

*Mrs. Carl L. ...*

Picture No. 6379  
Picture No. \_\_\_\_\_

"THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON"

Original story

By

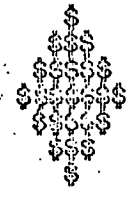
ROBERT HARRIS

Adaptation by

HARVEY GATES and ROBERT HARRIS

Screenplay by

JOHN COLTON



PICTURE NO: 732

DIRECTED BY: STUART WALKER

JANUARY 26th, 1935.



"THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON"

SEQUENCE "A"

FADE IN:

A-1 THE WEIRD FASTNESSES OF  
TIBET - (NIGHT)

Jagged mountains in background - a strange moonrise throwing the scene into sharp bas relief.

A-2 CLOSER SHOT OF CAMP

showing group of indescribably mongrelized coolies shouting, gesticulating over a dung fire -- in foreground a holter-skolter mass of luggage and equipment -- behind them two or three tents such as are used in high altitudes. Lanterns, oil torches, electric flashlight or two can be seen.

SOUND: Orders and answers in Oriental languages. Chinese may be used.

A-3 PANNING SHOT

showing bestial Asiatic faces, gibbering and fearful, as they load an ass or Chinese ponies or Bactrian camel with part of the equipment for a short trip.

A-4 CLOSEUP OF COOLIE

describing something horrible, possibly in the way of ghosts and demons.

(The scene must have a babble of unholy sound unlike anything on earth if we can get it!)

A-5 MEDIUM SHOT

Packers are impressed by what the coolie calls to them. The head man urges them noisily to their work.

A-6 MED. TWO SHOT HEADMAN AND  
COOLIE

A-2.

The coolie seems to present an ultimatum. The head man exits from the shot, calling in Tibetan.

HEAD MAN (in Tibetan)  
Master!

A-7 EXTERIOR OF TENT

Apparently this belongs to the leader of an expedition. A tall scholarly looking man of 45, dressed warmly and strongly for cold mountain climbing, appears at the opening of the tent. In his hand he carries a crude map in which the word Thibet is prominent.

GLENDON (in Tibetan)  
What?

The headman enters to Glendon.

HEADMAN (in Tibetan)  
We demand to know where we are going.

GLENDON (in Tibetan; pointing)  
There!

Hugh Renwick appears behind Glendon.

HEADMAN (in Tibetan; terrified)  
Master, we cannot go!

A-8 CLOSEUP OF GLENDON

A man of great power and determination, a thinker, a discoverer.

GLENDON (in Tibetan)  
Cowards!

A-9 CLOSEUP OF HEADMAN

He is torn between his agreement to see Glendon to the end of his journey and the fear of the place ahead of them.

HEADMAN (in Tibetan)  
The gods forbid us to go.  
They kill every man who goes there.

Glendon crosses to the coolies who have stopped their loading to watch the headman and Glendon and Renwick.

GLENDON (in Tibetan)  
Mon, I command you to go with me. Quickly!

A-11 TWO SHOT - GLENDON AND RENWICK

Renwick whispers to Glendon.

RENWICK  
What will you do if they won't go?

GLENDON  
Go on, of course.

A-12 FULL SHOT...COOLIES AND HEADMAN

They are sullen and silent.

GLENDON (in Tibetan)  
Quickly!

As answer, the coolies at a word from the coolie who had described the demons, drop their work and start away from the animals.

GLENDON (in Tibetan)  
Stop! You --

A-13 CLOSE SHOT OF COOLIES

Their attention is arrested by a strange sound.

SOUND: A peculiar bell is heard.

A-14 CLOSER SHOT OF GLENDON

He catches the lead-rope of a pack animal. He is interrupted by the strange sound. He turns to see,

A-15 LONG SHOT UP A ROCKY DEFILE

Silhouetted against the sky is a man astride a Bactrian camel.

(Note: A yak, a donkey or a Chinese pony may be used; but the last two will not be as effective.)

A-16 MEDIUM SHOT COOLIES AND  
GLENDON

A-4.

With a wild cry the coolies  
rush away from the scene in  
panic.

A-17 MEDIUM SHOT GLENDON AND  
RENWICK

GLENDON (in Tibetan)  
Come back!

RENWICK (calling after the men)  
Come back here!

Unanswered, Glendon and  
Renwick reach for their  
pistols in their belts and  
go forward to the stranger,  
using two pack animals as  
shields.

A-18 MEDIUM SHOT...THE STRANGER

approaches. Glendon and  
Renwick enter the shot.

GLENDON (in Tibetan)  
Who are you?

A-19 CLOSE SHOT OF STRANGER

He is a white man, weather-  
beaten, old, evidently a man  
of peace - a priest. He  
speaks with some strange un-  
placeable accent.

PRIEST  
Pax vobiscum, my sons.

A-20 CLOSE SHOT GLENDON AND  
RENWICK

They are surprised at find-  
ing this man here:

RENWICK (glibly)  
Et cum spiritus tuo --

PRIEST (over the shot)  
You are both English, are you  
not?

A-21 MEDIUM SHOT...THREE MEN

The priest dismounts.

GLENDON  
Yes, father.

(CONTINUED)

RENWICK  
Forgive my staring, father --  
You're the first white man  
we've seen in three months --

PRIEST (with a curious smile)  
You two are the first I have  
seen in forty years --

GLENDON (knocking ashes from  
pipe)  
I'm Wilfred Glendon - this is  
Hugh Renwick - we're botanists--

RENWICK  
He's a botanist -- I'm a no-  
body he brought along -- out  
of kindness -- I wanted to  
see the last places on earth.

PRIEST (smiling)  
You have come!

RENWICK (looking off)  
Yes -- It all looks like an  
illustration from Dante's  
Inferno --

PRIEST  
Why are you here?

GLENDON  
We're looking for the mari-  
phasa lumino lupino - that  
Thibetan flower which takes  
its light from the moon --

The priest is strangely  
silent. Renwick speaks:

RENWICK  
Is there really such a flower,  
Father?

PRIEST (without undue excitement).  
There are some things it is  
better not to bother with --

Glendon glances quickly at  
Renwick.

A-22 TWO SHOT...GLENDONE AND  
PRIEST

---

GLENDON  
Why do you say that? Are you  
afraid, Father?

PRIEST (shaking his head)  
No, but I respect some of the  
superstitions of others.  
Often they are founded in fact.

(CONTINUED)

Renwick looks at Glendon  
questioningly.

RENWICK

The coolies say the valley we  
want to enter is full of  
demons.

PRIEST (simply)

I have never been into that  
valley and I've never known a  
man to return from it.

GLENDON (with conviction)

I'm right - this is the place  
we have been searching for -  
(studies map)

-- according to this map it's  
only beyond the next ridge --  
off this main trail.

(to Renwick)

Are you game to go on without  
them?

(pointing off toward  
coolies)

Renwick does not deign to  
reply to this - he merely  
smiles.

A-23 LONG SHOT OF DESERTED CAMP

Coolies seen hiding behind  
boxes and tents.

RENWICK (over shot)

Wish us luck, father -- our  
coolies refuse to go beyond  
this point.

A-24 CLOSE THREE SHOT

Glendon, fired with the  
hope of success for his  
search, has but one idea.

GLENDON

The moon is up. If what they  
say is true, the mariphasa is  
in full bloom now --

PRIEST (shrugging)

You're foolish, but --

The priest remounts.

A-25 CLOSE SHOT PRIEST

A-7.

PRIEST (prodding camel)  
-- without fools -- there  
would be no -- wisdom -- Pax  
vobiscum!

He smiles strangely and  
beautifully, then lifts  
his hand in blessing.

A-26 MEDIUM SHOT

Glendon responds absently.  
The fanatic light of the  
collector's mania is al-  
ready in his eye. Renwick,  
with Oxonian politeness,  
bends his head. As the  
priest passes out of scene,  
the strange bell tinkling  
with each step of the ani-  
mal, Glendon has already  
started toward the moun-  
tains, followed by Renwick,  
leading their animals.

A-27 LONG SHOT THE CAMP

The priest, looking back-  
ward, rides through. The  
coolies creep from their  
hiding places. The priest  
gives the sign of blessing.

A-28 LONG SHOT...ROCKY DEFILE

The silhouettes of Glendon,  
Renwick and the two animals  
disappear over the rim of  
the road.

QUICK DISSOLVE TO:

A-29 MEDIUM SHOT...A STRANGE  
AND NARROW PATH

The tethered pack animals  
are in the background.  
Glendon and Renwick, sin-  
gle file, struggling upward  
between two cliffs. They  
are carrying a few necessary  
implements. The moonlight  
etches sharp black shadows  
on the jagged side of the  
defile. A strange wind  
whistles.

Glendon is leading the way.

(CONTINUED)

RENWICK  
Man's a funny little animal,  
isn't he?

GLENDON  
He is - but just why mention  
it now?

RENWICK  
Think of all we've been through  
these past six months just for  
the sake of a little flower.

GLENDON  
The only one of its kind in  
the world - nothing but death  
could keep me from it.

A-30 MEDIUM SHOT...ANOTHER PART  
OF THE PATH

Glendon and Renwick toiling  
upward. Glendon passes out  
of the shot. Suddenly  
Renwick stops - tries to go  
on - cannot do so - calls  
out to Glendon in a  
strangled voice -

RENWICK  
I say, Glendon -- I can't go  
on -- something's holding my  
feet --

A-31 CLOSER SHOT OF GLENDON

plodding ahead.

GLENDON (scarcely turning)  
Nonsense - come along -

A-32 MEDIUM SHOT...RENWICK

He makes a desperate strug-  
gle - seems to throw off  
what is holding him - con-  
tinues a few steps panting  
and catching up with Glendon.

A-33 TRUCKING SHOT

GLENDON (without much concern)  
All right now?

RENWICK  
I - I seem to be -

GLENDON (carelessly)  
What was the matter?

(CONTINUED)

RENWICK (gasping out)  
I don't know - the queerest  
feeling - something like  
you have in a dream, when  
your feet won't move --

GLENDON  
Imaginations - I don't  
blame you though - I feel  
a bit interplanetary  
myself --

A-34 MEDIUM SHOT

from below, showing Glendon  
and Renwick on the ledge of  
a steep cliff. Renwick  
stops as Glendon gives a  
cry and staggers backward  
as though he had received a  
blow in the chest.

For a moment Glendon sways  
and seems in imminent dan-  
ger of falling. Renwick  
catches him. The two lean  
against the sides of the  
defile panting. Renwick is  
the first to speak.

RENWICK (frightened)  
What happened?

GLENDON (grimly)  
Something struck me --

RENWICK  
Obviously -

Glendon gathers himself  
together with an effort.

(facetiously as possi-  
ble with a frightened  
manner)  
Probably the rebound of an  
echo - I've heard they play  
odd tricks --

A-35 TRUCKING SHOT

Renwick plunges after  
Glendon. As they near the  
mouth of the pass, Renwick  
groans and sinks to his  
knees, - fighting at some-  
thing that seems to be holding  
his knees. This time he  
forebears to cry out and  
Glendon stalks ahead.

Now it is Glendon's turn  
to receive another blow  
from the ghostly fist. He  
staggers back - then be-  
gins to fight blow by blow  
against his invisible ad-  
versary.

(CONTINUED)

Masterfully he struggles forward. Lunging and thrusting he reaches the mouth of the pass. He stops in amazement.

A-36 LONG SHOT -- MOONLIGHT

CAMERA SHOOTING over Glendon's shoulder....

A tiny valley, not much larger than a large room. In almost inaccessible crevices of the rocks appear occasional luminous spots. Glendon adjusts his field glasses.

A-37 CLOSE SHOT OF MARIPHASA FLOWER

As seen through the glasses.

A-38 CLOSE SHOT GLENDON

As his face reveals his ecstatic triumph. The flower he has been searching for, at last! He lowers the glasses with an exclamation of wonder and amazement. Forgetful of Renwick, left behind, he moves forward awestruck.

A-39 MEDIUM SHOT...GLENDON

As Glendon skirts deep shadows of cliff descending into the valley. The moon sails behind a bank of clouds and the blossoms cease to shimmer. All is dark and opaque. The moon emerges and again the flowers glisten.

Carefully Glendon picks his way downward, until he comes almost in reach of the first patch of moon-witched blossoms. His eyes glow with the single-tracked excitement of the collector. Quickly from his knapsack he takes spade-like knife and begins carefully to climb for a specimen. A wolf bays close at hand, but heedless of this, Glendon continues to climb the face of the rock.

SOUND: Baying of a wolf.

A-40 MED. LONG SHOT

A-11.

Spectral shadow of wolf  
slinking against misshapen  
walls of the defile.

A-41 MED. CLOSE SHOT

As Glendon carefully loosens  
the flower from the earth.  
He looks up above him, then  
reels back in stark horror.

A-42 MED. SHOT...CRANNY IN DEFILE

Two gleaming eyes peer out  
from a shadowy body which  
quivers preparatory to leap-  
ing.

A-43 MED. SHOT

CAMERA SHOOTING over Glendon's  
shoulders as wolf charges.  
Together they fall into the  
floor of the little valley.  
Glendon throws up his arm,  
and snatches knife from belt.  
Wolf and man blend in weird  
tangle.

A-44 INSERT

Wolf's teeth locked on  
Glendon's arm.

A-45 MED. CLOSEUP GLENDON

stabbing at beast, manages  
to wrench his arm from ani-  
mal's teeth. Wolf falls  
away from man. Man crawls  
away from wolf.

A-46 PANNING SHOT

Glendon crawling away from  
wolf - weak from loss of  
blood. He turns and looks  
back at the creature.

A-47 MEDIUM SHOT...WOLF

There is something almost  
human in the horrid sound  
of his snarling and whining.  
It rises to its feet, stag-  
gers, falls, rises again -  
then begins to crawl away.

SOUND: Wolf's cries of  
rage and pain - the  
killer bereft of  
his kill.

A-48 TRICK SHOT...WOLF

A-12

As the moon goes behind a cloud the figure of a hairy man seems to materialize from the wolf and merge into the black shadows of the defile.

A-49 MED. SHOT...GLENDON

Beside him lies the mangled plant he had dragged from the rocks as he fell.

A-50 CLOSEUP OF THE MARIPHASA

Some of the flowers have fallen from the plant. They are dull and lifeless but as the moon comes from behind a cloud they glow like cut crystal. Glendon's hand reaches for them. His arm is torn and bleeding...

FADE OUT

SEQUENCE "B"

FADE IN:

B-1 CLOSEUP OF MARIPHASA

There are some sickly buds on it. The strange foliage seems sickly; but it is living. A hand is carefully administering a dark oil, nourishment. The cuff is turned back showing a series of scars on the forearm.

The CAMERA DRAWS BACK and discloses Glendon, dressed for the afternoon. His coat is off, however, and his sleeves are rolled back. Not much of the room can be seen but he is evidently in a laboratory of some kind. He seems discouraged over the progress of his experiment with the plant.

There has been a change in Glendon. He lacks the spirit that he had in the search for the Mariphasa and his face is haggard and distressed.

B-2 MEDIUM SHOT

Glendon moves a strange machine, makes a few adjustments and turns a switch. A pale ray of light falls on the plant; which Glendon examines once more. At this moment a slight buzzing sound is heard. Glendon turns off the switch quickly and crosses to a periscope-like instrument through which he looks.

B-3 FULL SHOT

Greenhouse and approach to the laboratory and seen through the periscope. The greenhouse is crowded with distinguished people who are discussing and enjoying the rare plants. A tall slender young woman approaches, stops to speak to someone in the doorway.

B-4 MEDIUM SHOT..LABORATORY

Glendon moves away from the periscope, pulls down his sleeves, puts on his coat, goes to the door, turns off the lights, leaving the room in darkness. He opens the door which is carefully barred.

Glendon comes out and closes the door carefully and as he turns he meets Lisa Glendon.

(Note: This door must suggest the secrecy of the interior of the laboratory.)

Glendon is gloomy and pre-occupied. Lisa makes a sorry attempt at a smile and she watches her husband anxiously throughout the scene.

SOUND: Buzz of the crowd in the greenhouse.

LISA (with wifely exigence)  
Wilfred -- Everybody's asking for you -- what are you doing?

GLENDON  
Sorry, dear - I got interested in an experiment and forgot all about time.

B-6 CLOSE TWO SHOT...LISA  
AND GLENDON

Lisa is a woman of twenty-five, well-poised, quiet; but there is an undercurrent of frustration and anxiety which cannot be entirely identified as either.

Glendon smiles at his wife contritely - she flicks a bit of dust from his shoulder. He assumes an attitude of resignation, asks -

GLENDON  
Well -- Will I do? -  
How's my tie?

LISA (smiling wifely forgiveness)  
Dear old bear -- he does hate to come out of his cave! -  
Nothing interests him anymore except his mouldy old secrets in there -- not even his wife -

GLENDON (squirming as she pulls his tie)  
Once the experiment's complete, I'll try to be human -- Lisa...

B-7 CLOSE UP..LISA

LISA (interrupting)  
It isn't in you! -- Stand still! Ever since you came back from Thibet I've had a feeling you were planning to divorce me and marry your laboratory...

