

BAD MOON

"THOR"

Screenplay by
Eric Red

Based upon the novel by
Wayne Smith

DIRECTOR: ERIC RED

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Rev. Blue	17/04/96
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FADE IN:

1 EXT. JUNGLE - NEPAL, INDIA - DUSK 1

The vast, primordial jungle. Exotic, mist-shrouded mountainscapes loom in the gathering dusk.

2 EXT. NEPALESE SKY - DUSK 2

The remote primeval landscape is bathed in strange, sweltering twilight. The setting sun is a weird fireball behind the palm trees. The moon is a ghost on the horizon.

3 EXT. CLEARING - NEPAL - NIGHT 3

A few tents pitched in the clearing...

A campfire burns...

4 EXT. CAMP - NEPAL - NIGHT 4

A JUNGLE EXPEDITION has pitched camp. 6 NATIVES are stoking the campfire and cooking food. 3 PACK HORSES are tethered to a post. THE PHOTOGRAPHER, is a ruggedly handsome American man in khaki jungle gear, several cameras slung around his neck. He is reviewing a map with THE NATURALIST, a stunning and outdoorsy Australian woman. She is labeling numerous rolls of 35mm film with a magic marker.

PHOTOGRAPHER

We're thirty miles northeast of the upper plateau. There's an outpost and an airstrip ten miles due north here...

He points to a mark on the map.

PHOTOGRAPHER

We can have the film flown out to Delphi from there. They can pouch it to the field office in Calcutta. Old Jones should be happy...we're only two weeks past deadline.

*
*

She kisses him lovingly.

(CONTINUED)

NATURALIST

This has been a wonderful adventure.

PHOTOGRAPHER

You made it wonderful.

He kisses her. They gaze into each other's eyes fondly.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Put it in your book. This September,
The Amazon. January, Egypt.

NATURALIST

But in the next five minutes, bed.

PHOTOGRAPHER

We're out here a thousand miles from
civilization, a blanket stars above us,
and she wants to sleep.

NATURALIST

I didn't say sleep, my love. Coming
along?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hold it. In the last two months we've
gotten pictures of every last living
creature in this jungle paradise except
you and I.

NATURALIST

And?

PHOTOGRAPHER

I want one to show our grandkids.

The Photographer sets a camera on a tripod, Sets it to
autotimer. Goes over and poses with his girlfriend.

VIEWFINDER P.O.V.: The two attractive people in a warm and
loving embrace.

CLICK. The shutter snaps

The flashbulb flare white's them out.

The flash refracts off the eyes of a strange creature
watching them in the jungle. It GROWLS, a scary WOLFLIKE
SOUND.

The Photographer kisses The Naturalist fondly. She kisses
him back. She puts her arms around him and they nuzzle in
the remote reaches of the Indian jungle. Across the

(CONTINUED)

clearing, their Native Guides are stoking the campfire.

5 INT. TENT - CAMP - NIGHT

5

The Photographer and the Naturalist enter the tent. She sits down and begins brushing her hair. He lifts his camera and SNAPS a few shots of his lovely girlfriend.

NATURALIST

Stop it.

He lowers his camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Okay.

He takes her in his arms and they kiss in a passionate embrace.

6 EXT. JUNGLE - NEPAL - NIGHT

6

The full moon now visible in the darkened sky.

7 EXT. CAMP - NEPAL - NIGHT

7

The Native Guides stoke the coals of the fire with sticks. They listen to the SOUNDS of the MONKEYS, BIRDS, and INSECTS in the dense trees lining the perimeter of the clearing. They hear the SOFT SIGHS coming from the one tent. The Natives exchange grins and shake their heads as they tend the fire.

Then all SOUNDS of WILDLIFE abruptly cease.

Silence.

The Native Guides lift their heads, alert. The jungle is totally, preternaturally quiet. One man rises to his feet uneasily. He nervously looks around him at the darkened clearing. It is pitch black on all sides beyond the dim glow of the campfire.

The horses in the stalls begin to snort and paw the earth with their hoofs. The horses suddenly rear and yank at their tethers. Their wild eyes stare into the dark, silent jungle.

Three Natives begin babbling anxiously to one another.

Suddenly, a LOW GROWL emanates from the brush. Like a wolf. But not.

The horses rip loose of their posts and gallop off in panic into the jungle.

8 INT. TENT - CAMP NIGHT 8

The Photographer and The Naturalist make passionate love in a sleeping bag...Their erotic sighs and exclamations drown out all noises outside the tent.

9 EXT. CAMP - NIGHT 9

Fear explodes across the Guides' faces. They are frozen in place, paralyzed with terror. One looks over to see his rifle resting against his tent twenty yards away.

Three Natives scream and bolt into the jungle.

Two more of the Natives run off in the other direction.

GROWL.

With a cry of terror, the remaining Native Guide runs for his rifle.

A WEREWOLF drops out of the trees and goes for the man's throat!

Bloodshot, insane eyes...Salivating fangs...Hairy half-man, half-wolf features...Huge claws. The creature is half-seen, a psychopathic-eyed apparition of fangs, claws, and fur in the firelight. The Native Guide's screams are cut short as he is torn to shreds by the Werewolf.

10 INT. TENT - CAMP - NIGHT 10

The Photographer and the Naturalist are still making love in the sleeping bag. Over their passionate sighs, he hears something outside the tent. He lifts his head.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Did you hear something?

She nibbles his lip.

NATURALIST

Um-hmmmm.

They kiss and continue what they were doing.

The Werewolf heaves the Native Guide's corpse into the trees. The creature rears in the firelight, its talons and jaws dripping with gore.

Its crazed, bloodshot eyes focus on the tent across the clearing.

WEREWOLF P.O.V.: B&W. ITS HEART POUNDING IN IT'S CHEST. ITS BLOOD ROARING IN ITS EARS. THE SOFT HUMAN SIGHS FROM THE TENT. THE TENT. MAKING ITS WAY SWIFTLY ACROSS THE CLEARING...TOWARDS THE TENT.

The Photographer rolls on top of the Naturalist in the sleeping bag. Her eyes widen as she sees the hideously unnatural silhouette of the Werewolf rear up outside the tent. She screams hysterically. The Photographer whirls just as the huge, razor-clawed paw shears through the tent canvas. She tries to crawl away, but the creature gets a fistful of her hair. It drags her right off her feet outside the tent. The Werewolf buries it's jaws into her. The girl screams and flails hysterically as she is held off the ground and ripped apart by the Werewolf. The man sees only flashes of claws and snapping fangs amid the flying fur.

NATURALIST
TEDOHMYGOOOOOO--HELPHHELP!!!

PHOTOGRAPHER
NOOOOO!!!

The Photographer leaps at the Werewolf.

It whirls on him, slashing its razor fangs across his torso.

His shoulder is torn open, and he is tossed fifteen feet.

The man lands on the ground by the backpacks, his shoulder mauled.

His vision is BLURRY, semi-conscious. He sees the thing toss the girl's dead body away like a rag doll.

And it comes for him.

The Photographer sees a shotgun. By the packs.

He grabs up the shotgun and PUMPS a CARTRIDGE into the BREECH.

He aims it at the Werewolf.

The creature dives for him with a psychopathic SCREECH, talons extended.

The man aims blindly, pulling the trigger.

BABOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMM!!!

He blows the Werewolf's head clean off.

It drops decapitated in the dirt, killed instantly.

The Photographer slumps out cold on the ground, his eyes rolled up in their sockets...

SMASH CUT TO:

13 EXT. "FOREST EDGE" - WASHINGTON STATE - DAY

13

THE CREDITS ARE SUPERIMPOSED OVER A HELICOPTER SHOT SWEEPING HIGH above the green, lush pine forest. Rugged, untamed natural scenery for miles and miles. Then, down below, at the edge of the woods, is nestled a comfortable, middle-class neighborhood of tract houses and safe, clean streets. The trees part and the quiet suburban town of "Forest Edge" spreads out before us. The HELICOPTER SHOT travels over the town to FRAME a house situated a bit secluded at the edge of the woods.

The SOUND of a DOG BARKING.

THOR, a big, healthy, friendly German Shepherd leaps up and grabs a baseball.

BRETT HARRISON

Good dog! Bring it back, Thor.

The canine scampers onto--

14 EXT. FRONT LAWN - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

14

Thor takes the baseball onto the front lawn and drops it at the feet of BRETT HARRISON, 10. The little boy roughhouses with his pet on the freshly cut lawn of their all-American home. Thor jumps and prances, dodging back into the street to play catch again.

Brett heaves the ball.

ZOOM IN on Thor's eyes...

THOR P.O.V.: BLACK AND WHITE. HIS VISION IS HEIGHTENED, ULTRA-AWARE. THE SOUNDS OF THE BIRDS AND WILDLIFE IN THE FOREST AT THE EDGE OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD ARE DENSE AND DETAILED IN THE STEREOPHONIC DUB. DISTANT CARS AND TRUCKS AND VOICES OF NEIGHBORS IN THEIR HOUSES ARE CLEARLY HEARD. NOW, HIS VISION FOCUSES ON THE BASEBALL HISsing THROUGH THE AIR AT HIM. HE LEAPS AND...

Thor snatches the baseball.

He pads back onto the lawn and drops it by Brett's feet.

BRETT
Gimmie five.

Thor enthusiastically puts his paw in Brett's hand.

BRETT
Good boy.

Brett leans down and affectionately hugs Thor. The dog licks the kid's face.

Then his head lifts.

In the distance, up the block...

A man approaches.

The FLOPSY wears a dark suit and sunglasses, carrying an attache case. He is making good time up the sidewalk. Thor pays full attention. The Flopsy seems to be coming directly towards their house, ignoring the other houses on the way.

The dog's hackles rise. He wills them down.

Flopsy comes up to the front yard. Near the boy. Behaving nonchalantly, Thor saunters across the lawn and places himself between Brett and Flopsy. The German Shepherd takes pains not to appear intimidating.

