WEED waves a hand, not making eye contact - which is the best he can do. He leaves the room. MR HAVEN follows him out.

INT: HALLWAY - MORNING

WEED and MR HAVEN walk to the front door and MR HAVEN shows his guest out.

MR HAVEN

Good luck, sir.

WEED waves again, again not making eye contact. He leaves.

MR HAVEN looks sorry for WEED.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)

Goodbye.

And shuts the door.

CUT TO:

EXT: CRAMPED CLOSE - MORNING

WEED walks away from the Havan's B&B.

He walks down past the Edwardian facade to the shops at the mouth of the close. A butcher shop, bakery and a post office. There are two men outside of each shop.

Outside the butcher shop stand MR RAYBURN and MR OLIVER, two large men in suits.

Outside the bakery are MR SHIP and MR DEWER, two large men in donkey jackets working clothes.

Outside the post office stand MR NORTH, a large man in a suit. With him is MR JONES, a skinny middle-aged man. MR JONES holds a skateboard and wears a helmet, elbow and knee pads - he has on shorts and a vest which seems little protection against the frigid air. Snow has started to fall.

WEED walks up. He can't help looking at the gentlemen standing suspiciously outside each one - especially MR JONES.

WEED walks into the BAKERY.

MR SHIP looks at MR DEWER angrily.

MR SHIP

Look at that. We stand out like
sore thumbs. I feel like a bloody
idiot.

MR JONES skateboards down to the butcher shop, passing MR SHIP and MR DEWER, who stare at him furiously.

MR JONES stops at the butcher shop and picks up his skateboard.

MR OLIVER

What the hell did you do that for?
Why didn't you walk? Who skates a
distance like that?

MR JONES

Why would I have a board and not
use it?

MR RAYBURN

We're all dressed normally. You
look ridiculous.

MR JONES

You - you and your suits and
donkey jackets! You look like a
gang, I'm in character!

MR OLIVER

Charact - you look like you're
having a mid-life crisis! Go and
check if Pete's left a note. And
don't -

MR JONES skates off.

MR OLIVER (CONT'D)

- skate. Christ, look at that.

MR JONES skates to the B&B and jumps off at the gate,
picking up the skateboard and moving to the front door.

CUT TO:

INT BAKERY MORNING

WEED enters the BAKERY and looks around.

Standing behind the counter of a very sparsely stocked
store is MR BAFFLE, a tall, rangy man whose bald head is as
white as his apron. His lower lip protrudes as he

concerntrates on wrapping some dry chelsea buns in cling-film.

WEED is about to speak when he sees a long line of saliva pour from MR BAFFLE'S lip to the chelsea buns below.

MR BAFFLE wipes his mouth, shocked at the slip. Or just shocked that the slip was observed.

MR BAFFLE and WEED lock eyes and WEED backs out of the store with an embarrassed smile.

CUT TO:

EXT HAVEN'S HAVEN MORNING

MR JONES looks at the note pinned to the front door. It reads: OK.

MR JONES waves to the other men and they run over together.

MR JONES looks mockingly at them and shrugs as they reach him.

MR JONES

And I'm obvious? Why didn't you all hold hands and make it look really weird?

MR OLIVER

You waved at us, you fairy. I think it's time to stop pretending we're not together.

MR RAYBURN

Ring the bell!

MR JONES does so. They wait. PETE LORD answers the door. He stares at MR JONES.

LORD

What the hell are you dressed as?

MR OLIVER

We've done this. All on for tonight?

PETE LORD nods.

LORD

Come on in.

The gang enter and LORD closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT POST OFFICE - MORNING

WEED enters.

MRS GREY is at the counter, sorting through mail. She is middle-aged and proper, her tightly curled hair reflecting a tightly curled mind.

GREY
Can I help?

WEED
Yes, thanks. Can you tell me where the train station is from here?

GREY
Past the castle, second right, go to the end, you can't miss it. Large, ol Victorian front, train every hour.

WEED
Thanks.

WEED spies crisps for sale on the counter.

WEED (CONT'D)
I'll have a pack of those please. Couldn't find what I wanted next door.

MRS GREY raises her tight eyebrows.

GREY
Yes. We pick up alot of trade from the bakery.

CUT TO:

INT: SITTING ROOM - MORNING

The gang enter the living room. MR and MRS HAVEN are sat together awkwardly and nervously on the sofa.

The gang position themselves around the room in a relaxed way - relaxed and threatening. PETE LORD lets their presence sink in before gesturing towards MR and MRS HAVEN.

LORD
Our hosts.

The gang look at the old couple silently.

MR HAVEN
You cannot stay here tonight.

LORD gets as close as he ever gets to humour.

LORD
They're redecorating.

MRS HAVEN tugs at her husband's sleeve.

MRS HAVEN
I'm scared.

MR HAVEN
Hush, Mrs Haven.

MRS HAVEN
They can't stay here tonight.

MR HAVEN
Hush.

MRS HAVEN
But they can't stay here!

MR JONES walks over to MRS HAVEN and looks down on her.
MRS HAVEN looks up at him and -

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
(whispers) You can't
stay here.

MR JONES slaps her. Instantly, MR HAVEN jumps up and takes the money box from the piano, striking MR JONES across the head.

MR JONES staggers back and then smiles. He points to the helmet on his head and smiles at the others.

MR JONES
Not so silly now am I?

MR HAVEN regroups and slams the box into MR JONES' face, decking him.

LORD takes MR HAVEN by the shoulders and sits him down next to his wife.

LORD
That won't do.

MR OLIVER laughs, which starts everyone else off.

MR HAVEN does not seem fazed by the scene.

MRS HAVEN
Mr Haven. They can't stay
here.....

CUT TO:

INT: RAILWAY TICKET OFFICE - MORNING

The ticket office is large, white, pristine and empty.

The two men at the counter are sat behind a huge pane of clear perspex and communicate to the public via a microphone, which bellows their soft spoken voices into the room with a cavernous, booming echo.

WEED wanders in, struggling with his luggage.

MAN 1
Good morning, sir.

WEED is taken aback by the amplified voices.

WEED
Wow.

MAN 1
How can I help you?

WEED smiles weakly.

WEED
It's like God speaking.

MAN 1 has heard it all before and says nothing.

WEED searches for his wallet.

WEED (CONT'D)
Now, I have a railcard here.

A couple walk in and examine the timetable on the wall.

WEED still sorts through his pockets.

WEED (CONT'D)
It's in my wallet.

MAN 1
You can't find your wallet, sir?

The question booms through the office.

WEED
It's here somewhere.

Then he realises.

WEED (CONT'D)
Oh no.....

MAN 1
You've left it somewhere.

The couple look at WEED.

WEED
I can't quite remember.....

MAN 1
Where was the last place you had
it?

The amplified question circles the room.

WEED
I've left it in the B&B.

MAN 1
Can't you go back there?

The couple stare at WEED.

MAN 2 joins in, leaning into his microphone.

MAN 2
Why can't you go back?

MAN 1
Did you pay your bill?

WEED
Of course I did.

MAN 2
So you fell out with the owner?

MAN 1
Brought a woman back one night,
eh?

The couple glare at WEED.

MAN 2
You may not have left it anywhere
- she may have stole it.

WEED
Do you mind?

WEED leaves the ticket office, gasping with anxiety.

MAN 1 and MAN 2 tut at one another and then look at the couple, who begin to tut themselves. The sound envelopes the room.

CUT TO:

EXT: HAVEN'S HAVEN - AFTERNOON

It is snowing heavily now.

WEED approaches the door.

He goes to knock but then stops. He goes to ring the bell but then stops. He debates with himself, leaning to the door, away from it and then to it again.

WEED
(To himself) Come on. What are
you going to do without money?

A man walks up behind him. MR POOGE. He is a small, unassuming man, finely dressed, holding a briefcase. WEED sees POOGE.

WEED (CONT'D)
Oh.

