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Werewolf of the Bayou

A Radio Play

By

PHILIP GRECIAN

Dramatic Publishing Company

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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PHILIP GRECIAN

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(WEREWOLF OF THE BAYOU)

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Werewolf of the Bayou was first produced by The Air Command Radio Company on KTWU-TV, a PBS affiliate, in October 2016 and was subsequently released nationally to public television stations.

CAST:

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------|
| OLD CAJUN FISHERMAN | Travis Lamb |
| NAPOLEON | Russ Hutchison |
| TRIXIE | Erin Fox |
| MARGO MASON | Kirsten Goodman |
| MAC MCCUE | Russ Hutchison |
| CASEY | Jay Hurst |
| TAYLOR | John Robison |
| SHERIFF PRUDHOMME | Jay Hurst |
| ODETTE BORDELON | Erin Fox |
| CLOVIS LANDRY | Skip Ellis |
| ALBERT THIBODEAUX | Travis Lamb |
| GEORGIE DOUCET | Ashley Young |
| DOCTOR | Philip Grecian |
| MEREDITH SIMON | Cortni Hurst |
| BARTHOLOMEW WEEMS | Shawn Trimble |
| GENERAL SPIELSDORF | Jon Lothenore |
| JIMMY SALTON | Philip Grecian |
| HOMER PICARD | John Robison |
| HENRI' LAVEAU | Bryce Stallons |
| HATTIE LAVEAU | Cortni Hurst |

PRODUCTION:

| | |
|---|---|
| Director | Philip Grecian |
| Music Director | Tiffany Bonnewell |
| Waterphonist | David B. Pomeroy |
| Stage Manager/Rehearsal Hall | Carly Craig |
| Stage Manager/Video Booth | Roger McCauley |
| Stage Manager/Audio Booth | John Hanna |
| Audio Operator | Melissa Smith |
| Armorer | Delane Brunken |
| Wardrobe | Arlyn Brunken |
| Sound Effects Artists | Arlyn Brunken (Captain), Stacey Smith, D'Sean Hendricks |
| Additional Sound Effects Construction | Delane Brunken |

Werewolf of the Bayou

CHARACTERS

MARGO MASON

JIMMY SALTON

FISHERMAN

NAPOLEON: A dog.

TRIXIE

MAC MCCUE

CASEY

TAYLOR

SHERIFF PRUDHOMME

ODETTE BORDELON

CLOVIS LANDRY

ALBERT THIBODEAUX

GEORGIE DOUCET

DOCTOR

MEREDITH SIMON

BARTHOLOMEW WEEMS

GENERAL SPIELSDORF

HOMER PICARD

HENRI' LAVEAU

HATTIE LAVEAU

PRODUCTION NOTES

A staged radio drama is often more economical than full-stage productions, but there are several things to consider before going into rehearsal:

1. Everything depends on sound. Never cast an actor because of their physical presence. Cast actors because of what they can do vocally. Many of the actors from the golden age of radio looked not at all the way they sounded.
2. Don't worry about costuming your actors to look like the characters they play. That's not the point. If you must have costuming, concentrate on the fashions of the 1940s, when radio was in its golden age, or costume your cast and musicians in cocktail dresses and tuxedos. Sometimes, perhaps, the addition of a hat may help the actor to get into character. A prop may be necessary or even a cigar or pipe or glasses.
3. Remind your actors that the voice must carry it all. In the final evaluation, everything is in the voice.
4. Try to cast actors who can do multiple voices and accents. Onsite audiences are fascinated to watch a single actor play multiple characters, though it's usually best not to have a single actor's characters in conversations with one another.
5. Music is terrifically important. It sets mood, moves your story from one location or time frame to another and gives your audience clues regarding how they are supposed to relate to a scene. It is like the score in a film. We use a single keyboard in our productions, sometimes with an organ sound, sometimes with a piano sound. We have also used a violin for some scenes and an autoharp for transitions between times and/or space. We have also used a water phone and a theremin.
6. The real visual drama for the onsite audience is in watching the sound effects crew. Make sure they, and their various apparatuses, are clearly seen.
7. Try never to use prerecorded sound. It robs the audience of the experience of seeing how a sound is produced.
8. A pause in radio drama is eternal. Though you are staging this drama, the audience members are "seeing" it in their minds' eyes, and a pause that is too long may throw them out of the story. Always keep energy high. Always.
9. Some actors are more comfortable when they can make eye contact with those with whom they are acting. In staging, whenever possible, keep two characters in a conversation close to each other, without another actor between them.
10. In the commercial breaks written into the script, consider actually selling commercial time to local merchants and dramatizing commercials written specifically for your production. It helps with the production budget, and audiences love it.

