



Scripts.com

She-wolf Of London

By George Bricker

[Bell Tolling]
[Clearing Throat]
What is it, Latham?

It's nearly 10:

I have a carriage waiting.
Carriage? What carriage? You wanted to look at that place in the park. Don't you recall, sir?
Oh, yes. Yes, of course.
Confounded nuisance, spending one's time on routine investigations.
I'd hardly call this routine, sir.
What would you call it? Why, I-I...
I'd say it was highly unusual...
a man being attacked by a werewolf in a London park.
Werewolf?
I'm surprised at you, Latham. I always looked upon you as an intelligent man. Where on earth did you get this "werewolf" idea?
I know, you've been looking at the papers. Well, they are full of it.
Bosh! From what I understand of the case, the man was nipped by a stray dog.
Oh, it was much worse than that, sir. He was very badly slashed.
He swears that it was not an animal that attacked him.
I suppose he was accosted by a man...
who suddenly sprouted hairy ears and long fangs.
No, sir.
No ears, and no fangs.
As a matter of fact, it wasn't a man. It was a woman.
A little early to be visiting grog shops, isn't it?
Oh, sir, I never touch a drop...

before 6:

Come along.

Yes, sir.

Fine morning, isn't it? Much too fine...

to be wasting it on minor

things like stray dogs.

Well, Miss Allenby, are you

prepared to accept defeat gracefully?

You haven't defeated me

yet, Mr. Lanfield. [Chuckles]

We are certainly formal this morning,

aren't we, Phyllis? [Chuckles]

Yes, we are. Much too formal for two

people who are to be married next week.

Next December.

Next week.

This race is

merely a formality.

You sure you don't want the handicap

I offered you? No, thank you.

All right. Do you mind if I

review the terms of the race?

Just to refresh your memory. As a

lawyer, I don't want any loopholes.

I'll save you

the trouble, sir.

"We race to the road in the glen, and

the winner names our wedding day. "

Which will be next December,

because I'm going to win!

And I adore winter

weddings. And I detest them.

That's why I'm going to win. You ready?

Ready.

Start counting.

One, two, three...

go!

Well, Miss Allenby,

I won fairly and squarely,

and next week you'll

become Mrs. Barry Lanfield.

You should have taken that

five-length handicap I offered you.

I'm glad I didn't,

Barry. You see, I...

I didn't really want to
wait till next December.

You didn't?

[Latham] Aha. You see? They're woman's
footprints, Inspector. There's no doubt.
She came along the meadow, and
probably went through this hedge.
You know, that fellow might
have been telling the truth...
about a female werewolf
attacking him.

[Inspector] Stop that nonsense
about a werewolf attacking anybody.

I'm sorry, Inspector. Is there a
way we can get through this brush?

[Man] Here's a spot, sir. All right,
we'll have a look on the other side.

[Latham] Yes, well, let me
help you, sir. Thank you.

What's the
matter, Phyllis?

You look frightened. Oh,
why... those voices startled me.
Shall we go? Yes, now that we have
an audience, the spell is broken.

We seem to have interrupted
a romantic moment. Mm.

You know, when I was courtin' my
missus, we used to go horseback ridin'.

Did you? Yeah. Then we got married,
and she refused to go near
a horse from that moment on.

She only pretended to like riding
until she got me well-hooked.

When you're quite finished
mooning about your courting days,
perhaps we can get on with the
business in hand. I'm sorry, Inspector.

Uh, come on.

You look very thoughtful.

I have many things
on my mind.

After all, I'm to be

a bride next week.

That's not

what's troubling you.

Are you upset because of what
the constables were saying?

Frankly, I am. It's not a
very comfortable feeling,
to know that such weird
things are taking place...

in the park so close
to where one lives.

[Chuckles] But certainly you don't believe
those newspaper stories about werewolves?

That's just sensational trash, the sort
of thing one reads in penny dreadfuls...
if one reads

penny dreadfuls.

You don't read them, do
you? Oh, of course not.

It's just that I... I guess
I'm on edge, because...

Well, there's no man
in our house.

Your worries will be over next
week, when you move into my diggings.

In the meantime, I don't think
you'll be roaming the park at nights.
Not if I can help it.

