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# Love Bite

By Ronan Blaney

Befit'?

Where are you?

Just a hunch.

I don't think they're coming.

- I really thought we had a chance.

- They didn't speak English.

- That's what I mean.

- Squeezer?

Well, if the girls aren't coming,  
does anyone wanna eat my sausage?

Linda, excuse me. I've hardly  
touched this. Can I get a refund? No?

Can I just get it battered to go then,  
please?

Never mind about that.

Party, tomorrow afternoon, yeah. The four  
mighty stud-muffins on their way.

Well, two mighty stud-muffins and two...

Nothings.

- Will we really pull at this party?

- 100%. It will be a beaver safari.

- A beavery.

- Even Spikey'll pull.

Father Jordan. Going out tonight?

You didn't clean up reception again.

We'll talk about it when you're dressed.

Think I can get away with this  
on a motorbike or is it a bit cheeky?

Can you see my...

- Mum! Yes, you can.

Hey, get this. Fast Eddie hinted  
he might wanna tie the knot.

Great, I always wanted my third stepdad  
to be a roadie.

- You alone then?

- Yes.

Again.

- May I make a suggestion?

- Please don't.

If you wait for the perfect girl to walk  
into your life, you end up... waiting.

Thanks, Mum. Duly noted.

- Sometimes imperfect girls are more fun.

- Can't hear you.

Are any of us actually invited  
to this party?

- We're not not invited.

- Shh.

Hear that?

It's the mating call  
of an entire subspecies.

Alright.

Virgees, listen up.

Girls like a man who's confident, right?

So when in doubt, what do you do?

Talk about yourself.

Girls love that. Fact.

Follow me. I'm going to take you down  
to Pussy Town.

Have you got any idea  
how crude that sounds?

- Yeah.

- Pussy Town.

See that one in the black bikini?

Spike, you're dribbling.

Watch and learn, Jamie.

Watch and learn.

Butt naked, skinny dip.

Hello?

- I've been watching you.

- Really?

I don't mean to sound forward, but

I suppose a shag's out of the question?

- Excuse me?

- You know, belly to belly?

Back up the hard drive?

The old hump-lick manoeuvre?

- You're really not big on small talk.

- We can do small talk, if you like.

Or you can just dive right in  
and lube up your hog.

Bugger.

- Your party?

- No.

- Is that marijuana I can smell?

- No.

Well, whoever's in charge  
of this assembly

I want you to tell them  
to turn that racket down.  
Don't make me come back.  
Got it?  
Look at it. Everyone else is pulling.  
What's wrong with us?  
- It's all about pheromones.  
- Telephones?  
Male sex hormones.  
Women can smell them apparently.  
- Is this the way to the garden?  
- No, yeah, no idea.  
- Pardon?  
- Nice tat. Sanskrit, right?  
Everlasting Peace.  
The waiter at the Curry Inn told us  
it actually says, 'Kick my nut sack! '  
- Kev.  
- Juliana.  
I don't know if you know,  
but tonight is your lucky night.  
It's my job to give the most  
attractive woman the time of her life.  
Starting with  
the alcoholic beverage of her choice.  
- What would you like, Sweetpea?  
- I'll have a Scotch Mist, please.  
Coming right up.  
- Is that a real drink?  
- Do you think I'd make it up?  
Does he often use  
that chat-up technique?  
Normally he asks girls if they wanna  
watch him lick his own eyebrow.  
Course, I'd hate you to think all  
the boys at Rainmouth are just crass.  
I've only pulled, Jamie.  
And she is well up for it.  
She's probably worth at least a...  
Minimum.  
So, are you here on vacation then?  
Going for a more formal approach now?  
If you prefer something more moronic...  
Am I on vacation?

No, I'm actually working.

- I write travel articles for a blog.

- Wow.

Wideblueyonder.com.

What you guys call gap year students.

No, over there it just means students work at Gap for a year, right?

You know, I have to call my parents.

I check in at the same time every couple of days.

- So I'm gonna step outside.

- OK.

- Why don't you make us a drink.

- OK. Yeah.

Perfect.

- I hope you don't think I'm easy.

- No.

You mind if I put my hand down the front of your...

