

Drinks Before Dinner

INT: Bar. LUKE is seen sitting alone. He has two beers in front of him. DAVID enters from behind him. LUKE speaks without turning to face him.

LUKE:

Ah. You're here.

(DAVID clutches his hand in his jacket. He is hiding a gun. LUKE inhales a bit, smelling the air smiles to himself, but still doesn't turn toward DAVID when he speaks)

LUKE:

Really? A gun? That doesn't seem sporting. Have a seat, David. I'm sure you have a million questions and are parched from your journey.

(DAVID is still frozen in place. He seems angry and terrified at the same time. LUKE slowly turns to face him)

LUKE:

Please. Sit.

(David complies)

DAVID:

How did you...?

(LUKE points at his own nose and winks)

DAVID:

Well, you were right. I do have a gun. And it's pointed right at you. I wouldn't suggest you do anything funny.

LUKE:

Fine by me. Do you really think the gun will help though?

DAVID:

The bullets. They're silver.

(LUKE smiles broadly)

LUKE:

Good for you, David! Good for you. It pays to research doesn't it? You have come prepared. Scared out of your thin human flesh, but so... prepared. Cheers. (He toasts. DAVID doesn't move) Please. There is no need to be uncivil. A drink- even between foes- is only polite. I assure you it isn't poisoned. Cheers.

DAVID (lifting his drink without releasing the gun with his other hand):

To you dying. Tonight. (He clinks the bottle to LUKE'S and drinks a hearty swallow. Luke laughs and drinks a bit of his own beer)

LUKE:

I can smell your fear you know. Through the years, I've grown to keep certain attributes even in this form.

DAVID:

I know. I figured you'd be too arrogant to run.

LUKE:

More research?

DAVID:

Yeah.

LUKE:

Then tell me about me. You obviously aren't planning on shooting me in this bar so you must have wanted to talk.

DAVID:

No. I wanted to wait until you walked out into the moon. When it touches your face you'll have no choice but to change. That's how the curse of lycanthropy works, right?

LUKE:

Partially. I can change into the wolf any time I want. I've gained control over the years. I can also resist the embrace of the moon-

DAVID:

-but not for long. Especially under stress.

LUKE:

Very good. You know much more than the movies would tell you. Cheers to you. (They both drink). Tell me about the “curse” of lycanthropy. What do you know about it?

DAVID:

It heightens your senses.

LUKE:

Not fair. I told you that.

DAVID:

I already knew it. It takes you roughly two minutes to change.

LUKE:

Thirty seconds is my record. The first time, it happened that fast. As it gains control you change slower.

DAVID:

That I didn’t know. It also makes you immortal.

LUKE:

Odd that a “curse” would make one immortal.

DAVID:

It comes with a price. It forces you to kill. It changes you into a wolf-like demon and forces you to murder innocent people.

LUKE:

Like your brother. He cried you know. Details. (DAVID stiffens) May I correct something? It forces you to kill *at first*. After you have been possessed for a while, you aren’t forced. You look forward to it. It takes over. It becomes a hunt for prey. You also long for other hunters, like a pack. Worthy ones to share the splendor of the hunt. Men like you, David.

DAVID:

That won't be a choice. You won't be hunting anymore after tonight.

LUKE:

So you've told me. How is it transmitted?

DAVID:

Through a bite of course. Survivors of attacks are cursed. The movies have that part right.

LUKE:

Be specific. Impress me. What in my bite makes the curse transfer.

DAVID:

Your saliva. When a sufficient amount mingles in the blood-

LUKE:

-the system-

DAVID:

-of the victim, they are cursed.

LUKE:

So, if I bit you now would you be infected?

DAVID:

You'd have to break my skin. Not as easy to do in human form. And I'd shoot you if you moved toward me. The only reason I haven't is no one will prosecute me for shooting a real werewolf mid-change, no matter how many witnesses there are. If you try in here, in human form, I'll go to prison happily knowing I did the right thing. Either way... The main thing is, you're so arrogant you think you'll get out of this once we get outside. You won't, you know.

LUKE:

What if I spat in your eye?

DAVID:

Not enough.

LUKE:

Okay. What if I spat in your beer?

(DAVID freezes)

Before you came in here? Then I sat it on the table and waited for you.
That would work. Wouldn't it? David?

(DAVID looks at the half empty beer in horror)

Don't you hate suspense? (smiles) I'll break it for you. I did just that.
Welcome to a very exclusive club, David. So, you have a choice. You can
either use the silver bullets in that gun on both of us- here; now- or you
can come outside and join me for dinner. We've already had drinks.

(Fade out)