B-8 CLOSE UP..GLENDON

B-3  
GLENDON (tilting her chin affectionately)  
I'll not only divorce you but beat you if you ever let me in for a - er - fuss like this again --

B-9 TWO SHOT..LISA AND GLENDON

LISA  
Don't blame me! - Blame the Botanical Society -- the members have a right to see what wonders you've brought back, Wilfred...

GLENDON  
Of course - but to have all London milling about --

He breaks off - registers he sees someone approaching.

Let's go! - Our dear Aunt Ettie has spied us out. In a moment she'll be battering her way in there --

He indicates the laboratory.

And then I'll never have any more secrets from anybody!

They exit to the greenhouse.

B-10 FULL SHOT OF GREENHOUSE

seen from Glendon's angle. There are several gardeners, including Haskins, and servants including the butler, mingling amongst the crowd, answering questions, giving directions, serving tea and cocktails.

Out of the crowd of people, Miss Ettie Coombes, accompanied by Hugh Renwick, sweeps toward Glendon and Lisa. Renwick is in morning coat, top hat and gardenia, is a very personable young man who bears little resemblance to the young man we left struggling against unknown forces in the abysses of Thibet. His companion is an elaborately dressed, sparkling, ageing lady carrying a sharp-nosed French Griffon on her arm. With her unoccupied hand she holds lorgnette to her eyes, bowing right and left as she acknowledges smiles and lifted hats. It is evident she is a "personality" and has to be coped with.

Miss Ettie has seen Glendon  
and is making for him, Renwick  
at her heels. --

MISS ETTIE  
Wilfred, darling -- how sweet  
of you to let us all in on  
you today this way -- I can't  
wait till I see your new lab-  
oratory -- do those fascin-  
ating things on the roof  
really make artificial  
moonlight?

She starts toward laboratory  
but Glendon bars her way.

GLENDON (smiling)  
Dead line - Aunt Ettie!

LISA  
He won't even let me go  
in there!  
(takes his arm)  
Positively, Wilfred, you've  
got to come along now and  
be nice to people --  
(to Miss Ettie)  
See you later, Aunt Ettie --  
after we do "duties" --

MISS ETTIE (pulling a ruffle out  
on Lisa's dress)  
Ah! - Chanel! - Sweet! --  
Sweet! -- But you look let  
down -- what's the matter,  
Lisa -- ?

GLENDON  
My dear wife's just been  
telling me off --

He gives Lisa almost a  
supplicating smile.

B-12 CLOSE UP OF MISS ETTIE

MISS ETTIE (tartly)  
How you keep your dear wife  
is a mystery to me -- skirm-  
ishing off as you do -  
months on end -- leaving  
her alone --

B-13 CLOSE UP...LISA

LISA (trying to be gay)  
Some women are Cleopatras --  
they wiggle -- some are Penel-  
opes -- they wait -- I'm a  
waiter --  
(as they start off)  
-- anyhow, I knew the risk I  
took in marrying one of the  
black Glendons of Malvern --

She makes a face - then  
throws a laughing glance  
backward at Miss Ettie and  
Renwick...

MISS ETTIE (trotting along)  
Marrying any man is risky!  
Marrying a famous man is  
kissing catastrophe!  
(pauses, puts up her  
glasses)  
Good heavens! -- What is that  
wicked thing doing?

PAN WITH Miss Ettie as she  
passes the first of the  
plant wonders. She lifts  
her glasses and stoops to  
examine what has caught  
her eye.

B-15 CLOSE SHOT..MISS ETTIE AND  
RENWICK

They are bending over a huge  
specimen of what we know as  
Venus' flytrap and one of the  
leaves has closed over a fly.

ETTIE  
Horrors! It's trapped that  
poor little fly!

RENWICK  
It's going to eat that poor  
dear little fly.

Insert: Venus' fly-  
trap holding a fly.

ETTIE  
Where's that horrible Mada-  
gascar plant that eats mice  
and men?

RENWICK  
Mice and spiders, Miss  
Ettie --  
(pointing off)  
It's over there. Shall we  
have a look? They'll be feed-  
ing it soon.--

Miss Ettie shakes her  
head violently.

ETTIE (decidedly)  
No -- I'll have my own tea  
first, thank you! -- I may  
lose it after I've seen the  
thing - but I'll have had it  
first!

B-16 TRUCKING SHOT...ETTIE AND  
RENWICK

They walk along briskly,  
talking...Ettie continues  
to talk.

ETTIE  
Were you with my nephew when  
he got that Madagascar horror?

(CONTINUED)

RENWICK

No -- I've only been on one expedition with Dr. Glendon.

ETTIE (looking about her  
vivaciously)

Everyone in the world is here  
...everyone in the world....

She flutters her handkerchief and beams as a smartly dressed couple pass.

...positively everyone in the world is here.

RENWICK (kiddingly)

Don't you suppose there are a few Chinese still left in China?

ETTIE (sharply)

You know, I always want to give funny young men a kick in the pants...

RENWICK (gasping)

What?

ETTIE

A kick in the pants. For years I've been dying to do something of the sort to certain people but was never quite certain what it was I wanted to do. Now I know.

RENWICK

Who told you about it?

ETTIE (thinking)

Such an expressive young man, Lady Forsythe's grandson. The one who just flew across from America -- his name's been in all the papers. I met him the other night --

RENWICK

You mean Capt. Paul Ames?

ETTIE

I'm on the lookout for him now. He's coming today expressly to see Lisa -- he was a beau of hers, you know, before she married that botanical nephew of mine! -- The patience of that woman!  
(puts up her glasses)  
Isn't that old Alice Forsythe hobbling through the garden now?

Seen from the greenhouse:  
 Lady Forsythe and Paul Ames  
 are seen coming along the  
 path toward the greenhouse.  
 A number of people are look-  
 ing at the plants in the garden,  
 chatting on the portico or walk-  
 ing to and from the house.

B-18 CLOSE SHOT LADY FORSYTHE AND  
 PAUL AMES

Paul Ames, a stalwart, clear-  
 eyed, tanned young fellow in  
 impeccable tweeds and his grand-  
 mother, Lady Forsythe, an enor-  
 mously stout old woman, (Charlotte  
 Granville type -- all plumes and  
 manner) who walks with a cane is  
 leaning on Paul's arm, are strilling  
 along. Paul grabs Lady Forsythe  
 by the arm, starts pulling  
 her in the direction of the  
 greenhouse. It is like moving  
 the Leviathan.

LADY FORSYTHE

Don't yank me -- nothing  
 enrages me so as to be yanked.

PAUL

Sorry, granny - but I've  
 just seen someone I want to  
 speak to -  
 (points)  
 There she is...

B-19 MED. LONG SHOT..MISS  
 ETTIE AND RENWICK

Miss Ettie waves to Lady  
 Forsythe and Paul -

B-20 TWO SHOT...LADY FORSYTHE  
 AND PAUL AMES

LADY FORSYTHE (over shot)  
 It looks like Ettie Coombes--  
 What can you possibly want  
 with her?

As Paul attempts to  
 hasten her steps.

LADY FORSYTHE (lifting her stick)  
 If you yank me again, Paul,  
 I'll brain you!

PAUL

(feigning horror)  
 Oh - grandmother! Grand-  
 mother! No wonder they say  
 you don't lie when you say  
 you were descended from Boo-  
 deca, the British Queen.

They start toward Miss  
 Ettie - Paul all impatience -  
 Lady Forsythe clinging to him  
 like an old elephant.

Lady Forsythe and Paul  
as Miss Ettie swoops toward  
them, Renwick at heels -

ETTIE  
My dear Alice! You know Mr.  
Renwick. Mr. -- Mr. --

RENWICK  
How do you do, Ames?

Ames and Renwick exchange  
greetings.

ETTIE  
I must have tea. Quick!  
my tongue's hanging out.

B-22 TWO SHOT..LADY FORSYTHE  
AND MISS ETTIE

LADY FORSYTHE (gasping)  
You do pick up the oddest  
phrases, Ettie.

B-23 FULL SHOT

ETTIE  
I got that one from your  
delightful grandson here.  
Renwick, bring Lady Forsythe  
-- I'll take Captain ...

Ettie looks at Paul with  
a vacant stare of a lady  
who forgets names.

PAUL  
Ames --

ETTIE  
Of course --

Off she goes, leaving Ren-  
wick and Lady Forsythe.

LADY FORSYTHE (panting in the  
wake of Ettie)  
I never knew anyone who could  
scuttle about as quickly as  
Ettie Coombes.

Renwick does his duty as  
escort and Lady Forsythe  
reluctantly changes her  
course.

B-24 EXTERIOR...BRICK TERRACE  
OVERLOOKING GARDENS

Lisa is sitting pouring tea.  
Music is playing. People  
milling about. Glendon is  
standing dutifully near his  
wife. A gushing woman is  
talking to him... (Miss  
Charteris).

MISS CHARTERIS  
What an interesting life you  
must lead, Doctor Glendon...  
Madagascar, Kamaschatcha,  
Java, Thibet!

(CONTINUED)

GLENDON (miserably)  
It has it's theres and  
heres --

MISS CHARTERIS (coquettishly)  
Which do you enjoy the most?  
The theres or the heres?

B-25 TRAVELLING SHOT

Miss Ettie, Paul in two,  
sweeps past them toward  
Lisa.

MISS ETTIE  
Lisa -- Here's a young man  
who says he used to be a  
beau of yours --

B-26 MEDIUM SHOT...LISA

as she looks up at Paul  
-- her face changes for a  
fraction of a second - then  
she puts out her hand quickly  
with a radiant smile.

LISA  
Paul Ames ! -- I read you were  
back in England -- I - I  
wondered -- if --

PAUL (excitedly)  
Lisa - how great to see you -  
how great!

B-27 TWO SHOT..GLENDON AND  
MISS CHARTERIS

MISS CHARTERIS (smiling up at  
Glendon coquet-  
tishly)  
I simply jitter to go to Java  
-- simply jitter!

Glendon is watching Paul  
greeting Lisa. We get the  
start of his jealousy here.  
He makes no answer to Miss  
Charteris who perceives that  
what she is saying is making  
no impression.

B-28 THREE SHOT

Lisa, Paul and Miss Ettie -  
who immediately descends  
on the huge bowl of strawberries  
on the center of the tea table.

LISA (calling off)  
Wilfred - come and meet a  
very old friend of mine -  
Paul Ames --

She still has her hand  
on Paul's.

B-29 TWO SHOT...GLENDON AND  
MISS CHARTERIS

B-10

He bows to Miss Charteris  
and starts toward his wife.  
Miss Charteris sniffily  
strolls away - with simpers  
to right and left.

B-30 THREE SHOT..LISA, PAUL  
AND GLENDON

PAUL (putting out his hand  
as Glendon comes into  
scene)  
How do you do, Dr. Glendon?  
(laughs a little)  
Mrs. Glendon and I used to  
throw jam in each other's hair  
and sail off the stable roof  
on improvised parachutes..

GLENDON (without enthusiasm)  
Of course - I've read about  
your more recent exploits -  
most everyone has - but Lisa  
never mentioned she knew you--

LISA  
I've known him since I was  
six and he was ten --

PAUL  
Yes - quite a long time --

GLENDON  
Are you staying on now?

PAUL  
I'm returning to California  
in the Fall -- I've made it  
my home --

LISA (to Paul)  
How does it seem to have a  
flying school one's very own,  
Paul, and leap across from  
San Francisco to Tokyo in  
the Twinkle of a --

B-31 CLOSE UP OF GLENDON

as he notes the easy com-  
radeship between Lisa and  
Paul

B-32 TIGHT GROUP SHOT

LISA (stops, looks at Glen-  
don)  
Wilfred - you aren't eating  
any strawberries! -- They're  
the first of the season --  
Didn't you tell me how once  
in Thibet the thing you wanted  
most in the world was an  
English strawberry --?

(CONTINUED)

Miss Ettie turns briskly at this moment from her nibblings at the table and says in a sprightly way:

MISS ETTIE  
Wanting is the comedy of life -- consummation the tragedy! -- Ha -- ha-ha!

She pops a strawberry into her mouth.

LADY FORSYTHE'S VOICE (off scene)  
I wish I could scuttle about as you do, Ettie!

She is now puffing into the scene, followed by Renwick, who reaches over her shoulder, grabs a strawberry from the table, throws it in the air, catches it in his mouth and eats it.

RENWICK (generally)  
Did I hear tragedies of life?--  
At this moment I ask nothing more of life --  
(smacks his lips)

B-33 CLOSE SHOT OF PAUL,  
GLENDON..LISA

PAUL (with a quick look at Lisa)  
It must be good to be in a mood when one asks - nothing more of life --

He smiles -- but we sense there is much, much back of his smile. The look, the smile are not lost on Glendon. His face darkens, then he turns to Lisa.

GLENDON  
Are you in that mood, Lisa?

Lisa does not answer. A second's awkward silence.

B-34 TWO SHOT..MISS ETTIE  
AND RENWICK

MISS ETTIE (gaily)  
Anyway - I'm in that mood -- it's all these flowers -- everywhere!  
(gesticulates, then touches the daffodils in center of tea table)  
Ah, how true! -- Only God can make a daffodil --

RENWICK (leaning forward)  
Only God can make a tree! --  
That's what the song says, Miss Coombes!

SOUND: Sudden commotion in greenhouse - screams.

The group breaks up rapidly.  
Everybody rushes toward the  
greenhouse excitedly.

B-36 GREENHOUSE DOOR...  
HAWKINS AND GLENDON

Hawkins, chief gardner,  
meets Glendon at the door -  
calls anxiously to Glendon.

HAWKINS

Dr. Glendon, sir -- will  
you come at once?

GLENDON

What is it, Hawkins?

HAWKINS'S VOICE (off scene)

That Madagascar Carnalia  
is acting up, sir --

B-37 LONG SHOT..INT. GREENHOUSE

A strange and incredible  
plant surrounded by a rail-  
ing. A crowd of people is  
congregated. A gardner and a  
servant are trying to push the  
crowd back. Above the din  
can be heard the thin frightened  
screaming of a child. Every-  
where are signs warning people  
not to touch the plants.

INSERT: C.U. SIGN:

VISITORS ARE WARNED UNDER NO  
CIRCUMSTANCES TO TOUCH ANY  
OF THE PLANTS IN THIS EXHIBIT

B-38 INT. GREENHOUSE..CLOSE SHOT

The giant Madagascar Carnalia,  
a pink fleshy looking plant,  
in appearance rather like an  
octopus, is waving its tubular  
leaves in wild agitation. One  
of these snakish tentacles has  
reached out over the railing  
and is grasping a little boy  
of four or five around the  
middle. A short distance off  
someone is holding the child's  
hysterical mother. Glendon  
forces his way through the  
crowd, pats the child's head.

GLENDON (soothingly)

There - there - we'll have  
you out of this in a jiffy--  
(looks about him)  
Has anyone a long pin?

A plump woman with a wide feathered turban approaches timorously, taking a hat pin from her hat.

WOMAN

Would a hat pin do?

GLENDON

The very thing - I'm glad some women and our good Queen still wear human hats..

He takes the pin from the woman and poises it, then stabs sharply at the ugly mouth like opening in the middle of the plant.

B-40 CLOSE SHOT..DR. GLENDON'S HAND...

As it thrusts the pin into the plant's head. A spurt of black looking juice spurts upward.

CUT TO:

B-41 GROUP OF ONLGOKERS

They are holding their noses or bringing handkerchiefs to their faces. It is evident a noisome smell which has effluviated from the plant's wound. A stout John Bullish type of old fashioned British gentleman is choking into his handkerchief. He turns to a swarthy Oriental looking man who is standing next to him, (Dr. Yogami) and remarks in a loud indignant voice.

JOHN BULL

Fancy bringing a beastly thing like that into Christian England!

DR. YOGAMI (with a smile)

Nature is very tolerant, sir -- she has no creeds !

B-42 MED. SHOT..GLENDON AND CHILD

The plant's tentacle quivers and begins to loosen its grip on the child. Glendon speaks in calm reassuring tones.

GLENDON

There - there- poor Madagascar Carnalia was hungry, that's all! - lucky for you - you were rather too big a spoonful for her to manage.

(CONTINUED)

B-42 (CONTINUED)

B-14

GLENDON (continued)  
(speaking to Hawkins  
who is hovering nearby)  
It's past feeding time,  
isn't it, Hawkins?

HAWKINS  
Yes, sir - I'll get her  
supper immediately.

The tentacle drops suddenly  
and Glendon swings the child  
safely to his shoulder, laugh-  
ing. The mother rushes for-  
ward. Glendon hands her the  
child.

B-43 TWO SHOT..GLENDON AND CHILD

GLENDON  
There, youngster, you can  
tell your grandchildren about  
this when they huddle at your  
knee.

B-44 CROWD OF ONLOOKERS

The crowd laughs and the  
mother, curshing the child  
to her breast, hastily exits  
with frightened mutterings.

Hawkins approaches with a  
box, takes a live frog from  
it, drops it into the plant's  
maw, remarking affectionately:

HAWKINS  
Here's a nice fat frog for  
you, my dear --

B-45 CLOSE SHOT...FROG

Disappearing into plant's  
maw, the long lip like flap  
closing over it.

B-46 FULL SHOT...CROWD

Moving forward en masse,  
curious to see the strange  
sight of a plant devouring  
a frog.

B-47 MEDIUM SHOT

Glendon starts to leave the  
greenhouse but Dr. Yogami  
smilingly blocks his way at  
the door.