POOGE nods. And waits, expecting WEED to ring the bell. But WEED just continues the debate with himself.

POOGE
Excuse me.

WEED looks at POOGE, worried. POOGE smiles widely and honestly.

POOGE (CONT'D)
Are you going in?

WEED thinks about it and tries to smile back.

WEED
I'm just - ah - worried about what
kind of reception.....I'll get.

POOGE 'ahs' understandingly.

POOGE
I see. Left under a bit of a
cloud.

 WEED
Yes - not exactly but...yes.

POOGE smiles. And waits. Finally...

 POOGE
People can be quite understanding.
He waits again. But he is getting cold.

 POOGE (CONT'D)
Look at that snow. Covers
everything. Like a blanket. Very
clean looking, I think. Very new.
No matter what it falls on, it all
looks the same. You wouldn't know
what lies beneath. Very new.

Pause.

 POOGE (CONT'D)
Very cold.

POOGE waits. When he speaks, he sounds very timid.

 POOGE (CONT'D)
Can you ring the doorbell?

WEED sighs and, the decision taken for him, complies.

They wait.

The door opens. WEED takes a step back, as LORD appears at
the door, backing right into POOGE.

 LORD
Ah.

LORD steps to one side and extends his arm, ushering the
two men in. When WEED does not move, LORD pulls him in
gently with his free hand.

POOGE follows.

CUT TO:

INT: HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

LORD closes the door. And stares at WEED.

WEED
I came for my wallet. I...I
think I left it on the piano.

LORD gestures towards the sitting room.

WEED nervously does in.

CUT TO:

INT: SITTING ROOM - DAY

WEED walks in and starts.

MR and MRS HAVEN are sat on the sofa by the piano.

RAYBURN and OLIVER are by the window, looking out.

SHIP and DEWER flank the piano.

JONES and NORTH are in the other seats, JONES with his eyes closed.

LORD walks in behind WEED and WEED starts again. He looks across at the piano and sees his wallet.

WEED
There it is.

He walks nervously and awkwardly to the piano and picks up his wallet. The room is oppressively silent.

WEED smiles weakly and works his way miserably to the door. He looks back at the group. He stares at the HAVENS but clearly doesn't have the courage to help them.

WEED (CONT'D)
Thank you. I'll.....I'll show
myself out.

LORD
Go for it.

CUT TO:

INT: HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

WEED is shaking as he closes the sitting room door behind him. He looks wide-eyed at POOGE.

WEED
Get out of here - for your own
safety. Get out!

POOGE
What do you mean?

 WEED
There's a gang in here. A
criminal gang - I'm sure.

WEED moves to the front door and tries to open it. It's
locked.

 WEED (CONT'D)
Oh my God! Oh my God!

 POOGE
Calm down.

WEED turns and looks at POOGE, who is strangely and
worryingly calm.

 POOGE (CONT'D)
You came back for money. Do you
think that was wise?

 WEED
No.

 POOGE
No. How much was it? Less than
a hundred?

 WEED
Yes.

 POOGE
Not worth it. Not worth risking
your neck, even if it were a
hundred. Can you guess how much
money is worth risking your life
for?

WEED shakes his head.

POOGE lifts his suitcase in front of his chest and strokes
it gently.

The sitting room door opens and LORD steps out.

CUT TO:

EXT: HAVEN'S HAVEN - AFTERNOON

WEED cries out and it can be heard beyond the building.
It peters out to a moan, then silence, snow softly falling
and the dusk gently edging towards the dark.

CUT TO:

INT: SITTING ROOM LATE AFTERNOON

LORD bundles WEED into the room. WEED is flailing, all arms and legs - physically, he's a coward, lunging out weakly in all directions.

He weeps and moans and LORD cannot hold him. Snapping away from LORD'S embrace, WEED falls across the room, landing on old MR & MRS HAVEN.

Instead of moving, WEED stays prostrate across the old couple, weeping like a baby.

LORD takes a step towards WEED and WEED whines, punching pathetically out and raising his legs in the air.

LORD
Well, this is no good.

WEED moans and punches the air.

LORD (CONT'D)
We have to shut him up. We have to shut you up.

WEED really panics, squirming like a worm.

MR HAVEN
I think -

WEED knocks the air out of MR HAVEN and he has to gasp through the rest of his sentence.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
There's a large trunk in the cellar. Why don't you lock him in there until you've finished with your business?

LORD thinks and then nods.

LORD
Grab him.

RAYBURN, OLIVER, JONES and NORTH weigh in, taking arms and legs. WEED goes limp.

The men carry WEED to the door and then RAYBURN stops the train.

RAYBURN
Hey, wait.

He looks at POOGE, with the money, and LORD, SHIP and DEWER.

RAYBURN (CONT'D)
Now that the money's here, why
don't we all stay with it?

LORD remains impassive, while POOGE shrugs mildly.

POOGE
Perfectly fine, Mr Rayburn. Such
a shame to inject a note of
distrust though.

CUT TO:

INT: CELLAR - EVENING

It is getting dark outside and the cellar is already pitch. The bare bulb light goes on.

There's the sound of a couple of footfalls on the stairs and then WEED comes crashing down the staircase, falling head-over-heels. He lays at the foot of the stairs, motionless.

JONES
(O/S) Do you think he's -

OLIVER
(O/S) Go check.

JONES walks down the stairs and into view. He checks WEED over.

JONES
He's breathing.

OLIVER, RAYBURN, NORTH, SHIP and DEWER walk down into view, stepping over WEED. They are followed by MR and MRS HAVEN, then LORD and POOGE.

LORD
Put him in that chest, then.

SHIP and DEWER slam WEED into the chest, close it and flip the latch.

POOGE walks over and places the suitcase on top of the trunk.

CUT TO:

INT: TRUNK - LATE AFTERNOON

WEED breathes heavily in the dark of the trunk.

CUT TO:

INT: CELLAR - EVENING

THE LATE AFTERNOON PASSES TO EVENING WITH THE SLIGHTEST DIMMING OF THE DUSTY DARK-ALREADY SKY.

It changes the atmosphere of the cellar, sobering all.

POOGE takes centre-stage. He puts the suitcase on the trunk and pops the suitcase open, revealing the money inside, piled to the brim. He smiles and turns to MR and MRS HAVEN.

POOGE

Sit down.

POOGE gestures to the trunk. When MR and MRS HAVEN do not move, POOGE walks to them and guides them to the trunk, seating them on either side of the money.

He talks directly to them, ignoring everyone else in the cellar.

POOGE (CONT'D)

What a thing money is. What an anchor and what a dead, oppressive weight.

He holds MRS HAVEN'S hand.

POOGE (CONT'D)

Once you have it, all you want is to get rid of it. Spend, spend, spend until all you can think of is getting it all back again.

He holds MRS HAVEN'S hand to his chest.

POOGE (CONT'D)

Just so you can spend it all over again.

He drops MRS HAVEN'S hand.

MR HAVEN

(Icy) You could save it.

POOGE strokes the money and laughs.

POOGE

Then what is it? Just this and that's no fun at all. Of course, I could give it away, I could give it to charity. I could give it to you.

INT: TRUNK - EVENING

WEED comes too in the trunk and listens in.

POOGE

(O/S) To keep you quiet, you understand. So much less fuss than.....doing the other thing. However.....the money is telling me that it means more to me than it does to you. That while it keeps me quiet it will make you sing.

MRS HAVEN squeaks with alarm.

POOGE (CONT'D)

(O/S)And we can't have that.

Long silence.

POOGE (CONT'D)

O/S) Kill them.

MRS HAVEN screams. It goes on and on and.....turns into - something else. A wail. A wail of anguish and her wail is suddenly joined by another, similarly animal cry. They both reach a deafening pitch and -

Silence.

Two seconds. Four seconds. Six seconds.

WEED leans his ear against the side of the trunk.

Then 9 -

The trunk is thrown around in all directions as a cacophonous roar joins a symphony of screaming.