Werewolf of the Bayou

ACT I

(A radio studio. A door upstage with an "On Air" light above. A platform L where the music director/ keyboard player sits. R is an array of sound effects machines and tables with sound equipment. Upstage are chairs for the actors; downstage are three microphones evenly spaced. The light plot is simple: a general wash with the ability to offer subtle changes to match the moods of the scenes, as well as to spot each microphone, the keyboard and the sound effects area.)

AT RISE: The sound effects crew enters and crosses to the equipment. The music director enters. Actors enter one at a time and in groups. Some carry scripts, others pick up scripts on their chairs. Some go to the coffee pot upstage. Small conversations throughout. Some laughter.)

P.A. VOICE. Thirty seconds to air!

ALL *(ad-lib)*. Thank you!

(The ACTORS, ad-libbing, prepare. Some leaf through their scripts. Some pick up scripts from chairs and tables. Others sit or move to microphones.)

P.A. VOICE. In ten ...

(The pace quickens as those actors on microphones find places in their scripts and listen for the P.A. or watch the "On Air" light on the set.)

P.A. VOICE *(cont'd)*. Five ... four ... three ... two ... one ...

("On Air" light comes on.)

MUSIC: Opening theme up and under.)

ANNOUNCER. Broadcasting from *(City/State.)*, *(Theatre name.)* presents Theatre of the Mind ... radio you can see! Presented by *(Organization/Company name.)*. In a moment, our story, but first, this important message.

(MUSIC: Theme segue to commercial break.

Commercials.

MUSIC: Theme up and under.)

ANNOUNCER *(cont'd)*. And now, turn out your lights, move in close to the glow of your radio dial and come with us to the Louisiana Bayou for murder, magic, a prehistoric curse and terror on the air with another Margo Mason Mystery ... *Werewolf of the Bayou!*

(SFX: Thunder up and rumble under.

MUSIC: Up and under dialogue to punctuate.

SFX: Rapidly running water, man splashing through at the edge, followed by a dog.)

FISHERMAN. Mais [may], Napoleon, you ready f'some crawfish?

(NAPOLEON barks.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. Make us some ... some jambalaya, eh?

(NAPOLEON barks.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. Yessir, some good ol' mudbug jambalaya ... oh, or étouffée. Me, I got me a good recipe for étouffée. You got an awn-vee' for some étouffée, Napoleon?

(NAPOLEON barks.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. Sure y'do. Me, I do too! *(Laughs.)* Sho' could use us some rain, Napoleon.

(SFX: Howl in the near distance.

MUSIC: Suspicious sting up and under.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd, unsettled)*. Wha' dat, Napoleon?

(NAPOLEON lets out a worried whine.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. Ain' nuttin' but wind, mebbe. Now, dis here look lak a good place t' t'row dis trap out. Stan' bag dere, Napoleon ... an' ...

(SFX: Splash off mic.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. Dere now. See if we can get ouhse'fs some mudbugs out undeh dat tree limb dere. Come on up on da bank now ... we go to da nex' trap.

(SFX: Splashing in water, then onto bank and walking in dry tall grass.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. Righ' long here now ... we got it tied ... dere it is! See it, Napoleon?

(NAPOLEON barks.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. We pull it in and see what we got in da trap, eh?

(SFX: Lightweight crawfish trap being pulled through water and out, dripping.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. Looky dere! Mus' be fawty crawfish in dere! We gonna have some good eatin' tonigh', Napoleon!

(NAPOLEON barks.)

SFX: Unhooking wire opening in crawfish trap and dumping crawfish into bucket. They fall, each with a thump.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. Got 'em all out. Put in some new bait, eh? Big chunk o' liveh.

(SFX: Hits inside wire cage.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. Den we ... get bag dere, Napoleon ... t'row it out in da wateh!

(SFX: Distant splash.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. Got dark dark, didn' it?