- Do you know what you're doing?

- Yeah, why?

Your finger's in my belly button.

- Do you have any, you know, protection?

- Got my crash helmet.

Right.

- I'll go get them, shall I?

- No, let's start a family, Gary.

Fiona?

Fiona?

Hello again?

Wanna suck on my lollies?

Let's whip out the old baps and trumpet.

I thought you and I were gonna...

Sex pest.

Hurry back.

I'm all horned up.

Or I'll have to take care of it myself.

Again.

Juliana. It's Jamie.

I waited for you back there, but you never came back.

I would really love... like to see you again and get to know each other more.

Mum, could you get that?

Aarikka.  
Double A, double K.  
Right, yeah. Room 9.  
Nah! I prefer to carry it myself,  
thank you.  
It's... top of the stairs, turn right.  
Thank you.  
Come in.  
Jamie?  
My God.  
Are you the bell hop, or something?  
No, my mum owns it and I just help out.  
Until something else...  
till... something else-turns up.  
I just got your e-mail. So sweet.  
Yum! I'm ravenous.  
I couldn't get a signal at the party,  
then my boss called.  
I need you to put this piece  
on the blog.  
This is great. Because I wanted  
to ask you if you'd go out with me.  
- Let's pretend that didn't happen.  
- Done.  
I need someone  
to show me around. This afternoon?  
This afternoon? Well, I...  
- See you later then. Around two?  
- Awesome.  
- It's rude to stare.  
- Can I give you some advice, lad.  
Stay away from that girl.  
Do you ever think about  
getting out of Rainmouth?  
All the time.  
Travelling is the one thing  
I wanna do most of all.  
- What's stopping you?  
- It's a bit complicated.  
- I have to look after my mum.  
- She can't look after herself?  
The place tends to fall apart  
if I'm not there.  
Right, so that's how you see your life,

running a hotel with your mom?

- Kind of like in Psycho.

- What? No!

I'll have a pomegranate and kiwi.

It might say pomegranate and kiwi,  
but it doesn't mean they have it.

- What do they have then?

- Usually just milk.

OK, I'll have a shake.

- You could say it's part of the charm.

- You ever been in the States?

- You should. You should come over me.

- Pardon?

You should come over and see me.

You know what was interesting at that  
party in an anthropological sense?

How different North American  
and British teenagers behave.

In the States teens are busy  
discovering who they are.

- While over here...

- Vomiting and flashing genitals.

Exactly. Your friends are still  
at the window, aren't they?

If a boy takes a girl he likes out  
in Rainmouth, where do they go?

- Probably McBunty.

- And if they wanna be alone?

That's Barnham Woods  
and over there is Lookout Hill.

Want to answer a couple of questions?

- Just wondered if you'd seen these two.

- That's Gary. Is he in trouble?

He's missing. He went to a party last  
night and didn't come home, so...

That's where I've seen you.

His scooter's still there,  
but he's just, well, disappeared.

- Were you at this party too?

- Me? No.

Dilated pupils.

Either he's in love or on the pipe.

- Coat, trousers off.

- You can't make him do that.

Waiting.

Underpants.

- You're not allowed to do that.

- Please.

Guv? We've got to go pronto.

Two lCl's are taking a shower  
with a naked ICO in the car wash.

- Not again.

- Yeah.

- I gotta make tracks.

- Really?

- Which way are you going?

- You're going back to the hotel, right?

I'm going the other way.

- That way is just the woods.

- Yeah, got you. Thanks.

Here he is.

I thought you weren't coming out.

- I wasn't.

- It's Friday night. Know what that means?

- Tomorrow's Saturday?

- No, girlies' night out.

- Still early.

- Whoa.

- I saw the top of her pants.

- Yeah?

Tramp stamping a whale's tail? Nice.

Girls on holiday do anything.

- Like ice skating and stuff?

- No, in bed.

Not that you two cherry boys  
would know, innit?

It's their first time away from home.

Nothing's off limits. Indoors, outdoors.

- Backdoors.

- Thank you.

And that little beauty is Rainmouth

Pier's primo pulling apparatus.

You're basing this on...?

Once rotated your giddy girly

is gonna have to grab onto something.