WEED rolls around and over, slamming against all sides of the trunk and losing all sense of the right way up.

Then he lands.

And the world is silent again.

WEED manages to stay conscious for a few seconds more and then slumps down, folding in on his own body and passing out.

CUT TO:

EXT: CRAMPED CLOSE - EVENING

Snow is falling and then it gently stops. The clouds reveal a full moon.

HAVEN'S HAVEN B&B is softly lit at the end of the close, the pale light of the moon upon it.

FADE TO:

EXT: CRAMPED CLOSE - MORNING

A picture of snow-covered cosiness. HAVEN'S B&B looks like a model in a snow globe.

FADE TO:

EXT: HAVEN'S HAVEN - MORNING

Birds are feeding on the seed on the bird table. A robin hops down onto the snow covered ground, marking the virgin territory with it's pronged feet as it picks up seed dropped by other birds.

As it stops to eat, we see a splattering of blood that has sprayed out from the now broken cellar window.

CUT TO:

INT: TRUNK - MORNING

WEED groans and pushes against something - the trunk, on it's side, opens.

The lid hits the ground.

CUT TO:

INT: CELLAR - MORNING

The lid hit the ground. WEED rolls out.

He is face-to-face with a bloody, dismembered hand.

WEED stares at it. Stares and stares. He gets slowly to his feet, not taking his eyes off the hand.

WEED closes his eyes, trying to regulate his breathing.

WEED

One.....two.....three....

WEED opens his eyes and looks around.

There is a foot at the foot of the stairs.

A finger on the sill, under the broken window.

An eye - slapped up against the wall and stuck there, staring out.

WEED sways, almost passing out.

He steps forward and then stops to check the ground. There are smears of blood here and there but it looks as if the place has been roughly mopped to pick up the worst of it.

Sick, WEED picks his way across to the stairs, making a detour to pick up a stray broom. He holds it before him and begins to climb the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT:HALLWAY - MORNING

The door to the cellar opens. A long moment later, WEED inches out, behind a broom. He turns to look at the front door and then is about to check behind him when -

MR HAVEN

(O/S) Good morning, Mr.
Weed.)

WEED shouts out loud and whips around with his broom, losing his grip on it and throwing the stick down the cellar stairs.

Shaking, WEED looks into the TEA ROOM. MR and MRS HAVEN are there, having breakfast.

WEED

Oh my God.....OH MY GOD! You're
alive - I didn't think - !

WEED staggers towards the TEA ROOM and then stops, remembering the body parts downstairs.

WEED (CONT'D)
Are you.....alright?

MRS HAVEN smiles weakly, MR HAVEN holds an empty tea cup aloft.

MR HAVEN
Join us?

WIPE TO:

INT: TEA ROOM - MORNING

WEED is sat at the table with the HAVENS, drinking tea and looking checked out.

WEED
So.....

MR HAVEN
You have questions.

WEED
Where did they all go?

The HAVENS drink their tea and exchange looks.

WEED loses it.

WEED (CONT'D)
Where did they go? Where did they go? Where did they go?!

WEED drops his cup and stands. MR HAVEN holds up his hand and MRS HAVEN puts her hands to her mouth, upset.

MR HAVEN
You're overwrought. You must finish your tea. And try to have something small to eat.

MR HAVEN rights WEED'S cup and pours him another cup of tea. He pushes a plate of sandwiches and pastries towards WEED.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
Our finger sandwiches are a favourite with our visitors. It's a shame that our scones aren't prepared. They are delicious with some Devonshire cream and jam.

MRS HAVEN
And they're heart-shaped.

MR HAVEN

And they're heart-shaped, yes.

WEED has slowly sat down as fthe HAVENS have been speaking.

WEED

But.....where did they go?

MR and MRS HAVEN exchange looks again.

MRS HAVEN

Well. That awful man....

MR HAVEN

Mr Pooge.

MRS HAVEN

Mr Pooge. That's right.

MR HAVEN

He was going to kill us.

MRS HAVEN

That's right. What an awful thing to.....he is a horrible man.

WEED

But what happenned to him?

MR HAVEN

He managed to hide, you see.

WEED

But what about the rest of them?

WEED has almost shouted. MR HAVEN waves his hand to calm him down.

MR HAVEN

Would you agree that these men were very bad men?

MRS HAVEN

Very bad men.

WEED

Yes. Of course.

MR HAVEN

Would you agree that they were to blame for this situation?

WEED

Yes. Yes! What happenned to them?

MR and MRS HAVEN exchange looks once again.

MR HAVEN
We killed them.

MRS HAVEN buries her face in her hands.

MR HAVEN pushes some tea under her nose and bids her to drink it.

WEED
How on earth could you
possibly.....?

MR HAVEN
It is very difficult to explain.

WEED
It's impossible! It's impossible!
There were so many of them!

MRS HAVEN still has her head in her hands.

MRS HAVEN
We didn't kill them, we didn't
kill them!

Now MR HAVEN has to calm his wife, stroking her back.

WEED
Of course you didn't kill them.
How could you possibly?

MR HAVEN
Mrs Haven is quite right. We
didn't kill them.

Pause. WEED leans forward for the truth.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
We ate them.

WEED does not react.

Neither does MR HAVEN.

MRS HAVEN looks up and stares at WEED. She looks more connected, more aware, more present in the conversation than she has been in anything so far.

They all lean in towards each other.

Finally,

WEED

Let me get this straight.

They all lean in again.

WEED (CONT'D)

And I want you to be truthful.

MR and MRS HAVEN nod.

WEED (CONT'D)

You bake heart-shaped scones?

MR and MRS HAVEN just stare.

WEED (CONT'D)

And you ate all those men?

MR and MRS HAVEN nod.

WEED (CONT'D)

Well. You missed some. I didn't check properly but I saw a finger. And a hand. There's an eye just.....splat....on the wall, staring.

WEED shudders involuntarily.

WEED (CONT'D)

And the floor - there's blood on the floor

MRS HAVEN

Oh my heavens, it sounds ghastly. Obviously, we usually lick the floor clean.

WEED

You usually - of course you do!

MR HAVEN

I know it sounds hard to believe -

WEED slams his palms down on the table.

WEED

It's impossible to believe!

MRS HAVEN bursts out crying.

MR HAVEN

Mr Weed - you have upset my wife.

WEED

Upset your wife! The man-eater!

WEED lowers his voice and addresses MR HAVEN in his best headmaster's voice.

WEED (CONT'D)

Mr Haven. This is serious. Men have died. Or at the very least, left this establishment with parts of their body!
Now...tell...me...the...truth.

MR HAVEN sits straight up in his chair. His new bearing, the look in his eye, unnerves WEED, who sits back in his chair.

MR HAVEN stands and looks down on WEED imperiously.

MR HAVEN

Perhaps you would prefer the testimony of a third party?

He walks slowly to the kitchen door, which is wide open.

He swings the door shut. Revealed sitting on the floor, back against the wall, is MR POOGE. He is terrified.

WEED

Good God!

MR HAVEN

I'd be surprised if you can get any sense out of him.

WEED is astonished at POOGE'S condition.

WEED

Then what good is he as a witness?

MR HAVEN squats down beside MR POOGE.

POOGE'S eyes roll wide.

MR HAVEN

Let me demonstrate.

MR HAVEN holds a finger aloft. He then moves to prod POOGE. Before he can, POOGE shrieks and crawls away along the wall, landing finally in the corner of the tea room, beneath a table.

He sits there, gibbering.

WEED
(Quietly) Good God.

MR HAVEN, still squatting, smiles grimly.

MR HAVEN
You're repeating yourself.

MRS HAVEN puts her head in her hands.

MR HAVEN looks at her with concern and then purposefully back at WEED.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
Now, look. I'm not inclined to go over and over this, Mr Weed. On the night of the full moon, my wife and I turn into wolves. It's that simple. We cannot avoid it and neither can you. Each and every one of us falls prey to our own nature. You can't blame a cat for scratching or a dog for licking. It's just what they do. Same with us.