YOGAMI  
I must congratulate you, sir,  
on the amazing collection of  
plants you have assembled  
here --

(CONTINUED)

GLENDON  
Thank you.

YOGAMI (pointing toward Car-  
nalia Madagascar)  
Evolution was in a strange  
mood, eh, when that creation  
came along?

Glendon stares at Yogami  
without replying. It is  
evident Yogami has awakened  
some memory - a disturbing  
one. Yogami continues;

YOGAMI  
It makes one wonder just  
where the plant world leaves  
off and the animal world  
begins --

GLENDON (nodding)  
Yes --  
(he pauses)

B-48 CLOSEUP OF YOGAMI

He is watching Glendon  
narrowly.

GLENDON (hesitantly, over shot)  
I seem to have met you  
before --

YOGAMI (nodding)  
In Thibet once -- but --  
only for a moment - in the  
dark --

B-49 CLOSEUP OF GLENDON

He is puzzled and uncom-  
fortable.

GLENDON  
In the dark?

B-50 CLOSE TWO SHOT

The two men are tense.

YOGAMI  
May I introduce myself  
again? I am Doctor Yogami.  
Like yourself, a student and  
nurturist of plants.

GLENDON (puzzled)  
Thibet -- you say?

YOGAMI  
Unless I am mistaken we are  
both on a similar mission --

GLENDON (on his guard)  
Yes?

(CONTINUED)

YOGAMI

Would it be intrusive if I should ask you if you were successful?

GLENDON (curtly)  
In what...?

YOGAMI

In obtaining a specimen of mariphasa lumina lupina?

B-51 CLOSEUP OF GLENDON

His face is a mask, he continues to regard Dr. Yogami enquiringly. Yogami adds softly:

YOGAMI

...the phosphorescent wolf flower, you know, that blooms only under the rays of the moon...

B-52 CLOSEUP OF YOGAMI

He is suspicious of Glendon's silence and reacts to it with renewed suavity.

B-53 CLOSE TWO SHOT

GLENDON (with a careless laugh, which he contrives to make most natural)  
As a scientist, sir, as a botanist, sir, in all seriousness, sir -- do you believe such a flower exists?

YOGAMI (nodding)  
I do --

GLENDON  
I must ask you to excuse me.

B-54 MED. SHOT OUTSIDE GREENHOUSE DOOR...

Glendon puts out his hand to terminate the interview but Yogami has already opened the door of the greenhouse and as Glendon passes through, Yogami follows.

YOGAMI

If you will permit me - I will walk a little way with you --

Glendon cannot refuse this without being boorish and the two men exit together.

Lisa has left the crowd  
surrounding the Madagascar  
plant. Paul Ames over takes  
her.

PAUL  
Lee --

LISA (looking up)  
No one's called me Lee for  
years.

PAUL  
What's happened to you?  
You were the gayest, happiest  
creature that ever lived --  
once -- what's happened to  
you?

LISA (doing her best)  
I -- I have a toothache today.  
I've never been able to rise  
above a toothache. It makes  
me want to howl - break  
things - pull noses - tweak  
ears -- screech!

She stops - laughs ruefully -  
stoops to fondle a little  
dog so that Paul will not  
see her eyes are filled with  
tears.

B-56 CLOSE TWO SHOT

Paul regards her anxiously,  
but speaks gaily -

PAUL  
You were a great screecher as  
a child. But I'll say this  
for you - you were truthful --  
(sighs)  
I hate to see you turn into  
a liar -

LISA  
Liar?

PAUL  
It isn't toothache that's  
troubling you today.

She is silent.

Won't you tell an old pal  
how to help?...

LISA  
Yes...

PAUL  
How?

LISA (patting his hand)  
Shut up --

PAUL (nodding)  
I see...

She starts to leave.

LISA  
It's been great to see you --  
(looks off - then takes  
his hand suddenly;  
presses it; hastily)  
Now I must go and find Wil-  
fred - he's probably looking  
everywhere for me --

PAUL (catching her arm as she  
starts away)  
Lee - I can't bear to see you  
change - you, who were always  
ready to rear at the drop  
of a hat --

B-58 CLOSE TWO SHOT

LISA  
A wild pair we were, weren't  
we? -- high-headed, hard at  
the bit, quick with the  
heels - Lord! How we used to  
fight, didn't we?

PAUL  
Where's all that lovely  
fight gone?

LISA (looking him straight  
in the eye)  
There's been no fight in me--  
since the night we broke  
things off --

She turns, walks in the  
direction she has indicated  
seeing Glendon.

B-59 CLOSE SHOT..PAUL

His face is pale and set.  
He watches her for a moment.

B-60 LIBRARY OF GLENDON MANOR

Yogami is holding Glendon  
in reluctant conversation.  
He is something like the  
Ancient Mariner - who has  
transfixed the unwilling  
guest with his glittering  
eye --

YOGAMI (earnestly)  
Now do you understand, sir,  
why I so greatly hope you  
had been successful in obtain-  
ing a specimen of this  
flower --

GLENDON  
You say this flower is an  
antidote for -- what?

(CONTINUED)

YOGAMI

Lycanthrophobia is the medical term for the affliction I am speaking of --

GLENDON

In all seriousness you ask me to believe that a man so afflicted actually becomes a wolf when the moon is full?

B-61 CLOSEUP YOGAMI

over Glendon's shoulder.

YOGAMI

The werewolf is neither man nor wolf - but a satanic creature with the worst qualities of both --

GLENDON (carelessly - over shot)

I gave up my belief in warlocks, goblins, witches, personal devils and werewolves at the age of six...

YOGAMI (mildly)

These beliefs have been in the bowels of the human race since its dark beginnings in the abysses of antiquity --

B-62 CLOSEUP OF GLENDON

YOGAMI (continuing, over shot)

-- One may give them up -- but that doesn't alter the fact that in workaday modern London at this very moment - there are two cases of werewolfery known to me.

B-63 CLOSE TWO SHOT

He stares at Glendon who moves a little uneasily, so strange and weird is the look in Yogami's eyes. Yogami speaks again and there is a note of anguished pleading in his voice.

YOGAMI

Both these men are doomed -- but for the flower I speak of.

His eyes search Glendon's face - but find no response there.

GLENDON

How did these unfortunate persons contract - this medieval - er - unpleasantness.

YOGAMI

From the bite of another  
were-wolf --

B-65 CLOSEUP OF GLENDON

He is obviously disturbed --  
annoyed would be a better  
word -- he seems about to  
say something, changes his  
mind, then obviously to  
his great relief he hears  
Lisa's voice out of the  
scene.

LISA'S VOICE

There you are, Wilfred --

B-66 THREE SHOT

Glendon turns from Yogami  
and greets Lisa who comes  
into the scene.

GLENDON

Hello, Lisa.

Yogami is reluctant to  
leave. There is something  
strange and lonesome and  
wistful about him...a snake  
yearning for the hearth..  
An awkward silence, broken  
by Dr. Yogami's unhappy voice:

YOGAMI

(almost pleadingly)  
Doctor Glendon -- May I visit  
your conservatories again  
one day? - to see them is  
one of my objectives in com-  
ing to England --

Glendon hesitates for an  
imperceptible moment -  
then with an assumption of  
graciousness which it is  
evident he does not feel -  
he answers:

GLENDON

Certainly - of course.

Yogami looks at Lisa.

YOGAMI

Thank you.

GLENDON

Pardon me - my wife - Dr.  
Yogami - Certainly - come  
any time.

Doctor Yogami bows, with-  
draws. Lisa's eyes follow  
him.

LISA

(with a little shiver)  
What a strange, strange man -  
he makes me feel cold --

Glendon makes no reply.

FADE OUT:

END OF SEQUENCE "B"

SEQUENCE 'C'F A D E I N:

C-1 GLENDON'S LABORATORY  
 ..(AS DESCRIBED)...  
MEDIUM SHOT..GLENDON

Glendon is working feverishly on his moonlight-machine. He examines the mariphasa carefully. Hawkins is assisting disapprovingly.

C-2 CLOSE SHOT OF MARIPHASA  
..PLANT

There are three promising buds and one that seems almost ready to open.

GLENDON

Progress, Hawkins! I have made moonlight; but little Mariphasa is stubborn. She won't open.

C-3 MED. CLOSE SHOT OF GLENDON

He looks up at Hawkins.

GLENDON

You don't approve of this, Hawkins?

C-4 CLOSE SHOT...HAWKINS

He is the personification of disapproval. Close beside him is a moon-flower vine covered with buds.

HAWKINS

It's all kind o' creepy to me, sir -

C-5 MED. SHOT...GLENDON, HAWKINS  
AND MACHINE

Glendon focuses the moonray on Hawkins who is palpably disturbed, but he holds his ground. At this moment a moon-flower bud close to Hawkins trembles and opens to his dismay and Glendon's delight.

GLENDON

See - I've deceived that vine --- If I can do that, surely I can deceive mariphasa - ?

(CONTINUED)

HAWKINS

I've a feelin' that mari-  
phasy ain't a human plant  
like that vine -

He takes a magnifying glass  
and watches the fullest bud.  
Then he cries excitedly, his  
voice gruff and different:

GLENDON

Look, Hawkins --- look, man  
--- look what's happening!  
- Didn't I tell you?

C-6 CLOSE UP OF MARAPHASA AND  
GLENDON'S HAND

There is a slow swelling of  
the bud; it trembles as if  
about to open.

But now the hand begins to  
show thick hair on it, to  
become distorted and paw-  
like.

C-7 CLOSE SHOT OF GLENDON

He looks at the hand with  
alarm.

C-8 MED. SHOT...GLENDON..HAWKINS

Glendon assures himself that  
Hawkins has seen nothing -  
turns to Hawkins, a new note  
in his voice.

GLENDON

Run along, Hawkins - get  
your dinner - you give me  
the jumps standing there -  
all owl-eyes and gloom -

HAWKINS (relieved)  
Yes, sir ---

As Hawkins exits, Glendon  
is shaken at the realization  
that something mysterious  
has happened to him. The  
Werewolf! He approaches the  
Maraphasa. The one bud has  
burst and is aglow with life.  
Uncertain of the outcome of  
the experiment, Glendon tears  
the bloom from the plant, rubs  
it on his wrist. It must be  
evident he has some idea that  
it may help him but has no idea  
how to proceed. He presses his  
fingernail into wrist, bruising  
flesh. Rubs flower on again.

C-9 CLOSEUP OF THE HAND

For a moment nothing happens.

C-10 CLOSE UP OF GLENDON

He is desperate.

C-11 CLOSE UP OF HAND

The distortion begins to disappear and then the hair becomes normal.

C-12 CLOSE UP...GLENDON

He is terrified by this revelation of the horror of transvection.

C-13 MED. SHOT...GLENDON

He switches off the moon lamp and throws back the shades, admitting daylight. He turns to the Maraphasa.

C-14 CLOSE SHOT OF MARAPHASA ... (DAYLIGHT)

The three buds partially opened are dull and lifeless in the daylight.

C-15 MED. CLOSE SHOT...GLENDON

He is relieved, but puzzled, goes to his books.

CUT TO:

C-16 THE GREENHOUSE...MED. SHOT ...HAWKINS AND BUTLER

HAWKINS (to Butler)  
Of course you being a mere indoor person has no idea of the mysteries of nature-

C-17 CLOSE UP...BUTLER

BUTLER  
Most interesting what you been telling me, Mr. Hawkins, most interesting --- and so them reflectors make moonlight, do they?

C-18 CLOSE UP...HAWKINS

HAWKINS  
You have the idea, Mr. Plympton --- not that it's easy to grasp --- there's a scaring thought in it, too, Mr. Plympton -- if you'll consider it -

(CONTINUED)

BUTLER

Yes -- and what might that be?

C-19 TWO SHOT

HAWKINS (impressively)

It don't leave nothing for Heaven to do!

BUTLER (haughtily - having heard all he wants)

Quite so -- and now perhaps you'll be good enough to go and tell Dr. Glendon the missis is hoping he'll come in for tea -

HAWKINS

Not a chance --- I assure you of his coming -

C-20 INT...GLENDON MANOR...(DAY)

A charming drawing room, gay with flowers, etchings, hunting prints and old chintz. Queen Anne furniture and quaint old portraits. The silver tea service is drawn up to the fire. Lisa is pouring tea.

Grouped around the fire are Lady Forsythe, Miss Ettie Coombes, young Renwick and Paul Ames -- Miss Ettie Coombes, as usual, is talking.

MISS ETTIE (finishing cup of tea)

With this party on my hands I must be getting back to London before the evening traffic starts. I'll never forgive you, Lisa, if you don't come tonight! -- everybody in the world -- definitely everybody in the world is coming --

Renwick winks at Paul but refrains from his usual twit --

LISA

How can I? It's impossible to get Wilfred to go anywhere these days --

MISS ETTIE (promptly)

Bother Wilfred! Why don't you invite Paul to stay on for dinner and let him drive you into town afterwards?

PAUL (quickly)

Why don't you?

Lisa hesitates then seems to decide impulsively..

CONTINUED

He takes cup Lisa hands  
him, sits beside her.

Lady Forsythe, her  
mouth full of cake,  
turns to Miss Ettie.

LISA  
I do.

PAUL  
I stay!

LISA (laughingly to Paul)  
It's so long since I've  
been anywhere I'll probably  
upset the coffee and step on  
all the trains --

LADY FORSYTHE  
How did you find your new  
house, Ettie?

MISS ETTIE  
I happened on it-- district  
visiting -- Charles the  
second built it for one of  
his ladies. The moment I saw  
it I knew I had to have it --  
it's right on the river in  
the midst of the sweetest  
slums -- so individual --  
murderers' dens on one side --  
Whitechapel pubs on the  
other --

LADY FORSYTHE (choosing another  
cake)  
I'd feel unsafe in such a  
neighborhood!

MISS ETTIE (gaily)  
I'd feel safe in Bedlam!

LADY FORSYTHE (reaching for more  
cake)  
Is your party buffet - or sit  
down?

MISS ETTIE (sighing)  
It has to be buffet! The  
house is too small for sit-  
down. -- How I loathe buffets!  
Last week at Eva Trippets I  
sat on a plate of aspic and  
no one told me --  
(giggles)  
I went around all evening  
wondering what had happened  
to me!

At this moment the dog  
on her lap bristles and  
growls - she slaps it  
lightly. The dog continues  
to growl.

All look up as Butler  
enters announcing--

Stop it, Sappho -- what's  
the matter?

BUTLER  
Dr Yogami, Madame -

CONTINUED

Lisa rises hastily, advances to greet Dr Yogami who follows butler into room, stands bowing politely.

C-21 CLOSEUP...ON DOG

Miss Ettie's lap..growling.. showing its teeth at Yogami.

C-22 WIDER SHOT

Miss Ettie slapping dog.

MISS ETTIE  
Stop it, Sappho - stop it!

Dog leaps from Miss Ettie's lap, knocking tea cup from Lady Forsythe's hand. Lady Forsythe gives a loud squawk of pain. Paul and Renwick rush to her assistance. Miss Ettie indifferent to the damage to her friend, stares interestedly at Yogami through her glasses.

LADY FORSYTHE  
I'm scalded to the bone -- your beast's a menace, Ettie Coombes - a horrid ratty menace.

MISS ETTIE (impatiently to Lady Forsythe - but staring at Yogami)  
Be calm! - be calm! -- you're not hurt in the slightest -- a little hot water's good for you!

During the above Lisa has been talking to Yogami - He bows now as she finishes saying something.

LISA  
-- I'm sorry -- but my husband is working on some experiment and especially said he couldn't see anyone today.

YOGAMI (his face troubled)  
There is no chance later?

LISA  
I'm afraid not -

MISS ETTIE'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Lisa! Who is this interesting looking man -- introduce him to me this instant...

As Miss Ettie comes forward.

LISA

Excuse me-- Dr. Yogami--  
my aunt, Miss Coombes--

MISS ETTIE (brightly)

I noticed you at the Botanical Garden party here last week and wondered who you were! You must come to my party tonight-- just a free and easy musical at my little bandbox in the slums.

YOGAMI (shaking his head)

Thank you, but I'm too busy a man for pleasure--

MISS ETTIE

Nonsense--very busy men come to my parties-- positively "the busiest--

(indicates Lady Forsythe over shoulder)

Lady Forsythe's bringing her son tonight-- could you find a busier man in all London than the Chief of Metropolitan Police of Scotland Yard)

(thrusts card at him)

Here's my card, Dr. Yokonama-- I never listen to excuses!

She beams at Yogami who bows first to her, then to Lisa, then exits.

MISS ETTIE (ecstatically)

What a perfectly delicious man--

Lisa staring after Yogami gives an instinctive little shudder.

DISSOLVE TO:

C-24 INT. GLENDON'S PRIVATE  
GREENHOUSE--LATE AFTERNOON

Glendon still working with his artificial moonlight rays on other blooms. No luck. Suddenly an electric alarm flashes. Quickly Glendon jumps to his feet, looks into a periscopic instrument. In the mirror of the instrument he sees Dr. Yogami stealthily approaching door to private greenhouse. In an instant he is on guard, picks up his coat from work bench, crosses to door, opens it and exits.