[Growling]

[Loud Barking]

Oh, Hannah.

Yes, Miss Carol.

Will you do something for me
while you're doing the marketing?

Of course, miss. You want
me to fetch something?

No, I want you to
deliver something.

Please leave this at the chemist
on the corner near the greengrocer.

Just say that someone will
call for it this afternoon.

Will you do that? Oh, ho! So it's
Cupid I'm playing this fine morning!

[Laughing] Yes. And the note is very important. They always are at your age. [Laughs] Don't fret. I'll see that it's delivered quickly. Thank you very much, Hannah. Hannah.!

Yes, Mrs. Winthrop?

L:

- Is there something else you've thought of for me to bring from the market?

No. I'll take that note Carol handed to you.

Note? What note? Quickly. I saw you put it in your basket.

But, mother, it's only a... I'll see what it is. Give it to me before I lose patience and discharge you. I'm sorry, Miss Carol. Run along and do your marketing.

Hmmph!

I thought so. Mother, you've no right to... To keep you from making a fool of yourself... over a worthless fellow like Dwight Severn? Is that what you were about to say? I love Dwight. And he's not worthless. He's fine and sweet and considerate and... And hasn't a penny to his name.

Come in the house, Carol.

I want to talk to you.

[Banging]

Sit down.

I'm certain you imagine yourself madly in love with this starving young artist of yours. But have you given any thought to what happens to us... the moment Phyllis marries Barry Lanfield?

I imagine things will go
on pretty much the same.
Of course, we'll miss her. It's
not as simple as that, Carol.
That's why I'm delving
into the past now,
to tell you of certain things I probably
should have explained to you long ago.
The reason
I haven't told you is...
that your happiness has always
been uppermost in my mind.
First, I think you should know...
you're not Phyllis's cousin.
You're not related
to her in any way.
I don't understand.
You're her aunt, and...
No. I'm not related
to her, either.
I'm only the woman who might
have married Reginald Allenby.
Reginald Allenby? Phyllis's father? Yes.
This is the note he sent me the
day before I married your father.
Read it.
"My own darling, I know that nothing
I can say will change your mind.
"I wish you every happiness,
even though my heart tells me...
"I shall never quite
get over loving you,
Reggie. " Of course, he did get over it.
Disappointed suitors
generally do.
He married Phyllis's mother just one
year after I married your father...
a man as penniless as the precious
young man you wish to marry.
And when your father died, leaving me with
a small child and practically no money,
I had to fend for myself.
That's how I happened
to become the housekeeper...

of the Allenby's
London house.

[Softly]

This house.

This house

isn't ours?

No, it belongs

to the Allenby estate,

meaning Phyllis,

because she's the only heir.

[Dog Barking]

[Phyllis] Barry.!

Stop it! Go away! [Barking]

Barry!

Stop it. Go away.

- Barry!

- Get back!

[Growling]

Come here, Rolf. You know,

I really can't understand it.

He's so gentle around

everyone but Phyllis.

He was anything but gentle

a moment ago.

Why don't you get rid

of them, Mrs. Winthrop?

I bought them for protection. You

know what's been going on in the park.

Perhaps if Phyllis tried

to make friends with them.

Talk to them, Phyllis. Let him

know you're not afraid of him.

There might be something

in what she says, darling.

Try petting him; see what

happens. [Breathing Deeply]

[Growling, Snarling,

Barking]

Oh, no. No.

Take him away, please!

Very well, my dear. Come along.

I'll lock him in the garden.

I'm sorry I'm such

a coward, Barry.