WEED'S mouth is open.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
As humans, we feel guilt. Remorse. So, when the full moon comes, we lock ourselves downstairs in the cellar with a few joints of beef and endure the captivity and hunger. But when fresh meat walks in as it did last night we must obey our true nature.

MR HAVEN crawls towards POGGE.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
This man is a murderer. It's his nature. I can't find it in my heart to condemn him but he has to be dealt with.

POGGE whimpers with fear but MR HAVEN turns towards WEED and crawls his way, a drool of saliva dripping from his lips.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
You, Mr Weed, are a coward. It's just your nature. No particular shame in it.

WEED gets up and puts the table between himself and MR HAVEN.

Suddenly, MRS HAVEN grabs WEED'S arm at superhuman speed and won't let.

MR HAVEN stands up and smiles quietly.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
Don't worry. We're not going to hurt you.

MRS HAVEN lets go.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
Precisely because we understand your true nature. Now look -

MR HAVEN moves to the kitchen, leaving MRS HAVEN and WEED alone momentarily.

MRS HAVEN mouths "I'm so sorry" to WEED.

MR HAVEN returns, he is carrying POOGE'S suitcase.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
You know what's in this?

WEED nods.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
A lot of money.

He spits out the words contemptuously.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
It's yours. Just leave and keep quiet. Leave and don't come back.

WEED looks at the case. MR HAVEN walks over and places it before WEED on the table.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
Take it and and go.

WEED puts his hand on the case and looks at MR POOGE.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
What a thing money is.....

WEED pulls the case to him. MRS HAVEN nods kindly.

WEED gets to his feet and hugs the case to his chest.

WEED
Okay. Alright.

The HAVEN'S visibly relax.

MR HAVEN
Good.

MRS HAVEN
Are you sure you won't have some
food?

WEED shakes his head distractedly.

MR HAVEN
Best that he goes.

MR HAVEN kindly, gently, prods WEED towards the hallway and
the front door.

MR HAVEN walks a little way with him and then turns back to
join his wife again.

CUT TO:

INT: HALLWAY - MORNING

WEED, trance-like, moves through the hallway and is almost
biting the case which is pulled to his chin. Past the
leather, he mumbles in a barely audible whisper.

WEED
That's what he said.....

CUT TO:

INT: TEA ROOM - MORNING

MR and MRS HAVEN both look up sharply.

MR HAVEN
What?

He jumps up.

CUT TO:

INT: HALLWAY - MORNING

MR HAVEN races past WEED and blocks the front door.

MR HAVEN
What did you just say?

WEED, shocked, shakes his head.

WEED
Just....that's what that man said
- what a thing money is.....

MR HAVEN
And you think we both sounded
alike, both asking you to take the
money and -

CUT TO:

INT: TEA ROOM - MORNING

MRS HAVEN
- run.

CUT TO:

INT: HALLWAY - MORNING

MR HAVEN
I'm sorry, Mr Weed. I've
misjudged you. You're not a
coward after all.

WEED'S eyes roll wide with alarm.

WEED
Oh, I am. Ask anybody.

MR HAVEN shakes his head sadly.

WEED can feel the life draining out of him.

WEED (CONT'D)
Can't I just.....keep the money?

MR HAVEN stares sadly at him.

MR HAVEN
Yes. You can keep that.

CUT TO:

INT: BASEMENT - MORNING

The case of money flies down the stairs, crashing open at the base of the flight, notes scattering everywhere.

POOGE runs after it, a scared rabbit, he flees to the nearest corner.

MR HAVEN drags WEED down the stairs with strength beyond his years and throws him into the centre of the room.

MR HAVEN
Find yourself a corner, like Mr
Pooge. With all his important
money.

MR HAVEN goes upstairs and we hear him lock the door.

Shell-shocked, WEED stares at the eye on the wall, still stuck there and eyes-front.

CUT TO:

INT: CELLAR - AFTERNOON

POOGE, looking dead already, is still in his corner.

WEED, exhausted, ashen but full of nervous energy, paces the room.

WEED
What time do you think it is now?
We've got hours - we've only got
hours to think of some way out of
this.

POOGE does not engage.

WEED (CONT'D)
It was a full moon last night.
The first full moon. I don't even
know how long they last for.
There might only be one! I can't
remember!

POOGE looks at WEED, this glimmer of hope igniting the first sign of life in him.

But then WEED deflates.

WEED (CONT'D)
No. No. It's about three days.
Or even four.

POOGE starts to cry and shake.

WEED (CONT'D)
 Typical. Can't remember calculus
 but I remember that.

He slumps to the floor.

WEED (CONT'D)
 School is a waste of time....

They both hear the unlocking of the cellar door, the shuffle of steps and the door being locked again.

MRS HAVEN struggles down the stairs with a ton of cleaning supplies. She places the supplies at the foot of the stairs and sighs, looking around.

MRS HAVEN
 This is the part I hate the most.

POOGE hides his face but WEED watches her carefully.

MRS HAVEN puts on rubber gloves.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
 Women don't like cleaning, no
 matter what you hear.

She chuckles. Then her face suddenly turns mournful and she looks at WEED.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
 I am so sorry about all this. You
 seem like a nice boy.

Tutting, she moves to the cans of cleaning fluids and chemicals that were already stored down in the cellar and pours one directly into a large metal tub. Then she pours in another one.

Humming 'que sera sera', she picks up the dismembered hand, the finger, the foot and plops them in the tub.

WEED points shakily at the eye on the wall.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
 Oh my golly, yes. I didn't see
 that!

POOGE whimpers.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
 I know, my dear. It is
 disgusting. Just don't look.

POOGE starts to cry.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
There now. Don't upset yourself.

She picks him up with superhuman ease and walks him up the stairs.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
(O/S) You sit at the top
here where it's nice and
dark.

MRS HAVEN comes downstairs again.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
Some people just don't have a good
constitution, do they?

MRS HAVEN gets into cleaning the cellar while talking to WEED.

WEED prods her to talk in some strange effort to pursue normality.

WEED
So - so.....how did you...get like
this?

MRS HAVEN talks as if discussing the weather.

MRS HAVEN
As you would expect, dear.
Bitten. We're very careful not to
do that ourselves. Very few
people are responsible enough to
be wolves.

WEED
Responsible?

MRS HAVEN
Quite. Could you imagine the
mayhem we could cause were we not
to restrain ourselves? Believe
me, to be eaten is bad, to be
bitten, worse.

WEED
How so?

MRS HAVEN
You have no idea what it is to be
tied to this animal nature.

(MORE)

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
This lunar madness. And I tell
you this.

She leans towards WEED.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
Raw meat leaves an aftertaste.
You can't get it out for any
amount of brushing. And there is
an odour. The looks I get at the
shops.

WEED
I can imagine.

MRS HAVEN
You say that but try living with
it. Still, that's our nature. It
can't be helped. Much like the
way things have worked out with
you.

WEED picks up a mop and starts to help his captor.

WEED.
But this can be helped, Mrs.
Haven. Who am I going to tell?

MRS HAVEN looks at him suspiciously as he cleans.

WEED
No mum or dad. No girl. I've got
no-one to tell.

MRS HAVEN
No-one to miss you either.

WEED has found a new confidence born of desperation and he
quickly puts down his mop.

WEED
Mrs Haven! I never thought you'd
be that type - the type who kicks
someone when they're down.

MRS HAVEN goes to WEED, touching his shoulder.

MRS HAVEN
I'm sorry, Mr. Weed. That came
out badly. There's a blue sky
outside but the full moon is still
there and it sometimes affects me.
Makes me forget my better nature.

WEED seizes upon his opportunity.

WEED

That's what I'm appealing to, Mrs Haven! Your husband said we have to be true to our nature.

This gives MRS HAVEN pause.