Glendon emerges from private greenhouse, locking door carefully behind him, faces Yogami, who looks up from orchidaceous plant he feigns to be examining.

GLENDON (quietly)  
How do you do, Yogami--  
didn't they tell you I  
wasn't seeing visitors to-  
day?

YOGAMI  
I thought perhaps you might  
see me--

GLENDON  
I'm afraid it's impossible--  
come another day and I'll  
be glad to show you about--

YOGAMI  
Another day--will be too  
late  
(he makes a gesture of  
despair)  
What will happen before  
morning I cannot say--  
tonight is the first night  
of the full moon--

GLENDON  
Still harping on that old  
wives' tales of yours, eh?

YOGAMI (with desperate sadness)  
If it were an old wives'  
tale.

Yogami's strange eyes  
are fixed on Glendon's  
forearm, scarred from the  
teeth of the wolf. Glendon  
quickly puts his jacket on.

GLENDON (harshly)  
What do you want of me,  
anyway? Why are you here to-  
day?

YOGAMI (pointing to private  
laboratory)  
One blossom of that flower  
on which you experiment in  
there would save two souls  
tonight.

GLENDON  
It's true I am experimenting  
on a plant--an exotic plant--  
I want to see if given cer-  
tain conditions it will grow  
on English soil--but my work  
is incomplete as yet--and  
it is in the interest of  
horticulture--not hobgoblins  
--and now I must bid you  
good day.

C-25 (CONTINUED)

C-9

YOGAMI (pleading)  
Will you not change your  
mind? Let me see the result  
of your experiments? I am  
a botanist myself of stand-  
ing-- I might help--

GLENDON (shaking his head cold-  
ly)  
No, sir--

YOGAMI (turning)  
Then there is nothing more to  
be said--

GLENDON  
Nothing...

Yogami stops, regards  
Glendon with his strange  
melancholy eyes--

YOGAMI  
Remember this, Glendon--  
the werewolf always seeks  
first to kill the thing it  
loves the best...

As the two men measure  
each other..Glendon asks,  
trying to make his voice  
casual---

GLENDON  
Er--by the way-- how would  
an afflicted person apply  
this blossom to ensure  
"normalcy?"

YOGAMI  
There is but one sure way--  
the flesh must be punctured  
by the thorn of the flower--  
and the essence injected  
by the little bulb at the  
stamen's base.

C-26 CLOSEUP GLENDON

as he receives this information--  
we see he is disturbed--he  
knows he did not apply the flower  
correctly. This must get over.

C-27 CLOSEUP YOGAMI

As he bows a little  
mockingly and exits..

FADE OUT

"THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON"

D-1

SEQUENCE "D"

FADE IN:  
D-1 INT. GLENDON'S LIBRARY.  
(NIGHT) - CLOSE SHOT

Glendon in dressing gown is seated on low chair which has been drawn close up to the book cases which reach from the floor to the ceiling. At his back is a step ladder such as is used in libraries to reach the books on the higher shelves. At his feet are piled books which he has taken from the shelves. The step ladder is laden with them at different heights. Glendon is immersed in an ancient, dusty looking book over which he is pouring. The room is in darkness, save for a small movable reading lamp which has been set on the step ladder.

D-2 CLOSEUP - INSERT OF BOOK

Glendon is reading. It is open at a page showing old wood cut of "Transvection of Man into Werewolf".

D-3 CLOSEUP - GLENDON'S FACE

intense, morose, absorbed. In the strange light it looks odd and somehow bestial and changed. He hears a noise, looks up, sees:

D-4 MED. SHOT - LISA AND PAUL

As they enter library to say good-bye. She is in evening dress, wrapped in a very beautiful and unusual evening coat of some Oriental brocade.

LISA  
We're leaving now.

GLENDON  
We?

LISA  
It's a little early but Paul wants to stop at his flat and change.

(CONT'D)

GLENDON (dryly)  
Yes? How are you planning  
to get back?

He does not look up from  
his book.

PAUL  
Naturally I shall get Lee  
back.

GLENDON  
Thank you.

D-5 CLOSE TWO SHOT - LISA  
AND GLENDON

Lisa goes toward him with  
a half pleading movement.

LISA  
Please, Wilfred, change your  
mind and come.

GLENDON  
No, thank you - I've listened  
to all the reminiscences of  
when you were eight and he  
was ten I care to hear to-  
night....

LISA  
Wilfred!

He gives a short un-  
pleasant laugh, waves his  
hand carelessly.

GLENDON  
Run along, Lisa, enjoy your-  
self.

D-6 CLOSE SHOT LISA

She does not know how to  
meet this strange new manner  
of Glendon's. She is re-  
luctant to leave, is ill  
at ease.

LISA  
You haven't seen what I've  
done with that brocade you  
brought me back from China --

She presses the electric  
switch and throws on the  
light.

D-7 MED. SHOT - GLENDON

For a moment the sudden  
illumination reveals Glendon's  
changed face. He covers his  
eyes, gives a harsh cry -  
(CONT'D)

D-7 (CONT'D)

Lisa obeys quickly, wonderingly. The room is again in semi-darkness. Lisa crosses to Glendon.

GLENDON  
Turn that light off - turn the beastly thing off -

LISA  
Whatever's the matter, Wilfred?

GLENDON  
I'm sorry..I put some drops in my eyes - light's bad for them....

LISA (plaintively)  
I wanted you to see my coat..

GLENDON  
Another time..please.

LISA (in an altered voice)  
Good night, Wilfred...

GLENDON  
Good night....

D-8 CLOSE SHOT - PAUL

Annoyed at the curtness and rudeness of Glendon toward Lisa.

PAUL (frigidly)  
Good night, Dr. Glendon....

D-9 MED. SHOT

Glendon turns, looks at Paul - his glance is menacing, malevolent. Jealousy gleams out of his shrouded eyes. He pauses a moment then says with a faintly mocking inflection....

GLENDON  
Good night....

Lisa and Paul turn to leave the room.

D-10 CLOSE SHOT GLENDON

He watches them go. His face softens.

GLENDON

Lisa! Lisa!

Lisa goes to him. He takes her in his arms.

(tenderly)  
Good-night....

D-11 FULL SHOT

Lisa and Paul exit. Glendon stares after them. His face is contorted.

SOUND: Door bell ringing.

Glendon becomes alert, listens.

D-12 INT. MAIN HALL - GLENDON MANOR

Paul and Lisa have reached the front door just as a servant is admitting Dr. Phillips. On seeing Dr. Phillips, Lisa gives a cry of surprise....

LISA

Why, Dr. Phillips - What brings you here?

DR. PHILLIPS

Wilfred telephoned me early this evening to come out....

LISA

(more surprised)  
He did? How strange -  
(indicating Paul)  
Dr. Phillips, do you know Mr. Ames?

The men bow. Lisa continues.

What did Wilfred say when he called you?

DR. PHILLIPS

Nothing..merely said he wanted to see me.

LISA

(dubiously)  
I wonder if I ought to go out..after all?

DR. PHILLIPS (picking up his bag)

Certainly you should....  
(reassuringly)  
Just because Wilfred wants to see an old friend who also happens to be his doctor..don't go presuming he wants a physic.

(CONT'D)

D-12 (CONT'D)

Nods his good night and starts toward library.

Lisa, with a little worried backward look, exits through front door which butler is holding open, Paul follows.

PAUL'S VOICE (as door closes)  
What a glorious full moon...

CAMERA SHOOTING THROUGH CLOSING DOOR, shows garden bathed in light of full moon.

D-13 MED. SHOT INT  
GLENDON'S LIBRARY

Glendon reading. Knock at door.

SOUND: Knock at door.

GLENDON (calling)  
Come!

Dr. Phillips enters. Glendon rises, shakes hands nervously.

GLENDON  
It doesn't get any better, Doctor..I'm really worried.. Look at me....

He lifts lamp and holds it so light is thrown on his face.

D-14 CLOSEUP

We see evidences of hair creeping down on forehead and definite growth of beard.

GLENDON (continuing)  
I shaved just before dinner, too -

Dr. Phillips looks closely at Glendon's face, touching the growing hair. Glendon continues talking -

I can actually seem to feel it grow. There's something damned uncanny about it.... somehow it doesn't feel like hair....

He regards the doctor anxiously, almost pleadingly.

DR. PHILLIPS  
It was just a month ago you noticed it first, wasn't it?

(CONT'D)

GLENDON (nodding)  
It was a month ago I decided  
to speak to you about it....  
but I had known for some time  
that something was wrong....

DR. PHILLIPS  
I'm still convinced it's  
glandular, and temporary,  
but we'll have a consultation,  
if you like....

GLENDON  
I have the oddest feeling it  
has something to do with the  
moon....

DR. PHILLIPS  
Why?

GLENDON  
There's very little appreci-  
able growth during the waning  
of the moon - then as the  
moon waxes....

He pulls up sleeve  
of dressing gown revealing  
arm covered with matted  
hair....

Look...most of this has  
appeared in the last few  
hours....

DR. PHILLIPS (worried)  
Um...Um....

Taps his fingers on  
table.

I think I'll call Sir James  
Raines..he's possibly the  
greatest authority on the  
hirsute in the world...  
Where's your London book?

GLENDON (taking up telephone book)  
Sir James Raines?..I'll find  
the number for you.

Dr. Phillips stares at  
Glendon for a moment - then  
leans forward, observing  
Glendon closely as he  
studies the telephone book.  
Suddenly he rises decisively.

DR. PHILLIPS  
On second thought, I won't  
call Raines - if I leave now  
I can probably catch him at  
the Medical Club - he always  
drops in there for a night  
cap' -  
(takes Glendon's hand,  
pats it)

D-15 (CONT'D)

DR. PHILLIPS (cont'd)  
 I'll call you tomorrow,  
 Wilfred -- don't think too  
 much about things -

He picks up bag and  
 exits.

D-16

Glendon paces up and down  
 room, wrapped in gloomy  
 thoughts. He pours himself  
 a drink, picks up cat, seats  
 himself and begins to read  
 a periodical.

Moonlight streaming through  
 window, strikes him directly.  
 As this occurs the cat leaps  
 from Glendon's lap and backs  
 away, spitting....

D-17 CLOSE SHOT - CAT

Its fur bristling, spitting  
 at Glendon.

D-18 MED. CLOSE SHOT - GLENDON

staring at cat. Suddenly he  
 gives a wild laugh and starts  
 for cat.

D-19 LONG SHOT

As animal scrambles around  
 room, Glendon trying to catch  
 it.

D-20 MED. SHOT

As cat leaps through open  
 window. Glendon's laughter  
 is grisly, hellish. Suddenly  
 he jumps out of window after  
 cat..

D-21 TRAVELING SHOT - GARDEN

As Glendon runs through  
 gardens, dodging the direct  
 shafts of the moon, keeping  
 to the shadows. Entering  
 orchid house he reaches door  
 of his private experimental  
 conservatory and fumbles with  
 lock in desperate hurry, opens  
 door and slams it behind him.

(CONT'D)

D-21 (CONT'D)

He stands in shadows, looking at scene bathed in moonlight from skylight.

D-22 MED. SHOT LABORATORY

But there is no glimmering blossom. The three blossoms seen earlier in the day have been torn from the plant.

Glendon stares about him distractedly. What has happened? What shall he do? Suddenly he notices that the skylight above has been broken. Directly under this spot are footprints.... where the intruder has landed from above.....

D-23 CLOSEUP. FOOTPRINTS

CAMERA MOVES to show a plant from which flower has been broken.

D-24 MED. CLOSEUP GLENDON

Moonlight streaming down on him....Now the moonlight strikes him full..and before our eyes we see the horrible phenomena of transvection as man merges into wolf! He leaps from the laboratory.

QUICK WIPE TO:

D-25 MISS ETTIE COOMBE'S DRAWING ROOM - LONDON - (NIGHT)

This is a small room, on the second floor, width and breadth of a little Charlesian house which has been "redone". A curved staircase leads up from below and continues to the story above. The room is packed with personalities. All the seats are occupied and people are sitting anywhere they can. More are pouring up from below. Miss Ettie is right when she says everybody comes to her parties. Here society and Bohemia meet in a mutual crush. A stout prima donna is singing and Miss Ettie is moving about shushing people,

(CONT'D)

D-25 (CONT'D)

a cocktail glass in her hand. A stout dowager puffing up the stairs suddenly falls backwards and gives a bleat.

DOWAGER (shrilly)  
Someone's on my train --

D-26

MISS ETTIE (pouncing on her)  
Sh - sh - sh! Madame  
Ballelotte is singing -  
sh! - sh! - sh!

DOWAGER  
Someone is on my train!

MISS ETTIE  
Sh - sh - sh!

DOWAGER (almost in tears)  
I can't help it - I'm being  
pulled backwards -

MISS ETTIE  
Sh - ussh!

D-27

We see crowd coming up  
staircase. LISA AND PAUL  
ARE DIRECTLY BEHIND DOWAGER.

CAMERA ON LISA as she realizes  
she is standing on train.  
She moves foot releasing dow-  
ager, whispers to Paul behind  
her hand.

D-28

LISA (with a giggle)  
I told you I'd be stepping  
on trains tonight!

Paul laughs. Dowager re-  
leased, moves forward, casting  
angry glances backward. Miss  
Ettie stands finger on lips at  
head of stairs shaking hands  
as her guests pass by.

D-29

As prima donna stops singing  
there is a sudden babble of  
conversation.

D-30

Miss Ettie gives a "hostess cry" as she recognizes Colonel Sir Thomas and his mother, Lady Forsythe coming up the stairs..the former an important looking person with imposing moustaches.

MISS ETTIE (swooping down upon the Forsythes)  
Ah-h-h!

D-31

Renwick is seated on floor with pretty girl, winks at her, whispers behind his hand....

RENWICK  
Ah-h-h! - The "hostess cry"!

D-32

MISS ETTIE  
Dear Lady Forsythe - how amazing of you to succeed in bringing your son!  
(clutching Col. Forsythe by arm, whisks him over people sitting on the floor regardless of legs and feet, gestures broadly)  
Sh-sh-sh! - sh-sh-sh! I want to warn everybody to be careful who they murder here tonight -- ha ha ha - we have with us no less a person than Colonel Sir Thomas Forsythe, Chief of the Metropolitan police of Scotland Yard - isn't he a big lion for my mouse of a house!

As she talks, she tilts the glass she is holding. It splashes on young Renwick, completely ruining his immaculate shirt front. He smothers a swear word, turns to the girl, remarks sotto voce.

D-33

RENWICK (wiping his shirt)  
I wouldn't be surprised if a murder was done -

The girl titters. Miss Ettie realizes what she has done, exclaims.

D-34

MISS ETTIE

I'm so sorry! No one should  
 ever drink at their own  
 parties - should they?

RENWICK (loudly)

No!

D-35

At this moment Miss Ettie  
 sees Dr. Yogami who has  
 arrived and is coming toward  
 her, picking his way with  
 difficulty over the people  
 on the floor.

MISS ETTIE (giving another "hostess  
 cry")

Ah-h-h-h -- Doctor Yokohama!  
 -- So good of you to come -

Renwick, when Ettie passes  
 at this moment, imitates the  
 cry of his companion's merri-  
 ment.

(to Col. Forsythe)  
 You two deep men should know  
 each other.

COL. FORSYTHE (curtly)

We've met - somewhere -

Yogami bows. His face  
 is an enigma.

D-36 EXT. FIELDS - (NIGHT)

adjacent to Glendon Manor.  
 The Manor house in background.  
 Berie shot of were-wolf slink-  
 ing across field away from  
 Manor.

D-37 EXT. BALCONY - (NIGHT)

Outside Miss Ettie Coombe's  
 drawing room. Miss Ettie and  
 Yogami are standing on bal-  
 cony. She is showing him the  
 view. To left, Thames River  
 bathed in mist. To right, a  
 flight of steps leading up to  
 street, in the neighborhood of  
 Whitechapel.

MISS ETTIE

Yes - my bedroom's upstairs  
 on the street level. Those  
 steps there lead down to my  
 front door. Isn't it romantic  
 to have the Thames lapping  
 at one's threshold?.. It sings  
 me to sleep every night...  
 Pos'tively - positively -

(CONT'D)

D-37 (CONT'D)

It is evident Miss Ettie is "tight". She holds a cocktail glass in her hand, and her speech has become vague and thick. Her hair is disarranged and her eyes are popping. She points off -

MISS ETTIE

That's Whitechapel over there. Worse district in London. Knife you for a shilling... Positively. All my friends think I'm mad, simply mad, to live over here - but I say what's the difference? Everything's fate - don't you agree with me, Dr. Yokohoma?

SOUND: Baying of a wolf is suddenly heard.

D-38 CLOSEUP OF YOGAMI

He is tense.

D-39 CLOSEUP OF MISS ETTIE

In spite of the drink she is frightened.

MISS ETTIE (listening)  
What's that?

D-40 CLOSEUP OF YOGAMI

YOGAMI

A lost soul....perhaps....

D-41 TWO SHOT

MISS ETTIE (shivering)  
Ugh..let's go in....

She pulls at French window leading back into drawing room.

D-42 INT. MISS ETTIE'S DRAWING ROOM - (NIGHT) - DOLLY SHOT

The piano playing has stopped. Everyone is listening to the strange weird baying sound. Miss Ettie and Yogami enter from balcony. The sound seems to draw nearer.