I don't blame you for being
afraid, the way he was carrying on.
[Barking Continues]
[Dogs Barking]
[Dog Howling]
[Door Opening]
Oh! Oh, Aunt Martha!
You startled me.
I'm sorry, Phyllis.
I heard you
stirring about.
I thought I'd just look in
and say good night.
What in the world is
that? It's a lantern.
But why did you
hang it out there?
I thought it might keep the
dogs from making such a racket.
They've been
at it all evening.
Come now, my dear. You can tell
me the truth. What do you mean?
I'm familiar with that
old Scottish superstition...
of hanging out a lighted lantern when
dogs howl, to drive away the evil spirits.
But you're far too intelligent
to believe in anything so silly.
Am I? I wonder.
Certainly you are.
Oh, leave it there!
But why? Why, because I want it there.
Isn't that reason enough?
Just as you say, dear.
Wait! Aunt Martha,
I'm sorry.
It's just that
I'm all on edge.
Those dogs and their constant
howling are driving me frantic.
And things that have been
happening in the park...
You poor child. You really

are upset, aren't you?
You mustn't let yourself
go to pieces like this.
Now, get into bed.
I'll fetch you some warm
milk from downstairs.
You'll sleep so soundly
you won't even hear the dogs.
Into bed with you.
I'll only be a minute.
[Martha]
Carol.!
Where are you going?
Answer my question.
I was going out for a breath of
air. It was stuffy in my room.
Why do you lie to me? You were
stealing out of the house...
to meet Dwight Severn.
Go to your room.
At once.
Here you are, darling.
Drink it.
And let's forget all about
your nerves being on edge.
Oh, thank you, Aunt Martha.
That's very sweet of you.
[Dogs Barking,
Howling]
Dismal sound,
ain't it, 'Erbert?
Like lost souls looking
for a place to rest.
Nothing quite as fancy,
Alfred, if you ask me.
More like lost wolves looking
for someone to tear to pieces.
Yes, 'orrible,
ain't it?
They do say the 'owling
of a dog means death.
In that case, half of London must
be at death's door at this minute.
[Screaming]

That's no dog.
Sounds like a child.
Here, come on!
[Exhales]
Blood.
[Sighs]
Good morning.
Why, Phyllis, what's the
matter? It's happened.
I knew it would happen.
What are you talking about? Look.
Your slippers are covered with mud! Yes.
And the hem of my robe... it's wet. As
though I'd been walking in wet grass.
But you couldn't have been
out! Blood on my hands.
Oh, Aunt Martha, what have I
done? Where did I go last night?
Stop it, Phyllis. You couldn't
have been out. It's impossible!
But my hands...
the robe...
the slippers... and I had
the most horrible dream.
I was walking on
a desolate moor at night.
I was stalking someone.
To kill him.
Oh, it's the Allenby curse.
I'm sure of it!
Nonsense.
There's no such thing.
If there isn't, I must be
subject to spells of insanity.
I know you're upset, Phyllis,
but you're not insane.
Now, get dressed.
Come down to breakfast.
Act as if nothing
has happened.
We don't want Carol to
suspect that anything's wrong.
Understand?
You don't look well this morning,

Miss Phyllis. Is somethin' ailin' you?

Phyllis is perfectly well, Hannah.

Now run along and

fetch Carol's breakfast.

She'll be down in a minute.

Just as you say, mum.

Do you think

Hannah suspects?

Of course not. But she

stared at me so strangely.

Be quiet.

Good morning,

Mother. Phyllis.

Good morning, dear.

Good morning, Miss Carol.

Good morning,

Hannah.

Oh, how dreadful! What is it, Carol?

A small boy was killed last night

in the park near Denham Lane.

Torn to pieces by

an animal of some kind.

[Hannah] Denham Lane.!

Why, that's close by here.

[Carol] Yes, just a short

way. Less than a mile I'd say.

[Hannah] Not more than

half a mile, if you ask me.

Hannah, get some more tea.

What are you waiting

for? Get it! Yes, ma'am.

It seems that the body of the

child was horribly mangled.

[Gasps] Carol, please! [Sobs]

Help me get her upstairs.

[Sobbing Continues]

[Exhales]

Hello, Barry. Good morning,

Carol. Is Phyllis ready?

I promised I'd drive her to

the dressmaker's this morning.

I'm afraid she can't

go with you, Barry.

Why not?

She's ill.

Not too ill to receive
a visitor, I hope.

I don't know. I'll go to her
room and ask her. Come in.

I just can't live with myself
knowing that I murdered that child.

You murdered no one. Now, you
must stop talking about it.

Or even thinking about it.

The idea that a frail girl
like you could literally...
tear a boy of ten to pieces
is utterly ridiculous.

I wish I could
believe that.