WEED (CONT'D)

Can't you be true to yours? Can't

-

Like lightning, MRS HAVEN grabs WEED'S lips between her fingers. Her countenance hasn't changed though and she speaks kindly.

MRS HAVEN

You're right. Of course, you are right.

WEED squeezes out his words as MRS HAVEN holds onto his lips.

WEED

Thank God Almighty.

MRS HAVEN

I can't do anything more than give you a chance - it's up to you to take it. I won't cross my husband by just letting you out the door.

WEED

I understand.

MRS HAVEN

And Mr. Pooge stays. He deserves what's coming. Is that clear?

WEED nods.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)

I need to hear you say it.

WEED spits it through squeezed lips.

WEED

Everything is very clear.

MRS HAVEN releases her grip and, happily, marches up the stairs.

MRS HAVEN

Oh, I feel so much better - it's
much better to at least try and do
the right thing.

She disappears from view.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)

(O/S) Now here's what
we'll do.

She re-appears holding MR POOGE - who is actually sucking
his thumb.

MRS HAVEN lowers her voice.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)

I'll unlock all the doors when my
husband has his afternoon nap.
You have to do the rest. If you
wake him, you're on your own.
Don't you go having an afternoon
nap of your own and miss your
chance.

WEED

Don't worry. I'm never sleeping
again.

MRS HAVEN reaches the foot of the stairs.

MRS HAVEN

Silly.

She looks down at MR POOGE in her arms.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)

I always wanted a baby.

She rocks MRS POOGE in her arms and sings soothingly to
him.

CUT TO:

INT: CELLAR - LATE AFTERNOON

POOGE has had it, asleep, curled up in a fetal ball in a
corner.

WEED stares out of the broken window. He reaches out to
touch the snow which is gently falling, letting his fingers
sink into the snow on the ground and letting the new-fall
rest on his knuckles.

In the silence, the lock turns in the cellar door.

WEED looks towards the stairs, whipping his hand in from the cold.

He waits. No-one comes down the stairs.

WEED cautiously walks over to the stairs and looks up. There is no-one there. He goes to walk up - then looks back at POOGE.

He walks quickly over to POOGE and nudges him.

WEED
Hey - hey.

POOGE does not budge.

WEED (CONT'D)
Hey - we've got a chance to get out of here.

POOGE starts to whine.

WEED (CONT'D)
Shh....

The whine increases alarmingly in volume.

WEED (CONT'D)
Quiet! Quiet!

POOGE starts to sob - WEED hurriedly backs away and POOGE eases down to a shaking, silent sobbing and then sleeps again.

WEED listens - looking up the stairs.

All quiet.

WEED (CONT'D)
Goodbye, Mr. Pooge.

WEED climbs the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT: HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

The cellar door opens a crack. WEED'S eye glistens in the dark.

The cellar door opens slowly, all the way.

WEED steps out and looks fearfully back towards the TEA ROOM. Nobody seems to be stirring there. The house is deathly quiet.

WEED creeps along the hallway. The SITTING ROOM door is open. He has to pass it to get to the front door.

WEED gets to the SITTING ROOM door and risks a peek inside.

WEED flinches as he sees MR HAVEN - it takes WEED a second to realize that MR HAVEN is fast asleep.

WEED takes a step forward and MR HAVEN opens his eyes wide - WEED freezes.

But MR HAVEN is still fast asleep and he closes his eyes and relaxes back in his chair.

WEED breathes a shaking sigh of relief and moves on to the front door.

He gingerly raises his hand to the latch and is about to turn it when there is a low growl from the SITTING ROOM.

WEED looks back at the open cellar door. He wants to run but is finding it difficult to just leave another human being alone there.

WEED inches back to the SITTING ROOM and peers in.

MR HAVEN is dreaming and clawing the arm of his chair, ripping it.

WEED makes for the cellar.

CUT TO:

EXT: HAVEN'S HAVEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Darkness is drawing in. The snow is gently falling and making everything quietly perfect.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

WEED pulls POOGE out of the cellar.

POOGE'S mouth is stuffed with some white fabric, his eyes are wide and terrified.

WEED eases him along the hallway to the edge of the SITTING ROOM door.

WEED holds POOGE against the wall and peers into the SITTING ROOM.

MR HAVEN'S chair is empty.

WEED pulls in a giant breath and yanks POOGE towards the front door. They get two steps in that direction when both of them are bodily lifted at speed and forced down to the front door and slammed against it.

MR HAVEN holds them there, panting and drooling saliva.

MRS HAVEN wanders down the hallway, very much the dodderly old woman again.

She reaches the threesome and pats WEED'S arm.

MRS HAVEN
I gave you a chance, Mr Weed.

Then she squeezes WEED'S arm.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
And I shouldn't even have done that. I can tell MR HAVEN is quite cross.

WEED stares at MR HAVEN, terrified.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
Dear - take Mr Pooge back down to the cellar.

MR HAVEN growls and pulls POOGE away.

MR HAVEN
Yes, dear.

MRS HAVEN pulls POOGE savagely down the hallway and down into the cellar.

WEED barely notices any exchange but now he is pinned to the front door by the diminutive MRS HAVEN.

MRS HAVEN
I'm very sorry about all the fuss, Mr Weed.

WEED
So am I.

MRS HAVEN
Funny how things turn out.

WEED starts to shake with fear, his jaw juddering.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
Not funny ha-ha, of course.

CUT TO:

EXT HAVEN'S HAVEN - LATE AFTERNOON

The snow is falling a little heavier.

We can see the silhouette of WEED and MRS HAVEN through the frosted glass. A third silhouette looms - MRS HAVEN.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

WEED cowers down as MR HAVEN approaches, growling and spitting.

MRS HAVEN
What a shame. Such a good guest.

Distracted by the thought, MRS HAVEN backs away and knocks over the pot with the peacock feathers in. MR HAVEN'S precious peacock feathers.

Suddenly, MR HAVEN is all prissy pensioner and not bloodthirsty semi-wolf.

MR HAVEN
Oh bloody hell, woman!

MRS HAVEN
I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

The old couple instantly forget WEED and attend to the accident.

MR HAVEN
You must be more careful! I tell you time and time again.

MRS HAVEN
I'm sorry, dear.

MR HAVEN
I spend a lot of my time getting these just right!

MRS HAVEN
I know, dear.

WEED, utterly unmanned, stares down as the HAVEN'S crawl on the floor, picking up the feathers.

MR HAVEN
They don't arrange themselves.

MRS HAVEN
For heaven's sake! Peacocks!
Peacocks! Peacocks! All I ever
get is peacocks!

MR HAVEN stops and stares at his wife. She softens instantly.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I'm over-wrought.

MR HAVEN
Perfectly understandable.

They clean up.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
Just be more careful from now on.

As they finish up, MRS HAVEN grits her teeth and mumbles grumpily.

MRS HAVEN
What is it with you and peacocks?

MR HAVEN
Now lets not get caught down that
cul-de-sac, Mrs Haven.

MRS HAVEN sighs, expelling her negative energy. She stands.

MR HAVEN stands and puts his hand on her shoulder.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, dear.

MRS HAVEN softens completely.

MRS HAVEN
I'm sorry too, dear.

They kiss.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
Isn't it awful? Arguments over
silly little things.....

They both turn to WEED, who still looks utterly terrified, and they smile sentimentally at him.

MR HAVEN
Understanding. The secret of a
good marriage.

CUT TO:

EXT HAVEN'S HAVEN - EVENING

The afternoon has slipped into evening.

The snow has stopped.

The silhouette of MR HAVEN looms back over WEED and MRS HAVEN'S outline steps in closer.

A MAN walks to the door and rings the doorbell.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY - EVENING

MR and MRS HAVEN freeze.

Saliva from MR HAVEN'S open mouth drips down onto WEED'S head as MR HAVEN'S fingernails pull a deep scratch down WEED'S throat.

MRS HAVEN
(Whispers) Did you put the 'no
vacancies' sign up?