Or someone?

Have you ever thought about  
a sexual advice column?



Go on, Spikey boy.  
Hello, girls.  
Try and edge towards them. Go on.  
My hand's stuck.  
Get off me, Spike.  
You're cramping my style.  
Thanks a bunch.  
Do you wanna hold my hand?  
- Perfect.  
- Yeah, pie puke. Nasty.  
I'd love to work here.  
It's like a chick magnet.  
I'm holding out for a slot on the bins.  
I've always wanted to ride a crusher.  
- You've gotta love those perks.  
- What perks?  
Glow bib.  
What is it about those men  
that women find so irresistible?  
- Girls love a bit of bump and grind.  
- Bump and grind.  
I'm riding with you, Kev.  
I'm a nervous passenger.  
Back out slowly.  
You do understand  
the idea of bumper cars?  
Slow down.  
- Ladies.  
- What's that smell?  
I don't know.  
Kev, are you really gonna work  
at the pie factory?  
- Jamie, the pie factory's a babe pit.  
- Says who?  
Pie folk.  
There you go, a redhead.  
Red on her head, fire in bed.  
If you don't chat up a girl  
in 30 seconds, do you stop breathing?  
It's a natural urge, Jamie.  
The itch you have to scratch, right?  
The itch happens after.  
I've seen the girls you've been with.  
Listen up. New number one

on my wish list, right.  
Twins, right, and me with a strap-on worn  
back to whatsit, both at the same time.  
I call it a sister seesaw.  
Spike)'-  
We're gonna get you.  
Mate, your hair stinks of puke.  
Right. Check it, Bru.  
A big lump at the back there, Spike.  
Bruno, get down the offie  
and get some more beers, will you?  
- Why should I go?  
- 'Cause you're our booze bitch.  
As soon as you've dunked  
your doughnut, you can stop.  
You wait till I'm on the bins.  
Then you'll see who the girls go for.  
- Yeah, not you, you big virganus.  
- Yeah, Spike, like you're not one too.  
Does your cyber cherry count?  
Right, is it out yet?  
- The good news is the sick is out.  
- But you're now covered in shit.  
Juliana, it's Jamie.  
- Where's Juliana?  
- Checked out.  
What are you doing in her room?  
Wanted an en suite bath.  
Why are you dressed like a terrorist?  
I work with bees.  
Bzz.  
Juliana, I'm surprised you checked out.  
I hope everything's alright.  
Let me know. Best wishes, Jamie.  
Kind regards.  
Yours sincerely.  
J. And a kiss.  
No kiss.  
Smiley.  
Yuk!  
That vintage fashion shop  
you recommended, it's fabulous.  
I bought the most beautiful  
satin corset.

So if you've any more ideas...  
Well, I'll definitely bear you in mind...  
bear it in mind...  
remember you in it... remember it.  
Sorry for my sudden departure.  
My boss wanted me to check out  
some accommodations.  
Kind of have to jump when she says,  
sucks, but that's the gig.  
Here's my new address.  
Go on then.  
You go.  
- What are they doing?  
- Dunno.  
Get up.  
Let me in or I'll have you thrown out.  
I can do that. I'm management.  
- Why were you at the cabin?  
- What cabin?  
I saw you.  
What is all this?  
Who are you?  
Tip of the ice berg.  
These are the ones we know about.  
I've seen things.  
Things people don't care to believe.  
Nothing new, mind.  
Been around for thousands of years.  
King Ly...  
Ancient king of Greece.  
He was the first recorded man  
to shed his form.  
Disappeared on nights of the full moon.  
That's Bruno's.  
What are you doing with this?  
I found that in the woods  
next to the cabin.  
- Wasn't a virgin, was he?  
- A virgin?  
Well, they kill and eat a virgin  
on the night of the full moon.  
They can smell 'em a mile off.  
- You're one, aren't you?  
- What? Nothing to do with you.