[Knocking]

[Liquid Pouring]

- Is that you, Carol?

- Yes, Mother.

What is it?

Barry's here.

I explained that you were ill
and he wants to see you.

Shall I have him come up? Oh,
no. No, don't let him come up.

Tell him I can't see him.

I never want to see him again.

You can't possibly mean that,
Phyllis. Of course she doesn't mean it.

Explain she's sleeping and asked not to be
disturbed. Tell him she'll see him tomorrow.

Oh, but I won't be able
to see him tomorrow.

I'm positive you will,
my dear. Drink this.

It will calm
your nerves.

Please, Phyllis.

You're keeping Barry
waiting, Carol.

I'm never going to see
Barry again, Aunt Martha.

I just couldn't.

[Sighing] I'd feel... I'd feel unclean.

Psst! Hannah. Oh! What're
you doin' here, Mr. Barry?

Not so loud. Go on with your work.

I want to ask you some questions.

How's Phyllis this morning?

She seems much better, sir.

[Whispering] She's in the
garden now. Gettin' some sun.

That's strange.

Mrs. Winthrop told me
she was too ill to see me.

She's been telling me
that for two days now.

Mrs. Winthrop is peculiar,
if you ask me.

Only don't tell her

I said so.

I won't, if you'll let me go
through here to the garden.

Go ahead!

What's holdin' ya?

[Whispering] And if ya get caught,
I'll swear I never set eyes on ya.

And I'll
confirm it.

[Sighs]

Hello, darling.

Barry!

How did you get here? I'll
tell you about that later.

First, I want
to talk to you.

Why have you been
avoiding me, Phyllis?

I've been trying to see you
for the past two days.

Is that any way to treat the man
you're going to marry next Wednesday?

Barry, please.

I can't talk about it now.

[Sighs]

Phyllis, what's the matter? It's Barry.
Will you please

ask him to go?
Barry, I didn't know
you were here.
Where did Phyllis go?
I've got to talk to her.
You'd better not. You've
upset her enough already.
How could I have upset her? I
merely walked into the garden...
and asked her why
she's been avoiding me.
Perhaps she's been avoiding you because she
didn't want you to see her while she was ill.
She's a sensitive girl. Don't force the
issue when she's feeling as she does now.
What's wrong with her, Mrs.
Winthrop? What's come over her?
You'd think a girl about to be
married would be in great spirits.
It's just a case of nerves.
I'm sure it's nothing serious.
In a couple of days, when she's feeling
better, she'll be a different person.
In the meantime,
I'll take good care of her.
You'd better go now.
Hello, Barry. Good afternoon, Carol.
I know, you've been calling
on the bride-to-be. How is she?
I wish I knew.
Carol, will you come for a drive
with me? I'd like to talk to you.
All right.
[Carriage Rattling]
[Dog Barking]
[Dogs Barking]
Good evening. Are you
the lady of the house?
I'm a lady. But I only
work here. Who are you?
My name is Latham, Criminal
Investigation Department, Scotland Yard.
Oh. Come in.
Thank you.

I'll call Mrs. Winthrop right away. Well, don't bother.

You can give me the information I want.

Uh, how many people live in this house?

Four. Mrs. Winthrop, her daughter, her niece and meself.

No men?

Not a man.

Mm. Are there any dogs about the place?

Yes, indeed! And vicious beasts they are.

Every night they keep me awake with their barkin' and howlin'.

You'd be doin' me a great favor if you'd take them away.

That's what you'd be doin'. Mm.

It's a gentleman from Scotland Yard, askin' about the dogs.

Latham is the name, ma'am. How do you do?

I'm Mrs. Winthrop. That will be all, Hannah.

I presume all dogs are under suspicion, in view of the strange happenings in the park.

If you wish me to get rid of them, I... Oh, I had nothing... like that in mind,

Mrs. Winthrop.

I imagine that you keep them for protection.

I can't say that I blame you, with no men about the place.

I don't suppose you allow the dogs to roam at large?

Certainly not. They're locked in the garden most of the time. Especially at night.

Mm.

Have you noticed any suspicious characters about the place?