RENWICK (to girl)  
I'll say that dog is out for little or no good!

(CONT'D)

D-42 (CONT'D)

MISS ETTIE

It isn't a 'dog' - it's a loch  
shoul! Ha, ha, ha!

All eyes turn to  
Miss Ettie who is  
"weaving" dangerously.  
Yogami carefully steers  
her through the tangle  
of guests. Lisa looks  
worried and signifi-  
cantly touches Paul's arm.  
Paul nods.

PAUL (sotta voce)  
We'd better get her upstairs,  
I think.

Lisa nods. She and Paul  
quickly get on either side  
of Miss Ettie and unobtrus-  
ively steer her toward stairs.

LISA (to Yogami)  
I think my aunt is feeling a  
little ill....

Yogami bows, withdraws.  
The guests exchange sig-  
nificant shrugs and smiles.

D-43 INT. STAIRCASE - MISS ETTIE'S  
HOUSE - NIGHT

Lisa and Paul assisting Miss  
Ettie upstairs to her bed-  
room. Miss Ettie is giggling  
in a high, shrill key, and  
stumbling at every step.

SOUND: Miss Ettie's shrill  
giggling, the mel-  
ancholy, unearthly  
bay of the wolf. It  
is now very close.

D-44 INT. MISS ETTIE'S BEDROOM -  
(NIGHT)

The window is open and the  
moonlight shines into the  
room. Door opens and Paul  
and Lisa enter assisting Miss  
Ettie.

MISS ETTIE (thickly)  
One shouldn't drink at one's  
own parties - but I get so  
nervous - I get so nervous -  
I get so NERVOUS!

With this she flops on  
chaise longue. Lisa puts  
her evening cloak over  
Miss Ettie as a coverlet.  
(CONT'D)

B-44 (CONT'D)

PAUL

She'll be all right...I'll open the window and give her some air....

He crosses room, opens window. Lisa stands waiting. There is a loud snore from Miss Ettie. Paul and Lisa exchange an amused glance - a glance of growing intimacy and understanding as they tip-toe out of room.

D-45 INT - STAIRCASE - MISS ETTIE'S HOUSE

Paul and Lisa start down the stairs, walking softly, she preceding him. He leans forward, catches her hand.

PAUL

Lee - let's vamoose....

LISA

Let's --  
(hesitates)  
But how about my beautiful coat?

PAUL

You can wear my beautiful coat - and we'll drive back the long way by the river -

SOUND: Wolf cry - very near.

LISA

(clutching Paul)  
What is that horrible sound? -  
What is it?

PAUL

(tightening his hold on Lisa)  
If I were back on the ranch I'd say it was a coyote with a bad dream - but in London -

He listens, frankly puzzled.

SOUND: Wolf cry - nearer.

D-46 INT. MISS ETTIE'S DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT

Everyone is listening to the strange baying....

RENWICK

You can't tell me that's a dog -

(CONT'D)

D-46 (CONT'D)

YOGAMI

You are right - it's a wolf -

RENEWICK (noticing Yogami's fear)

I say - you're shaking all  
over -

Yogami licks his lips,  
tries to smile. Colonel  
Forsythe gives an incred-  
ulous laugh.

COL FORSYTHE

Bah! - There isn't a wolf this  
side of Northumberland except  
in a zoo.D-47 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MISS  
ETTIE'S HOUSE

With camera effects and  
shadows on walls, we see  
approach of the wolf-man.  
The creature throws back  
his head and yowls at the  
moon. Suddenly we see the  
shadow leap into the air.

D-48 EXT. MISS ETTIE'S WINDOW  
LEDGE - (NIGHT)

Wolf silhouetted for a moment  
in the open window - then it  
disappears inside.

D-49 INT. MISS ETTIE'S BEDROOM  
(NIGHT)

SHADOWGRAPH OF WOLF coming  
closer to Miss Ettie, lying  
on chaise longue covered by  
Lisa's cloak.

SHADOW OF WOLF suddenly mater-  
ializes into werewolf (Glendon)  
standing over Miss Ettie. He  
lifts folds of cloak - smells  
it - peers into Miss Ettie's  
face, just as she awakens.  
Werewolf leaps away and jumps  
out of window. On the wall we  
see shadowgraph of wolf leap-  
ing - Miss Ettie begins to scream.

D-50 INT - STAIRCASE - MISS ETTIE'S  
HOUSE

Lisa and Paul hear scream of  
Miss Ettie and dash upstairs.

Music stops with a bang as Miss Ettie's scream is repeated. Everyone starts to run toward stairs. Colonel Forsythe in lead, signals Renwick to keep the company back. Yogami, horrified, catches Lisa.

YOGAMI

Don't go up there, Mrs. Glendon.

Lisa breaks his grip and runs up the stairs. Yogami slinks into a corner - reaches for a drink. It drops from his nerveless fingers.

D-52 INT. MISS ETTIE'S BEDROOM

People are surrounding Miss Ettie, who is weeping violently. Lisa rushes in and tries to comfort her. She is gibbering with fear - shaking, shuddering. Colonel Forsythe enters hastily.

MISS ETTIE (sobbing hysterically)  
My wicked worldliness has caught me at last! The Babu of Garokha always said I would! Yah - yah - yah!

LISA

Sh - sh -

MISS ETTIE

The devil's been here. He had green eyes! He clawed at me! He was covered with hair - ugh - ugh - a!

PAUL (soothingly)

You're all right, Miss Ettie - you've had a nightmare - that's all.

MISS ETTIE

No - no - I felt a horrible hot breath on my face - and woke up - and there he was covered with hair - I screamed.

(pointing to window)

He went out of that window.

Col. Forsythe crosses quickly to window, examines ledge. Paul follows.

D-53 CLOSEUP - LEDGE

Powdered with soot. Paul pokes his finger into soot making mark in it... Looks lingeringly at Col. Forsythe, who shrugs.

D-54 TWO SHOT - PAUL AND COL. FORSYTHE AT WINDOW

COL FORSYTHE (dryly)  
Of course, I'm not here on official business, but I think I can assert with conviction that the devil nor any other beast or man has crossed this ledge tonight.

PAUL

No - nothing's touched that soot - not even a broom.... for weeks. I'd can my chamber maid if I were you, Miss Ettie....

MISS ETTIE

If anyone of you dares to tell me I've been dreaming I shan't answer for the consequences.

COL. FORSYTHE (looking at his watch)

It's getting late - I'm quite sure the party's over -

LISA

Lie down, Aunt Ettie -

Miss Ettie falls back on chaise longue - Lisa strokes her brow -

QUICK DISSOLVE TO

D-55 EXT. LONDON STREET - (NIGHT)

The narrow street is dimly lit except for the gas lights. We see the shadow of the wolf-man. It is going in the opposite direction now - away from Miss Ettie's house. On the other side of the street, a little beggar, standing under a light, notices what she thinks is a man with a peaked cap - she starts to follow.

D-56 TRAVELING SHOT

Shadow of wolf-man, the beggar following. She draws closer to him. They are almost together now.

(CONT'D)

BEGGAR

Please, mister, spare me a penny.

Shadow moves away from girl who hastens her footsteps.

She gains on shadow, which seems to pause.. She hesitates .. then moves forward with a cracked little laugh.

The shadow moves away from the girl and slinks toward the dark opening of a courtyard.

BEGGAR

I could do with a cup of coffee, mister, if the same is favorable to you...

There is no answer. She is a little frightened now at this strange person, but here is the courage of desperation. She sidles forward.

BEGGAR

Just a penny, mister--

The were-wolf turns and the girl sees his face for the first time under the gas lamp. Startled, she darts into the black court. The were-wolf hesitates a second-- then runs in after her and we hear her scream.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

E-1 INT. LIVING ROOM. DR. YOGAMI'S LODGINGS

This is the living room of a charming hotel suite, indicating that Yogami is a man of means.

Yogami, pale and haggard, in dressing gown, is sitting over an untouched breakfast tray. He is reading the newspaper account of the murder of the beggar girl in Whitechapel.

INSERT: newspaper with headlines:

BRUTAL WHITECHAPEL KILLING  
UNIDENTIFIED GIRL HIDEOUSLY MANGLED

The body of a young woman was found in a courtyard off Goose Lane early today.....

E-2 C.U. YOGAMI

Dr. Yogami's tortured face as he reads ---

E-3 MED. SHOT

A buxom London chambermaid who enters to remove the breakfast tray. She hovers in the background, as though fearful of disturbing Dr. Yogami. She sees -

E-4 CLOSE-UP

Three mariphasa blossoms on the table - two fresh and blooming in hocus-pocus pot - the other dead, lying beside pot.

E-5 MED. SHOT

Maid sidles over and looks at flowers - picks up dead flower - examines it. She has never seen anything like it before!

MAID

This pore flower looks like it slipped off and died on its own ---- whatever is it, Sir? I never see nothing like it.

YOGAMI

(as he drops paper, rises quickly, pushes slavey away from flowers)

E-6 CLOSE TWO SHOT

(harshly)  
Don't touch those flowers, girl.

(CONTINUED)

MAID

I meant no harm, Sir -- it's only I'm that fond o' flowers seems like I can't keep my fingers off them.

YOGAMI

(sorry he has been harsh)  
That's all right, Millic...  
(takes coin from robe of  
dressing gown)  
Go buy yourself a nice pot of  
primroses --  
(gives slavey coin)

MAID

(gratefully)  
Oh, thank you, Sir...  
(notices he hasn't eaten  
breakfast)  
You ain't touched your  
breakfuss --- aren't you  
feeling well, Sir?

Yogami does not reply. He has picked up the paper and the expression on his face is so anguished, so tortured, that the maid, with a frightened backward look, exits.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-7 INT...COL. FORSYTHE'S PRIVATE  
OFFICE...SCOTLAND YARD HEAD-  
QUARTERS...MORNING

Col. Forsythe is seated at a desk. Several of his aides are about him. He is questioning Patrolman Jenkins -- a fat London "bobby", somewhat comical in appearance - with his air of dejection and general dismay.

COL. FORSYTHE (impatiently)

Yes, Yes, go on, Patrolman  
Jenkins -- hearing these cries  
you ran in the direction they  
seemed to be coming from?

Clerk enters, speaks in  
a low voice to Col. Forsythe,  
who nods, says curtly-

COL. FORSYTHE

Show him in...  
(to Jenkins)  
Go on, hearing these cries you  
ran in the direction they were  
coming from...

JENKINS (as tho on the verge of  
tears)

Yes, sir - blood-curdling  
they was and I took off as  
fast as anyone could that  
was suffering from broken  
arches --

(CONTINUED)

JENKINS (he blows his nose loudly)  
-- broken arches acquired in the line of duty, sir --

E-8

Paul enters. Colonel Forsythe looks up, nods-

PAUL  
Morning, uncle -- am I too early?

COL. FORSYTHE (gruffly)  
I shan't be able to go with you this morning --  
(picks up morning paper, hands it to Paul)  
Seen the papers?

Paul shakes his head.  
Forsythe points to article.

Read this.

As Paul takes paper we catch a brief glimpse of headline.

E-9 INSERT:  
BRUTAL MURDER IN WHITECHAPEL

E-10 COL. FORSYTHE

Turns to Jenkins.

COL. FORSYTHE  
It was some minutes then before you located the fatality, Jenkins?

JENKINS (sniffing)  
Yes, sir. At Goose Lane my arches crack and I come a cropper --  
(shakes his head - takes out handkerchief)

COL. FORSYTHE  
Go on - go on -

JENKINS in a hollow voice)  
Then I see what I see and my stomach takes such a turn my arches crack again -- twenty years I've been on the force -- but never nothing did I ever see like that --  
(he rolls up his eyes expressing the utmost horror)

COL. FORSYTHE (turning to one of his aides)  
The spot has been thoroughly investigated?

AIDE (helplessly)  
Six of our best men are  
working on the case --- a  
very nasty matter, sir ---  
it has the look of a Ripper  
atrocitiy ---

JENKINS (nodding wisely)  
I've heard my granny talk of  
Jack the Ripper -- He was  
quite the horror when she were  
a young lady.

(This is an aside to one  
of the aides. It is accom-  
panied by a smack of the  
lips. Jenkins has a relish  
for horrors!)

Col. Forsythe makes a  
motion in dismissal of  
Jenkins. Jenkins exits  
with a reluctant backward  
look. (He would like to  
continue with the horror)  
Paul lays newspaper on the  
desk - he is thinking -

PAUL  
Any clue yet?

Col. Forsythe shakes  
his head.

PAUL (continues)  
Goose Lane...The thing must  
have happened somewhere near  
Miss Ettie's house...

COL. FORSYTHE  
Quite near - yes -

Paul picks up paper,  
glances at it again -

PAUL  
It seems there were wounds on  
the girl's throat a wild  
animal might have made --  
(pauses - thinks)  
If that wasn't a wolf baying  
last night -- I'm nuts!  
(pauses again - then with  
half a laugh)

Our dear Miss Ettie may not  
have been as swacked as we  
thought she was when she  
yelled that something was  
trying to get into the window.

COL. FORSYTHE (his hand on news-  
paper)  
In view of this occurrence --  
I rather wondered myself if  
there could be any connection  
--- but whatever Miss Coombes  
saw, it wasn't a wolf -- not  
in London --- be sure of that--

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (lightly)  
I see I can't help you ---  
I have only one other brilliant  
suggestion --- how about a  
were-wolf then? I'll bet you  
never thought of that?

COL. FORSYTHE  
This is Scotland Yard, boy --  
not Grimm's Fairy Tales -

PAUL (rises as tho to go)  
Well, there's more things in  
Heaven and Earth, etcetera,  
Horatio, you know...  
(pauses, sits down again)  
Funny thing -- while I was  
flying in Yucatan last year  
the authorities were cuckoo  
over a series of murders --  
not unlike this one -- always  
preceded by the yowling of a  
wolf -- then one night they  
shot something slinking thru  
the hills and the murders  
ceased....

Col. Forsythe is listening  
as tho to something interesting  
but unimportant. His attention  
is half with Paul and half with  
his own preoccupations.  
Paul continues-

I saw the thing --- it was  
neither wolf nor man but a  
revolting obscene combination  
of both...

COL. FORSYTHE (impatiently)  
Yes - yes - I've seen the hairy  
dog men of the Baltic --

PAUL  
This was different -- an old  
German archeologist showed me  
carvings of the critter - on  
some ancient ruins -- said it  
was the were-wolf of fact and  
fable -- every myth, they say,  
has its base in some truth,  
you know....

COL. FORSYTHE  
Your wisdom overpowers me...

PAUL (rises - starts to exit)  
Don't let it throw you too  
much, that's all! -- but if  
any more of your citizens are  
found stark and cold -- just  
remember, nephew warned you!  
(laughs)  
We'll go out to the field  
tomorrow, instead, eh?

COL. FORSYTHE  
Right.

(CONTINUED)

PAUL (at door)  
Oh - or - I forgot to tell  
you --- they shot a real wolf  
afterwards....  
(Exits)

E-11 INT. BREAKFAST ROOM  
GLENDON MANOR. MORNING

Lisa is seated at breakfast  
table, talking over the  
telephone to Paul.

LISA  
...I think I might even  
persuade Wilfred to go for  
once. Anyway, I shall expect  
you, Paul....dinner at eight,  
good-bye --

She hangs up receiver, her  
eyes glowing, looks up as  
Glendon enters room. He is  
pale, but groomed and  
freshly shaved. He looks  
his usual self. Lisa smiles  
brightly.

LISA  
I've just been talking with  
Paul...he proposes we all go  
for a moonlight ride tonight..

GLENDON (absently)  
.I'm sorry I can't.

He crosses to side-board,  
looks at hot dishes laid out --  
kidneys, etc., then shakes his  
head at butler who offers him  
a plate.

Only tea and a little dry  
toast.

BUTLER  
The kidneys is especially  
good this morning, sir...

GLENDON (with an imperceptible  
little shudder)  
No - thanks -

He picks up morning paper,  
glances at it - puts it down  
hastily - takes cup of tea,  
drinks it down at a gulp.  
Lisa looks at Glendon sorrow-  
fully -- she is obviously  
upset and worried. She gets  
up from her place and sits in  
place next to him.

LISA  
Something's wrong - very, very  
wrong - tell me what it is,  
won't you, dear?

(CONTINUED)

GLENDON (quickly)  
What makes you think anything's  
wrong?

LISA (twisting a spoon  
miserably)  
I don't know -- all I know is  
I'm worried to death....

GLENDON (nervously)  
I shall be all right -- once  
I'm satisfied with the experi-  
ment I'm making...

LISA (suddenly)  
I'd like to burn that laborato-  
ry and everything in it --  
this work isn't making you  
happy. Wilfred -- I know  
you're always absorbed and  
single-tracked when you're  
working -- but you're thrilled  
and excited -- there's a light  
in your eye--what I see in your  
eye now--makes me afraid.

GLENDON  
Nonsense, Lisa -- don't say  
such things...

LISA  
And you're disagreeable to me  
now -- you never used to be --

GLENDON  
If I'm disagreeable -- you  
seem to have found someone  
sufficiently agreeable to make  
up for it....

LISA  
Now you're being utterly  
hateful --

GLENDON  
Tell me the truth -- you'd  
never have married me, would  
you, if Paul Ames hadn't gone  
to America --  
(She doesn't reply  
instantly. He presses  
the point)  
What made you marry me,  
anyhow?

