

An American Werewolf in London

David can't sleep and is shocked by the sight of (dead) Jack

J: Can I have a piece of toast?

D: Get the fuck outta here, Jack.

J: Thanks a lot.

D: No. I can't take this, am I asleep now, or awake or what?

J: I realize I don't look so hot, David, but I thought you'd be glad to see me... David! You're hurting my feelings.

D: Hurting your feelings?

D: Has it occurred to you that it might be unsettling to see you rise from the grave to visit me?

J: Sorry to be upsetting you, David, but I had to come.

D: Aren't you supposed to be buried someplace in New York?

J: Yeah. Your parents came to my funeral. I was surprised at how many came.

D: Why should you be surprised? You were a well-liked person.

J: Yeah. I was, wasn't I?

D: Well, I liked you.

J: Debbie Klein cried a lot.

D: Am I asleep now or what?

J: So you know what she does? She's so grief-stricken she runs to find solace in Mark Levine's bed.

D: Mark Levine?

J: An asshole. Life mocks me even in death.

D: I'm going completely crazy.

J: David!

D: What?

J: I'm really sorry to be upsetting you, but I have to warn you.

D: Warn me?

J: We were attacked by a werewolf.

D: I'm not listening to this.

J: On the moors. We were attacked by a lycanthrope, a werewolf. I was murdered, an unnatural death, and now I walk the earth in limbo until the werewolf's curse is lifted.

D: Shut up.

J: The wolf's bloodline must be severed. The last remaining werewolf must be destroyed. It's you, David.

D: What?

J: Please believe me. You'll kill people. Listen to me, the supernatural, the power of darkness... it's all true. The undead surround me. Have you ever talked to a corpse? It's boring. I'm lonely. Take your life, David. Kill yourself, before you kill others.

D: You're not real.

J: Don't be a putz, David. A nurse, huh?

D: Shh.

J: Come on.

D: What are you doing here?

J: I wanted to see you. (high-pitched) Hi, David. - Put that down.

D: OK, you've seen me. Now go away.

J: I'm sorry I'm upsetting you, David, but you don't understand what's goin' on.

D: I understand all right. You're one of the "undead", and I'm a werewolf.

J: Yes. That's right.

D: Get outta here, Jack.

J: Tomorrow night's the full moon. You're gonna change. You'll become...

D: I know. I know. A monster.

J: You've gotta kill yourself, David, before it's too late.

D: Are you really dead, Jack?

J: What do you think?

D: I think I've lost my mind. I think you're not real. I think you're just another part of a bad dream.

J: You've gotta believe me, David.

D: Believe what? That tomorrow night beneath the full moon...I'll sprout hair and fangs and eat people? - Bullshit!

J: Goddamn it, David, please believe me. You'll kill and make others like me. I'm not havin' a nice time here. You've gotta take your own life.

D: I will not accept this. Go away.

J: David? This is not pretend, David.

D: I will not be threatened by a walking meat loaf!

J: David...