No, I haven't.
Uh, tell me,
have the police any clue as to
who murdered that boy in the park?
Well, not exactly a clue,
as you might say.
Of course, we've narrowed it
down to where we feel certain...
that it's an animal
from this neighborhood.
Or a person.
A person?
Mm. My own theory, Mrs.
Winthrop, is that it's a were...
[Clears Throat] That a madman
or a woman is responsible.
And that's why I'm checking all
the houses in this neighborhood.
So, if you do see
any suspicious characters,
notify the police
at once, won't you?
I certainly will.
Yes.
Well, thank you very much,
ma'am. Good night. Good night.
[Door Closes]
[Dogs Barking]
[Dog Howling]
[Barking, Howling
Continue]
Oh, it can't be!
[Knocking]
Come in!
Do you mind?
Of course not.
I'm glad you're still up.
I want to talk to you.
What are you doing with
the cotton? Oh, I...
I'm stuffing my ears, so I
won't hear those awful dogs.
Before you shut yourself
off from the world entirely,

do you mind if I ask you a couple of questions? Not at all.

Did you ever notice...

what nice, broad shoulders I have?

- What do you mean?

- We've been confiding in each other for years.

- Isn't there something you'd like to tell me?

- No. Why do you ask?

I went riding with Barry this afternoon, and we talked about you most of the time. We both feel that the thing that's upsetting you is more sinister than howling dogs.

If you'd tell me what it is, perhaps I can help.

Thanks. But there's nothing you can do.

There's nothing anybody can do.

All right. But sometimes it's bad to keep things to one's self.

I'm keeping nothing from you, Carol, i- it's just that I'd like to be left alone.

Forget that I mentioned it.

I won't bring it up again.

I'm sorry, Carol.

I didn't mean to be nasty.

Please forgive me.

There's nothing to forgive.

But if you ever do want to unload your troubles, remember what I said about these broad shoulders of mine.

And Barry has a nice set of shoulders, too.

What did Carol want? She just dropped in to say good night.

I thought perhaps she brought you a message from Barry.

She went riding with him this afternoon.

Yes. I know. I brought the coffee you asked for, but I think you're making a mistake

drinking at this time of night.
You won't sleep a wink. That's
exactly why I'm having it.
I don't intend to sleep.
I'm going to fight this thing.
I'm going to make sure
I don't leave the house tonight.
Aren't you being
a little foolish?
Rest will do you more
good than anything else.
It's no use, Aunt Martha.
My mind's made up.
As you wish.
[Door Opens,
Closes]
[Locking]
[Dogs Barking]
[Strikes Match]
[Dogs Barking Louder]
Go on, lad.
Good evening, Constable.
Good evening, sir! Yes, well,
now, these are your reinforcements.
Inspector Pierce wants the park patrolled by
officers travelling in pairs, until further notice.
Very good, sir. You men pair
off with the regular patrolmen.
They'll show you the
ropes. Very good. All right.
I say, Constable. What's your
theory about these strange goings-on?
Well, there are quite a few stray
dogs roaming the parks these nights.
I'm sure that one of the bolder
ones has been attacking the people.
Mm. Well, that's
the Inspector's theory too.
Has it ever occurred to you
that it might be a werewolf?
You're pulling
my leg, aren't you?
There are no such things. Mm.
Well, the Inspector

thinks that, too.
Well, good night.
Good night, sir.
[Dogs Barking]
Oh! Well, Constable,
anything new?
No, sir. Everything
is comparatively quiet.
With the exception
of a few dogs howling.
At the rate we're rounding 'em up,
there'll be no dogs to howl tomorrow night.
I suppose that you're still
of the opinion that when...
the park is cleared of the
dogs, the attacks will stop.
Oh, certainly, sir.
Aren't you?
I'm not so sure.
Well, um, see you later.
Well, there's a barmy one.
He has an idea there's a werewolf
at the bottom of all this.
Barmy's what I calls it, too. Yes.
[Grunting,
Snarling]
[Snarling Continues]
[Latham Shouting] Don't.!!
[Latham Screaming]
Help.!!
Help.!!
Help! Con...
Constable!
Help!
Constable!
Const...
Constable!
What happened, sir?
She's done me in.
She, sir?
The wolf-woman!
[Choking]
We'd better get him
to a hospital.