LISA (with a tremulous little  
laugh)  
What made Desdemona marry  
Othello --  
(puts her handkerchief  
to her eyes and dabs a  
tear away)  
When you talked to me of all  
the strange places you'd been -  
Abyssinia - Samarkand -  
Timbuctoo - I - I couldn't  
resist you...

GLENDON  
Why, Lisa - you're crying...

LISA  
You see, part of the trouble  
is - you never talk to me any  
more....

GLENDON (tortured, contrite,  
miserable)  
I know - I know - bear with me  
a little longer, Lisa..  
(he rises - lifts her  
hands to his mouth -  
kisses them wildly)  
I love you, Lisa - you know I  
do -- do you really want me to  
go on this ride tonight --

LISA (her eyes happy)  
If you only knew how much --

GLENDON  
Then I'll go...

Butler enters.

BUTLER

Dr. Phillips on the phone,  
sir...

GLENDON (shortly)

I'll take it in the library...

Rises, starts to exit...

E-13 INT. DR. PHILLIPS' OFFICE.  
LONDON...MORNING...

Dr. Phillips is talking...

DR. PHILLIPS

Is that you, Wilfred?...  
I saw Sir James last night...  
talked with him two hours...  
I've an appointment at noon  
for you...

(pause - then Phillips  
says decidedly)

You must keep the appoint-  
ment...He said things outside  
my ken in medicine...No, I  
can't tell you now what he  
said...but they frightened  
me, coming from a scientist.  
I had always thought such  
things stuff for nurses to  
frighten naughty children  
with...

E-14 INT..LIBRARY...  
GLENDON MANOR..MORNING..

Glendon at telephone talking  
to Dr. Phillips.

GLENDON (making his voice natural)  
I'll see him as soon as I  
return and find out what all  
this tosh is...

(forces a laugh)

I know -- I know -- Last  
night I had the jumps or the  
exaggerations or something...  
I'm all myself this morning...  
awfully good of you to be  
alarmed but you mustn't be...  
I'll call you up directly I  
get back from Leicestershire..

He puts up receiver...  
sits thinking, his face  
is contorted with some  
horrible fear -- his eyes  
black with agony and horror.

DISSOLVE TO:

E-15 INT. GLENDON'S PRIVATE EXPERIMENTAL  
GREENHOUSE...AFTERNOON

Glendon working on flowers -

(CONTINUED)

injecting fluid, etc. He works desperately - adjusts moonbeam levers. There is no result. One small bud but no flower as yet. He looks at watch. It is evident he has been working all day to no result. He examines his hands. He touches his face. He shudders. In awful despair he lifts his arms upward almost in prayer. He knows the night is coming and in the full of the moon the awful transvection that will again take place. There is no antidote! He beats his hands together in frenzy, cries out in agony. There is a touch of the wolf bay in his voice.

SOUND:

Knock on laboratory door.

Quickly Glendon goes to door, cautiously opens it-- Hawkins, the head gardener, stands outside -

HAWKINS

Did you call, sir?

GLENDON (to Hawkins)

Come in, Hawkins -

(points)

Some one's broken the glass on the laboratory roof --

(he closes door to outside)

HAWKINS (looking up)

Them nasty village boys with their throwin' stones at birds. They ought to all be birched with their breeches down --

GLENDON

I'm going away for a day or two -- Watch things, will you -- and mend the glass yourself, Hawkins.

HAWKINS

That I will, sir -

Hawkins crosses and looks at plant -- few abortive buds, but no blossoms -- looks at Glendon, starts back, shocked at the awful despair in Glendon's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

HAWKINS

What - what's the matter, sir --- can't you make 'em bloom today --- don't the moonlight work?

Glendon doesn't answer.

HAWKINS (continues)

The real moon'll be up in a little while, sir - then maybe they'll come out -

GLENDON

I can't wait for that ---  
(looks at watch)  
I've got to hurry - if I'm to make that train.

Starts out of laboratory, Hawkins following - frightened - not knowing why.

E-16 INT. OUTSIDE LABORATORY..  
EVENING.

As Glendon emerges from laboratory and locks door after himself and Hawkins, Lisa, and Paul, in riding clothes, come into scene.

LISA

We've got to start in a few minutes, Wilfred, if we're to see the moon rise -- Pomeroy has laid out your clothes.

GLENDON (roughly)

I can't go -- I have to take a run into Leicestershire for a few days - to see Bransby -

LISA (disappointed)

Wilfred!..

GLENDON (impatiently)

He just wired me - has a new shipment of bulbs from Burma -

LISA

Can't you put it off until tomorrow - and ride tonight?

GLENDON

No - and you're not (to ride tonight, either -- I forbid it - I forbid it - do you understand?

LISA

What?

(CONTINUED)

E-16 (CONTINUED)

GLENDON

I won't have my wife galli-  
vanting around in the moon-  
light - for all the county  
to see -

LISA (calmly)

I'm ready for my ride --  
and I intend to ride --

GLENDON

Then come back before the  
moon rises - promise me  
you'll do that -

LISA

I shall promise you nothing  
of the sort -- I shall ride  
tonight and tomorrow night  
and the next night - every  
night there's a moon, in  
fact -

(to Paul)

Come, Paul --

Paul follows Lisa -  
Glendon half follows,  
cries out:

GLENDON

Lisa - don't go - don't go -

LISA (turning)

Of course I'm going -

She doesn't hear his half  
sob as he turns away:

GLENDON

Lisa -- Lisa -

F A D E O U T

"WEREWOLF OF LONDON"SEQUENCE "F"

FADE IN:

F-1 EXT. TRAVELING SHOT...  
EARLY EVENING...WHITECHAPEL  
STREET

We pick up East London types as they pass or stand huddled in doorways. Children are screaming. Other children are dancing to the music of an accordion. There are scraps of Coster song. Somewhere a hurdy gurdy is playing. People are yelling from window to window, or bawling pleasantries to each other. Glendon enters scene. The gas lights play on his face. The hirsute is perceptible. He looks up. The rain has obscured the moon. As he walks along he rubs his hands together, scratching his palms. He comes to a "pub" - pauses - then enters.

F-2 INT. WHITECHAPEL..."PUB"

It is the hour when the White-chapel charlady sits down to her glass of gin and the White-chapel gentry foregathers for his pint of porter. This must be a typical scene of East London, with carefully selected types. We must get the flavor without stressing the accent of the Cockney.

Glendon proceeds to the bar and stands watching the scene. A bibulous lady, looking like a George Belcher drawing - pushes past him and smothering a hic-cough pounds on the bar to attract the barman's attention.

F-3

BIBULOUS LADY  
Two gins for two ladies!

BARMAN (squints at her - he sees only one lady)  
Two ladies?

BIBULOUS LADY  
Two ladies --

(CONTINUED)

F-3 (CONTINUED)

BARMAN  
Where's the other lady --

BIBULOUS LADY (her eyes focusing  
in two directions)  
What's the matter with your  
eyes, young man, can't you  
see -- I'm -- I'm -- both of  
'em --

She hiccoughs and stares  
at him with dignity.

F-4

Glendon addresses Barman  
as he pours drinks for  
Bibulous Lady.

GLENDON  
Do you know anyone who rents  
rooms in this neighborhood?

Barman jerks his thumb  
in direction of backroom  
where people are sitting at  
tables with plates of fish  
and chips, tripe stew and  
various other delectables  
before them.

BARMAN  
You might try Mother Mon-  
caster in there -- the lady  
with feathers eatin' a plate  
o' tripe --

GLENDON  
Thanks -

F-5

He moves away from bar in  
direction of back room.  
As he goes Bibulous Lady  
shrills after him.

BIBULOUS LADY  
My - but ain't he got  
beautiful whiskers!

She pounds on bar.

Two gins for two ladies,  
young man --

BARMAN  
Where's the other lady?

BIBULOUS LADY (with hauteur)  
Mrs. Jones, sir, is in the  
gutter!  
(she glares at Barman)

F-6 INT. WHITECHAPEL "PUB"  
BACK ROOM

Glendon enters, pauses un-  
certainly - crosses to table  
where two charwomen are sit-  
ting, drinking gin and eating  
plates of tripe. They wear  
feathered hats and veils...  
(Mrs. Moncaster and Mrs. Whack)

MRS. WHACK (lifting glass)  
Here's to you, Mrs. Moncaster  
-- it's a treat to see you --

MRS. MONCASTER (responding)  
It's a treat to see you,  
Mrs. Whack --  
(drinks)  
How's your daughter?

MRS. WHACK  
My daughter has a position in  
the West End now --

MRS. MONCASTER  
You don't say?

MRS. WHACK (proudly)  
She's assistant in a massago  
shop --

MRS. MONCASTER  
Um! Pleasant work, I hear --  
if you can get it --  
(pause - then-)

MRS. WHACK  
Don't you find your tripe  
'tough, Mrs. Moncaster?

MRS. MONCASTER  
Why no, Mrs. Whack, can't  
say as I do --

MRS. WHACK  
Mine is -- and I intend to  
complain at once --

F-7 CLOSEUP MRS. MONCASTER  
STARING AT MRS. WHACK

Whose veil has dropped down.

MRS. MONCASTER  
It isn't the tripe you're  
eating, Mrs. Whack -- it's  
your veil!

F-8 CLOSEUP...MRS. WHACK

Spluttering and trying to  
catch her veil.

F-9 MED. SHOT...GLENDON  
STANDING BACK OF THE  
LADIES

---

He speaks gently.

GLENDON

Do either of you ladies have rooms to let?

MRS. MONCASTER (all smiles)

Indeed I do - elegant rooms - and most reasonable -- three shillings a week - for gentlemen --

MRS. WHACK

Don't believe the lying old hypocrite! Her ceilings is falling down and her floors is falling up - now my rooms

Mrs. Moncaster leans forward - fetches Mrs. Whack a neat clip in the jaw that sends her backward into a complete sleep. Then she rises unsteadily and beckons to Glendon.

MRS. MONCASTER (haughtily)

Is your intentions by the night or by the week?

GLENDON

I'll take the room for the week --

MRS. MONCASTER

Step this way -- it's just across the court --

F-10 TRAVELING SHOT...GLENDON  
FOLLOWING MRS. MONCASTER  
THROUGH "PUB"

---

They emerge into street. The rain has stopped - the moon is shining. Glendon keeps to the shadows.

MRS. MONCASTER

Ah! -- It's to be a fine evening after all - I hate taking my feathers out in the wet --

They are passing a coster cart, piled with wilted vegetables. The coster nods in the driver's seat. The horse that pulls the cart is so old and woebegone it looks more like a bird than a horse.

(CONTINUED)

## F-10 (CONTINUED)

As Glendon passes, however, the aged beast comes to life with a snort and lashing out its heels dashes down the street, scattering vegetables and cart wheels in every direction.

MRS. MONCASTER (aghast)  
Lor! What do you make of that? I've known that animal fifteen years and never seen it move a muscle without it was probed in a vital spot --

GLENDON (as they walk along)  
Your rooms are across the street, you say?

MRS. MONCASTER  
Just down this way. Are you a -or - er -single gentleman?

GLENDON  
Singularly single, madame -- more single than I ever dreamed it possible for a person to be --

MRS. MONCASTER  
You don't say? --  
(pauses)

She turns into a fetid doorway.

Yes - You look to me like a man what's got a secret sorrer -

They enter Mrs. Moncaster's front door.

## F-11 STAIRHALL IN MRS. MONCASTER'S HOUSE

Glendon shows increasing nervousness and suddenly turns to Mrs. Moncaster.

GLENDON (with grim facetiousness)  
What would you say, madame, if I told you -- I was turning - into a -- wolf?

MRS. MONCASTER  
I'd say - he - he - he - I was Little Red Riding Hood!

She turns up the gas in the dismal hall -- they start to mount stairs - she talking.

F-12 CRANE SHOT...STAIRHALL

As they mount the steps  
Mrs. Moncaster keeps up  
her chatter - flirtatiously.

MRS. MONCASTER

There's my gilt and splendid  
parlor, sir -

(laughs)

You're single and I'm single -  
ain't that a coincidence! --  
Ten years I was married to  
Moncaster -- and ain't seen  
him in twenty -- he ran away  
to Australiay -- What a man  
he was! -- Used to come home  
from his work all portered up  
-- hit the baby with the  
plate - throw the gravy in  
the grate -- spear the canary  
with a fork -- then with his  
heavy hobnail boots black and  
blue me from head to foot --  
all because I'd forgotten to  
make crackly for the pork --

By this time they have  
climbed the stairs -- she  
pauses at doorway.

Here's your room, Mister --

Glendon peers into room.  
She waits coquettishly.  
He suddenly enters room,  
slams door in her face.  
She catches her breath,  
gasps. Through her tipsy  
haze some terror penetrates.  
She stares at room - then,  
with backward looks, she  
turns and stumbles downstairs.

F-13 INT. ROOM...MRS. MONCASTER'S  
LODGINGS

A shabby, horrible room.  
MOONLIGHT is streaming through  
window. Glendon is going  
through a terrific struggle.  
He lifts his anguished arms  
above his head, crawls to  
window.

GLENDON

Don't let it happen to me,  
God - don't let it happen to  
me again - What have I done  
that this must happen to me?--

F-14 CLOSE SHOT

He beats the floor --  
chokes - then says with  
some terrifying realization:

GLENDON

I know. It isn't God. God  
doesn't let such things hap-  
pen. It's the devil. It's  
something creeping out of  
Hell. God has nothing to do  
with it. It's man - poor  
pitiful man - who cannot  
bear the face of God -  
(moans -- grovels)

Some must win - some must  
lose - ...It's the law - but  
why must I be lost that  
others may learn? Why, God,  
why?

(NOTE: This is to be written:  
He pleads not to go back and  
find Lisa if he must be  
transformed; not to escape  
from here - not to suspect  
her of double-dealing.)

F-15 CAMERA PANNING

He drags himself to the  
window and tries to bar  
it against himself.

He sits gibbering in the  
moonlight - then begins  
the transition into the  
wolfman ---

We see this thing happen  
before our eyes...slowly  
...terribly... Then with  
a curious baying moan, Glen-  
don smashes the window and  
leaps out. CAMERA SHOOTING  
FROM WINDOW as Glendon drops  
two stories as easily as a  
four-footed thing and runs

(CONTINUED)

## F-15 (CONTINUED)

with equal surety through  
the dismal court below and  
out into the street beyond.

F-16 INT. MRS. MONCASTER'S LODGING  
HOUSE...STAIRCASE OUTSIDE  
GLENDON'S ROOM

Mrs. Moncaster is creeping  
slowly upstairs, terrified.  
Mrs. Whack enters behind her.  
The sound of Mrs. Whack's  
voice acts like a bomb.

MRS. WHACK  
Mrs. Moncaster!.... You  
pore thing!

MRS. MONCASTER  
I'm sorry I hit you, Mrs.  
Whack --

MRS. WHACK  
Think nothing of it, Mrs.  
Moncaster. What's the mat-  
ter here?

MRS. MONCASTER  
He gripes me -- swikes me --  
gives me a snap in the bread-  
winner - then slams the door  
in me face -- do you call  
that a gentleman?

MRS. WHACK  
I thought you might need  
help -- that's why I looked  
in --

THE CAMERA MOVES WITH  
THEM.

MRS. MONCASTER  
Strange noises been comin'  
out of his room, Mrs. Whack  
...I don't know what I've  
let myself in for ---

MRS. WHACK  
I'd use my key and have a  
lock ---

Mrs. Moncaster rummages in  
pocket of dress - brings out  
key - puts her finger to  
lips - goes to Glendon's  
door. Mrs. Whack steals  
after her. The two harridans  
pause....

MRS. WHACK  
Better peep through the  
keyhole first....

(CONTINUED)

F-16 (CONTINUED)

Mrs. Moncaster kneels to look through the keyhole and whereupon, MRS. WHACK WITH AN EVIL GRIN LEANS FORWARD AND CLIPS HER SUDDENLY IN THE JAW. Mrs. Moncaster without a groan falls backwards into a complete sleep.

Triumphantly Mrs. Whack takes key from her limp hand - inserts it in keyhole and opens Glendon's door....a grin of ghastly coquetry on her face. She fluffs her scraggy locks, twitches her skirt, enters.

F-17 INT. GLENDON'S ROOM

Mrs. Whack enters, peers around. Room is empty. She peers about curiously, sees the smashed window and emits an unholy yell. She leans out of window into beams of moon; her yells are answered by the baying of a wolf. Lifting her skirts she scurries away like a frightened old rabbit.

SOUND: Faint baying of were-wolf.

F A D E O U T

III

"WEREWOLF OF LONDON"SEQUENCE 'G'

G-1 EXT. TRAVELLING SHOT  
 ...LONDON ZOO

Good looking young watchman making his rounds, whistling. Suddenly there is a whistling response. Young watchman runs quickly to adjacent gate, admits young woman -- flaunting, common, but wickedly pretty. She carries a lunch pail.

YOUNG WOMAN  
 Hello, Alf ---

ALF  
 Hello, Daisy - what you got for me? - Coffee?.....

