

THE WEREWOLF CHRONICLES

Written by

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INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

KEN MCCLAREY is asleep in his bed that he shares with MARAGRET, his wife of 34 years. Something wakes Ken up. He is not sure if he was dreaming or if he really heard what seemed to be a low growl coming from outside the second floor bedroom window.

As he sits up, he hears another noise; only this noise is unmistakable and came somewhere downstairs, possibly in the kitchen.

Ken is now fully alert and silently wakes his wife. Margaret looks at him and is about to say something when he gently covers her mouth and nods his head "no."

As he takes his hand from her mouth, he touches his lips with his index finger in the universal symbol for "be quiet." He slowly gets out of bed and signs for her to call 911. She nods in understanding, although her eyes betray bewilderment.

Ken tiptoes to a large walk-in closet and as quietly as possible searches for something to use as a weapon.

He emerges with an old wood tennis racket and slowly moves toward the bedroom door.

As he opens it, he turns around to look at his wife and mouths, "It's okay. Stay here."

He turns around and steps into the hall. He is immediately confronted with a foul odor and hesitates just for a moment before he begins walking down the hallway to the stairs.

Ken hears another sound and abruptly stops.

As he stands silently trying to pinpoint the source of the noise, he sees a shadow at the bottom of the stairs, but cannot make out what it is.

He wrinkles his nose as the smell in the hallway is stronger.

As he slowly descends the stairs, he stops midway. He sees a DARK FIGURE, dressed in black, standing at the bottom of the stairs facing the kitchen entryway.

The intruder is wearing a ski mask and is motionless. He stares straight ahead into the dark kitchen.

Suddenly, a scream is heard from upstairs. Ken immediately turns and begins moving back upstairs when Margaret appears, running out of one of the rooms.

She runs into Ken's arms, her eyes wide with fear and disbelief. She is screaming.

MARGARET

She's gone! Sarah's gone!

Ken clutches his wife in his arms and tries to grasp what she is saying. His wife then sees the intruder who has not moved an inch since Ken first saw him. She yells at the man.

MARGARET (CONT'D)

What have you done with my daughter? Where is she?

Margaret tries to run past Ken, but he struggles to restrain her. He then slowly turns toward the intruder and both he and Margaret begin descending the stairs.

KEN

Look, whatever you want, take it. Anything. But please don't hurt our daughter. Please, we'll do anything.

The intruder continues to stand perfectly still, not even looking once at Ken and his wife, his body no more than a dark silhouette in the shadows.

After what seems to be an eternity, the man slowly begins to remove his ski mask as if in some magical trance.

Ken and Margaret stand transfixed and at the same moment cover their noses at the same inescapable foul odor that has been getting stronger the further they descend the stairs.

Another low growl, albeit more distinct, is heard coming from the kitchen.

With his ski mask fully removed, the man's mouth is open as if he is going to say something.

Yet there is only silence as he slowly turns his head toward Ken and Margaret, whom are now three steps from the bottom of the stairs.

Only now do Ken and Margaret see the abject horror on the intruder's face, his expression distorted, his open mouth and saucer eyes speaking volumes of his unsaid disbelief and terror.

And before he can force himself to turn and look toward the kitchen, an immense clawed arm reaches from the kitchen entrance and with one swoop tears half the intruders face off.

Blood and viscera spew from his open wounds.

Ken and Margaret are transfixed as they cannot process quickly enough what is happening before them.

The only sounds heard are a growl of the thing that nearly beheaded the stranger and the moan of its victim. Before the intruder falls to the floor, another huge clawed arm grabs the man's arm, and lifting him off the floor as if he were a rag doll, jerks his torso through the entrance to the kitchen.

A loud crunching sound is heard and then the sickening sounds of rending flesh and breaking bone fill the house.

Silence.

Then the breaking of glass and splintering of wood. Silence again.

Ken and Margaret stand in disbelief, unable to move. They stand motionless for what seems like an eternity.

MARGARET
(pleading)
Sarah?

Hearing the sound of his wife's voice, Ken turns to his wife.

KEN
Don't move.

Ken takes the final three steps to the first floor and slowly walks toward the kitchen entrance.

He nearly slips on the immense amount of blood and pieces of flesh and bone strewn on the once polished hardwood floor.

He gags, but controls the urge to vomit. He sidesteps the carnage as much as possible and hesitantly enters the kitchen.

After a brief moment...

KEN (CONT'D)
(softly)
Oh, God, no. Please no.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN ENTRANCE. KEN IS IN THE DOORWAY.

Ken is in tears. He looks at Margaret and then down at his blood smeared hands. He is holding a discarded, tattered silk pink robe. His wife screams.

CUT TO:

INT - BOOKSTORE. WE SEE A PRINTED PAGE OF A HARD-BACK BOOK.

VO

(reading from the open
page of the book)

"It is a scream filled with
unimaginable pain, misery, and
hopelessness in knowing that your
daughter, your only child, has been
taken by a real live monster."

INT - BOOKSTORE -A HAND CLOSES A HARD-BACK BOOK.

CUT TO:

Camera pans to audience applauding. A few people are standing clapping loudly.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE. PODIUM. NIGHT

DR. CONRAD PENNINGTON, a good-looking man in his 60's, sitting in a large wooden chair on a small stage. He is in all black with a light overcoat completing his suit. It is obvious that there is something physically wrong with Conrad as he sits awkwardly, one shoulder higher than the other. He is hardly able to move his neck. A beautiful black cane with a gold wolf's head is by his side.

CONRAD

Thank you. Thank you. Greatly
appreciated. I would be more than
happy to answer a few questions.

CUT TO:

AUDIENCE.

Several hands go up.

CONRAD

Yes sir.