(NAPOLEON growls and under.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. What you growl 'bout you big ol' pup?

(SFX: Rustling bushes.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. Who dere?

(MUSIC: Punctuate.

SFX: Rustling bushes.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. You can' hide from *moi*. I hoid ya. Come out now!

(SFX: Bushes explode outward. Wolf growling and snarling; the dog runs to meet it.

MUSIC: Wild, rapid.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. What ... what is you?

(NAPOLEON squeals and howls, moving quickly off mic.

SFX: Wolf growling continues, building.)

FISHERMAN *(cont'd)*. Ge' bag. Ge' bag now ... stay bag ... don' ... *(Screams and fades under.)*

(SFX: Wolf howl.

MUSIC: Excited under, then bridge, then slow down and fade.

SFX: Coffee shop. Coffee cups in saucers, some slight silverware sounds.

Low conversation.)

TRIXIE. Hey, Margo!

MARGO. Afternoon, Trixie.

TRIXIE. What'll ya have?

MARGO. Just coffee.

TRIXIE. Gee, why so glum, kid?

MARGO. I'm supposed to meet Mac.

TRIXIE. Mr. McCue?

MARGO. Yeah.

TRIXIE. He gave you that bracelet, right?

MARGO. He did.

TRIXIE. Looks like gold.

MARGO. It turned my wrist green.

TRIXIE. Oh.

MARGO. This isn't a relationship, Trixie; it's a competition. I'm a reporter, he's a reporter; his paper, my paper. And he's too interested in his relationship with himself. I've gotta end this.

TRIXIE. Gee, kid, that's tough.

MARGO. Yeah.

MAC (*off mic*). Margo!

TRIXIE. There he is! (*Sotto voce*.) Good luck.

MARGO. Thanks.

MAC (*on mic*). Coffee, Dixie.

(SFX: Chair scoot.)

TRIXIE. Trixie.

MAC. Right. Four creams, five sugars.

TRIXIE. Ew. (*Fading*.) Comin' right up.

MAC. You're wearing the bracelet I gave you. Solid gold.

MARGO. So you said. Look, Mac ... about dinner tomorrow ...

MARGO & MAC (*simultaneously*). I have to cancel.

MARGO. What?

MAC. I'm going on assignment.

MARGO. What is it?

MAC. Government. Top secret. The war effort.

MARGO. We're neutral. Roosevelt promised.

MAC. My country calls. To make up for it, I got you this.

MARGO. What's this?

MAC. A reporter's notebook ... pocket size. With a leather case and, look ... the fountain pen slides into the side here.

MARGO. Mac, I think I should tell you—

MAC. Fountain pen's sterling silver, with your name engraved on it, see.

MARGO. "Margo Ma ... " You misspelled "Mason."

MAC. What?

MARGO. It should have only *one* S.

MAC. Oh. Well, nobody'll notice.

MARGO. You sure didn't.

MAC. I thought it was two S's.

MARGO. And that's why—

TRIXIE. Here's your cream and sugar. (**SFX: cup on saucer on table.**) Oh, and coffee. In there. Somewhere.

MAC. Thanks, Dixie.

TRIXIE. Trixie.

MAC. Can't drink it.

TRIXIE. Don't blame ya.

MAC. No time. Hopping a train in an hour.

MARGO. I need to tell you ...

(SFX: Chair scoots.)

MAC. Tell me later. *(Fading.)* Gotta go serve my country.

TRIXIE. I see the problem.

MARGO. Yeah. Well ... I'd better get back to work. Here's for the coffee ...

(SFX: Chair scoots.)

TRIXIE. Um ...

MARGO. What?

TRIXIE. *Two* coffees.

MARGO. Oh.

(MUSIC: Quick comic bridge and under.

SFX: Elevator door opens to multiple typewriters. Voices calling, "Copy!" Phones ringing, hanging up.)

CASEY. Margo! Taylor's been looking for you.

MARGO. Thanks, Casey.

(SFX: High heels on wooden floor as MARGO travels through the news room.)

VARIOUS MALE VOICES. Hey, Margo! How ya doin', Margo! Good to see ya!

MARGO. Hello, boys! Hiya, Endicott, how's the family? Bensinger, still on the wagon? Jameson ... growing a mustache?

(SFX: Door opens.

MUSIC: Fade out.)