DAISY  
 Yep - and samwiches.  
 (taking bottle  
 from pocket)  
 A nip of something better, too - Where you been? ...  
 I been waiting more than a quarter hour for you to open the gate---

ALF  
 Something's wrong with them wolves -- they been acting queer all night--  
 Hear 'em?  
 (stops - listens)

SOUND: Baying of wolves.

DAISY  
 Wolves is nothing to me.  
 Give me a nice kiss,  
 Alf...

They kiss in the shadows.  
 As they draw apart, Daisy hands Alf the pint.

DAISY  
 Take a sip of that.

ALF  
 You're a good girl, Daisy.

DAISY  
 No I ain't - and you're glad I'm not ---

(CONTINUED)

IH G-1 (CONTINUED)ALF  
You hadn't ought to come,  
Daisy.DAISY  
Why not? Take another nip,  
Alf.ALF  
Wait a minute - I forgot  
to shut that gate.DAISY (kissing him)  
No, leave it open for me.ALF (grabbing her -  
kissing her)  
I hadn't ought to do this  
- me with a wife and kids -DAISY  
You don't love your wife  
- nor your kids - you  
love me.

They cling together.

G-2 EXT. LONDON ZOO...  
...ANIMAL CAGESGlendon runs into scene -  
silhouetted against light  
in background.

SOUND: Wolf whimpering.

G-3 EXT. LONDON ZOO...  
...OUTSIDE WOLF CAGEA huge wolf with fiery  
eyes is pacing up and down.  
Glendon enters scene -  
stares at wolf. Wolf backs  
up, snarls at Glendon.  
Glendon laughs. It is not  
pretty laughter.GLENDON (in a guttural  
wolf whisper)  
You poor thing. I'll set  
you free if you like -  
I'll set you free --He picks up lever lying on  
the ground, lifts catch on  
outside of wolf cage. Wolf  
seeing its chance of escape  
jumps through opening.  
Glendon moves back into  
shadows as animal bounds  
away from the cage and out  
of scene.

1H G-4 CLOSE UP...GLENDON

His hairy face is turned to the moon which shines down on him. He is laughing the laughter of hell.

SOUND: Baying of wolf.

G-5 EXT. LONDON ZOO...  
...ALF AND DAISY

They break away from embrace.

ALF (angrily)  
Them pesky wolves! What's the matter with them tonight?

DAISY  
Aren't you a fool. A young fellow like you tied to a white faced whimpering scarecrow of a woman.

ALF  
You've no right to talk like that -- my wife ain't done nothing to you -

G-6 CLOSE SHOT GLENDON

As he hears and sees the faithless woman. His face is distorted with rage.

G-7 ALF AND DAISY

DAISY  
Are you going to leave her and come with me?

ALF (uneasily)  
Maybe -

Alf breaks away from Daisy.

SOUND: Wolf baying.

ALF  
Wait a minute -- I've got to see what's happening to them critters.

He starts off towards animal cages. Daisy hums to herself. There is triumph in her eye. She opens her bag, takes out powder and lip rouge -- fixes her face.

AT THIS MOMENT A SHADOW SLINKS TOWARD HER. All unconscious, Daisy continues powdering and painting. Glendon, maniacal, moves silently up behind Daisy, springs upon her with the snarl of a wolf. She gives a gasp of fright, a gurgle

(CONTINUED)

IH G-7 (CONTINUED)

of utter terror - utters a  
cascade of piercing screams.  
- Glendon bears her to the  
ground, still screaming.

G-8 EXT. LONDON ZOO...  
...NEAR ANIMAL CAGES

Alf hears Daisy's screams,  
starts running back to  
scene.

G-9 EXT. LONDON ZOO...  
...NEAR GATE

Glendon slinks into the  
shadows.

F A D E O U T

"WEREWOLF OF LONDON"

SEQUENCE "H"

H-1 INT. STAIRCASE MRS. MONCASTER'S  
LODGINGS.....SOME HOURS LATER.

Mrs. Moncaster is sitting on landing outside Glendon's room. Her jaw is swollen and she is now very tipsy indeed. She holds a bottle of gin in her hand from which she is drinking.

SOUND: Door slamming below.

Mrs. Moncaster pauses, bottle in hand - peers over railing.

H-2 CAMERA SHOOTING DOWNWARD

reveals Mrs. Whack coming upstairs. Mrs. Moncaster hastily secretes gin bottle in pocket of dress and composes herself as Mrs. Whack turns the corner. Mrs. Whack is also very tipsy.

MRS. MONCASTER (feigning surprise)  
Why, Mrs. Whack - what are you doing up so late?

MRS. WHACK  
I just couldn't go to bed without looking in on you, love --  
How are you?

MRS. MONCASTER (mournfully)  
I ain't exactly bubbling --

H-3 MED. SHOT

Mrs. Whack seats herself beside Mrs. Moncaster.

MRS. WHACK (Indicating Glendon's room)  
How's - the - gentleman?

MRS. MONCASTER  
Vanished like he was air --

MRS. WHACK (with a cackle)  
He was a hairy man at that --

MRS. MONCASTER  
Tears up me bed - smashes me window - leaves me rooms smelling like a kennel!

(CONTINUED)

H-3 CONTINUED

MRS. WHACK (clucking sympathetically)  
Lor!  
(her bright eyes perceive the swollen jaw)  
What's happen to your jaw,  
angel - surely it ain't where  
my elbow took it by - accident?

MRS. MONCASTER  
Think no more about it,  
Mrs. Whack -

MRS. WHACK  
You ain't by way of having a  
little nip about, have you?

MRS. MONCASTER (shaking her head)  
Now - ain't that just too  
unfortunate!

SOUND: Crashing sound from  
Glendon's room - fol-  
lowed by a moaning -  
half wolf - half man.

H-4 VERY CLOSE TWO SHOT

The two women clutch each  
other in terror. The sound  
is repeated.

H-5 LARGE C.U....MRS. WHACK

MRS. WHACK (whispering)  
He's back --

MRS. MONCASTER (her eyes dilated)  
How did he get in? I been  
sittin' here all night --

H-6 LARGE C.U...MRS. MONCASTER

NOTE: These close-ups represent  
the state of mind of the two women  
at strange cock-eyed angles.

MRS. WHACK  
Better put an eye to the key-  
hole and see what he's about  
now --

H-7 MED. SHOT

Mrs. Moncaster rises, tiptoes  
to Glendon's door, kneels, peers  
through the key hole. Mrs. Whack  
tiptoes, stands behind her. Sud-  
denly Mrs. Whack's bright eyes  
spot the bottle peeping from  
Mrs. Moncaster's placket. With a  
swift movement she swipes it neatly,  
eyes it lovingly. She is about to  
risk a quick drink when a muffled  
scream from Mrs. Moncaster causes  
her to quickly thrust the bottle

(CONTINUED)

H-7 CONTINUED

in the placket of her dress. She has just accomplished this when Mrs. Moncaster rises, speechless, with glazed eyes and motions Mrs. Whack to the keyhole. Mrs. Whack kneels, but carefully holds the folds of her dress over her placket.

H-8 THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

is seen, blurred, as Mrs. Whack would see it, the hideous figure of Glendon as the werewolf.

H-9 MED. SHOT

Mrs. Whack in turn utters a muffled scream and rises hastily. Again Mrs. Whack and Mrs. Moncaster clutch each other,

H-10 CRANE SHOT

As the two old ladies come gingerly down the stairs.

MRS. MONCASTER (speaking at last)  
I wonder - did you see what I saw or did I see what you saw .....

MRS. WHACK  
Shall I run for the police...

MRS. MONCASTER  
We seen something better left unsaid to the police.... they'd say we'd been drinking.....

MRS. WHACK  
Mebbe we have - ?

MRS. MONCASTER (feeling her placket)

Um -  
(She gives Mrs. Whack a hard look)  
You ain't seen a bottle, have you

MRS. WHACK (innocently)  
No, love - if I saw what I thought I saw I've had me last bottle and it better be the same with you...I say this as a sister to a sister ....

SOUND: Another moan from Glendon's room.

H-11 MED. SHOT...FOOT OF STAIRS

They hear another moan - a stifled howl from Glendon's room. Mrs. Moncaster almost swoons, but Mrs. Whack, wispy as a string, is made of sterner stuff. She supports Mrs. Moncaster to the stairs and the two lurch and sway as they descend, Mrs. Whack with birdlike glances backward, feeling the placket of her dress to make sure all is well with the gin bottle.

H-12 CLOSE UP.....GIN BOTTLE

bobbing in the placket of Mrs. Whack's bombazine as Mrs. Whack descends the stairs.

FADE OUT

(February 11, 1945)

"WOLFELOMP OF LONDON"

CORRECTED SEQUENCE "I"

FADE IN:

I-1     OUTER OFFICE TO COL.  
          FORSYTHE'S CHAMBERS --  
          SCOTLAND YARD

---

The place milling with policemen and detectives. There is an atmosphere of excitement and tensity.

As WE PAN, we get sign on door -

"COL. SIR ROBERT FORSYTHE  
PRIVATE"

Two youngish detectives are engrossed in reading the morning news, bump into one another, in f.g. of scene.  
Pause.

FIRST DETECTIVE  
Sorry, Tom.

SECOND DETECTIVE  
Sweet doings at the zoo!  
What does the Herald say?

He taps newspaper first  
detective is carrying.

INSERT: Blurred headlines  
on crumpled newspaper:  
GIRL MURDERED AT ZOO.  
POLICE BAFFLED.

I-2     MEDIUM SHOT...COVERING THE  
          TWO DETECTIVES AT THE  
          COLONEL'S DOOR

---

First detective hands  
second detective the paper.

FIRST DETECTIVE  
Usual thing... What's the  
matter with Scotland Yard?  
    (laughs - points to  
    Col. Forsythe's door)  
I just left old Forsythe...  
he's jumping up and down,  
blowing bubbles with his  
spit.  
    (illustrates)

(CONTINUED)

SECOND DETECTIVE (skimming thru paper)

What do the papers think we are -- the eye that sees all?

The door to the inner office is opened suddenly. We hear Col. Forsythe's angry voice.....

COL. FORSYTHE'S VOICE

If I don't get some definite report on both these atrocities before six o'clock tonight -- I promise you you'll all be seeking new professions by tomorrow morning --

I-3 CLOSE....TWO OF THE DETECTIVES

As they listen to Col. Forsythe's tirade.

I-4 NEXT SHOT

The several aides and lieutenants of Col. Forsythe emerge dejectedly from his inner office.

DISSOLVE TO:

I-5 COL. FORSYTHE'S OFFICE

YOGAMI

Your nephew was good enough to arrange to have you see me. I called on you once several years ago to enlist the resources of Scotland Yard for an unfortunate mortal afflicted with Lycanthropia. You thought I was mad and had me politely removed.

PAUL

Uncle, this man is no crank -- he is a scientist of high standing -- a professor of the University of Carpathia.

YOGAMI.

Your department is trying to solve two murders. There will be other murders tonight and tomorrow night -- when the moon is full again -- unless you realize Sir there is a Werewolf abroad in London.

COL. FORSYTHE

You are right in a measure. There is a wolf roaming about London but not a supernatural one. I think that solves our murders, Dr. Yogami.

(rises, gives a curt bow)

And now, good day to you both.

PAUL

Wait, Uncle -- You say... a wolf escaped last night... but that murder in Goose Lane was two nights ago, wasn't it?

YOGAMI

Do not worry about the animal from the zoo -- if you catch it or do not catch it ... it will not matter .. much .. tonight. I entreat you Sir, to listen for one more moment -- The only antidote for werewolfery is the Mariphasa flower.

COL. FORSYTHE

And where shall I find this.. posy?

YOGAMI

There is a specimen in the private laboratory of Dr. Wilfred Glendon.

I-6 CLOSEUP -- PAUL

Paul is greatly concerned.

COL. FORSYTHE

Good day, sir.

YOGAMI

(as they cross to door)  
I warn you, unless you secure this plant there will be an epidemic that will turn London into a shambles.

DISSOLVE TO:

I-7 LONG SHOT - PALDON ABBEY

leading to the old part of Paldon Abbey. Early evening.

(This is the same shot of the Abbey that Paul and Lisa see later that evening.)

(NOTE: It may be advisable to show Glendon motoring to Faldon Abbey along the same road that Lisa and Paul will take later.)

Glendon motoring to the terrace where old Timothy is working. Glendon leaps from the car.

GLENDON  
Timothy!

TIMOTHY  
Mr. Glendon! What brings you here?

GLENDON  
I'm spending the night here, Timothy.

TIMOTHY (delighted)  
I'm glad, sir. My wife will be happy to cook one more supper for you, sir.

I-9 TWO SHOT

GLENDON  
Don't tell anyone I'm here, Timothy, not even Mrs. Timothy. I want absolute quiet. I want to be far away from Glendon Manor and my work -- from people -- I want to think --  
(with an effort at good humor)  
You've wanted to think alone, haven't you, Timothy.

TIMOTHY  
Mrs. Timothy will be disappointed. She's always talking of the old days when Miss Lisa's ma and pa was alive and you come courting here.

I-10 TWO SHOT...RAGS AND GLENDON

Rags, Timothy's old dog, comes up to Glendon, sniffs in a friendly way and wags his tail. Glendon, from whom animals have shrunk of late, is touched.

GLENDON  
I say, do you remember me, old boy?  
(to Timothy)  
He seems glad to see me.

(CONTINUED)

I-10 (CONTINUED)

Ho pats the dog.

TIMOTHY  
Rags misses the old days  
too, sir --

I-11 CLOSE TWO SHOT

Glendon and Timothy.

GLENDON (stopping as though an  
idea had just come to  
him)  
Timothy - do you know where  
I want to spend tonight? --

TIMOTHY  
I was thinking I'd best air  
out a room in the west wing.

GLENDON  
No - don't do that. I'm  
going to the monks' rest --

TIMOTHY (aghast)  
You can't do that, sir --  
it ain't been opened for  
years --

GLENDON (excitedly, as though  
captured by the idea)  
Nevertheless that's where  
I'm going to stay tonight!

I-12 CLOSEUP OF GLENDON

He smiles at Timothy  
as though to say, "Now  
do you understand?"

GLENDON  
Miss Lisa and I miss old  
times too, Timothy --

I-13 CLOSEUP OF TIMOTHY

He shakes his head. The  
idea is preposterous to  
him but after all "masters  
are masters." Glendon  
hastens his footsteps.

I-14 MEDIUM SHOT

GLENDON  
Have you the key with you?

TIMOTHY  
Yes, sir --

GLENDON  
Let's go and open it up then--

DISSOLVE TO:

A circular room. Cobwebs hang from the ceiling. There is no furniture in the room except a few old pieces long since out of commission. A hearth is in the centre of the room and one or two stone shelves or ledges along the walls. Candlesticks with half burned candles are in the junk pile. Some old books scattered around. The aspect is stark and comfortless.

SOUND: Key in the lock.  
It is evident the lock is rusty and long disused.

Massive door swings back, then Glendon, followed by Timothy, enters. Timothy carries a lamp or candle. The dog follows.

GLENDON  
Thanks, Timothy.

TIMOTHY  
There's not even a bed, sir.

GLENDON  
I don't need a bed, Timothy.

TIMOTHY (yawns)  
You'll be cold, sir, I'm afraid --

GLENDON  
If I am cold I'll build a fire.

He crosses to window.

I-16 CLOSEUP OF GLENDON

GLENDON (almost to himself)  
I don't want the moon staring down at me when it rises--

I-17 MEDIUM SHOT

Glendon crosses to Timothy.

GLENDON (with emphasis)  
Mind, Timothy, not one word to anyone I'm here!

TIMOTHY (disapprovingly)  
Just as you say, sir --

(CONTINUED)

I-17 (CONTINUED)

TIMOTHY (continued)  
You are sure I can't bring  
you some supper?

GLENDON (impatiently)  
Not a thing --

TIMOTHY  
Here's the key, sir --

Glendon sees the dog  
cowering in a corner.

I-18 CLOSEUP OF DOG

shrinking in fear.

I-19 TWO SHOT

GLENDON (sharply, as he  
watches the dog).  
Lock me in, Timothy.

TIMOTHY (shocked)  
Pardon me, sir!

GLENDON  
Lock me in! And don't open  
that door before sunrise.  
If I call, pay no attention--  
keep that door locked until  
dawn!

TIMOTHY (staring reluctantly  
toward door)  
Good night, sir --

GLENDON  
Good night --

Old Timothy, puzzled,  
locks the door carefully.

I-20 CLOSE SHOT...GLENDON

stands at the door irresolute.  
He crosses to the window.  
The sky is cloudy -

INSERT: Clouded sky seen  
through window.

He is cold. He breaks up  
some furniture and builds  
a fire on the old hearth.  
He drags a chair from the  
heap and laughs -- It is  
dreary, awful laughter.  
His laughter stops - he  
slumps in his chair, lays  
his head on table.

GLENDON (moaning)  
Lisa - Lisa - Lisa --

I-21 TRAVELLING SHOT (PROCESS)

EXT. A WOOSY LANE adjacent to Faldon Abbey. Paul and Lisa ride into scene in Paul's roadster. They are driving slowly over the narrow rutty path. Lisa points off to a break in the trees.

LISA

There it is, Paul -- you can see it through the trees -- dear old Faldon --

I-22 LONG SHOT...FALDON ABBEY

Through trees reveals the old manor with the refectory abbey - (STOCK SHOT OF SOME ENGLISH ABBEY)

I-23 CLOSEUP...PAUL AND LISA

As they look off.