Such enflamed tenderloin flesh  
is the sweetest meat of all.  
Ever been followed  
by a bloke with a butterfly net?  
Sumerian pentangle.  
I painted one on the door  
to ward her off.  
They're not scared of much, but they see  
that, they know we're on to them.  
I've hunted werewolves  
all my adult life, son.  
Not found one yet,  
but I'm working on it.  
Now, you hear what I say, boy.  
And you hear it good.  
Stay away from that girl!  
It's her.  
It's a dog.  
Alright, Tiff?  
Been looking for your brother.  
- Bruno.  
- Him.  
- Is he in?  
- No.  
Nobody's heard from him for a week.  
I was worried.  
What, is he your boyfriend?  
You two benders now, then, yeah?  
No. Just a concerned friend.  
- He went away.  
- Where?  
I think it was Amsterdam.  
Or maybe Hampstead.  
Or was it Hammersmith?  
- Is there a place called Hampstersmith?  
- No.  
- He's definitely gone away then?  
- I said that, didn't I?  
- Right, if you...  
- Whatever.  
- So who called it in?  
- One of the stallholders.  
Said he heard someone screaming.  
Said it sounded like an animal in pain.

Prat. We all know what that was.  
Mosh pit of rutting down here of a night.  
Guv?  
- Looks like a dog's bone.  
- Big dog. Look at the teeth marks.  
- Get Forensics to take a look?  
- Chemists who think they're coppers?  
It's standard procedure...  
Standard procedure if you want  
to be laughed at.  
This is how we took care of  
these sorts of things in the Met.  
Dodged the bullet there, son.  
- Where have you been? It's 6 o'clock.  
- I've been looking for Bruno.  
- Why? What has he done?  
- We haven't heard from him for a week.  
Do you know what's weird?  
I haven't missed him at all.  
I think we should report it.  
Remember, he was going on  
about working on the bins.  
Perhaps that's where he's gone.  
Bin school.  
Here, Jamie, told you.  
Pie factory's a babe cave, mate.  
If you aren't helping me,  
I'll keep looking for him myself.  
This one mine, then?  
- Hello, lover.  
- Hi.  
How about going somewhere more private?  
- You got your own place?  
- Yeah.  
Sort of. Spike.  
Mate, you're a sure win.  
- Yeah, not my type.  
- She'll do the nasty.  
They're the only type worth having.  
It's important to respect your partner.  
- Those are double Ds, man.  
- Yeah, what's not to respect?  
Anyway, I met someone.  
Juliana.

Juliana Banana.

- Nice. You boned it?

- I'm not answering that.

Means no.

Tell her she's in your wank bank.

- Girls love stuff like that.

- She's well hot.

If you can get a bird like that  
to batter your sausage...

- You going out with her now, then?

- Well, yeah. No. It's complicated.

Yeah, no, sort of.

It's always complicated with you, innit?

She caught me staring at  
her naked through a window.

And she thinks I painted a phallic symbol  
on her cabin.

That's quite complicated.

- How much further is it?

- No further. Here.

I wonder if there's a fruit  
they haven't made a pie out of.

Melon.

I've never seen a melon pie before.

Be honest. I bet you never thought  
you'd end up with a stud like me.

No.

- I know what you're thinking.

- I don't think you do.

You think you're gonna get me down  
on the beach and get my knickers off?

- That's not gonna happen.

- Right.

Because I'm not wearing any.

Now you wanna look, don't you?

Dirty bugger.

Drinking in a public place.

- I assume you're all over 18?

- 18 what?

Behold the lippy one.

Sounds like he's after a Section 12.

Are you offering?

People suffering from mental disorders  
in a public place.

In immediate need of care or control,  
subject to instantaneous apprehension.  
With the use of force, if necessary.  
Right.

Oy. You two. Stop.

You'd better take me somewhere  
really expensive next week.

Promise?

- Hi, Daddy.

- Hello, Pumpkin.

- Where are you taking my daughter?

- Nowhere.

Get in the car, Liss.

Quite the ladies' man.

What happened to the other one?

Got what you wanted and then dumped her?

- Now you're ready to take on another one?

- It's not what you think.

You're a mind reader?

How do you know what I think?

If I find out you've laid  
so much as a finger on my little angel  
I'll stick this right up your arse.

- You off the mark yet?

- What?

Has your toad been holed?

I really don't see what me losing  
my virginity has to do with you.

Scusi.

Just make sure you do something about it  
before the next full moon.