I'm afraid it's
a bit late for that.
He's a goner.
Aunt Martha. How did you get in here?
Through the door,
of course.
But I had it locked.
It wasn't locked,
Phyllis.
[Shudders] Oh, it's happened again.
What have I done?
I don't know.
Your new white dress
is torn and muddy.
And your shoes...
[Knocking]
Compose yourself.
[Knocking Continues] Is that you, Carol?
Yes, Mother. May I come
in? Certainly, dear.
Good morning, Phyllis.
Good morning, Carol.
Barry's downstairs. He
suggested we go riding with him.
Would you tell him I'm
not up to it this morning?
Of course. But won't you
see him for a few moments?
He's terribly worried
about you.
No, I can't see him.
She had a very restless night. She's
in no condition to have visitors.
That's not going to be
much consolation for Barry.
Any message you'd like me
to give him? No. No message.
By the way,
have you heard the news?
What news? A Scotland Yard man was
murdered in the park last night...
by a madwoman who made
a noise like an animal.
The morning paper

is full of it.

[Door Opens, Closes]

I murdered him! Hush, child.

You did nothing of the kind.

I know I did. I'm going to

a doctor. I can't stand this.

You'll do nothing of the sort.

I won't permit it.

If you told your story

to a doctor,

he's have you committed

to an asylum.

You don't want that,

do you?

No.

[Sighs]

No.

Look.

That must be the place where

the man was murdered last night.

I suppose so.

If I could only talk to Phyllis, I'm sure

that I could get her to tell me what's wrong.

Then why don't you?

How can I?

Your mother insists

she's too ill to see me.

Haven't you ever

overruled a woman?

Good morning, Barry. Good

morning, Mrs. Winthrop.

Won't you come in?

Carol's in the garden

if you'd like to see her.

I didn't come to see Carol. I'm going to

take Phyllis for a drive in the country.

You must be joking. She's much

too ill to leave the house.

Suppose we let her be the

judge of that, Mrs. Winthrop.

See here.

You can't go upstairs.

Why not? Phyllis is going to be

my wife. I insist on seeing her.

I'm sure she'll
refuse to go with you.
Cheer up, sobersides.
After all, this is better than
moping in bed at home.
Isn't it?
Yes, I suppose it is.
Whoa.
You don't know what a relief
it is to see you perking up.
It's good for ya
to get away from that house.
I wonder why your Aunt Martha was
so insistent I couldn't see you.
Aunt Martha was acting for
my own good, to protect me.
To protect you?
From what?
Look, darling,
I know something's been
bothering you, and...
I want you to tell me
what it is.
It isn't anything so serious
we can't overcome it together.
After all, we are
going to be married.
We can't be
married, Barry. Ever.
Why not? L
- I can't tell you that.
It's... It's just that
it wouldn't be fair to you.
I think I understand.
You're not going to let me in for the curse
of the Allenbys and all that sort of thing.
Is that it?
How did you know?
Carol mentioned your being so
frightened of howling dogs of late,
and I merely
added up the facts.
Please, let's not talk about it
anymore. We've got to talk about it.

You can't let yourself go to
pieces over a thing like that.
I'm sure you place no stock
in that silly legend...
about your family
being cursed by the wolves.
I'm not sure.
I know you scoff
at the Allenby curse,
but ever since
my parents were killed,
I've had
the strangest dreams,
dreams in which it seemed
I lived a long time ago.
I took part
in pagan rites.
I assumed
the form of a wolf.
I even hunted
with the wolves.
Those dreams
are easily explained.
Someone probably told you weird
stories about the Allenby curse...
when you were a child.
Certainly, you don't believe
in werewolves, do you?
Many people do.
There was an ancient tribe, the
Hirpini, which worshipped wolves.
But that was centuries ago. Yes.
But even today in Scotland, on
the nights when the dogs howl,
people hang out lighted lanterns
to ward off evil spirits.
You've been reading up on
the subject, haven't you?
Yes, I have.
Plato and Pythagoras on
the transmigration of souls,
I suppose.
Yes.
Don't tell me you've

overlooked Shakespeare.
Let's see, now. Merchant
of Venice, wasn't it?
"Thou almost makes me
waver in my faith,
"to hold opinion
with Pythagoras,
"that souls of animals infuse
themselves into the trunks of men.
"Thy currish spirit
governed by a wolf...
"who hanged
for human slaughter.
"Even from the gallows
did his fell soul fleet,
"and whilst thou layest
in thy unhallowed dam...
"infused itself in thee,.
For thy desires are wolfish,
bloody, starved and ravenous. "

[Sobbing]

Barry!

