

'RED'

By

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PAGE 1.

1. CLOSE ON: Someone holds a flame under a spoon. Liquid bubbles in it. A small DRUG BOTTLE is visible, but the label is turned away so it can't be read.

RADIO VOICE: Hurry it up or you'll **lose** the **Mutt**.

2. CLOSE ON: A needle sucks the liquid up.

RED: You want me to **skip this?**

3. A woman, RED, dressed in figure hugging combat fatigues and a SLIM HEADSET with a SAMURAI SWORD strapped to her back, injects the solution into her arm. The headset shouldn't obscure her face.

RADIO VOICE: 'Course not. I'm **worried** about the **bounty**.

RED: You're worried it's **her**.

RADIO VOICE: I'm **hoping** it's **her**.

4. WIDE ANGLE: Red kneels on a ledge a SUB MACHINE GUN beside, her looking down at the run-down ruins of what was once Canary Wharf. Glistening tower blocks and gleaming steel are broken, tarnished and decayed. A FULL MOON stares down.

RED: We'll find out soon enough. I can **smell it** in there.

5. The shadowy figure of Red slips past the BROKEN GLASS WALL of a ruined office. A fire burns in the centre of the room. Several dishevelled figures cluster round it cooking a RAT on a stick.

RADIO VOICE: I'm getting multiple **heat signatures**.

RED: Just **derelicts**.

PAGE. 2

1. Red crouches by a set of conference room double doors, listening, Gun at the ready in one hand. She's tense and ready as she reaches for the door handle.

RED (whispering): It's in here.

RADIO VOICE OVER: **Careful**, sweetie.

RED (whispering): Always.

2. Red throws herself through the door and into the room. Gun at the ready.

3. A terrible, savage WEREWOLF sits in the middle of a huge conference table. It snarls and Howls, blood dripping from its long curved teeth. It crouches in the chewed remains of a derelict. Organs and chunks of meat recognisable as body parts are littered around it.

WEREWOLF: HOOOOOWWWLLLLL!

4. Red rakes the room with GUNFIRE and wounds the Werewolf in the shoulder, but it moves so fast she mostly misses and blows out the GLASS WALL behind it, as the 'mutt' hurls itself through to safety.

RED: **Silver bullets**, fucker.

WEREWOLF: Arroooagh.

F/X (across this panel and the next): BARRRAAKKKKA.....

5. Firing as she goes, Red sprints across the table after the Werewolf.

RADIO VOICE: What's happening!?

RED: Mutt's **rabbiting**.

RADIO VOICE: Get **after** it!

F/X (cont).... **CLICK**.

PAGE. 3

1. Red sprints into the room beyond, SLAMMING a new clip into her machine gun as she goes. Lit from behind by the FULL MOON, the Werewolf is visible as a shaggy mass in front of a huge WINDOW.

RED: Any **advice?**

RADIO VOICE: **Shoot it!**

RED: Brilliant.

WEREWOLF: Grrrrrrrrrrrrrr

F/X (Clip): SNIK... SNAK.

2. A heavy CLUB crashes into the back of Red's head as she draws a bead on the Werewolf.

F/X: CRACK.

RADIO VOICE: Where's the **shooting!?**

3. The figure of one of the DERELICTS stands over the stunned figure of Red, her GUN in his hand. The derelict stares up at the moon-haloed Werewolf; it HOWLS in triumph.

DERELICT: **Payment** for the **gift**.

WEREWOLF: AROOOOOOAGHHH

4. The Derelict kneels before the Werewolf, which BITES DOWN on his shoulder. Red, dazed and bleeding, tries to struggle to her feet.

RED (YELLING): You stinking **Mutt-lover**. You don't **know** what you're **doing!**

RADIO VOICE: I said **shoot** not **shout!**

5. The derelict lay's on the ground convulsing as the Werewolf LEAPS for Red. Its jaws wide, its fangs dripping with blood. Its CLAWS reaching for her.

Page 4.

1. Red manages to get her legs up and under the Werewolf as it falls on her, attempting to kick it away, but it BITES DOWN on her THIGH.

RED: You **Bitch!**

2. The Werewolf throws its head back, BLOOD and FOAM spraying from it's muzzle as it claws at it's throat. She HOWLS in AGONY.

WEREWOLF: AIEEEEAAROOOGH.

3. Red stands over the convulsing body of the Werewolf, which is in the middle of transforming into an OLD WOMAN. Red thrusts a SMALL DRUG BOTTLE into the partially transformed old woman's FACE. The label reads SILVER NITRATE.

RED: Now you **know** what keeps me **human**, **Grandma**. **You're** not the only **Mutt** in the **family**.

4. The derelict, convulsing under his own transformation, stares at Red in terror as she advances on him, holding her BLOODY SAMURAI SWORD in one hand and the GRANDMA'S SEVERED HEAD in the other.

RED: Looks like this job **pays twice**.

5. Red walks away from the ruined CANARY WHARF tower, her thigh bandaged, her sword is strapped to her back and TWO SEVERED HEADS dangling from her belt.

RADIO VOICE: **Red**, sweetheart, was it **her**?

RED: No. Blood test was **negative**. **Grandma's** still out there.

RADIO VOICE: We'll **find her**, baby.

RED: And **kill her** for what she's **done** to **us**.

RADIO VOICE: That's **Daddy's girl**.

6. Red's face is COLD, HARD and RESOLUTE.