Hi, it's Juliana. Leave a message.

It's Jamie.

I'd really like to talk to you.

I think you might be angry with me  
because I was spying on you.

I can explain.

Please call me.

Spike, what is that?

- What do you mean?

- You know what I mean. What is that?

I can't help it.

It's the feathers. They feel nice.

Giddy up, boys.

YES.

You shouldn't have been looking through my window.

You should have come in.

Come on.

- Can I explain?

- I don't know. Can you?

This is going to sound really out there.

But you know the weird guy at the hotel, the inbred one, washing-machine eyes?

God, don't laugh.

He thinks he's a werewolf hunter.

What?

Yeah. And he was at the cabin graffitiiing your door as well.

Yeah, I saw him.

- So you knew I wasn't...

- I was messing with you.

Wait. A werewolf hunter?

Seriously?

I suppose he thinks that you're a...

I didn't think I'd hear from you again, to be honest.

I thought that, well, that you thought I was a bit 'bleh'.

- Like what?

- Like 'bleh'.

if you saw what happened, why didn't you return my calls?

Look, Jamie, I really enjoy being with you.

It's just that with my work, it's hard to have proper relationships.

What about an improper one?

Before this goes anywhere, you should know that it never goes anywhere.

And you'll be looking after your mom all the time, so...

And I'm always moving around.

I gotta go.

Why do you have to go?

- It's the job. It's kind of like 'bleh'.

- When are you back?

Saturday.



Right, well, I'll meet you next Saturday then, at the pier. At five.

- She'll be back. What's the problem?

- She doesn't think it can work.

- Cocktease. They all say that.

- He's right.

- Loads of girls have said that to me.

- It's the equivalent of a lap dance.

She's rotating those nipple tassels right under your nose.

Stoking your boiler.

- No, I think it's a bit more...

- Complicated.

You reckon she'll go bareback?

Can't you relate to a girl

in a way that isn't just about sex?

If you're doing a raincoat,  
go flavoured.

Women respond well to

a novelty contraceptive, Jamie. Fact.

They disappeared

exactly one month apart. And now this.

Bruno Wallis. It was the only picture his sister could find, so...

I'm looking at the pattern.

What does it tell us'?

It tells us school term ended.

Three kids decided there might be life outside of a town that makes square pies.

- We can't just ignore this.

- In the Met we had three missings a day.

Ask me if we investigated them.

- Did you?

- No.

Ask me why.

- Why?

- Because then they became unmissing.

They got over their little hissy fit and came back from holiday.

Or sobered up.

You've got a lot to learn.

I tidied this up this morning.

Well? What have you got to say for yourself?

Bummer.

It's time you shaped up, Mum.

Safe.

I was just about to come and find you.

Wondered if you'd take a look  
at my shower head.

I'm not quite getting  
the pressure I need.

Really?

Jesus H. You're going out  
on the night of the full moon?

Are you insane?

Or are you no longer 'virgo intacto?'

I think you're a dirty old man  
who gets off spying on young girls.

Don't tell me you're seeing her.

Can I be frank with you, boy?

Speak with you man to man?

The hornier you are,  
the more delicious you are.

- I'm calling Social Services.

- It's hormones, boy.

They can taste 'em.

It's what she's doing.

Getting you worked up,  
ready to burst, and then...

Ouch, just bit my tongue.

You're in grave danger, boy.

Look, I know you think  
being together's difficult.

But you're the first person I can really  
be myself with and be honest with.

Well, honesty is the cornerstone  
of a good relationship.

And lots of hot sex.

Jamie.

Jamie, I have...

No, stop.

- Don't you like it?

- No, I love it.

You really turn me on. It's just...

There's...

There's something you're not telling me.

You're right. There is.

I'm not like ordinary girls.

- What's your game, bitch?

- Let go!

What are you doing?

- We had a date. You promised.

- What'?

That night when you wanted to poke  
your nose into my Bermuda Triangle.

- I didn't know you two...

- She's mine, ho.

If you get your skanky mitts on him,  
I will bitch-slap you.

All the way back to Yanksville, cougan.

In Rainmouth, we don't intercourse  
with other women's fiancses.

- You're engaged?