Stop it!

Oh, darling.

I'm sorry. L... I didn't realize
it would hit you like this.

[Sobbing]

I'm so
terribly frightened.

Hold me tight,
awfully tight!

I'm taking personal charge
tonight. These are my orders:
You are to arrest
any person, man or woman,
who cannot give a satisfactory
reason for being in the park.
Furthermore, if anyone tries to
avoid questioning by running away,
you are to shoot after
a single command to halt.
You've been provided with
firearms for this emergency.
We'll start patrolling

at once.

All right, men.

To your posts.

I think I'll take a turn in
the park myself, Constable.

Very good, sir.

All right.

Good evening.

Hold on, sir.

What are you doing

in the park at this hour?

Frankly, I'm doing a little
private investigating.

Planning to capture the she-wolf
single-handed, I presume.

Something like that. These weird
stories in the newspapers fascinate me.

I'll have to trouble you
for your name.

My name is Barry

Lanfield. Your occupation?

I'm a barrister in

partnership with my father.

Not Sir Sidney Lanfield?

Yes.

Any credentials to prove it? Certainly.

[Man Shouting]

[Snarling, Growling]

[Man]

Help.! Help.!

Stop.! Help.!

Well,

what's happened, sir?

L... I was sitting

on that bench,

and this woman...

or whatever it was...

howled and... and

grabbed me by the throat.

There!

There she is now.

After her, men.

After her.!

Did you get a look

at her face?
No, I
- I was much too busy protecting myself.
She seemed terribly strong for a woman.
Dwight,
what happened?
I was waiting for you to show
up, when this wolf-woman...
evidently decided to
make me her next victim.
You poor darling.
Are you badly hurt?
Pretty badly mussed up,
but nothing serious.
Barry!
Hello, Carol. What are you doing here?
I might ask you
the same question.
Dwight just
answered that.
I came here
to meet him.
Dwight, this is Barry
Lanfield. Barry, Dwight Severn.
How do you do?
Hello.
Just to make things cozy,
I'm Constable Ernie 'Obbs.
Now that we all know
each other,
suppose we go to park patrol headquarters
and get acquainted with the inspector.
He might 'ave a few
questions to ask too.
Come on, now.
[Knocking]
Good evening, Barry.
Good evening.
Come in.
I'll run upstairs and see
if Phyllis is able to see you.
Later. First I'd like to
ask you some questions.
My, you sound serious.

I am. Shall we go
into the library?

Certainly.

You may cross-examine me,
Barrister,

but do you mind if I sit
down while you're doing it?

I think much better
when I'm sitting down.

What I'm going to ask you
will require a bit of thinking...
quick thinking.

Did you know that I saw you leave the house
last night and followed you to the park?

So that's how you happened to
be there when I met Dwight. Yes.

And that's also how I happened to
discover that you were the she-wolf.

- Barry, you must be joking.

- No, I'm quite serious.

You can't possibly be
serious, Barry. But I am.

Of course, you may not recall
everything you did.

Insane people seldom do
when under stress.

I'm perfectly sane,
and I was under no stress.

I went to the park for only one

reason:

I've been meeting him three nights
a week for the past two months.

You're certain you went directly
to the meeting place? I am certain.

Do you mind
if I ask a question?

Go ahead.

How did you happen to see me
when I left the house last night?

I was worried
about Phyllis.

I decided to watch
the house all night.