PAUL

(moved)  
I didn't want to go back to America without one look at it -

LISA

Let's leave the car here and walk -

Paul stops car and helps Lisa out. They start to walk through the trees.

I-24 DOLLY SHOT...THROUGH THE LANE

Paul and Lisa.

PAUL

I can't tell you what a funny feeling it gives me... coming back here after all these years - Do you remember how we used to gather mushrooms in these very woods?

LISA

And hunt for bird's nests in those very trees -

(CONTINUED)

I-24 (CONTINUED)

PAUL  
And catch frogs in that very pool -

LISA  
And try to find elves under that patch of cardinal flowers -

They come into the open where the old Abbey stands silhouetted against the moonlight. Both are smiling - thinking happy thoughts. Paul suddenly points to a hitching stile -

PAUL (huskily)  
Look, Lee, here's where I proposed to you -

Lisa suddenly begins to laugh, but there is a tear in her laughter.

LISA (gasping)  
And at that moment a bumblebee stung you. Oh - oh - oh - how funny you looked!

PAUL  
If you only knew, how good it is to hear you laugh again -

I-25 CLOSE TWO SHOT

Paul stops - looks at her - takes her hand.

PAUL  
Lee - I love you so - always have - always will --

LISA (trying to draw hand away)  
Don't Paul -- you promised you wouldn't ...  
(he drops her hand - she makes a futile gesture)

I-26 CLOSEUP....LISA

LISA  
We've been all over that today - it's no use.....

I-27 CLOSEUP...PAUL

Paul nods miserably.

I-28 MED. SHOT: DOLLY

They wander side by side, aimlessly toward the abbey.

CUT TO:

I-29 INT. MONKS' ROOM...OVER REFECTORY....NIGHT

Glendon is asleep in a chair - his head thrown back.

A small ray of moonlight creeps through the window as if the clouds had gone.

The ray slowly nears Glendon. It is now on his face and before our eyes we see the sleeper transvexed into a werewolf.

I-30 EXT. REFECTORY GARDENS...NIGHT

Paul and Lisa strolling along. It is bright moonlight now.

I-31 PAUL AND LISA

Paul is talking earnestly.

PAUL  
You're miserably, horribly unhappy. Anyone can see it.

LISA  
It's you who are making me unhappy....

PAUL  
Can't you care for me again?

Lisa doesn't answer.  
He repeats the question.

Lisa, can't you care for me again?

LISA  
I wouldn't tell you if I could....

I-32 MED. CLOSE TWO SHOT

PAUL

I suppose it's something about having made a bed and having to lie in it! Why not tear up old beds -- make new ones -- that's the only clean way -- in this brave new world....

LISA

Talk all you want to -- New clean worlds aren't made by tearing down - old brave worlds....

CUT TO:

I-33 INT. MONKS' ROOM...  
MED. SHOT - GLENDON (WEREWOLF)

He is awakened by Lisa's voice. He stirs (part of Lisa's speech is heard over this shot) - gets to his feet - goes toward window.

CUT TO:

I-34 CLEAR MOON

Banks of clouds are in the sky.

I-35 DOLLY SHOT: PAUL AND LISA

PAUL

(desperately)  
Lee - I can't tell you why - but I'm frightened for you - Come away with me to America -- Come away while there's time.....

LISA

You're being very, very cruel.

PAUL

I know -- I know -- after promising I'd never talk this way again --

He stops, unhappy...  
Lisa pauses at a mound of stones - the beginning of a wicket run - points -

LISA

(tremulously)  
Here's where we used to start the old Easter egg hunts...

(CONTINUED)

I-35 (CONTINUED)

PAUL (trying to live up to her)  
Yes -- you could always get the most eggs. I thought you cheated and knew where the eggs were hidden --

LISA  
A farthing I can still beat you to the refectory...

PAUL  
Taken --

They start to run.

CUT TO:

I-36 THE HEAVENS -- THE MOON AT ITS FULLNESS

CUT TO:

I-37 WEREWOLF AT WINDOW

He gives the horrible wolf bay and leaps from the window --

CUT TO:

I-38 LISA AND PAUL

They are running toward refectory. He is in the lead but suddenly stumbles over a wicket.

PAUL (calling)  
Lisa!

She runs on heedless of his protest.

I-39 TERRACE OF REFECTORY

Shadow of Werewolf skulking in shadows - the creature throws his head back and bays.

I-40 CLOSE SHOT...PAUL

As he rises from ground where he has fallen, rubbing his shins - he hears cry of wolf and his face contracts with horror. He grabs up wicket and starts to run toward refectory - crying:

PAUL  
Loo -- wait -- wait for me!

I-41 TERRACE REFECTORY

Leo runs into scene, flings herself on seat, takes out handkerchief and begins to mop her face, laughing and panting with excitement crying:

LISA  
I beat you -- I beat you!

I-42 REFECTORY WALL

Shadow of werewolf coming toward Lisa.

I-43 CLOSE SHOT...PAUL RUNNING

PAUL  
Lee!

I-44 CLOSE SHOT

Lisa as she hears Paul. Something in his voice alarms her. She stops laughing, starts to rise. At this moment the werewolf jumps. As werewolf jumps it snarls out of its throat Lisa's name.

WEREWOLF  
Lisa - Lisa --

I-45 REFECTORY WALL

Shadow of Lisa struggling with werewolf -

SOUND: Lisa's frantic cries.

Shadow of Paul entering the fray. He tears Lisa out of werewolf's grasp.

I-46 REFECTORY WALL

Lisa falls to ground in dead faint. Now Paul and werewolf engage in desperate struggle. Paul beats off creature with wicket.

I-47

I-48

I-49 VARIOUS ANGLES

of the fight.

I-50 AT PAUL AND THE WEREWOLF

There is a pause in the fight as Paul stares at werewolf. Incredulity, unbelievable horror on Paul's face as he half recognizes Glendon.

They face each other for a second.

I-51 CLOSEUP OF TWO PAIRS OF EYES

looking at each other - the contrast between human eyes and the eyes of a beast.

PAUL

Who are you?

Paul's question percolates through the dim intelligence of the creature. He seems about to again attack Paul - then turns suddenly and vanishes.

I-52 EXT. FALDON ABBEY - REFECTORY

Lisa is coming out of her faint. Paul rushes to her, gathers her in his arms.

LISA

Paul - what's happened -?  
(shuddering)  
What a horrible thing -  
What a horrible thing - it  
called me by my name -

PAUL

Don't think - don't try to think -

He picks her up in his arms - starts running away from the refectory.

DISSOLVE TO:

I-53 THE NEXT NIGHT -  
INT. COLONEL FORSYTHE'S  
OFFICIAL AUTOMOBILE

In front seat two men - presumably policemen - although one is dressed as a chauffeur. On the rear seat are Colonel Forsythe and Paul.

The car is speeding thru London streets.

(CONTINUED)

COL. FORSYTHE (sternly)  
Paul, do you realize what you're accusing Wilfred Glendon of? - A man I've known all my life?

PAUL  
I tell you it was not a wolf I fought with -- it was Glendon - a werewolf - and that's why when you wouldn't listen to me over the telephone I came to you - to make you come to Glendon Manor with me.

COL. FORSYTHE  
Where's Mrs. Glendon now?

PAUL  
At home - her doors and windows locked. Miss Coombes is with her. They promised not to leave her room until I returned...

VOICE OF RADIO IN  
COL. FORSYTHE'S CAR  
(This to be properly phrased)

RADIO  
Calling Colonel Forsythe;  
Calling Colonel Forsythe.  
A murder has been committed at the Bedlington Hotel. The victim bore wolf marks on her throat.

COL. FORSYTHE  
(to driver)  
Drive at once to the Bedlington Hotel.

Car makes a wide swing in street and doubles in its tracks. It speeds down street.

I-54 INT. YOGAMI'S ROOM - HOTEL  
BEDLINGTON - EARLY MORNING

The place is filled with people -- detectives, police, etc. The hotel housekeeper, a large-busted woman, is wailing in the corner.

HOUSEKEEPER  
Poor Millie -- poor Millie!

HOTEL MANAGER (jerks her elbow)  
Come -- Mrs. Hodgeson -- pull yourself together -- Col. Sir Robert Forsythe's here ----

(CONTINUED)

The door opens, admitting Col. Forsythe and Paul. The crowd silently makes way for them. An official-looking man whom we recognize as Col. Forsythe's first aide leads Col. Forsythe to a sofa, lifts a sheet that is covering a body, drops it.

COL. FORSYTHE (pulling his mustaches)  
The usual thing...

FIRST AIDE  
The place smelled like a kennel when we came in -- You can still notice it, sir.

COL. FORSYTHE  
Who occupied the room?

FIRST AIDE  
The guest was a Dr. Yogami, sir.

COL. FORSYTHE (not allowing his expression to change)  
Um! --

I-55 PAUL

who has been standing in one corner, suddenly looks at floor - his eyes narrow.

I-56 CLOSEUP MARIPHASA FLOWER

lying crumpled on floor. Paul stoops, picks up flower, moves out of scene.

I-57 PAUL

He looks off, beckons Col. Forsythe.

I-58 COL. FORSYTHE

as he gets Paul's signal. He pushes through crowd to Paul who draws him into alcove.

PAUL (to Col. Forsythe)  
I just found this on the floor.

Hands Col. Forsythe flower. Col. Forsythe examines it.

PAUL (continued)  
I have never seen a flower  
like this.

COL. FORSYTHE  
Nor have I.  
(Pause)  
You may not be an utter  
fool, Paul. We'll drive  
at once to Glendon Manor.  
(puts hand on Paul's  
arm)

CUT TO:

I-59 INT. GLENDON'S  
LABORATORY ... NIGHT

Yogami is feverishly  
working the moon-ray  
machine. He trains the  
light in its fullest  
intensity on the maripasa  
flower and injects a  
darkish fluid into the  
soul of the plant. The  
machine sputters and  
lights up the dark room  
in eerie shadows. The  
flower will not bloom.

I-60

I-61

I-62

STAIRWAY IN GLENDON LABORATORY

Glendon appears from above  
and comes silently down  
stairway. He comes behind  
Yogami.

GLENDON

We meet again, Yogami..  
for the last time...

Yogami turns, sees  
Glendon. His face is  
an utter mask of despair -  
he makes a gesture almost  
supplicating.

YOGAMI (simply)

Between us both and doom...  
there is only that ...

GLENDON

The doom is yours, not  
mine, Yogami... one of us  
must go ...

YOGAMI

There is enough blood in  
that flower to save us  
both if it blooms in time -

(CONTINUED)

I-60  
 I-61  
I-62 (CONTINUED)

GLENDON

No, Yogami. There isn't room on all the planet for both of us -- You brought this thing on me.

YOGAMI

In Thibet -- in the dark.. I brought this thing on you ... You had gone to a place you had no right to ... You meddled with Hell, Glendon.. What happened was no fault of mine...

GLENDON

I'm going to kill you, Yogami --

YOGAMI

Let us fight this thing together, Glendon... two men against all the forces of blackness...two beings against Satan himself...

He advances toward Yogami.

YOGAMI (pointing)

Look - look - one little flower has begun to bloom!

I-63 CLOSEUP...FLOWER

expanding under the beam of the moon-ray machine.

I-64 TWO SHOT..

Glendon and Yogami stare at the flower, fascinated.

65  
I-66 MED. SHOT

Both men rush to secure the flower. Glendon grabs it, tearing it off stem... tries to pierce his wrist with thorn. Yogami bites him, causing Glendon to drop flower. Yogami tries to get to flower. Glendon attacks him, Yogami, realizing he cannot secure flower, stamps on it.



I-74

I-75

I-76 INT. LABORATORY

The two demons continue  
the fight.

SOUND: Horrible wolf cries.

Glendon knocks out Yogami..  
who is presumably dead.

I-77 DARK STREET - SUBURBAN LONDON

The police car containing  
Col. Forsythe and Paul is  
speeding.

I-78 INT. LISA'S BEDROOM

Women hearing cries.  
Lisa's instinctive word is  
the hope Paul will save her.  
In her heart she knows there  
is no hope from Glendon.

I-79 EXT. GREENHOUSE

Glendon (Werewolf) emerges  
from greenhouse. The moon  
lights the scene almost as  
by day. He is snarling.

I-80 MANOR WALL

Glendon makes incredible  
leap up wall - thru window  
of Lisa's bedroom. He dis-  
appears into room.

I-81 GATE OF GLENDON MANOR

Colonel Forsythe's car  
speeds through gate.

I-82 INT. LISA'S BEDROOM

Glendon crashes through  
shattered window.

I-83 MED. SHOT

The two women retreat from  
the slowly advancing form.

I-84 CLOSE SHOT

Glendon advances.

I-85 MED. CLOSE SHOT

Lisa is no coward. She pushes Ettie behind her. She knows this demon is her husband. If she cannot awaken a spark of human intelligence in him, she is doomed.

LISA...  
Wilfred! Wilfred! This is Lisa. Look at me! This is Lisa!

GLENDON (guttural tone)  
Lisa...Pretty Lisa...Soft and dead in my arms.

I-86 INT. LISA'S BEDROOM

Lisa retreats from Glendon. Ettie has opened door at end of room toward which Lisa is retreating.

ETTIE  
Lisa - quick!

The two women rush through door - slamming it after them.

I-87 EXT. HOUSE

Col. Forsythe's car drives up. Forsythe and Paul rush to door, followed by the two men. They bang at door. Door is opened by frightened butler.

I-88 CLOSEUP BUTLER

BUTLER  
Thank God, it's you, sir!  
(his speech is broken by all rushing by him)

I-89 INT. HALLWAY - HEAD OF STAIRS

Women rushing down hallway and down stairs. Glendon after them.

I-90 BANNISTER RAIL IN HALLWAY

Glendon leaps over bannister into foyer below.

I-91 STAIRWAY

Lisa and Ettie coming down stairs. They are running so fast they can't check themselves. Glendon comes up the stairs. Lisa is now trapped.

Glendon grabs her.

I-92 FOYER

Col. Forsythe followed by Paul and men rush in. Col. Forsythe takes revolver from pocket. He shoots. Glendon falls down steps.

I-93 STAIR LANDING

Glendon, the werewolf - his throat pierced by a bullet is dying. He slowly transvexes to the human Glendon.

GLENDON

Thanks for the bullet, Forsythe. There was no place on earth left for me.

He looks at Lisa and Paul.

In a moment I shall know why all this had to be -- Goodbye, Lisa -- be happy.

He dies.

FADE OUT.

SEQUENCE "J"

FADE IN:

J-1 INT: ...BACK PARLOR  
MRS. MONCASTER'S LODGING  
CLOSEUP...MRS. MONCASTER

Her face wears a set simper.  
She is adorned in her best  
feathered hat and a new  
ostrich tippet. It is evident  
she is having her picture  
taken.

SOUND PHOTOGRAPHER'S VOICE  
Tilt your hat a little off  
your eye, Mrs. Moncaster..  
all London wants to know  
what you look like, you  
know... the lady that  
lodged the werewolf ---

MRS. WHACK'S VOICE  
I'll tilt it for you, love..

CAMERA MOVES BACK  
revealing Mrs. Whack  
standing in back of Mrs.  
Moncaster. She gives  
Mrs. Moncaster's hat a  
venomous jab further  
over the eye, leers at  
the photographer.

MRS. WHACK  
Don't she look fit to kiss,  
now? -- Of course it was I  
as saw him first, you know..

MRS. MONCASTER (with dignity)  
It was my upper room as  
sheltered him!

PHOTOGRAPHER  
No - no - back I said -

MRS. WHACK  
Oh, you said back, did you?

She yanks Mrs.  
Moncaster's hat back  
so viciously that the  
carefully arranged  
"fringe" falls into her  
eye.

MRS. MONCASTER (angrily)  
Whatever do you think  
you're doing, Mrs. Whack?

MRS. WHACK  
Set still and smile; love...  
She's ready now, Mr.  
Photographer.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MONCASTER  
I'm nothing of the sort -  
stop fumbling at me, will  
yer, Mrs. Whack?

Mrs. Moncaster tries to  
poke her "fringe" in  
place. Mrs. Whack slaps  
her hand away every time  
it approaches the "fringe".  
Meanwhile Mrs. Whack's  
fingers are busy pulling  
Mrs. Moncaster's hat this  
way and that way. The  
photographer behind his  
black curtain waits  
patiently.

MRS. MONCASTER (wailing)  
Be careful, Mrs. Whack,  
you're pulling off my bun!

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Ready?

Mrs. Whack suddenly stops  
prodding Mrs. Moncaster's  
hat -- looks off --

MRS. WHACK  
Now that's what I call a  
very delicate attention!

MRS. MONCASTER  
What?

MRS. WHACK  
Six bottles of gin for you,  
love - compliments of the  
corner 'pub' --  
(pats Mrs. Moncaster's  
shoulder)  
Set as you are, angel --  
I'll put it aside for you --

MRS. MONCASTER (jumping up)  
No, you don't!

As she starts out of  
chair, Mrs. Whack whisks  
into the vacancy, puts  
her finger to her chin,  
smirks upwards. The  
flashlight explodes.

FADE OUT.

THE END