- Believe it, arse face.

- Wait, I can explain. Juliana, please.

- Save it.

Why have a burger

when you can have your very own Bunty?

No more talk. Vagina time.

I've got such a wetty for you.

Do me here, in the woods.

- Do me in that tent over there.

- No.

Do you know what really turns me on?

Doing it where we might get caught.

Bend me over one of the bins

on the high street.

I can't.

- You're not a bum plumber, are you?

- No.

- I can't do this.

- Are you married?

- Yeah, I'm married.

- I see.

If there's one thing

I cannot stand, it's married men...

I'm married to my vocation.

You see, I'm training to be a priest.

I've taken a vow of chastity.

That include oral?

It's the path I've chosen.

She isn't my fiance.  
I have more important things  
than worry about giddy boys.  
Run along. Go back to your mommy  
and your little hotel.  
I think I'm in love with you.  
It's time for you to start thinking  
about not being in love with me.  
- You wanted to tell me something.  
- Forget it. OK?  
You're wearing the same clothes.  
Where did you go?  
That is none of your goddamn business.  
Get out. Now.  
Now.  
You know why she's not interested  
in you any more, don't you?  
She saw you with that other girl.  
The chesty one  
with the top-heavy lovelies.  
She thinks you're no longer a virgin.  
You are still a...?  
YES.  
So, maps. You Say?  
So you believe me now?  
- You definitely think Juliana...  
- Three months ago I saw her.  
In a village in Hungary. Porb...  
- P6rb6ly.  
Pirbly, that's it.  
Which was on her blog.  
That same night a young couple  
went missing after a school disco.  
And now she's here.  
She's the beast, Jamie.  
She has to be destroyed.  
Think about it, Kev.  
Gary disappeared at the party.  
Then Bruno. They were both  
on nights of the full moon.  
To recap, this, what shall we call him,  
scholar, sage,  
or simply cretin, in the B&B, reckons  
they've both been eaten by a werewolf.

Looking at all the evidence,  
it does stack up.  
And this werewolf just so happens  
to be the girl you're in love with.  
- Wow. What are the chances of that?  
- Well, this is the freaky part, right.  
- It only attacks virgins.  
- So? What's the problem? You're safe.  
But we need to tell Spike to stay  
indoors. There's a full moon tonight.  
If you cut yourself, does sap run out?  
Alright, Pumpernickel?  
Don't I know you from somewhere?  
Yeah.  
Looking good.  
We've all been rejected  
by a hottie, Jamie.  
- Fess up. She blew you out.  
- That's not the point, Kev.  
The only answer to a broken heart  
is to boff it out your system.  
You and I are just  
very different creatures, Kev.  
See you later.  
I got it. Look.  
I got it going up the path here. Look.  
Let me just rewind it there.  
There it is. Look, there.  
That's me.  
Poo. How did that happen?  
Must have had it round the...  
Well, doesn't matter.  
I saw it, though, with my own eyes.  
A lycanthrope.  
Shouldn't you be indoors,  
where it's safe? Assuming you haven't...  
If I were you, I'd do everything  
in my power to change that condition.  
Before tomorrow night.  
It's you she wants. She'll be back  
on your scent before you know it.  
It's all very well you going on about it.  
It's not that...  
I despair of you younger generation.

In my days, we were like jack rabbits.  
I remember one particular night...  
my first hat trick.  
I was a virile lad then.  
I had balls the size of watermelons.  
Thanks for that beautiful mental image.  
it's eaten.  
God rest her soul.  
- You may still have time.  
- For what?  
To get laid, you doughnut.  
You've got 24 hours to dip your pickle.  
Now go!  
It's Jamie. About the shower.  
Would you like me to check the nozzle?  
Hey, babe.  
How are you doing? I was wondering  
if you fancied a cocktail.  
A 'cock'-tail?  
A slow, comfortable screw perhaps?  
Did you know there's 256 bones  
in the body?  
How would you like another one?  
Alright, gorgeous?  
Hi, I was wondering  
if I could buy you a drink.  
I'll have a vodka and tonic. Thanks.  
This may seem forward, but I think  
you're the most beautiful girl in here.  
That's such a sweet thing to say. Ray.  
This boy says  
I'm the most beautiful woman in here.  
Show me your lettuce, then.  
The money, dipshit.  
- Got a room?  
- No, how much would a room be?  
- Right, that's everything, is it?  
- You want everything?  
- Wait here.  
- Where are you going?  
- To take care of the room.  
- How do I know you're coming back?  
You don't.  
Alicia.