MR HAVEN
(Whispers) Of course I did. I
always do.

MRS HAVEN
(Whispers) Not always.

MR HAVEN
(Whispers) I do.

MRS HAVEN
(Whispers) Now lets not argue
again.

The doorbell rings again.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
(Whispers) What shall we do?

WEED raises a shaking finger.

WEED
Why don't you answer it?

MR and MRS HAVEN exchange looks.

MR HAVEN
We better had.

MR HAVEN maneuvers his wife and WEED away from the front door and answers it.

The caller is, much to everyone's surprise, known to them. It is JASPER CONNOR.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
Mr Connor.

CONNOR looks cheerful and cold.

CONNOR
Ah....hello!

He nods at MRS HAVEN.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Mrs Haven. Good to see you again.

Then he notices WEED.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Good Lord, Mr Weed - that's the right name, isn't it? What are you still doing here?

WEED'S mouth just hangs open.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
You look terrible. Did these old dears take pity on you and let you stay?

MR and MRS HAVEN smile weakly.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
I should have been so clever!
They're charging me half as much again just down the road!

CONNOR laughs good-naturedly.

Silence.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Well.....well! I left my sweater
here. At least I think I did.

The HAVENS both look to the coat hooks.

 CONNOR (CONT'D)
There it is!

CONNOR politely moves past them all and takes his sweater,
pushing it into the bag he is holding.

The HAVENS (and WEED) now block his exit.

 CONNOR (CONT'D)
Well.....that's it, I suppose.
Can I?

CONNOR gestures to the door.

The HAVENS look at one another.

WEED looks at the HAVENS.

 CONNOR (CONT'D)
Am I a prisoner?

There is a pregnant pause and then CONNOR breaks out into a
hearty laugh.

The HAVENS laugh too and step nervously aside.

CONNOR moves past them and out of the door. He looks back
at WEED, who is not laughing.

 CONNOR (CONT'D)
Good God, Mr Weed. You look like
death warmed up.

As the forced laughter from the HAVENS dies down, WEED
feels the pressure to act and emits a ghastly, sick laugh.

 CONNOR (CONT'D)
Oh.....that's.....that's awful.

WEED shrugs and sinks into himself.

 CONNOR (CONT'D)
Come with me - I'll take you for a
drink.

Quick as a flash, CONNOR pulls WEED out of the door.

The HAVENS go to stop him and then stop themselves from
acting too suspiciously.

MR HAVEN

We were going to give him some soup.

CONNOR slaps WEED on the back.

CONNOR

Nonsense! Whisky is what he needs! A nice winter warmer! How about it?

WEED gags.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Look - he's looking better already!

WEED gags again.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

In any case, I need some company. Come on, Mr Weed.

CONNOR grabs him by the shoulders and addresses the HAVENS.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I'll return him in one piece but perhaps less than sober. See you later!

And CONNOR marches off with his dazed, shocked companion.

MR and MRS HAVEN stare after them.

MRS HAVEN

I don't think that Mr Weed will say anything.

MR HAVEN sighs.

MR HAVEN

You're probably right. He'll be relieved to be alive. And we still have Mr Pooge.

MRS HAVENS stomach rumbles.

MRS HAVEN

Did you hear that? The minute you mention food - and I wasn't even hungry before.

CUT TO:

EXT HAVENS HAVEN - EVENING

MR HAVEN shuts the front door and we see their silhouettes recede into the house.

MR HAVEN
(O/S) We still have a couple of hours. What shall we do?

MRS HAVEN
(O/S) I don't know. Is there anything on the tele?

MR HAVEN
(O/S) Not much. A police documentary, if I remember.

MRS HAVEN
(O/S) Oh, I don't like those. They're scary.

The house sits. Quiet in the snow.

CUT TO:

INT THE WHITE HORSE - EVENING

The pub is large but empty. CONNOR and WEED are at the bar. WEED is out of it still and CONNOR watches him intently.

Their drinks arrive. CONNOR has a pint and takes a sip. WEED has a shot glass with whisky.

CONNOR
Get that down you, Mr Weed. Good for what ails you.

WEED does not touch it.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Spurning my hospitality? Really - that will warm you right through. You look like you're in shock.

WEED does not react.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
But you would be. It is shocking to find that werewolves are real.

WEED stares at CONNOR. He takes the whisky and drinks it straight down.

FADE TO:

INT THE WHITE HORSE - EVENING

CONNOR and WEED are sat at a table in a quiet corner.

WEED has a row of empty shot glasses in front of him.

WEED

So you knew all about this.

CONNOR

Yes.

WEED

Werewolves. For real.

CONNOR

Yes.

WEED

And you are, what? A werewolf
hunter?

CONNOR relaxes back into his chair and smiles.

CONNOR

Oh yeah. Look at me - superhero.

WEED looks blank.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

No - obviously. But I've had a
previous close encounter as it
were. I thought it was a one off
until I met the Havens. I could
hardly believe it.

WEED mulls this over for a moment.

WEED

Why haven't you just run?

CONNOR rocks back forward in his chair and puts his elbows
on the table.

CONNOR

They have to be stopped. You've
no idea of the havoc, the terror
the first one I ran into caused.

WEED

The Havens aren't like that.

CONNOR

Fine thing for you to say. How long would you have lasted if I hadn't called called?

WEED gulps.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I get it. They're sweet. I had a chance myself and couldn't do it. But they're dangerous. That's why I decided to come back. I can do it, I think, while they're not sweet. While there's a full moon.

WEED gulps again.

WEED

What are you going to do?

CONNOR takes a long breath.

CONNOR

First, You can go back to my room. I'm at another B&B. Run by humans. Get yourself a good nights sleep.

WEED nods.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Sounds nice?

WEED gulps and nods.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

I'm going back to the Havens tonight. Help me like I helped you. If I don't come back, come and look for me in the day time. There might be a chance that I'm sat in the cellar.

WEED looks at him for a long time. And nods.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Help me like I helped you.

WEED

But how.....?

CONNOR puts his hand in his pocket and pulls put a handful of something. He places the handful on the table.

Silver bullets.

CUT TO:

EXT CRAMPED CLOSE NIGHT

Very quiet, calm and white, CRAMPED CLOSE seems so peaceful at night.

CONNOR

(V/O) There is a Native American name for the full moons of the year. A Wolf Moon in January. The most dangerous time to encounter a werewolf. Followed by the Hunger Moon in February. July is the Blood Moon where the werewolf is said to hunt werewolf. And Beaver Moon in November.

WEED

(V/O) What's that?

CONNOR

(V/O) Mating season.

WEED

(V/O) Oh.

CONNOR

(V/O) And the one that concerns us, December's Moon - the Cold Moon.

WEED

(V/O) How does the Cold Moon help us?

CONNOR

(V/O) It may not. It's only what a bunch of Red Indians think. But - during the Cold Moon it is supposed to be easier to kill the wolf. I hope that's true.

WEED

(V/O) So do I.

CONNOR shows up by the shops and wanders slowly down the street.

The dull street lighting is helped by the snow and CONNOR obviously feels exposed as he hugs the building and keeps in the shadows.

He hops the fence of HAVEN'S HAVEN and crawls along the ground to the cellar window.

CONNOR peers in.

The view inside the cellar is ghastly. Two wolves paw at the dismembered corpse of POGGE.

One wolf chews at an arm and pulls some flesh free of the bone.

CONNOR watches, fascinated.

The wolves pace around the body. Then they both lie across it and roll on it. Finally, they stop and begin pulling flesh free again.

CONNOR gasps softly.

The wolves slowly, languidly, look at CONNOR.

They stare at him.

They growl lowly.

One wolf goes to get up but the other wolf drops a paw across it's partner and gets to it's feet.

The wolf pads towards the window, fixing CONNOR with an hypnotic stare.

They come as near to face-to-face as the bars and broken window allow.

The wolf bares it's teeth and growls.