Something she said when we were
riding yesterday made me think that...
You suspect that she might
be the she-wolf, don't you?
I did...
until I saw you
steal out of the house.
Now I don't know
what to think.
Good evening, Barry. Good
evening, Mrs. Winthrop.
Why didn't you let me know Barry was calling,
Carol? I would've made you a cup of chocolate.
I'll make it now. Please
don't bother, Mrs. Winthrop.
I just dropped by
hoping I might see Phyllis.
I'm afraid
you can't, Barry.
She's been terribly upset since you
took her riding yesterday afternoon.
I don't know
why it is,
but you seem to be
a disturbing influence.
Perhaps she'll feel better in the
morning. I'll drop around again then.
Good night.
Good night.
[Door Closes]
You little fool! I heard you say
you've been meeting Dwight Severn...
three times a week.
All right, Mother.
You know now.
I've been seeing Dwight, and
I'm going to continue to see him.
And please don't lecture me again
on why I should marry Barry Lanfield.
In fact, I'll be very happy
when he and Phyllis are married.
It will stop you from making him
a constant topic of conversation.
Barry will never

marry Phyllis.

She's insane.

[Dogs Barking]

[Barking Continues]

Phyllis. May I come in,
Carol? I must talk to you.

Surely.

Do come in.

Well, I see you've decided
to make a bold front of it...
instead of sneaking out to
meet your starving artist.
I'm not going to meet Dwight, Mother.

I'm going to get the
police. The police? But why?

Phyllis has just told me the whole
story. What are you talking about?
Her belief that she's a werewolf.
She showed me all the evidence too.

At least you know now that I was speaking
the truth when I said she's insane.

I don't believe
she is insane.

I think she's the victim
of a terrible hoax.

That's why I'm going to ask
the police to investigate.

That's ridiculous.

If you call in the police, Phyllis
will be placed in an asylum.

I'm calling them at her request, Mother.

[Door Opens]

I brought you
a glass of warm milk.

I don't believe I'll
have any, Aunt Martha.

You must drink it.

It'll quiet your nerves.

You'll want to be completely at ease
when you tell your story to the police.

You know about Carol
calling the police?

Certainly, my dear, and I'm glad you've
decided to bring everything out into the open,

to clear up this terrible
thing, whatever it is.
It's been quite a strain
on me too.
Drink it, Phyllis.
The police will ask you
hundreds of questions.
Do you think they'll take me
away tonight? Probably not.
Perhaps you won't even
have to go to an asylum.
Maybe we can arrange
to have you taken care of...
in a private institution
until you're cured.
Take some more milk,
Phyllis.
Drink it all.
Do you think I can be cured? Of course.
Doctors accomplish wonders
with the human mind.
Finish it, dear.
I'll take the glass.
How do you feel?
Answer me.
How do you feel?
I feel terribly sleepy,
as if I'd been drugged.
You're right.
I drugged you.
So I wouldn't hear
the dogs?
No, Phyllis.
I'm going to kill you.
Kill me?
Yes.
You see, if the police came
while you were still alive,
they would investigate the
strange story you would tell them.
They would
call in a doctor,
and he would find
that you are perfectly sane.

So I'm going to kill you.
But why?
Because I planned all this
to get you out of the way.
When I discovered you still believed
in the curse of the Allenbys,
I decided to
drive you insane.
It would mean
much to me...
and to Carol.
For me, it would mean that I could
stay on here in this house I love...
that I managed
for so many years.
For Carol, it would mean that she could
marry a man not beneath her station,
a man like
Barry Lanfield, who...
So I began by killing
the little boy in the park,
led you to believe
you did it.
Oh, no.
Later, I killed that... meddling
fool from Scotland Yard...
because he was getting
too close to the truth.
And my plan will still
succeed, Phyllis,
although
it's changed slightly.
When the police come,
I shall tell them
of your strange actions lately.
Barry and Carol
will bear me out.
They will call it...
suicide, my dear,
through fear
of insanity.
[Shuddering,
Sobbing]
[Door Opens]

Hannah!

I heard you. Now I know
what you've been doing...
with that drug you kept
hid in my kitchen cupboard.

Be quiet.

No!

I'm going
for the police.

What's happened here?

Mother!

She's a murderer.

It's the she-wolf
herself.

Phyllis.

Phyllis,

are you all right?

It's Barry, darling.

She's going to kill me.

She killed the others.

No, dear. She'll never kill anyone else.