Great to see you.

- Let's go out together.

- I thought you'd gone Jesus.

Just a phase.

See, I was wondering.

- Fancy having a little bit of sex with me?

- Blimey, you're a bit forward.

- A bit late. I'm engaged. This is Danny.

- It's Derek.

It's over.

You're too clingy.

Get 'm off then.

- Not bad.

- Thanks.

You like that, don't you?

How about...

What happened here?

Osborne.

What are you doing here?

He belongs to the copper

my dad works with.

Shit. Quick. Hide.

If my dad finds out, I'm...

- Alicia? Is that you?

- Hello.

I was sunbathing and

must have fallen asleep.

You'll catch your death.

Come on. I'll give you a lift.

Those yours too, are they?

Come on then. Osborne!

Come on. Osborne.

- Watch it.

- Bruno. You scared the life out of me.

- Where have you been?

- Amsterdam.

Can't believe you went.

I got tired of everyone

going on about me being a virgin.

So I decided to do something about it.

- You should see the red-light district.

- Why didn't you text?

- We were worried.

- Dropped my phone in a urinal.

And now the numbers stick.

- So, you're naked then.

- Yeah.

Yes, I am. Long story.

A bit complicated.

Do you mind if we...

- So you finally broke your duck, then?

- You're probably going to laugh.

- Sid, she's out there. I saw her.

- Never think of 'it' as 'her'.

Right. The old Colt.

Silver bullets.

One of those into the head.

Has to be the head, mind.

Soon put a stop to her antics.

Sorry. Didn't mean to say 'her'.

Although the silent assassination

with the silver-top bolt,

can be the better option.

Recap. check. check.

Sandwiches... check.

Could be a long night.

This mean that you've...

Mr Aarikka? Are you up there?

There's someone to see you.

Siddarth Aarikka, I arrest you on  
suspicion of the abduction of Gary Jones.

We'd also like to question you  
on the disappearance of Bruno Wallis.

Jamie, don't forget, there's still  
that thing you need to take care of.

- Found what you're looking for?

- Stay where you are.

You haven't done it before, have you?

Used a gun. The safety's on.

- I know what you're doing here.

- You know I'm a hunter.

- What?

- A werewolf hunter.

- I thought you were...

- A werewolf?

My God. You fell for me  
thinking I was a monster.

That really is love.



My whole family are hunters.  
We log on to a crime database.  
We check missing persons  
against moon phases.  
Where we see a pattern,  
we send an investigator. A hunter.  
- You'd better go.  
- Why?  
Full moon.  
One of my busier evenings.  
- Your friend Spike. Virgin, right?  
- Yeah.  
I gotta run.  
What exactly are you gonna do?  
We have to do anything we can  
to get people who might be targets, laid.  
It's not like you can set Spike up  
on some super hot date and...  
if somebody has become a target,  
we're required to adjust their standing.  
That's not something I've had to do.  
But to be honest, I have never met  
such a useless bunch of young men.  
What do you mean?  
- Do you want me to spell it out?  
- Yeah.  
I have to deflower a virgin.  
I'm saving a life.  
That makes you like a...  
- Don't even go there. It's the job.  
- That's why I said we can't be together.  
- Fine. I get it.  
Somebody's very judgemental  
all of a sudden.  
I'm disappointed.  
- Try hurt.  
- I said it couldn't work.  
No man can handle my job.  
This job means  
you have sex with Spike tonight?  
If I have to.  
Hope they pay you well.  
Spike!  
Spike. Bloody bastard.