GUNSHOT!

The wolf squeals and falls away from the window.

The second wolf races up the cellar stairs before CONNOR can get a bead on him.

CONNOR stands there, panting - like a dog. He is shaking. He is clearly shocked and does not know what to do now, the smoking gun in his hand.

Suddenly, there is a furious scratching at the front door.

Paws slam up against the top panes of frosted glass.

CONNOR runs in front of the door and fires off five bullets, shattering the glass.

SILENCE.

CONNOR pants furiously. Then he deliberately slows his breathing.

He fearfully moves towards the door.

He peers in.

CUT TO:

INT BEDROOM MORNING

ALARM!

The alarm clock is like a heart attack and WEED swings his arm out in an arc and crashes down on the clock violently.

WEED sits up shakily.

CUT TO:

EXT CRAMPED CLOSE MORNING

WEED stands outside the BUTCHER SHOP and watches the BUTCHER inside as he cuts up joints of meat.

The BUTCHER notices him watching.

The BUTCHER walks to the door and opens it.

BUTCHER
Can I help you, sir?

WEED is so fearful, so full of anxiety, that he can barely speak.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
Sir?

The BUTCHER shakes his head, annoyed.

BUTCHER (CONT'D)
If you're not coming in, move along. You're going to scare away customers.

WEED wanders off, the BUTCHER goes back inside.

The BUTCHER'S words prod WEED back to life.

WEED
(To himself) Scaring away customers! If you only knew!

WEED heads down towards HAVEN'S HAVEN.

He spots the front door - it has been repaired, boarded up.
WEED stops and then hesitantly moves on.

CUT TO:

EXT HAVEN'S HAVEN MORNING

WEED stops at the front gate.

The house terrifies him.

For some reason, he looks back at the BUTCHER SHOP.

The BUTCHER is outside, watching him.

WEED squares his shoulders and walks to the front door.

He looks back, the BUTCHER has gone back into his shop.

Breathing harshly, clearly beside himself, WEED rings the doorbell.

And waits for an answer.

Ten seconds pass and WEED starts to back away from the door - you can tell he is seconds away from breaking out into a run.

The latch turns. The door creaks open a little.

WEED looks away, gasps, and is about to leg it.

CONNOR

O/S) Mr Weed.

WEED stops dead and looks back.

The door swings open and CONNOR is standing there, looking tired but calm.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Come on in.

WEED's legs nearly give.

WEED

I would sooner not.

CONNOR

I would sooner you did. There's nothing to fear. Just help me finish this.

WEED nods and moves towards CONNOR.

CUT TO:

INT SITTING ROOM MORNING

The room is empty.

CUT TO:

INT ROOM MORNING

The room is empty.

CUT TO:

INT KITCHEN MORNING

The room is empty.

CUT TO:

INT CELLAR MORNING

The room is empty.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY MORNING

The hallway is empty until CONNOR and WEED walk in. WEED closes the door behind him.

It is eerily quiet.

They stop at the foot of the stairs.

WEED
Where - where are they?

CONNOR nods up the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT STAIRWAY MORNING

CONNOR and WEED slowly, creakily, walk up the stairs. CONNOR is calm, WEED focused and alert.

CUT TO:

INT LANDING MORNING

They move silently across the landing.

CUT TO:

INT HAVENS BEDROOM MORNING

MR and MRS HAVEN are in bed, sweating, feverish, clutching the bedclothes at their chins.

CONNOR
They're dying.

WEED looks at them, pity washing over his face.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
I shot them both last night.
Almost straight away they became
human again. I got them into bed.
I thought I'd stay with them while
they past on. Someone should be
here anyhow.

WEED stares at them.

WEED
I'll stay too.

CONNOR
Thanks.

WEED
Until just before it gets dark.

CONNOR looks at WEED.

CONNOR
Right. If it comes to that - if
they show any signs of reverting -
I'll shoot them again. I just
can't do it while they're like
this.

WEED nods.

CONNOR sighs and adds a little more cheerfully,

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Fancy a bite to eat?

CUT TO:

INT SITTING ROOM AFTERNOON

WEED is drinking tea and sat in MR HAVEN'S seat, watching T.V.

CONNOR enters.

WEED
How are they doing?

CONNOR
Can't be long now.

WEED
Good. I mean.....well. Good.

CONNOR
Anything good on T.V.?

WEED
Lots of cooking and DIY. Makes me want to remodel the kitchen.

CONNOR
Did you get any of the scones?

WEED nods.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
They really are very good.

WEED nods again.

WEED
How long til sundown?

CONNOR
Few hours yet.

WEED
I'm leaving well before that.

CONNOR
S'fair. Shall we go up and sit with them awhile?

WEED gets up.

WEED
Okay. I'm leaving as soon as it gets dark.

CONNOR
Understood.

CUT TO:

INT HAVEN'S BEDROOM AFTERNOON

WEED and CONNOR quietly enter.

They sit down in front of the bed.

WEED
Never thought I'd be doing this.

CONNOR
Hmm...me neither.

WEED
Had to be done though, right?

CONNOR sighs.

CONNOR
Yes. You've seen what they can
do.

WEED, stressed, twists the fabric of his trousers at the
knees.

WEED
But look at them.

CONNOR shrugs.

CONNOR
Even so.

WEED
They were pushed into what they
did the other night. It was
forced on them.

CONNOR shrugs again.

WEED (CONT'D)
I mean. You saw how they tried to
push us out. They were trying to
do the right thing.

CONNOR thinks it over and then points at the couple.

CONNOR
Doesn't much matter now, does it?

WEED stretches uncomfortably in his chair.

WEED
We could get a doctor.

CONNOR
Any more of that and I'll shoot
you myself.

WEED
I know, I know. It's just that -

CONNOR
Mr Weed -

WEED
I know. I do.

They watch the HAVEN breath in rasping breathes.

WEED (CONT'D)
Shame, though. Poor old buggers.

FADE TO:

INT HAVEN'S BEDROOM LATE AFTERNOON

The day is darkening.

WEED is at the window, looking out.

WEED
Starting to get dark.....

CONNOR
Hmmm.....

CONNOR is standing over the HAVENS. They are barely
breathing.

WEED
.....and they're still with us.

CONNOR
Not for long, I don't think.

WEED looks back at CONNOR.

WEED
Whatever happens, I'm leaving at -

He looks at the bedside clock.

WEED (CONT'D)
I'm leaving at four-thirty.

CONNOR
Okay. Thanks for sticking around
so long.

WEED
Why don't you - why don't you just
leave with me?

CONNOR
Can't. Got to see this through.
Can I be honest?

WEED nods.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
I don't think you're gonna leave,
Mr. Weed. The Havens were right.
It's not in your nature.

WEED looks out the window.

WEED
I wouldn't bet on it, Mr. Connor.

WEED stares out of the window.

CONNOR looks past him, at the view. His eyes narrow.

CONNOR
Is that.....?

He jumps up and moves WEED aside by pulling at his
shoulder.

Scratched out faintly into the pale winter sky is the
barest outline of the moon.

Panic rises in WEED'S voice.

WEED
I never noticed -

CONNOR
Nor me - it's risen much earlier
than -

CONNOR stops, staring at WEED.

WEED
What?

CONNOR
Your neck. It's bleeding.

WEED touches the blood at his neck. The scratches made there earlier are bleeding profusely.

They both turn quickly to check the bed.

MR and MRS HAVEN are still and quiet.

WEED
They're dead. They're dead,
right?

CONNOR stares at them and then at WEED'S bleeding neck.

There is a sound. The sound of a small piece of metal hitting wood.

CONNOR
What was that?

The sound is heard again. And again and again. Then it stops.

CONNOR walks around to MR HAVEN'S side of the bed and looks down at the floorboards. There are four silver bullets there.

CONNOR looks terrified.

MR HAVEN - vital, powerful and renewed - sits bolt upright in the bed and grabs CONNOR by the arm.