MARGO *(cont'd)*. You looking for me, chief?

TAYLOR. Come in, close the door.

(SFX: Door closes. The news room sounds stop.)

MARGO. What's up?

TAYLOR. That idea you've been pitching ...

MARGO. The Louisiana murders?

TAYLOR. The archaeology thing, yeah. It's perfect ... the bayou ... prehistoric curse ...

MARGO. Bodies torn up, hearts missing!

TAYLOR. Pawprints in the dirt ... attack dog ...

MARGO. Or wolf!

TAYLOR. It's got everything!

MARGO. Action, adventure, mystery, murder ...

TAYLOR. No sex, though.

MARGO. Can't have everything.

TAYLOR. Guess not.

MARGO. It'd sell papers. Say, why're you suddenly sold on this?

TAYLOR. There's been another murder.

MARGO. Give me the skinny, chief! When did they ... ?

TAYLOR. Nice pen.

MARGO. Thanks. Silver, but the name's ... never mind. Give me the ...

TAYLOR. I could send you down there, but ...

MARGO. But?

TAYLOR. *The Post* is gonna scoop us.

MARGO. How?

TAYLOR. I had lunch with Burns. He sent your boyfriend down there.

MARGO. My boyf ... Mac? He's not my boyfriend.

TAYLOR. He's not?

MARGO. No. Not anymore.

TAYLOR. Does he know that?

MARGO. Yes. Well, no.

TAYLOR. Ah.

MARGO. But he will.

TAYLOR. When?

MARGO. As soon as I catch him, the rat! I told him about that story! He knows it's mine! Chief, ya gotta send me on it!

TAYLOR (*a pause, exhale*). Yeah, all right! It's your story. You deserve the shot. Go.

MARGO. Thanks, chief!

TAYLOR. I'll fix you up with a train ticket.

MARGO. Make it an airplane. I'll beat him there.

TAYLOR. Airplane! You're a brave one!

(SFX: Door opens. Bullpen sounds back up.)

MARGO. I'm going home to pack. (*Fading.*) Wire the airfield to let me know where I'm sleeping tonight!

(SFX: Door slams. Bullpen sounds killed.)

TAYLOR. Airplane! What a woman!

(MUSIC: Bridge up, fades under.

SFX: Door opens.)

SHERIFF. Mornin', Odette.

(SFX: Door closes.)

ODETTE. Mornin', Sheriff. Pull up a stool. Mornin', Clovis.

CLOVIS. Mornin'.

ODETTE. We saved y'place at da end o' da bar oveh dere, Clovis.

(CLOVIS grunts.)

SHERIFF. I'll go sit for a table dis mornin', Odette. Feelin' fancy.

ODETTE. Georgie's late, so I'll wait yoah table. Coffee?

SHERIFF. It fresh?

ODETTE. Yestiddy's. Georgie usually make da coffee in da mornin'.

SHERIFF. It hot?

ODETTE. It hot hot, sug. [Shoog. Shortened from sugar.] Forgot to toin off da hotplate last night. Kinda t'ick.

SHERIFF. Good. I'll take me a cup. Reg'lar. Lots o' cream 'n' sugah.

ODETTE. Reg'lar. Cream 'n' sugah righ' here on da bar. What d' weadeh say?

SHERIFF. No rain yet, I'm 'fraid. Could use it, f'true.

ODETTE. Yeh, you right! Tough night?

SHERIFF. D' usual. Picked up ol' Clovis dere wanderin' down da road.

ODETTE. Just anudder Friday night f' Clovis.

(SFX: Cup and saucer set down. Coffee poured. Stirring.)

SHERIFF. Yep. Y' spend da night drinkin', Clovis, or what?

CLOVIS. Seen Rougarou [Roo-ga-roo].

ODETTE. Dere's yoah answeh righ' dere.

SHERIFF. So you seen da Rougarou, Clovis?

CLOVIS. Seen it.

SHERIFF. Clovis seen d' Rougarou. Musta tied one on las' nigh'.

ODETTE. Need coffee, Clovis?

CLOVIS. Need whiskey.

SHERIFF. Little early in da day f' whiskey, Clovis.

ODETTE. Me, I got whiskey on da bagbar here, Clovis. Not usually f' breakfast, dough. You got money?

CLOVIS. No.