Alright, toss-pot? Still pining?  
- How does full-on penetrative sex sound?  
- Clinical, to be honest.  
You're such a sap, Jamie. I've got three  
pie babes here that need filling.  
With meat.  
Get my drift?  
- Or fruit.  
- When you say 'we'?  
- Me and Spike.  
- Great.  
Keep him there. Don't let him leave.  
I'd like you to meet a couple of people.  
This is Hazel. Like the nut.  
And this is Donna. Like the kebab.  
And this is Britney. Like the ferry.  
Which one of you lovely ladies  
wants to go and say hello to Jamie?  
- You're a real life saver.  
- Kev said you'd want to talk.  
- No, not really.  
- You might take a bit of persuading.  
You might be a bit backward in...  
- Come on, Kev.  
- Wait.  
My God.  
Guess this will make me  
one of those hairy dudes.  
Girls like that, though, don't they,  
some of 'em?  
Suppose there's always waxing.  
Who wants to  
work in a pie factory anyway?  
Probably would have ended up  
like my dad anyway.  
Trying to make a living catching eels.  
- Barred from The Huntsman.  
- Living in a caravan.  
- It's a mobile home.  
- Sorry.  
Aaach.  
I'm gonna need your help  
with this one, mate.  
As much as the idea of killing

holidaymakers appeals, I have morals.  
If I want anyone to do it,  
I want it to be you.  
Just to see if you can, you big wusser.  
Aaarch, aah.  
You're a virgin.  
You lied to me.  
- I didn't want to disappoint you.  
- I don't get it.  
What about big titty committee  
and Juliana Banana?  
It's complicated.  
Promise me you're gonna  
get out of this town, alright?  
Just leave. Go and have sex  
with just so many women.  
'Cause if you don't, I'm gonna eat you.  
There's a phrase I never thought I'd use.  
Go on.  
I can't.  
I'm gonna ask you again. Where did you  
get the police-issue cuffs from?  
I told you before,  
a gift from the archbishop.  
Don't worry. Spike wasn't home.  
What's going on?  
It got Kev.  
- I had to kill him.  
- My God. I'm so sorry.  
- I think I shot it. The creature.  
- Where?  
- In the cricket pavilion.  
- Is that another euphemism for testicles?  
No. It was hit in the shoulder.  
That's no good. If you didn't get it  
in the head, it will be back.  
- That's bad, then, is it?  
- You'll be OK. It's looking for a virgin.  
I guess now's  
as good a time to tell you as any.  
I could be the type  
of person it's looking for.  
I actually am, in fact... a virgin.  
- What? What is with you guys?

- Nothing wrong with being a virgin.  
Right. Yeah, it's just unexpected.  
OK, then we're gonna have to have sex.  
It's just sex, Jamie.  
There's nothing to be scared of.  
I'm not sure I'm in the mood right now.  
I've just killed my best mate.  
It's OK. It's what he would have wanted.  
We're gonna have to make this quick.  
OK?  
I don't think that's gonna be a problem.  
Give me a minute.  
Keep away from him, you demon.  
No, she's cool.  
In fact, go away. Everything's fine, Sid.  
Buffoons like you  
give hunters a bad name.  
- She's a hunter too.  
- That's the oldest trick in the book.  
- How can you believe him?  
- How can you believe her?  
Crap. I'm on the run.  
I do believe her. She's not the beast.  
You've got ten  
seconds to come out or we're coming in.  
Hands on your head.  
Turn around.  
Turn around.  
Interview with the Met. Here we come,  
thank you very much.  
Requesting backup. Three detained.  
Pine Lodge, Barnham Woods. Over.  
You're under arrest.  
You do not have to say anything, but...  
- Can we all just shut it?  
- Sorry.  
Turn around.  
Dear.  
Dear, dear, dear.  
I said shut it.  
Get the gun, son!  
You don't scare me.  
- Sid, wait there. I'll get help.  
- No.

No, boy. It's over.  
I was wrong about her.  
And about lots of things.  
I reckon it's time I left this racket.  
Listen, boy.  
Let me give you a tip.  
Something a wise old hunter  
once told me.  
Always...  
save elastic bands.  
I'm infected.  
You have to kill me. Go on.  
No.  
And now rise, children.  
Swear before Almighty God that you  
won't relinquish your blessed innocence.  
Until locked...  
in sacred matrimony.  
- You guys ready to order?  
- Hungry?  
- Ravenous.  
- We'll just have coffee, please.