CONNOR looks at WEED.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Run!

WEED runs towards the bed as MRS HAVEN sits up and kicks out, connecting like a mule and sending WEED violently backwards: back through the glass window, he falls down into the garden.

MR HAVEN grabs CONNOR'S throat as he moves away from the bed to his feet. He holds CONNOR away from the floor.

CONNOR looks down at MR HAVEN'S arm as it sprouts thick animal hair. CONNOR grabs the arm, watching the transformation before him with horror.

CUT TO:

EXT GARDEN LATE AFTERNOON

WEED has landed, painfully, on three plastic dustbins, sending two of them across the garden and crushing the third beneath him.

Winded, amazed to be alive, WEED rolls on his side and catches his breath. He grimaces and holds his sore, bleeding throat.

WEED looks up at the bedroom window, suddenly angry.

WEED
(To himself) Those dirty -

He gets to his feet, grabbing one of the dustbin lids at his feet. He holds it before him like a shield.

WEED (CONT'D)
(To himself, louder) THOSE DIRTY -

He steels himself to run inside. He is a man of iron behind a righteous shield of justice. No beast is going to best him.

He is a weed now only in name! Which is bad enough!

There is a cry, abruptly silenced, which cuts through the still afternoon. It is clearly the last sound heard from JASPER CONNOR, werewolf hunter.

WEED drops his shield of justice and runs.

CUT TO:

EXT BAKERY LATE AFTERNOON

WEED runs to the BAKERY at the end of CRAMPED CLOSE and bangs on the door. The store is shut. Closed.

CUT TO:

EXT POST OFFICE LATE AFTERNOON

Almost falling across to the neighbouring POST OFFICE, WEED slaps an ineffectual hand on the closed door.

He nearly screams.

WEED
Why is everything closed!?

CUT TO:

EXT BUTCHER LATE AFTERNOON

WEED tries his last hope - the BUTCHER he saw earlier.

But no. This store, too, is closed.

WEED

No - no! Where is everybody?

WEED looks down. He is standing on a cellar shute grating that is built into the pavement.

The doors beneath the grating are open and a movement there has caught WEED'S eye.

He looks closer.

A WOLF looks back.

WEED gasps and falls backward. He looks down the row of shops, a realisation dawning.

Both the BAKERY and the POST OFFICE have cellar gratings in the pavement outside.

As if in a dream, WEED walks to the POST OFFICE and looks in past the grating.

A WOLF looks back.

WEED reacts calmly this time.

He walks to the BAKERY. He looks past the grating there. The door to the cellar shute is closed in this one but claws are furiously working at the wood behind it and it suddenly breaks open, the broken slats hitting the grate and splinters spitting past the bars onto the pavement.

A third WOLF stares back at WEED.

WEED looks back at HAVEN'S HAVEN, the Bed and Breakfast. He grabs the wound at his throat and looks faint.

CUT TO:

EXT SKY NIGHT

The full moon breaking through cloud on the wintry night.

A wolf howls.

More wolves howl until we have a chorus.

CUT TO:

INT TEA ROOM DAY

MR and MRS HAVEN sit at a table, sharing a pot of tea.

MR HAVEN
It's going to be a beautiful day.

MRS HAVEN is quiet.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
A lovely clear, sunny winter's
day.

MRS HAVEN does not answer.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
I like the way the sun bounces off
the snow on days like this.

No answer from MRS HAVEN, she simply looks at her tea cup.

MR HAVEN loses patience.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
Well good God, woman! What have I
done to deserve a cold shoulder
like this?

Quietly and politely, MRS HAVEN looks up and answers.

MRS HAVEN
You ate Mr. Connor and Mr. Weed.

MR HAVEN sighs and spreads his hands out on the table.

MR HAVEN
But what specifically have I done
wrong?

MRS HAVEN shakes her head.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
I can't even remember doing it -
you know how it is, the animal
takes over. If we could control it
we wouldn't have to lock ourselves
in the cellar. If Mr. Weed and
Mr. Connor had left us alone we
would have been locked in the
cellar!

MRS HAVEN softens.

MRS HAVEN
That's true. We made an awful
mess of the bedroom.

MR HAVEN nods.

MR HAVEN
It's a good job we were hungry.
Saved a lot of mess.

MRS HAVEN nods and her brow furrows.

MRS HAVEN
We certainly did have an appetite.
I can't remember ever eating two
people on one night. That's one
whole person each!

MR HAVEN
Quite a meal.

MRS HAVEN
I feel like an absolute glutton.
Poor Mr. Weed.

MRS HAVEN burps.

MRS HAVEN (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

The doorbell rings.

MR HAVEN
Could you get that, dear.

MRS HAVEN nods and gets up from the table, walking to the
hallway, she mutters...

MRS HAVEN
It's always 'dear' when you ask me
to do something.

MR HAVEN
What's that, my love?

MRS HAVEN
Nothing!

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY DAY

MRS HAVEN comes out of the tea room and shuffles down the
hallway to the front door.

MRS HAVEN
And it's always 'my love' when he
feels guilty.

CUT TO:

INT TEA ROOM DAY

Self-satisfied, MR HAVEN pours himself another cup of tea.

We hear the front door open.

We hear MRS HAVEN scream in shock.

MR HAVEN bolts to the front door.

CUT TO:

INT HALLWAY DAY

MR HAVEN stumbles through the hallway and stops short when
he sees the visitor at the door.

It is MR WEED himself. The wound at his throat has
miraculously healed.

WEED
Surprised?

MRS HAVEN holds her hand to her cheek

MRS HAVEN
Well, yes. We thought we'd eaten
you.

WEED smiles.

WEED
Funny how normal that sounds to me
now.

MR HAVEN looks serious and formidable as he completes the
distance to the door.

MR HAVEN
What do you want, Mr. Weed?

WEED
Help.

MR HAVEN
You already have an awful lot of
money.

WEED seems confident for the first time in their acquaintance.

WEED
But money can't buy happiness, can it? May I come in?

MR HAVEN
We may not be able to let you leave.

WEED
I may not want to.

MR HAVEN nods for WEED to enter. He does so, closing the door behind him.

MRS HAVEN touches MR HAVEN's arm.

MRS HAVEN
Dear - do we have any paracetamol? I have a headache coming on.

MR HAVEN
Me too, my love.

WEED brushes the peacock feathers at the door.

WEED
I know why you like these now, Mr Haven. Peacocks don't have to hide. They live completely out in the open. They can be true to their nature.

WEED stares at MR HAVEN, who stares straight back.

MR HAVEN
Let me guess. You keep us busy here.....

He pauses to see if there is a reaction from WEED.

MR HAVEN (CONT'D)
.....while Mr Connor comes through the back door with a gun loaded with silver bullets?

MRS HAVEN gasps and looks back down the hallway in alarm.

There is a knock at the door. They all look at the board of wood which has replaced the frosted glass.

WEED
It's a bit more direct than that.

MR HAVEN pulls his wife into the house.

MR HAVEN
Get behind me, dear. I'll deal
with this.

WEED waves a hand at them and shakes his head soothingly.

He opens the door.

The BUTCHER is standing there. Behind him, parked at the roadside, we can see his delivery van.

The HAVEN'S do not know what to make of this.

WEED
You actually did eat Mr Connor.

WEED shows the HAVEN'S his hand. There is a bite mark across the palm.

WEED (CONT'D)
But your neighbours only bite.

MR and MRS HAVEN stare at WEED.

MR HAVEN
So. What's your plan?

WEED nods at the BUTCHER, who walks to his van. He unloads some crates of meat onto a trolley and wheels them over to the front door.

WEED slaps the top crate.

WEED
Prime steak. Putting Mr Pooge's
money to good use. I figured we
could sit down and talk this thing
out over a good meal.

MR and MRS HAVEN look wary.

BUTCHER
Where do you want it?

WEED shrugs and checks with the HAVENS.

WEED
Put it in the cellar?

END