ODETTE. Coffee, den. On da house.

(SFX: Pours coffee. Spoon stirring under.)

CLOVIS. Seen da Rougarou.

SHERIFF. Whatcha said. Maybe a little coffee'd help.

ODETTE. Better go grab y'self a table, Sheriff, b'foh da place fill up.

SHERIFF. Oh sure.

(SFX: Chair scrapes and scoots.)

SHERIFF (*cont'd*). You expectin' a crowd?

ODETTE. Albert say we got anudder cabin an' a room rentid. He makin' up da beds. People comin' in from Noo Yo'k City.

SHERIFF. Better get out da good silver.

ODETTE. Funny funny.

SHERIFF. Where da archaeology people dis mornin'?

ODETTE. Got a early start. Out diggin'.

(SFX: Door opens.)

ALBERT. Pontoon plane landin'. New folks comin'.

(SFX: Door closes.)

SHERIFF. Dere Albert!

ODETTE. Where Georgie?

ALBERT. She comin'.

SHERIFF. Yeah. If dey want breakfast, somebody's gonna have to—

(SFX: Door opens.)

GEORGIE. Sorry! Overslep'!

(SFX: Door closes.)

ODETTE. Glad y'made it, Georgie, got some more folks comin'.

GEORGIE. Me, I saw da plane!

SHERIFF. From Noo Yo'k City.

GEORGIE. Cool!

ALBERT. Newspaper reporters. Real ones!

GEORGIE. How romantic! About what d' museum folks foun'?

ALBERT. Mostly about da moidehs, I t'ink.

GEORGIE. I'm mos' afraid to go outside after it get dark dark.

SHERIFF. We cadj 'im. Only a matteh o' time.

CLOVIS. Rougarou!

SHERIFF. Now Clovis, ain't no sudj t'ing as Rougarous. No sense scarin' da girl, ya ol' couillon [koo-yon].

ODETTE. Drink y' coffee, Clovis.

(SFX: Door opens.)

ODETTE (*cont'd*). Look lak yoah customer from da airplane, Albert.

(SFX: Up three steps.)

ALBERT. Lemme go check her in. Bon-sway, man-zel!

(SFX: Door closes.)

MARGO (*voice fading in quickly*). Hi, I'm Margo Mason. I've got a ...

ALBERT. Resehvation. Yes y'do. I'm Albert Thibodeaux, desk clerk, housemaid, 'n' handyman. Down dem steps where I jes' come from is Odette Bordelon!

ODETTE (*slightly off mic*). Bon-joo!

ALBERT. She run da café 'n' saloon dere. Dat pretty gal ovah dere is Georgie Doucet ...

GEORGIE (*slightly off mic*). Hi!

ALBERT. She's da waitress, but she ain' old enough t'serve drinks, so Odette do dat. Dat grumpy-lookin' ol' duffer's Sheriff Prudhomme and dat's Clovis Landry dere for da end o' da bar. Now, sign me da register here.

(SFX: Pen on paper. Then drop pen.)

MARGO. There ya go.

ALBERT. You want a cabin or a room in da main buildin' here, or what?

MARGO. Room if you've got one.

ALBERT. One lef'. Middle room down da hall. Here da key.

(SFX: Key hits desk. She scoops it up.)

MARGO. I could also use a cup of coffee.

ALBERT. Down to da café dere.

MARGO. All right.

(SFX: Three steps down to the bar/café.)

SHERIFF *(on mic quickly)*. You' in luck. Coffee old. Have a seat.

(SFX: Cup turned over. Coffee poured.)

GEORGIE. Dere da coffee. I'll go get da cream 'n' sugah.

MARGO. Don't need it.

GEORGIE. No cream 'n' sugah?

MARGO. Nope.

GEORGIE. Coo! How you drink it 'thout cream 'n' sugah? *(Fading.)* Jes' not natcherl.

MARGO. Ask you some questions, Sheriff?

SHERIFF. Might not answer all of 'em. Have a seat.

(SFX: Chair scrape.)

MARGO. Thanks. *(SFX: Chair scoot.)* You folks could use some rain.

SHERIFF. We could, true 'nuff. But you don' wanna talk 'bout wedder.

MARGO. No, I don't. Here's what I got: a series of murders for the last three months.

SHERIFF. Yep.

MARGO. People torn apart.

