

EXT. EMPTY FIELD - NIGHT - FULL MOON

ALFRED backs up his rusty truck into an empty field, one of his brake lights is out. He fumbles with the key as he pulls it out of the ignition, dropping it by accident. He checks his old, broken watch, tapping it twice to flick it into action while his eyes narrow. He seems nervous as he looks up towards a full moon slowly starting to reveal itself from behind some clouds.

ALFRED

Crap.

The time read 11:45pm. Alfred jumps out of the truck and pulls out a hip flask that he takes a swig from, whatever is in it makes him wince and squirm at the taste. As his breathing starts to deepen, he unbuttons his shirt and lays it out in the back of the truck. He then pulls out a heavy metal collar that fastens around his neck, cogs inside the contraption start to move, making a light ticking noise. Alfred's temperature begins to rise rapidly and his fingers start to tense when suddenly he is blinded by a sharp beam of light piercing through the darkness and straight onto his face. He flails and falls down with the shock.

SARA

Um, excuse me? Can I help you?

Alfred throws a hand up to shield him from the light. His eyes focus on a teenage girl (SARA) standing in front of him, about 3m away in a fluffy, pink dressing gown with a displeased look on her face.

SARA

...Are you some sort of pervert or something?

ALFRED

What? No-no I just-

SARA

(Calling out in the direction of the cottage behind her)

DADDD!

ALFRED
STOP! Please don't do that-

SARA
DAD THERE'S A PERVERT IN THE GARDEN!

This is going very badly for Alfred. He scrambles to his feet in a panic.

SARA
STAY BACK!

Sara pulls out her massive iPhone X and chucks it at Alfred's head. She then realises this was a bad move.

SARA
Shit-

Alfred stumbles back.

ALFRED
Ouch!

SARA
DAD!!!

ALFRED
Just listen okay - I'M NOT- I'M NOT A PERVERT- Okay, I spoke to the farmer, your dad I'm guessing, and he agreed- we agreed, I'm just ferreting.

SARA
So, you are a pervert?

ALFRED
No-no as in ferreting land by releasing ferrets to kill all the rabbits that eat your crop! This is just a big misunderstanding.

Sara considers this. Alfred checks his watch again.

SARA
Oh.... Right.

ALFRED
(Pressing his hand to his injured temple)
Yes. Right.

SARA
Where are your ferrets then?

Alfred freezes.

ALFRED
Um- they uh, they're in the truck obviously.

SARA
I can't see any.

ALFRED
That's because they're.... uh they're small... Very small.

SARA
And you normally do this in the middle of the night... shirtless?

ALFRED
(Impatiently)
Yes, I normally do this in the middle of the night shirtless okay; can you just leave now?

SARA
You're a weird bloke.

ALFRED
Thanks.

SARA
And a rude one.

ALFRED

Look, I'm sorry okay I just have a job to do.

Alfred throws her phone over to her. Sara is still suspicious but picks up her phone and decides to believe him.

SARA
Well-

ALFRED
What now?

SARA
I was just going to ask if you wanted a coffee or something?

ALFRED
Right, sorry. Um, no thanks I don't-

Suddenly Alfred is struck with an enormous amount of pain that makes him fall down and call out. He writhes around in pain as his muscles start to contract and his joints stiffen. Sara has no idea what is going on and how to react, she tries to approach and ask if he is okay but he bats her away.

ALFRED
-LEAVE NOW-PLEASE-

The moon shines through the clouds and Alfred's body starts to metamorphosise, fur starts to sprout through his skin and claws emerge at the tip of his fingers and toes. In a matter of seconds, he has fully transformed under the light of moonlight. Sara looks on, horrified. She is totally frozen on the spot, eyes wide, jaw dropped.

Alfred has fully metamorphosised into a gigantic ferret.

The pair stare at each other for a few tense moments.

Sara doubles over and lets out a deep, ear rattling belly laugh.

CUT TO:

