

# Radioplay: Whoppers! The Shaggy Beast

## CHARACTERS

### In the Here and Now:

COLONEL DIGBY.....our 704-year-old whopper-  
THROCKMORTON.....teller  
DOCTOR FITCH.....an overworked medical man

### In Buda and Pest:

THE SHAGGY BEAST.....a shaggy beast  
FRANZ GNATNITZZZYNITZZZZY.....a waiter  
JR.....  
TIBOR MOTHY.....a poodle fancier  
A HUNGARIAN PERSON.....who is really Chairman of  
the  
Budapest Werewolf  
Association  
ZOLTAN.....he of  
FIBBYZIZZKYABOLCOSINNY.....Fibbyzizzkyabolcosinny's Café  
MARGIT CSBEAK.....an exceedingly charming  
girl  
FERENC CSBEAK.....her equally charming  
brother  
OTTO CSBEAK.....their wicked uncle  
ATTILA PLOOPNIK.....a senior employee at the  
rope factory

ANOTHER WAITER

A TOASTMASTER

VARIOUS WEREWOLVES

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SCENE 1

Int. Doctor's Surgery

GRAMS A GERMAN BAND PLAYING A MARCH-PAST. THIS SUDDENLY BREAKS UP INTO CACOPHONY AS IF IN A SUDDEN DASH FOR FREE SAUSAGES

FX SOUNDS OF A DOCTOR'S SURGERY

**DR. FITCH:** I'm sorry, Colonel Throckmorton, but you'll just have to face the facts. Listen, I put my stethoscope on my own chest, here....

FX WE HEAR THROUGH THE STETHOSCOPE A HEART BEATING LIKE TARZAN BEATING HIS CHEST IN A PICKLE-JAR

**DR. FITCH:** ...yes?

**THROCKMORTON:** (HEARS IT) Yes.

**DR. FITCH:** That's what a normal healthy heart sounds like. But if I put my stethoscope over your heart... (HE PLACES IT) ...what do we hear?

SPOT A LONG SILENCE. THREE-QUARTERS OF THE WAY THROUGH THE LONG SILENCE THROCKMORTON CLEARS HIS THROAT

**DR. FITCH:** Well, hear anything?

**THROCKMORTON:** Not a sausage.

**DR. FITCH:** (RETURNING TO HIS DESK) That's it, then. No doubt about it, Colonel. You're dead.

**THROCKMORTON:** Nonsense!

**DR. FITCH:** I've been a doctor since I was 12, sir. There is no doubt. You're dead.

**THROCKMORTON:** If I was dead could I do THIS???!!!

SPOT/FX THE NOISE OF FURNITURE BEING SHIFTED

FX A CHICKEN CLUCKS DISTANTLY

**DR. FITCH:** I don't care if you eat my desk. It's a medical fact: you're dead.

**THROCKMORTON:** (IRRITATED BUT WITH AN IMPLORING NOTE) I'm not dead. My heart's stopped, that's all. It stopped before, during the Battle of Blenheim - I never did find out who won - and I was all right after I saw your great-great-great-great-grandfather. He was a doctor too, and a much better one than you. Go on, put a few leeches on my earlobes and I'll be just dandy.

**DR. FITCH:** (INDULGENTLY) Just how old are you exactly?

**THROCKMORTON:** (WITH THE ENORMOUS CONCEIT OF A MAN WHO HAS GAZED ADMIRINGLY INTO A MIRROR SINCE 1288) I'm 704. Don't look anything like it, do I?

**DR. FITCH:** (UTTERLY AMAZED) 704!!!!

**THROCKMORTON:** (SHYLY) Almost 705, actually.

**DR. FITCH:** But you must be the oldest man in the world!

**THROCKMORTON:**

Oooh, my father's much older. He once told Julius Caesar the time. And then there's the Shaggy Beast, of course. (REMEMBERING WITH A GUFFAW) Yes, if you want someone really old the Shaggy Beast's your man... well, he's very nearly a man. But whatever he is, he's as old as the hills.

**DR. FITCH:**

What Shaggy Beast is this?

**THROCKMORTON:**

You've never heard of the Shaggy Beast?

**DR. FITCH:**

(A DOCTORISH SOUND MEANING 'NO')

**THROCKMORTON:**

Oh, I must tell you the story. You must know. Or you're an idiot, if you don't. An idiot! God made the Shaggy Beast when he was working out what Man should be like. 'Something like this..' he thought, and ZAP!!! He made the Shaggy Beast. Then he scratched his beard for a bit.

**DR. FITCH:**

Who did?

**THROCKMORTON:**

God did! You've heard of God, haven't you? God scratched his beard and said... 'no, this won't do'. And, while God was thinking, the Shaggy Beast ran away and hid in the hills. So, I suppose if he went to the hills he can't be as old as the hills or there'd have been no hills for him to run to, but he very nearly is...

**DR. FITCH:**

(NEEDING HIS MEDICATION) Is what?

**THROCKMORTON:**

As old as the hills... Oooh, there were lots of weird beasts like that in the olden days, but they were mostly drowned in the Flood, Noah and all that, don't-you-know... but the Shaggy Beast is an excellent swimmer. He's eight feet tall and has very long arms...

**DR. FITCH:**

(DISBELIEVING) And exceedingly shaggy, I suppose.

**THROCKMORTON:**

SHAGGY!!! I'll say. Long, curly, shaggy hair, more hair than a hundred pop singers tied together with the hair of another hundred pop singers. Ruddy-red shaggy hair, ruddy-red like the ruddy-red soil of Hungary.

**DR. FITCH:**

Hungary?

**THROCKMORTON:**

That's where he hangs his hat, if he had a hat. In an obscure cave in the mountains of Hungary and he lives on a diet of werewolves. Nothing else. Just werewolves.

**DR. FITCH:**

(MORE DISBELIEVING THAN EVER) Werewolves.

**THROCKMORTON:**

Yes, and they're very hard to get these days.

GRAMS

GIPSY VIOLIN MUSIC FADING UP SLOWLY FROM BACKGROUND

**THROCKMORTON:**

Not a single werewolf left in the mountains. How hungry was the Shaggy Beast in his mountainous cave! How werewolfless! How much he complained to his imaginary friend, Istvan!

## **SCENE 2**

Int. Cave

FX/GRAMS

FADE DOWN GIPSY VIOLIN MUSIC WITH BROKEN-STRINGED TWANGINGS

FX

ACOUSTIC OF CAVE

FX/SPOT

SOUND OF THE SHAGGY BEAST PACING HIS CAVE WITH SHAGGY PLODDING FOOTSTEPS

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

(COMPLAININGLY, IN A THICK HUNGARIAN ACCENT)  
Lo, Istvan, my imaginary friend, manifold are  
my troubles! I haven't eaten a werewolf in  
over three years. Therefore I, who eat  
nothing but werewolves, have eaten how much  
in three years? (PAUSE FOR ISTVAN) That's  
right, Istvan! (WAILS)  
URRRRRRRRRRRHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

SPOT/FX

SHAGGY BEAST BANGS HIS FOOD TABLE AND RATTLES  
SPOONS

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

NOTHING!!! Every full moon during that time  
has this shaggy beast - for I am a beast and  
also shaggy - been out in the night listening  
for werewolf howls. URRRRHHHHH!!! But alas,  
Istvan, there is a great famine as far as  
werewolves are concerned. Under this shaggy  
hair I am nothing but bones and a gob. (A  
SUDDEN STROKE OF GENIUS) URRRR... I KNOW!!! I  
shall leave the mountains where I have dwelt  
these thousands of years. I shall go to  
Budapest! For there, surely Istvan, the good  
people... Istvan? (SEARCHING HERE, THERE AND  
UNDER THINGS) Istvan? Istvan? Where are you,  
poopikins? Istvan? (FADE DURING HIS  
REALIZATION) Of course, he is already on his  
way! To Budapest! BUDAPEST!!!

## **SCENE 3**

Int. Restaurant

FX/GRAMS

A RESTAURANT IN BUDAPEST. THE TRAFFIC-PEEP OF  
THE CITY IN THE DISTANCE. A BAND PLAYS ZITHER  
MUSIC OVERENTHUSIASTICALLY

**THROCKMORTON:**

(NARRATING, SHOUTING OVER THE DIN OF THE  
MUSIC) And so, the Shaggy Beast made his way  
to Budapest, sat down in the first restaurant  
he came to and asked for...

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (CLOSE, OVER THE DIN OF THE MUSIC) A werewolf, please. A raw one. And the same for my imaginary friend, Istvan.

**FRANZ (WAITER):** We don't have no werewolves!

**SHAGGY BEAST:** No werewolves!!!

**FRANZ:** Goulash, we got. Werewolves we hassent.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** I demand to see the manager!!!

**FIBBY (ZIZZKYABOLCOSINNY):** (APPROACHING, LIKE A FATTER S.Z. SAKALL) I am the manager! That's me! I'm the manager! What seems to be the trouble, Franz?

**FRANZ:** Him in the shaggy coat with the shaggy beard all over his head, sir, says he wants werewolves...and we hassent got none.

**FIBBY:** (TO THE SHAGGY BEAST) No werewolves, sir, sorry. But I can recommend the goulash.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (PATHETICALLY) Not even a bit of pickled werewolf tongue...or an old werewolf paw kept for luck?

**FIBBY:** (ON HIS WAY) Lashings of goulash for the bearded gentleman in the shaggy coat, Franz.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (SOBS) Hear that, Istvan... not even a scrap of werewolf.

SPOT/FX THE SHAGGY BEAST WAILS AND BANGS THE TABLE,  
IN REASONABLE ANGUISH AT FIRST, THEN IN  
BEASTLY FURY

**FRANZ:** Here! Here!

(FRANZ YELLS IN FRIGHT. THE SHAGGY BEAST ROARS.)

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

NO WEREWOLVES!!!!!!

SPOT/FX

THE SHAGGY BEAST IS SMASHING UP THE JOINT.  
ZITHERS BEING SMASHED OVER HEADS. CUT THE  
RACKET SUDDENLY: SILENCE.

## **SCENE 4**

Ext. Park

FX

THE TWEET OF HUNGARIAN BIRDS, THE LAPPING OF  
WATER. DURING THE SHAGGY BEAST'S SPEECH WE  
HEAR THE APPROACHING YAP OF A POODLE NAMED  
LASZLO

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

Lo, Istvan, manifold are my troubles. Here we sit in this most agreeable woodland park in the centre of Budapest, with a handsome statue of Lenin behind us and in front of us a lake extending over a square kilometre mirroring the fluffy clouds in an otherwise blue sky. If they had served us werewolf steaks in yonder restaurant how much would we be enjoying the tranquil scene? (A PAUSE FOR ISTVAN) Correct, Istvan. Exceedingly would we be enjoying ourselves... but alas...

**TIBOR MOTHY:**

Excuse me.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

Are you addressing I, kind sir?

**TIBOR MOTHY:**

You're insane, aren't you?

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

(MOURNFULLY) A little bit.

**TIBOR MOTHY:**

I thought so when I saw you talking to yourself. I used to do that before I got Laszlo.

FX

LASZLO YAPS

**SHAGGY BEAST:** I wasn't talking to myself. I was talking to my imaginary friend Istvan.

**TIBOR MOTHY:** I see.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** He's a shaggy beast too, at least he would be if he was.

**TIBOR MOTHY:** Was what?

**SHAGGY BEAST:** Anything at all. I'm the only shaggy beast that ever there was, you see. No father and mammy even, just God. URRRRGGGG, I'd be terribly lonely without Istvan, even though he hardly says a word.

**TIBOR MOTHY:** (WHISTLES AND CALLS) Laszlo! Laszlo!

**SHAGGY BEAST:** You wouldn't happen to know, kind sir, anyone who is secretly a werewolf, wouldst thou?

**TIBOR MOTHY:** (WANDERING AROUND SEARCHING) Errr, no... Laszlo! Laszlo! My poodle has disappeared. He has slipped his leash.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** Poodle? You mean that small curly-haired rat? I've just eaten it.

**TIBOR MOTHY:** (HIS LIFE RUINED) EATEN LASZLO!!!! He is my only friend!!!!

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (BLANKLY) I can regurgitate him if you like.

**TIBOR MOTHY:** Please! PLEASE!!!

FX THE UNMISTAKABLE SOUND OF A POODLE BEING REGURGITATED. AFTER BRIEF DISGUSTING REGURGITATION NOISES, THE HAPPY YAP OF A COUGHED-UP POODLE. THEN AN ENTHUSIASTIC REUNION WITH MOTHY

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

Manifold apologies if I have upset your rat. Despite its lack of nutritional goodness, I thought perhaps it might quell my pains of starvation. (WITH BALD MISERY) I haven't eaten a thing in three years.

FX/SPOT

MOTHY PUTS LASZLO DOWN. LASZLO YAPS. CHURCH BELLS TOLL IN DISTANCE

**TIBOR MOTHY:**

Three years?

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

Three years.

**TIBOR MOTHY:**

Yes, even I, after three years of nothing to eat, might consider eating a poor little poodlepooch.

FX

LASZLO GROWLS AT THE IDEA

**TIBOR MOTHY:**

(TO LASZLO) Ooooh, no, my little darlink, daddy would never, never eat his little darlink. (A SUDDEN QUICK-SHIFT TO EXTRA-POMPOUS ADULT TALK, TO SHAGGY BEAST) No, sir, what you need, apart from a good shave, is a JOB.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

A job?

**TIBOR MOTHY:**

People with jobs don't go hungry. (SEARCHING HIS POCKETS) Here, this is the business card of my brother-in-law Zoltan Fibby-zizzky-abolcos-inny. He has a café called Fibby-zizzky-abolcos-inny's. Perhaps he'll let you wash dishes and eat the scraps.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

Istvan too?

**TIBOR MOTHY:**

(ON HIS WAY) Him too! (SHOUTS BACK) Tell him Tibor Mothy sent you! That's me!

FX

A YAP FROM LASZLO.

**TIBOR MOTHY:** And Laszlo.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (CALLS AFTER MOTHY) Thank you, kind sir! Thank you! (TO ISTVAN) Look, Istvan, the business card of Zoltan Fibby-zizzky-abolcos-inny. We shall gain employment at his café and wait for a customer to come in who is also a werewolf. Do you think one will come in? (A PAUSE FOR ISTVAN) Oh no, you're wrong, Istvan, one will, one will....

## **SCENE 5**

### Ext. Street

FX

HEAVY RUMBLE OF TRAFFIC IN KOSSUTH STREET

**SHAGGY BEAST:** Excuse me, I'm a shaggy beast, The Shaggy Beast, actually, I'm the one and only... I'm looking for Fibby-zizzky-abolcos-inny's Café. It's on Vaci Utca Street near the Town Hall.

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:** I know it! What you wanna do is turn left here into Nepkoztarsasag Street, then right at the crossroads, then left at the Basilica, then all the way down to the river, jump in the river, swim down the river for three-quarters of a mile till you get to the Erzsebethbrucke Bridge, got it? Climb out there, walk past the Theatre, turn left, right, right again, left, left and left and I'll be on the corner of Deak Street to tell you where to go next.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** You'll be there?

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:** I'll be there. Hurry up. Or you'll miss me!

## **SCENE 6**

### Ext.

FX/GRAMS

FAST GIPSY VIOLIN MUSIC, DURING WHICH WE HEAR  
THE SHAGGY BEAST RUNNING THROUGH THE STREETS  
OF BUDAPEST, SPLASHING INTO THE RIVER,  
CLIMBING OUT, RUNNING THROUGH MORE  
STREETS....

## SCENE 7

Ext.

FX

DEAK STREET

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

(VERY OUT OF BREATH INDEED) Is this Deak Street?

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

(NOT OUT OF BREATH ONE BIT) Deak Street, yes.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

(CALLING OVER HIS SHOULDER TO ISTVAN) Istvan! Istvan! (TO HUNGARIAN PERSON) Are you the man who's showing me the way to Fibby-zizzky-abolcos-inny's Café?

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

That's me! Turn left behind that car and you'll see the Town Hall. The café's across the road on the right, third alley along. You can't miss it. I'll be just coming out.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

You'll be just coming out?

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

Probably. Unless I'm late.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

When the full moon comes, you don't howl at all?

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

No.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

Bark?

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

Must dash. (ON HIS WAY) See you sometime. Woof.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

Istvan, there you are. It's just down here, that's what that strange personage has told this shaggy beast...

## **SCENE 8**

### Int. Restaurant

FX

FIBBYZIZZKYABOLCOSINNY'S CAFÉ

FX

SOUND OF TABLES AND CHAIRS BEING REARRANGED, TABLES BEING LAID, BAND TUNING THEIR ZITHERS

**FIBBY (ZIZZKYABOLCOSINNY):** Hey, we're closed! We're tidying up! A huge hairy man in a shaggy coat not unlike yours smashed the place up this morning.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

Are you Mr. Fibbyzizzkyabolcosinny?

**FIBBY:**

Who else would I be? (GIVES IN MOTHERISHLY)  
Okay, so I'll fix you a sandwich.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

No werewolf, I suppose?

**FIBBY:**

Goulash. No? (SHAGGY BEAST HAS OBVIOUSLY INDICATED 'NO'. SADLY) Oh.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

Tibor Mothy and Laszlo sent me. One of them said you could give me a job.

**FIBBY:**

A job? Yeah, a job. A huge hairy man with a beard not unlike yours beat up Franz, my best waiter, this morning. And pushed a hat-stand down the throat of Sandor Peckle, the throat he used to sing with.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

I'm sorry to hear it.

**FIBBY:**

They'll be in hospital for months. Have you come for the waiter's job or the singer's?

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

Which one pays the most?

**FIBBY:** Singer's.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (QUICK AS A FLASH) I'm a singer.

**FIBBY:** What sort of songs do you sing?

**SHAGGY BEAST:** Dirges, mostly.

**FIBBY:** What's one of those?

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (WITH A WEIGHT OF MISERY IN HIS VOICE)  
Miserable songs from the dawn of time.

**FIBBY:** I see. Do you play any instruments?

**SHAGGY BEAST:** I grind my teeth.

**FIBBY:** (THE QUICK FIRM DECISION OF AN EXPERIENCED  
BUSINESSMAN) You're hired!

## **SCENE 9**

### Int. Restaurant

FX EVENING IN FIBBYZIZZKYABOLCOSINNY'S CAFÉ. THE WHOLE OF BUDAPEST IS THERE, ENJOYING GOULASH IN ALL ITS FORMS. MARGIT AND FERENC CSBEAK, A TEENAGE BROTHER AND SISTER, SIT AT A TABLE IN MISERABLE MOOD

**MARGIT:** Well, Ferenc, you're the eldest, what are we going to do about Uncle Otto?

**FERENC:** I thought you were the eldest?

**MARGIT:** You are, by three minutes.

**FERENC:** I don't know what we can do. He shouts and shouts at us, all the time. I'm quite ill with fear of him.

**MARGIT:** So am I. Look, my bottom lip won't stop wobbling.

**FERENC:** I keep wanting to go to the toilet.

**MARGIT:** Me too. We'd be all right, if it wasn't for him! I hate him so!

**FERENC:** I've hated him for three minutes longer than you have.

**WAITER:** Goulash!!!!

**MARGIT:** Mine's the goulash.

**FERENC:** So's mine.

## SCENE 10

### Int. Restaurant

SPOT WE REMAIN IN THE MIDST OF DINERS AS THE SHAGGY BEAST STEPS UP TO THE MICROPHONE, A ZITHER TWINKLING BEHIND HIM. HE SINGS A DIRGE, DREADFULLY, MISERABLY SORROWFULLY. SOME OF THE DINERS BURST INTO TEARS.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (SINGS) NULL...EGY...KETTO...HAROM...STRANGLE MYSELF UNDER THE DEPRESSING SKIES...

SPOT HE GRINDS HIS TEETH HORRIBLY IN ACCOMPANIMENT

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (SINGS)  
NEGY...OT...HAT...PTERODACTYLS...NYOLC  
...KILENC...TIZ...TIZENEGY...

SPOT HE CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND, MOSTLY GRINDING HIS TEETH, WHILE MARGIT AND FERENC TALK

**MARGIT:** (WHILE EATING GOULASH) That singer's the hairiest man I've ever seen.

**FERENC:** He's a good singer, though.

**MARGIT:** Yes, very good, if you like that sort of thing.

**FERENC:** IT'S A MISERABLE DIRGE FROM THE DAWN OF TIME.

**MARGIT:** I prefer something more modern. Oooh, dear, he's bringing his song into the audience. He's coming to our table!

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (SINGS HIS DIRGE) NULL...EGY...KETTO...HAROM  
...NEGY...OT...HAT...HET...NYOLC  
...KILENC...TIZ... OH SORROWFUL BRONTOSAURUS  
IN THE FANGS OF THE GIANT OCTOPUS... (MORE  
TEETH GRINDING)  
...TIZENKETTO...HUSZ...HUSZONEGY...HARMINC...

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (MOVES HIS VOICE OFF HIS SINGER'S HAND-MIKE,  
SPEAKS TO MARGIT AND FERENC) Excuse me, young  
madam, young sir, but I am asking everyone  
this and forsooth, I may get lucky... Thee  
and thee wouldn't maybe know anyone who is  
perhaps a werewolf?

**FERENC:** Don't think so, sorry.

**MARGIT:** Sorry.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** Not someone who howls in his room during the  
full moon? Because if you do I'd like to eat  
him, please.

**FERENC:** We don't know any werewolves, sorry.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (SADLY) Awwww....

**MARGIT:** (A BRAINWAVE) YES, yes, we're being silly, of  
course we do... eat him, will you?

**SHAGGY BEAST:** I'm a Shaggy Beast and I'm starving.

**MARGIT:** Our Uncle Otto is a werewolf.

**FERENC:** Uncle Otto, YES!!! He's a werewolf. He definitely is! My sister speaks the truth!

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (HUNGRILY) A werewolf!!!

**FERENC:** (ALMOST MILITARILY) I'm Ferenc Csbeak.

**MARGIT:** I'm his elder sister Margit.

**FERENC:** (IN A HALF WHISPER, TO MARGIT) I thought you said I was the eldest!

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (PASSIONATELY) At last I have found a werewolf to eat!!! I am saved! (SUDDENLY WITH PLAIN-MINDED POLITENESS) By the way, this is my imaginary friend Istvan.

**MARGIT/FERENC:** How-do-you-do.

SPOT THE DINERS ARE MAKING IMPATIENT NOISES. THEY WANT MORE SINGING. SOME STAMP THEIR FEET AND BANG THEIR SPOONS ON EACH OTHER'S HANDS

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (TO MARGIT AND FERENC) Excuse me, please. I must finish my dirge... then you can take me home to meet your werewolf...

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (VOICE INTO THE MICROPHONE AGAIN AS HE WALKS AWAY, GRINDING HIS TEETH) OUUUUUUMMMM, THE DAWN OF TIME IS VERY LONELY, THE PARROTS HAVE NO FEATHERS, THE TYRANNOSAURUS CHEWS ITS TAIL IN HOT AND STICKY WEATHERS.... NULL... EGY...KETTO....

SPOT FADE AS THE SHAGGY BEAST COUNTS AND THE AUDIENCE MAKES RIPPLES OF APPLAUSE

## SCENE 11

Int. House

FX

THE CSBEAK HOUSE. VERY QUIET, THE TICKING OF  
MANY CLOCKS. OUR EAR IS IN THE LIVING ROOM.  
SUDDENLY, IN DISTANCE WE HEAR A JANGLE OF  
KEYS, A DOOR OPENS AND IS SLAMMED. UNCLE  
OTTO, A HITLER-ISH MONSTER, IS HOME.

**UNCLE OTTO:**

(SINISTERLY RESTRAINED AS HE COMES IN,  
APPROACHING) Margit! Ferenc! Your beloved  
Uncle Otto is home for you to play with on  
his knee! Where is my pretty Margit? Where is  
my big boy, Ferenc! Where are you hiding, my  
little stroodles? (HUGELY FURIOUS) MARGIT!!!  
FERENC!! LITTLE SWINE!!! I AM CLENCHING MY  
FISTS!!! I AM CLENCHING MY FISTS!!!

SPOT

A SUDDEN RUSH OF FEET

**MARGIT:**

Here we are, Uncle Otto!

**FERENC:**

We were tidying the cellar for you.

**UNCLE OTTO:**

(SWEET AGAIN, BUT THREATENING AS ALWAYS,  
PATTING THEM ON THE HEAD) There, there, what  
good little girls and boys we are. Come, you  
must tell your Uncle Otto what is your  
favourite book to read in all the world...  
AND HE WILL TEAR IT INTO A MILLION PIECES.  
(LAUGHS FIENDISHLY)

**MARGIT:**

My lip is wobbling.

**FERENC:**

I want to go to the toilet.

**MARGIT:**

So do I.

**UNCLE OTTO:**

(WALKING AWAY) There will be no going-to-the-  
toilet in this house without my written  
permission.

**FERENC:**

But Uncle Otto...

**UNCLE OTTO:** 'BUT'??!! 'BUT'!!!! WHO IS SAYING 'BUT' IN MY HOUSE??!! AND WHERE IS MY GOULASH??!! I WANT MY GOULASH AND I WANT IT NOWWWWWWW!!!

**MARGIT:** Yes, Uncle Otto...

**UNCLE OTTO:** On a tray in front of the television. There is a WAR film coming on in which millions of people are exploded and drowned and there is a scene in which a man's parachute does not open. (CHUCKLES, THEN HUGELY FURIOUS AGAIN) ... WHAT IS THAT??!!! THAT!!! WHAT IS IT?!!!

**FERENC:** (SLY AND INNOCENT) What is what, Uncle Otto?

**UNCLE OTTO:** THERE!!! THERE!!!

**MARGIT:** What can he be referring to, Ferenc?

**UNCLE OTTO:** (STAMPING IN FURY) THIS, HERE!!! THIS FILTHY SHAGGY OLD CARPET!!! (HE KICKS IT FURIOUSLY) UH! UH!

**FERENC:** Oh, that's not a carpet, Uncle Otto. Is it, dearest Margit?

**MARGIT:** No, no, darling Ferenc.

**UNCLE OTTO:** IT IS A FILTHY SHAGGY CARPET YOU HAVE BEEN FINDING IN THE CELLAR!!! I AM CLENCHING MY FISTS!!! I AM CLENCHING MY FISTS!!!

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (WAKING WITH A HUGE YAWN) Ah, what a pleasant snooze. Good evening, Margit, Ferenc.

**UNCLE OTTO:** (HUSHED AND AMAZED) A talking carpet!!!

**SHAGGY BEAST:** Is this your werewolf?

**MARGIT/FERENC:** (JUMPING AND CLAPPING FOR JOY) That's him! THAT'S HIM! That's him!

**UNCLE OTTO:**

(CRIES PITIFULLY) I'm not a werewolf!!!  
Promise! I'm... (HE IS GAGGED BUT CONTINUES  
TO PROTEST)

SPOT

THE SHAGGY BEAST DRAGS UNCLE OTTO AWAY

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

(MATTER-OF-FACTLY, DURING UNCLE OTTO'S GAGGED  
CRIES) Come, come, nice fat-bellied  
werewolf... Margit and Ferenc have prepared  
the cellar for you. We're going to put you in  
there until the next full moon. And when you  
change into the thing that is all doggy and  
tasty, then I shall eat you and chew your  
bones as the clouds chase across the silvery  
moonbeams. By the way, this is my imaginary  
friend Istvan.

**UNCLE OTTO:**

(BREAKING MOMENTARILY FREE) How-do-you-do.

**MARGIT:**

(DELIGHTED, SKIPPINGLY FOLLOWING) He's going  
to throw Uncle Otto down the cellar steps!!!

**FERENC:**

(SIMILARLY DELIGHTED) He won't, no, I'm sure.

**MARGIT:**

Yes he is!

**FERENC:**

You're right! He is!

SPOT/FX

A GRUNTING HEAVE FROM THE SHAGGY BEAST. UNCLE  
OTTO SCREAMS AS HE GOES DOWN THE CELLAR STEPS  
WITH THE SECOND HUGEST RACKET EVER HEARD ON  
RADIO.

FX

AS THE RACKET DIES DOWN THE CELLAR DOOR IS  
SLAMMED, BOLTED SEVERAL TIMES AND LOCKED  
SEVERAL TIMES

**SCENE 12**

Int. Cellar

FX

THE PLINK-DLGOOP OF DRIPPING IN THE CELLAR.  
THE EEK OF MICE. A GRITTY SOUND AS UNCLE OTTO  
SHIFTS ON THE FLOOR.

**UNCLE OTTO:**

(WEAKLY, PATHETICALLY, TO HIMSELF) I am clenching my fists! I am clenching my fists! Poor, poor Uncle Otto, manifold are my problems. I cannot even go to the toilet with my own permission. I am having to do everything in my trousers. I am the Manager of a Rope Factory. An important man. Surely, someone will come and ask why poor old Uncle Otto has not been sat at his desk speaking importantly about rope over the telephone today, or all last week... And tonight will be the full moon and that maniac shall eat me. (WEEPS) I am clenching my fists.

SPOT

DISTANTLY, THE DOORBELL

**UNCLE OTTO:**

Yes, yes...that will be Ploopnik, come to rescue me. PLOOPNIK!!! PLOOPNIK!!!

## **SCENE 13**

Int. House

SPOT

OPENING OF THE FRONT DOOR

**MARGIT:**

Good morning.

**PLOOPNIK:**

Good morning, handsome Miss. According to my files, you will be Margit Csbeak, will you not?

**MARGIT:**

That is correct, small man with a moustache.

**PLOOPNIK:**

The small man with a moustache to whom you are referring, i.e. myself, is Attila Ploopnik, a senior employee of the rope factory managed by your esteemed uncle Otto Csbeak.

SPOT

IN THE FAR DISTANCE THE BARELY-AUDIBLE  
SCREAMING OF UNCLE OTTO: "PLOOPNIK!!!  
PLOOPNIK!!!"

**MARGIT:**

Ah!

**PLOOPNIK:**

A committee has been formed and I was delegated to visit this abode to inquire as to the health of the said Otto Csbeak who has been absent from his workload for eleven days, not counting today making twelve days.

**MARGIT:**

I am sorry to tell you, Mr Ploopneck...

**PLOOPNIK:**

Ploopnik! Nik! Ploopnik!

SPOT

UNCLE OTTO'S "PLOOPNIK!!!" IS LOUDER NOW

**MARGIT:**

...Mr Ploopnik, that my uncle is suffering from... (TRIES TO THINK OF SOMETHING)  
...erm... Oh, here's his Doctor, not a Shaggy Beast but a Doctor: he'll tell you.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

Good morning, small-man-with-a-moustache. You're not a werewolf as well, are you?

**PLOOPNIK:**

As well as what?

**MARGIT:**

As well as a small-man-with-a-moustache.

**PLOOPNIK:**

I don't understand.

**MARGIT:**

It's a joke only Doctors laugh at. Erm, I was telling the small-man-with-a-moustache, Doctor... my uncle... very serious... his condition.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

(PLAYING ALONG) Ooooooh, terribly serious. His nose is completely out of joint...

**PLOOPNIK:**

I'll make a note of this for the committee.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** His insides are out and his outsides are gone completely. I'm afraid there's little hope. I'll have to eat him.

SPOT MORE BANGING AND SHOUTING OF "PLOOPNIK!!!"  
FROM UNCLE OTTO

**PLOOPNIK:** I got all of that but the last bit. Hark! Is that not your uncle calling my name?

**MARGIT:** No. Couldn't be.

**PLOOPNIK:** I beg to differ. Listen.

SPOT THEY LISTEN. MORE "PLOOPNIK!!!!"S

**PLOOPNIK:** There you are!

**MARGIT:** (QUICK THINKING) No he's not shouting for you. He's shouting PLOOPNIK.

**PLOOPNIK:** That is I! I am Ploopnik.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** He is shouting PLOOPNIK because he has caught PLOOPNIK'S DISEASE. Very contagious.

**MARGIT:** Very.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** With a name like yours you've probably got it already.

**PLOOPNIK:** (TERRIFIED) What shall I do?

**MARGIT:** Is there anything he can do, Doctor?

**PLOOPNIK:** (A TINY WORRIED CRY IN HIS THROAT)

**SHAGGY BEAST:** I would advise that he goes to Lake Balaton and spends a few weeks underwater.

**PLOOPNIK:** Underwater. I'll make a note of that for the committee.

**MARGIT:** Oh no, you must go right away, mustn't he Doctor?

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (A GROWL)

**MARGIT:** Or it will be too late.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (DEATH-KNELLISHLY) Too late.

**PLOOPNIK:** (RUSHING OFF) I'm on my way. Ploopnik's Disease!!!! I'm Ploopnik and I've got Ploopnik's Disease!!!!

**UNCLE OTTO:** (SCREAMS, CLOSE) PPPLLLLOOOOOOOOOPPPPPNIK!!!

## **SCENE 14**

### Ext. Garden

SPOT/FX

FERENC IS SEARCHING FOR A BALL IN A RHODODENDRON BUSH

**UNCLE OTTO:** (FROM THE CELLAR) Ferenc, dear boy, is that you? Here, it is your dear old Uncle Otto... here hanging by his hands from the bars at the tiny cellar window. You couldn't perhaps fetch me a clean pair of trousers?

**FERENC:** Hello Uncle Otto. Did you hear a ball land in these rhododendron bushes? I was playing football in the park with the Shaggy Beast and he kicked it all the way back here. Would you believe it? Three miles!!!

**UNCLE OTTO:** (SWEET AS PIE) Ferenc, my favourite boy in all the world, how your Uncle Otto loves you. How he has awaited the day when Ferenc Csbeak will succeed him as Manager of the Rope Factory.

**FERENC:** Huh!

**UNCLE OTTO:** Think, Ferenc, you can be just like me! Let me out, Ferenc. I will forgive your little joke on your Uncle Otto who you love so, so much...

**FERENC:** (DEEP IN THE BUSHES) Here it is!

SPOT/FX HE BOUNCES THE BALL

**FERENC:** Bye-bye, Uncle Otto. (ON HIS WAY) Tonight's full moon, eh? Hard cheese on you.

**UNCLE OTTO:** Ferenc! Ferenc!!! (LOSES HIS RAG) I AM CLENCHING MY FISTS!!!!

**FERENC:** Byeeee....

**UNCLE OTTO:** (SCREAMS EXTRA-EARNESTLY) WHAT HAPPENS TONIGHT WHEN YOUR UNCLE OTTO DOESN'T CHANGE INTO A WEREWOLF??!! EHHHHH???!!!

**FERENC:** (HE HAS COME BACK, VERY WORRIED) I didn't think about that.

**UNCLE OTTO:** (TAUNTS) No, you didn't think, did you, no, what that carpet-man will be doing to you when he finds out you have lied about your Uncle Otto being a werewolf. When he comes into this cellar on the night of the full moon and Uncle Otto is still good old Uncle Otto, not changed by even a hair. Ooooh, such bad-temper there will be from your hairy friend!!! He will scratch your head off, and Margit's pretty head also. He will stamp you into jam! He will kick you as far as Miskolts.

**FERENC:** Ooooh, further than that.

**UNCLE OTTO:** Hodmezovasarhely?

**FERENC:**

Further than that. I'd better have a word with my dearest sister.

## **SCENE 15**

### Int. House

GRAMS/SPOT

A WORRIED VIOLIN PLAYS. A DOG BARKS. ANOTHER DOG ANSWERS IT. MARGIT AND FERENC ARE WHIMPERING

**FERENC:**

What are we going to do?

**MARGIT:**

I don't know! I don't know! He'll kick us as far as Miskolts.

**FERENC:**

(SOBS) Further than that.

**MARGIT:**

Hodmezovasarhely?

**FERENC:**

Further.... further.... If only his imaginary friend Istvan wasn't imaginary, I'm sure he'd help us.

**MARGIT:**

I'm sure he would! (SOBS) What are we going to do?

**FERENC:**

What are we going to do?

**MARGIT:**

(WIPING AWAY HER TEARS) I KNOW! We'll find another werewolf for the beast to eat, instead of Uncle Otto.

**FERENC:**

But how? Where? There's not time! It's tonight! Full moon! Tonight!!!

**MARGIT:**

We'll ask someone!

**FERENC:**

Who?

**MARGIT:** Someone! Anyone! We'll go down to the University and stand beside the Dimitrov Monument. We'll ask the first person with a beard that we see. He'll know.

**FERENC:** Like fish he will!

**MARGIT:** (INSISTS) He'll know! He'll know! Wipe away your tears, Ferenc... remember: you're Hungarian!

## SCENE 16

Ext.

FX DIMITROV SQUARE, BUDAPEST, FULL OF TRAFFIC, MARKET STALLHOLDERS SHOUTING

**FERENC:** Look, Margit, he's got a beard.

**MARGIT:** Too fluffy.

**FERENC:** What about him?

**MARGIT:** That's a false beard.

**FERENC:** How can you tell?

**MARGIT:** He's hiding from the police. I can tell. HERE!!! There's our man.

**FERENC:** An excellent beard, yes. And with a wasp in it, too.

SPOT/FX THEY RUN ACROSS THE SQUARE SHOUTING

**MARGIT/FERENC:** Hello, hello, you with the beard!

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**  
(SAME AS SCENE 5)

(WALKING IN A HURRY) Um, hello. Are you students of mine? If so, you should be in one of my lectures. Right this minute I am lecturing over there on Botanical History, and over there in that building there on the Biology of Newts. I'm just on my way over there to lecture on the later paintings of (HIGHLY PRETENTIOUS PRONUNCIATION) Giotto. I'm already there of course, but I mustn't be late or I'll miss what I'll be saying...

**FERENC:**

(FOLLOWING HURRIEDLY) We're not students of yours, sir.

**MARGIT:**

We hope to be one day, sir.

**FERENC:**

I am Ferenc Csbeak, sir, if I may be so bold as to introduce myself, and this is my sister Margit.

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

(STOPPING TO ADMIRE) Yes, yes, what a pretty sister you have, young man. Take good care of her, won't you?

**FERENC:**

Yes, sir.

**MARGIT:**

A question, sir, just one question. We won't make you late.

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

(A SOB IN HIS THROAT) I myself once had a sister, Drusilla. Almost as pretty as this young lady. Alas, I shall never see her again... She was eaten by a werewolf.

**MARGIT:**

How wonderful! How lucky can you get!

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

(MIFFED) I beg your pardon?

**FERENC:**

A thousand apologies, sir, but it was werewolves we came to ask you about. Do you know where we might find any?

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:** Of course. Of course. Have you not read my book on the subject? I know all about werewolves. I, you see, am the werewolf who ate my sister.

**MARGIT:** No!?!

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:** Couldn't help myself, I'm afraid. Look, we werewolves have a little get-together every full moon, which is tonight as you know, at our club in Dunakorsa Street over the river in Pest. Why don't you kiddies come along? We won't eat you or chew your eyeballs or anything, I promise. Do come.

**FERENC:** We'd love to, thank you.

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:** See you tonight, then. (ON HIS WAY WITH A HOWL) Bye-whoooooooooooooooooooo!!

**MARGIT:** (OFF IN THE OTHER DIRECTION WITH FERENC) Told you, didn't I? First man we see with a beard. Didn't I say? Didn't I?

**FERENC:** You're so clever.

## **SCENE 17**

### Int. House

**MARGIT:** Honestly, Mr Shaggy Beast...we told your imaginary friend Istvan about it and he believed us...

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (AMAZED) He did?

**MARGIT:** Didn't he, Ferenc?

**FERENC:** He seemed to, yes, from what he said.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** What did he say, exactly?

**MARGIT:** Oh, he didn't have to say anything. We could tell that he believed us.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** Dozens and dozens of werwolves, you say. All together in one room. Dunakorsa Street. My problems would no longer be manifold if this was so.

**MARGIT/FERENC:** It's so. It's so.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** Very well.

FX/SPOT

THE UNLOCKING AND UNBOLTING OF THE CELLAR DOOR

**SHAGGY BEAST:** I shall release this werewolf. I always release at least one, don't I, Istvan?

**FERENC:** But you mustn't...!

**MARGIT:** No!

**SHAGGY BEAST:** It is essential that I release this werewolf... in order that it might bite people, thereby turning them into werwolves also, thereby guaranteeing a good supply of werwolves for the future. Out you come, werewolf.

**MARGIT:** (NOT ENTIRELY PLEASED) Cummon, Uncle Otto. He's letting you out.

**UNCLE OTTO:** (TRIPPING UP THE STEPS) Here comes your beloved Uncle Otto... free at last!!! (SWEET AS PIE) What a lovely holiday your Uncle Otto was having, locked in the cellar for a fortnight with nothing to eat but cardboard boxes and cheese from the mousetraps. (HE IS PATTING MARGIT AND FERENC, BUT HARD)

**MARGIT/FERENC:** Ow! Ooya! Ow!

**UNCLE OTTO:** Pretty Margit! Handsome Ferenc! Aren't they sweet little things?

**SHAGGY BEAST:** My imaginary friend Istvan is exceedingly fond of them.

**UNCLE OTTO:** But I'll bet he doesn't love them as much as their Uncle Otto. Uncle Otto loves them.  
(UNDER HIS BREATH, TO MARGIT AND FERENC) I'm not clenching my fists yet, but when that hairy monster goes I will... I'll clench my fists, just you wait.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (ON HIS WAY) I'm just off to the café to sing some dirges. I'll see you later.

SPOT DOOR CLOSES

**UNCLE OTTO:** I'm clenching my fists.

**FERENC:** I'm off!

**MARGIT:** Me too!

FX/SPOT THEY RUN ACROSS LINO, KNOCKING OVER FURNITURE IN THEIR HURRY

**UNCLE OTTO:** (CALLING AFTER) Uncle Otto loves you!  
(CHASING AFTER, FURIOUSLY) FERENC! MARGIT!

## **SCENE 18** Int. Club

FX THE WEREWOLF CLUB IN DUNAKORSA STREET. A LARGE ROOM WITH 143 POMPOUS MEN WHO ARE SHORTLY TO TURN INTO WEREWOLVES SITTING AT TABLE, CHATTING

SPOT A GLASS IS CLINKED 3 TIMES WITH A SPOON

**TOASTMASTER:**

Pray silence for the Right Honourable Sandor Szizziwissi, Chairman-elect of the...WHOOOO... Budapest Werewolf Association.

SPOT

GRADUAL SILENCE. THE SCRAPING CHAIR OF SZIZZIWISSI (THE HUNGARIAN PERSON FROM SCENES 5 AND 16) AS HE GETS UP TO MAKE HIS ADDRESS

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

Gentlemen, fellow werew00000olves, how pleased I am to open this, the twenty-seven-thousandth-and-forty-first monthly meeting of our Association.

**WEREWOLVES:**

Woof! WHOOOO!!!

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

I see from the clock that the time is almost upon us...WHOOOO... for opening the shutters and letting the moonlight in... so that we may all transform into wereWHOOOOolves... (ASIDE, TO TOASTMASTER) Herbert, the windows... (TO ROOM) So I shall simply say, without PAWS... but I'll have some in just a minute --

SPOT

HIS LITTLE JOKE GETS A FEW LAUGHS FROM HIS WEREWOLF AUDIENCE

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

-- good hunting tonight and see you all next month...WHOOOOO!!!!

FX/SPOT

THE SHUTTERS ARE BEING OPENED. A SIGH OF EXCITEMENT FROM THE WEREWOLVES AS THE MOONLIGHT COMES IN

**WEREWOLF:**

I'm changing! Grrr.....

**ANOTHER WEREWOLF:**

I've still got my tail from last month. It never went away.... WHOOOOOOOO.

FX/SPOT

CLATTER OF PLATES AND CUTLERY AS THEY WRITHE  
IN THEIR TRANSFORMATIONS. GROWLS AND SNARLS,  
GROWING LOUDER AND LOUDER. BARKING, YAPPING,  
ARFING, HOWLING - DISCREETLY ALSO IN THERE  
SOMEWHERE A PLAINTIVE MEEOW. ALSO: WOLF  
WHISTLES. CHEWING SOUNDS.

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

The doors, Herbert! We are...WHOOOO...ready  
to bound doggedly into the moonlit night!

SPOT

TOASTMASTER OPENS THE DOORS

FX

A CRY OF HORROR FROM THE WEREWOLVES. SHAGGY  
BEAST IS HUMMING A DIRGE JAUNTILY IN THE  
DOORWAY.

**WEREWOLF:**

The Shaggy Beast!

**ANOTHER WEREWOLF:**

There's no such thing!

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

Excuse me, is this the headquarters of the  
Budapest Werewolf Association in Dunakorsa  
Street?

**HUNGARIAN PERSON:**

(HOWLINGLY) It is...WHOOOOO!!!

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

(DECLAIMS LIKE A 19TH-CENTURY HAMLET) 'Tis I,  
the Shaggy Beast, who has devoured your kind  
since the dawn of time. (QUIETLY, TO ISTVAN)  
Oooh, Istvan...have you ever seen so many  
werewolves, and all so fat. (A BIG SNIFF)  
What a gorgeous doggy smell! (A HUGE GROWL,  
DIVES INTO THE ROOM, SMASHING ONTO THE TABLE,  
SINGING HIS DIRGE AS HE GOES)  
...NULL...EGY...KETTO...HAROM...  
NEGY...OT...HAT....HET....

FX/SPOT

THE WEREWOLVES MAKE NOISES LIKE WHIPPED DOGS  
AS THEY RUN FOR COVER. THE HUNGRY GROWL OF  
THE SHAGGY BEAST.

FX/SPOT

WHIMPERING FROM WEREWOLVES. TEARING SOUNDS, BARKS CUT OFF IN MID-BARK, HOWLS CUT OFF IN MID-WHOOOO. LESS AND LESS NOISE FROM THE WEREWOLVES REVEALS THE MASTICATING GASTRONOMY OF THE SHAGGY BEAST EATING THE LAST COUPLE OF WEREWOLVES. HE BURPS, HE CHEWS.

FX/SPOT

FINALLY, SILENCE. JUST THE HOOTING OF A FAR-OFF OWL AND THE BIG SATISFIED SIGH OF THE FULL-UP SHAGGY BEAST.

**SHAGGY BEAST:**

(DEEPLY APOLOGETIC) Oh, Istvan, I am sorry! I didn't leave you any, not even one. I am even greedier than I'm shaggy. 143 werewolves and I've eaten every ear and tail. (ANOTHER BURP)

## **SCENE 19**

Int. House

FX

THE LIVING-ROOM OF THE CSBEAK HOUSE. CLOCKS TICKING

**MARGIT:**

What are we going to do now?

**FERENC:**

(SOBS) I don't know.

**MARGIT:**

It's all your fault!

**FERENC:**

You're supposed to be the clever one! It's your fault!

**MARGIT:**

How was I supposed to know that Uncle Otto really was a werewolf?! Is he still out there?

**FERENC:**

He ran off after he ate the man next door.

**MARGIT:**

Come here, Ferenc, and I shall tighten your bandages for you.

**FERENC:** Ow! Ow! These werewolf bites don't 'arf smart!

**MARGIT:** I know! That big one on my ankle won't stop bleeding.

**FERENC:** And it was such a pretty ankle before Uncle Otto bit it. All the boys said so.

**MARGIT:** Thank you, Ferenc.

SPOT THE FRONT DOOR OPENS IN THE DISTANCE

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (CALLS, APPROACHING WITH BURPS) Hello! Anybody home? It's only me, the Shaggy Beast, and Istvan his imaginary friend!

**FERENC:** It's him! He'll know a cure for werewolf bites!

SPOT FERENC RUNS OFF TO MEET THE SHAGGY BEAST.  
MARGIT HOBBLER AFTER

**MARGIT:** Wait for me! Wait!

**SHAGGY BEAST:** Ferenc, my 2nd dearest friend, I had to come back and thank you for telling me where to find all those scrumptious werewolves. I've never eaten so many at a sitting. 143. And I didn't even leave one for Istvan... aren't I greedy? I even ate an extra one I found barking outside a rope factory just down the road from here.

**MARGIT:** (IN SAD REALIZATION) Uncle Otto!

**FERENC:** You've eaten Uncle Otto.

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (IN A SUDDEN PAROXYSM OF DESPAIR) Oh, manifold are my troubles. Now there are no werewolves left. I shall starve! (BURPS) STARVE!!! (A SUDDEN MOOD-CHANGE) Thee hast bandages on thy elbows, Ferenc. And thee, fair Margit, hast one on thy ankle. (TOWERINGLY BEASTISHLY) Be they werewolf bites?

**FERENC:** Yes.

**MARGIT:** NO!!!

**SHAGGY BEAST:** Yes or no?

**MARGIT:** Only little ones.

**FERENC:** Itsy-bitsy... more like stings than bites. There's a cure, isn't there?

**MARGIT:** We're not going to be werewolves too, are we?

**SHAGGY BEAST:** (A LOW RUMBLING SOUND, ALMOST A LAUGH) If thou hast been bitten by a werewolf, thou becometh werewolves thyselfes. There is no cure. Off you go, run around the forests that surround Lake Balaton. Be free. Enjoy life. But next full moon, when thee and thee are pawing thy way across the fields worrying sheep, I shall come after thee and thee. (HE MAKES A SUCKING MASTICATING NOISE) Thee are my next month's dinner.

**MARGIT:** What are we going to do..WHOOOOO!!!

**FERENC:** I don't knoOOOOOOOOO!!!

FX/GRAMS THEY HOWL AND WEEP, CRY FOR UNCLE OTTO AND HOWL SOME MORE. GIPSY VIOLIN PLAYS SADLY

**FERENC:** (WEEPING) I'm remembering that I'm Hungarian!

**MARGIT:** (WEEPING LOUDER THAN EVER) I'm Hungarian too.

**FERENC:** So am I...

MEANWHILE, THE SHAGGY BEAST IS HAVING A ONE-SIDED ARGUMENT WITH ISTVAN

**SHAGGY BEAST:** Don't you talk to me like that, Istvan! I know you like them. But they're werewolves! I DON'T CARE!!! WHAT???? WHAT???? I'M CLENCHING MY FISTS, ISTVAN!!! ISTVAN!!! ISTVAN!!!

FX/GRAMS FADE HIS CRIES OF "ISTVAN!!!", BRING UP GIPSY VIOLIN PLAYING FAST AND FURIOUS

## **SCENE 20**

### Int. Doctor's Surgery

**THROCKMORTON:** Well now, Doctor Fitch, wasn't that a frightening story?

**DR. FITCH:** (SHIVERING WITH FRIGHT) In all my years as a doctor, Colonel Throckmorton, it is the most frightening story I have ever heard. But mainly because... (SUDDENLY SHY) ...no, I mustn't say. I'll be struck off.

**THROCKMORTON:** Oh do say, DO!!!

**DR. FITCH:** Well, if you must know, I was particularly scared because, if you must know... well, I'm a werewolf myself.

**THROCKMORTON:** No! Really?! What a coincidence! So am I!

**DR. FITCH:** You never are! You're telling whoppers!

**THROCKMORTON:** No, honestly. I've been a werewolf since 1502. I ate a man called Binsley just last night.

**DR. FITCH:** But that Shaggy Beast thing. That's not true, is it? Couldn't be!

**THROCKMORTON:** Well, in fact, he's outside in your waiting room this minute. Got a problem with his hair, don't you know. He's gone quite bald.

SPOT DOCTOR FITCH HURRIES OUT OF HIS CHAIR

**DR. FITCH:** (DISBELIEVING) I'll believe this when I see it.

SPOT HE OPENS THE DOOR

**DR. FITCH:** Ughhh!!!

THE SHAGGY BEAST IS SINGING A DIRGE IN THE WAITING ROOM

**SHAGGY BEAST:** A PLESIOSAUR HAD A SORE FLIPPER...GOT IT CAUGHT IN A TRILOBITE'S ZIPPER...NULL...EGY....ETTO...

**DR. FITCH:** (COULDN'T BE MORE GOOD-HUMOURED) They're horrible when they're bald, aren't they?

**THROCKMORTON:** You should see his friend!!!!

THEY LAUGH HUGELY. THE OCCASIONAL HOWL ALSO, BUT MOSTLY LAUGHTER

GRAMS PLAY OUT WITH ZITHER MUSIC

**END**