

Therianthropy

written by

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(c) 2026

SUPER: MONTERRAY - MEXICO 1221

FADE IN:

TOPOGRAPHICAL. DARK AND STORMY RAIN FOREST - NIGHT

Pan through until we come to-

EXT. PALACIO DEL OBISPADO - NIGHT

A HUGE FIGURE dressed in black robes dons the head of an EAGLE.

The Figure bites the head off a live RATTLE SNAKE as he stands in front of the throne.

DISCIPLES kneel before him, dressed in red robes and AZTECIAN MASKS.

The Figure discards what is left of the snake.

He raises his arms and prompts his Disciples to rise as he looks across the collesseum towards the huge VOLCANIC MOUNTAINS in the distance.

GREEN and RED LASERS light up the night sky.

A SHRILL CALL!

The throne burns and a HUGE FIREBALL engulfs the palacio.

Everything in its wake burns as he flies over the burning bodies of his Disciples.

SUPER: LONDON. ENGLAND

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Keen eyed PETER DREYFUS 40's spots the same throne, set in brown velvet with ivory buttons, and characterised by EAGLE HEADS.

The old bespectacled PROPRIETOR approaches from inside the dimly lit shop and offers a friendly smile.

PROPRIETOR

It's a lovely morning, isn't it?

PETER DREYFUS

Yes, it is.

(clears throat)

I was just curious about this old chair you have in the window. D'you happen to know how old it is by chance?

PROPRIETOR

Come inside. I'll look for proof of authenticity.

The Proprietor leads him through to the rear of the shop where there are more MEXICAN ARTIFACTS.

INT. SMALL KITCHEN.

A small table with two chairs set aside. A carafe of coffee sits on the table.

PROPRIETOR

Sit down.

PETER

Thanks.

Peter takes a seat.

The Proprietor sits down and studies him.

PETER (CONT'D)

Can I see the paperwork?

PROPRIETOR

Yes, but you may not understand a single word of it.

PETER

(aback)

Why is that?

PROPRIETOR

It's written in Nahautl - the language of the Aztecs.

PETER

Really?

PROPRIETOR

Yes.

PETER

So how did you acquire it, then?

PROPRIETOR

I purchased it from an antique exhibition when I was visiting Monterray. I remember the seller telling me it belonged to one of his Aztecan ancestors.

PETER

In Monterrey?

PROPRIETOR

Yes. Apparently it was kept at the Palacio Del Obispado before it burned down during the last century. It's been rebuilt since then.

PETER

Can I see proof of provenance?

PROPRIETOR

Of course.

PETER

Thanks.

PROPRIETOR

Jut give me a moment. I put it somewhere, but my memory's not as sharp as it used to be. (gets to his feet) I'm sure it's inside a drawer down in the basement.

He disappears out back.

INTERCUT:

BASEMENT

The Proprietor opens cabinet drawers as he searches for proof of origin.

SHOP FRONT

Peter begins a full inspection of the throne as he turns it this way and that.

END INTERCUT.

The Proprietor returns with the official authenticity mark stamped upon a headed piece of paper. He waves it at Peter.

PROPRIETOR

Here. I have it.

Peter studies it carefully.

PETER

Looks genuine to me. (pauses)

So, what's your price?

PROPRIETOR

Make an offer.

PETER

(aback)

Right. I see. (ruminates) Well, you must have some idea what you want for it.

PROPRIETOR

Two-thousand.

PETER

(aback)

One.

PROPRIETOR

Eighteen-hundred and we'll say no more about it.

PETER

Twelve and we have a deal.

PROPRIETOR

Fifteen, and that's my final price.

PETER

Done.

They shake on it.

PROPRIETOR

I'll write you out a receipt.

PETER

Excellent.

They step out back.

PROPRIETOR

There is something you should know, first. I don't really know if it's relevant or not.

PETER

What is it?

PROPRIETOR

I remember the seller telling me that he discovered his cat's remains on the seat one morning when he got back from a business trip. It had been decapitated.

PETER

Did you believe him?

PROPRIETOR

Can't say. I think he was adding a bit of intrigue to tempt me into a purchase.

PETER

It sounds like you're doing your best so I withdraw my offer of buying it.

PROPRIETOR

Oh no. I want you to have it if you so wish to have it. I'm not trying to force your hand one way or another.

PETER

May I collect it later today? I have some errands to run for my Mother. She's coming to visit later today and she won't eat anything, unless it's just been killed.

PROPRIETOR

That's fine. I close at six.

They complete the transaction. Peter exits the shop bearing a huge grin.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - LIT

Two DELIVERY MEN in brown coats enter the spacious tiled hallway with the Throne.

Peter then leads them towards his study.

PETER

Careful with it. We don't want to damage it. It's very old.

HEAD DELIVERY MAN

Where'd ya wannus to put it, Chief?

PETER

The study.

INT. STUDY - LIT

Wall to wall book cases fill the classically furnished room. They place the Throne in the centre of the room.

PETER (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Delivery Men exit.

A dim light emits from a lamp situated behind a winged leather armchair.

Peter gazes at the throne in fascination.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. STUDY - CONT'D

Fair haired Peter as an infant lies in bed with fear showing upon his little face.