SHERIFF. Yep.

MARGO. Their hearts missing.

SHERIFF. Yep.

MARGO. Footprints around the bodies of a wolf ...

SHERIFF. Or large dog.

MARGO. Yeah, but—

SHERIFF. Wolf a better headline.

MARGO. Sells papers.

SHERIFF. Figgered. I t'ink da killeh got him an attack dog.

MARGO. Any suspects?

SHERIFF. Nary a one.

MARGO. Think it's a curse of some kind?

SHERIFF. Don' believe in coises.

MARGO. I mean because they started digging in the old Indian mound.

SHERIFF. Dem Indians been dead f' about 1,500 years.

MARGO. A curse is forever.

SHERIFF. I t'ought dat was a diamond.

MARGO. Sometimes they're the same thing.

SHERIFF. I've heard dat.

CLOVIS. Rougarou!

(MUSIC: Sting.)

MARGO. What?

(MUSIC: Minor key, unsettling, under.)

CLOVIS. It Rougarou.

MARGO. What's a—

SHERIFF. Cajun word.

MARGO. What's it in English, Sheriff?

SHERIFF. Well, miz Mason ... in English it'd be ... werewolf.

(MUSIC: Sting.)

CLOVIS. Rougarou be real. Dey open up d'burial moun's. Dey wake up da Rougarou. Need gree-gree!
F'true!

MARGO. Gree-gree?

SHERIFF. Little bag fulla leaves 'n' twigs. Protection from da coise.

MARGO. A werewolf! That's an even better headline!

SHERIFF. It is.

MARGO. You believe it?

SHERIFF. Me, I bleeve somebody budjerin' people 'n' feedin' 'em to deir dog.

CLOVIS. Dey find Rougarou in diggin'! Dey find!

MARGO. What's he—

SHERIFF. Oh ... dey dug up a skel'ton. Look lak a human body wid da had of a wolf.

MARGO. What!

SHERIFF. Jus' a prank by local boys.

MARGO. In a fifteen-hundred-year-old tomb?

SHERIFF. Yeh.

MARGO. Those local boys are incredibly patient.

(SFX: Door opens.)

HOMER *(off mic)*. Da sheriff here?

ALBERT *(off mic)*. In da café.

HOMER *(fading in)*. Sheriff!

SHERIFF. Miz Mason, dis m' deppidy, Homer Picard.

MARGO. Hi.

HOMER. *Bonmaten*, miz Mason. Sheriff, dey got anuddeh body!

(MUSIC: Sting.)

SHERIFF. Where?

HOMER. Down da road. Crawfish trapper.

CLOVIS. Me, I seen it!

SHERIFF. Get a look for who done it, Clovis?

CLOVIS. Rougarou.

SHERIFF. Some witness you are. Let's go.

MARGO. I'm going, too.

SHERIFF. Gon' be messy.

MARGO. I'm used to messy, Sheriff ... I'm a reporter.

SHERIFF. Come on den.

MARGO *(fading)*. I'll grab my camera!

(MUSIC: Bridge up and under to fade.)

SHERIFF. Whatta we got here, Doc?

DOCTOR. Same t'ing as da udders. All tore up.

MARGO. Let me see.

DOCTOR. Who're you?

MARGO. Fourth estate.

DOCTOR. What?

MARGO. Ew. Well, that's not good.

(SFX: Camera shutter, and interspersed throughout and under.)

DOCTOR. I don't know dat you should be takin' pitchers.

MARGO. Most of 'em won't be in the newspaper, anyway.

DOCTOR. Well, dat's alrigh' den. Say! What noospaper?

SHERIFF. Time of death?

DOCTOR. Yestidday evenin'. No rain las' night.

SHERIFF. No rain for weeks.

DOCTOR. Rain woulda washed away dis here trail where he was dragged.

SHERIFF. Homer!

HOMER. Yessir?

SHERIFF. Who found him?

HOMER. Archy-ology folks. Meredit' ovah dere.

SHERIFF. Ah, sure. Meredit' Simon. She stayin' ovah by da lodge. I go talk to her.

(SFX: Walking through tall grass.)

MARGO. I'm coming, too.

(SFX: Second set of footsteps walking through tall grass.)

SHERIFF. 'Scuze me ... miz Simon?