His naked bearded STEPFATHER cuddles up to him.

END FLASHBACK.

Peter continues to stare at the Throne and grits his teeth before he exits the room.

CU: The Throne's Eagle Heads glow yellow.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

A black Limousine pulls onto a gravel driveway.

Peter opens the rear door for his aged, but glamorous MOTHER.
She resembles Dolly Parton.

She follows him into the house.

INT. STUDY - CONT'D

She removes her fur coat to reveal a low cut purple dress and
a pearl necklace.

Peter sits down on the throne.

He crosses his legs and stares at her questionally as she
sits down on the leather winged armchair.

MOTHER

What are you staring at?

PETER

You, Mother.

MOTHER

You look like a little boy
sitting on that silly chair. What
on earth made you want to buy
that piece of junk?

PETER

It's not junk. It's antique.
(grins)
Don't you like it?

MOTHER

It's too ornate for my liking.

PETER

It's hand carved - Genuine
mahogany.

He caresses the Eagle Heads as he continues to stare at her.

PETER (CONT'D)

It's been lacquered. Come and see
for yourself.

MOTHER

You mean it's knackered. It looks like it should be in a museum, or somewhere.

PETER

It's Mexican.

MOTHER

Well, maybe you should send it back there, where it belongs.

PETER

It was kept at the Palacio Del Obispado in Monterrey, and it has provenance to prove it.

MOTHER

It must have cost you a fortune. Somebody saw you coming. You fool.

PETER

Actually, I saw one very similar in Antique Monthly. The price tag was 5K, and this one is in much better condition.

MOTHER

You remind me of your father sitting there like that. He was too clever by half as well.

PETER

Interesting.

MOTHER

Is it? Why?

PETER

Because I wanted to have a chat with you about him.

MOTHER

He used to cross his legs too.

He quickly jumps to his feet.

He pours himself a brandy.

PETER

Tipple?

MOTHER

Oh, go on then. Pour me a sherry.

He pours her a glass of sherry.

PETER

And d' you want to know who you remind me of, Mother?

MOTHER

No. But I'm sure you're going to tell me anyway since you've mentioned it.

He hands her the sherry then sits back down on the Throne.

PETER

Mutton dressed as lamb. But then you always did... even when I was growing up.

MOTHER

Don't flatter yourself, Peter. It makes you look ugly.

PETER

So you agree.

MOTHER

The trouble with you is you've never shown me any respect.

PETER

That's right.

MOTHER

Is that why you brought me here... to insult me?

PETER

No. I wanted to show you my new chair before you pop off.

MOTHER

I'm not going anywhere just yet, Peter.

PETER

Why did you let him in my bedroom?

MOTHER

What are you talking about?

PETER

You know very well what I'm talking about.

MOTHER

You've lost me. I haven't got a clue what you're on about.

PETER

That's beacuse you were too busy flaunting yourself to see what was going on, right under your fucking nose!

MOTHER

If anything happened to you, your father's the one you should be blaming, not me.

PETER

You mean stepfather! I'm referring to my stepfather!

MOTHER

You what?!

PETER

That's right. Why did you turn a blind eye to what he was doing to me?

MOTHER

Rubbish! He never did. He wasn't like that. He was a good man - a decent man.

PETER

You knew, didn't you?

MOTHER

No! Not until now.

PETER

You didn't give a damn.

MOTHER

That's absurd!

PETER

I saw you having sex with him right on that chair you're sitting on. At it like two despraved sex addicts... the pair of you! You couldn't get enough of him to see what was going on.

MOTHER

(bitterly)

I tried. But he never really loved me. He just used me.

PETER

State the obvious, Mother.

MOTHER

I found out that he was a bigamist. That's why he kept swanning off to Africa. He had wife in Nairobi.

PETER

Sons?

MOTHER

Yes.

PETER

Why didn't you stop him? You could've stopped him. You chose not to. I want to know why?

MOTHER

I never knew he was touching you, I swear to you, Peter.

PETER

I was ten years old!

MOTHER

I just thought he idolised you. I couldn't bear it when he went away.

PETER

What about me?! I'm your son!

His eyes become suffused and shrink as his nose becomes a yellow beak, during a process of a therianthropy shapeshift.

His Mother sits awestruck and agape as she witnesses the rapid change in his identity.

She jumps to her feet and screams.

MOTHER
(terrified)
I WANT TO GO HOME!

His piercing shrills cause her to sink to her knees in despair.

The throne slides across the floor and blocks her exit as he shrills become volumetrically unbearable.

MOTHER
PLEASE STOP!

The Eagle Heads glow as her cries of despair are drowned out by the shrill.

MOTHER
PETER! PLEASE STOP! YOU'RE
HURTING ME!

PETER
(amplified)
YOU WILL PAY!

Peter flaps his wings and flies over her.

He digs his talons deep into her skull and lifts her off the floor.

The Throne ignites and a FIREBALL ensues as it crashes into furniture with Peter and his Mother completely lost in the flames.

EXT. GUTTED MANOR HOUSE - MORNING

CU: The throne appears completely intact as it stands alone in the smouldering surroundings.

THE END