MEREDITH. Hi, Sheriff.

SHERIFF. Wondeh f'you can tell me—

MARGO. Who found the body?

(SFX: Camera shutter and throughout.)

MEREDITH. I did. Well ... and my colleague, sitting over there in the shade.

SHERIFF *(fading)*. I go see 'im 'n' be righ' bag.

MARGO. So you're an archaeologist?

MEREDITH. I am. My great grandmother came from the bayou, so I really wanted to be a part of this ... dig for a little local history. It's a good job. They pay us, feed us and give us these keen coveralls.

MARGO. Stylish.

MEREDITH. Thanks.

MARGO. Have you seen the skeleton?

MEREDITH. The one with a wolf head? Sure. Sharp teeth, too. Cut my finger.

MARGO. Skull seem like part of the skeleton?

MEREDITH. Not likely, is it?

MARGO. No.

MEREDITH. Oh, here comes my colleague. Bartholomew Weems.

MARGO. What! Weemsy!

MEREDITH. You know him?

MARGO. Know him? *(Calling out.)* Weemsy!

WEEMS *(fading in)*. Miss Mason!

MARGO. You found the body?

WEEMS. We did. He was a fisherman ... trapping little ... pinchy ...

MEREDITH. Crawfish.

WEEMS. Crab—

MEREDITH. Craw—

WEEMS. Fish. Crabfish.

MEREDITH. Crawfish.

WEEMS. Lobster ... thingies.

MEREDITH. Crawfish.

WEEMS. His whole throat was ... and his chest ... well, where his heart was, it ... wasn't ... and ... oh ... I think I'm going to be sick again.

MARGO. You dig up dead bodies all the time.

WEEMS. Those are old and ... dusty. This one is ... new ... and bloody ... and ... and ... and I have to sit down. Is it hot in here?

MARGO. We're outside, Weemsy.

WEEMS. Is it hot *out* here? Could somebody open a—

MARGO. Wait a minute ... if you're here, that means ... Meredith, who's heading up this project?

MEREDITH. James Salton.

MARGO. Jimmy! Jimmy's in charge of this?

MEREDITH. You know *him*, too?

MARGO. I do.

MEREDITH. Who *are* you? Wait a minute! Mr. Weems called you "Miss Mason!" You're Margo Mason?

MARGO. For just years now.

MEREDITH. I've heard all about you! The thing with the zombies ...

MARGO. Oh yeah. Wire services picked it up.

MEREDITH. And the Bathory murders!

MARGO. That was pretty grisly, we—

WEEMS. General Spielsdorf's with us, too.

MARGO. The general? Well, the gang's all here! We're gonna have an adventure!

(MUSIC: Strong bridge up and under to fade.)

GENERAL. Ah, Mr. Weems, come sit with us. Clovis here is telling me about Rougarou.

WEEMS. Oh my.

(SFX: Chair scoot.)

GENERAL. A menu for Mr. Weems, Odette!

ODETTE *(off mic)*. Yessir, Gen'ral! Georgie!

GEORGIE *(off mic)*. Yes'm!

ODETTE *(off mic)*. Gen'ral need a menu f' Mister Weems!

GEORGIE *(off mic)*. Yes'm!

GENERAL. Continue with your story, please, Mr. Landry.

CLOVIS. Da Rougarou start out as human, but toin t' Rougarou when it git hit wit' da moonlight.

WEEMS. The full moon?

CLOVIS. Any moonlight make Rougarou.

ALBERT. Don't dat give ya da free-zawns? Clovis know everyt'ing dere *is* t' know 'bout Rougarou.

CLOVIS. Full moon he is most strong. Only no moon be safe. No moon, no Rougarou.

WEEMS. You don't believe any of this, do you, General?

GENERAL. Of course not, but isn't it fascinating? Oral tradition, you know. *(Calling out.)* Odette?

ODETTE *(slightly off mic)*. Yah, General.

GENERAL. How's the meatloaf tonight?

ODETTE *(slightly off mic)*. Won't kill ya.

ALBERT. Me, I had it f' dinner.

GENERAL. How was it, Albert?

ALBERT *(sotto voce)*. Migh' kill ya.

GEORGIE. Here da menu, Mister Weems.

WEEMS. Thank you.

GEORGIE. But we only got meatloaf.

GENERAL. How come?