Thor watches Flopsy. The man adjusts his dark glasses. Thor's hackles rise. He wills them down. He casts a glance to Brett playing with the Frisbee. Then he returns his gaze to Flopsy. The man doesn't seem to fear Thor, huge German Shepherd that he is.

FLOPSY

Nice doggie.

Thor just eyes him.

THOR P.O.V.: BLACK AND WHITE. SOMETHING TENSE AND HARD ABOUT THE FLOPSY. THOR DOESN'T HEAR SPECIFIC WORDS, JUST TONE OF VOICE, AND THE MAN'S TONE IS ONE OF PHONY FAMILIARITY.

FLOPSY

NICE DOGGIE.

Thor doesn't blink.

FLOPSY

You're a big one, aren't you? Are you a dog or a horse?

Thor emits a low RUMBLE from deep in his throat.

Flopsy actually grins.

BRETT

He's not a horse! He's a German Shepherd!

Thor sees Brett has come up from behind. The German Shepherd easily positions himself between the disturbing man and the little boy. Flopsy wipes sweat from his brow.

FLOPSY

Well, he's a helluva big German Shepherd. Are your Mom and Dad home?

Thor squints.

THOR P.O.V.: BLACK AND WHITE. PANNING FROM THE MAN'S ANKLES, TO HIS GROIN, TO HIS EXPOSED THROAT.

Flopsy inches back a little.

The screen door on the porch opens. JANET HARRISON, Mom, attractive, in her late 30's, hurries across the lawn.

JANET

Can I help you?

FLOPSY

Ah, you must be the lady of the house.

Mom faces Flopsy.

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. EYEING THE MAN'S HANDS AND FEET, AS THEY TWITCH WITH ILL-CONCEALED NERVOUSNESS. THE MAN'S WORDS ARE INCOMPREHENSIBLE, BUT THE TONE IS SMUG, EASY, TOTALLY DISHONEST.

Thor's hackles rise.

JANET

Yes, I am.

FLOPSY

Well, Ma'am, I see you have a young boy. Are you helping him to get the best education possible? I represent The Pacific Northwest Magna Reading Project, and we have a series of books which studies have proved are a major benefit towards advanced learning in phonetics and word comprehension. If I could have five minutes of your time to show you--

JANET

Thank you, but we really aren't interested in buying--

FLOPSY

Please let me show you these books my company has developed--

He opens his attache case.

Thor lets out a low, threatening GROWL.

FLOPSY

I have them right here.

Flopsy reaches his hand into his case. He eyes Thor with a strange glint of opportunism in his eyes.

Thor gives the man a single, vicious, snapping BARK.

FLOPSY

HEY, LOOK, LADY! YOU EVER HEARD OF A LEASH LAW?! YOU BETTER CONTROL YOUR DOG BEFORE HE BITES SOMEBODY!

*
*

Mom looks upset.

JANET

Thor.

(CONTINUED)

She reaches down to slip her finger into the metal ring of Thor's collar. As she does so, she takes her eyes off Flopsy for a moment.

Flopsy makes deliberate eye contact with Thor.

Thor sees Flopsy make a quick, flailing movement with his free hand over Mom's neck. Like he is about to punch her.

BRETT

HEY!

That does it.

With a violent growl, Thor leaps. He hits Flopsy full in the chest with front and hind legs, dropping him like a bowling pin. The ninety pound German Shepherd pins him to the pavement, police dog style. Flopsy looks in terror at the bared fangs of the dog at his throat.

FLOPSY

HELP! GET HIM OFF ME!

JANET

THOR! GET OFF HIM!

Thor looks up at Mom, and obediently gets off the man. Flopsy sits up, angrily brushing himself off.

FLOPSY

HE BIT ME! I'M SUING! YOU GOT A DANGEROUS ANIMAL THERE, LADY, AND YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR IT! YOU BETTER GET A LAWYER, LADY! 'CAUSE YOU'RE GONNA HEAR FROM MINE, TOOT SWEET!

Janet stands over him, nonplussed.

JANET

You can talk to me.

Mom pulls a small white card out of her wallet and tosses it contemptuously to Flopsy.

JANET

I'm a lawyer.

Before Flopsy can react, Janet reaches down and jerks the jacket from the man's shoulder. There is no wound.

JANET

I don't see what you're going to sue for, except maybe the price of a new suit at K-Mart.

(CONTINUED)

FLOPSY

Hey, listen, lady. I don't care if you are a lawyer. Your dog attacked me, and if you don't want to settle, fine. I won't sue you. I'll go to the humane society and show them what he did. I'll get a court order and have him destroyed.

Baffled, Thor looks back and forth between Mom and Flopsy.

He lets out a low GROWL.

JANET

Get in the house, Thor!

Mom points the dog towards the house. If possible, the German Shepherd is on the verge of tears of confusion and shame. He has no choice. He does what he is told. Thor slinks away, tail between his legs. He slumps on the porch and watches the heated interchange between his master and the stranger who apparently threatened Mom.

Mom faces Flopsy furiously as the man lies on the ground.

JANET

Did he bite you?

Flopsy hesitates.

JANET

Because if he bit you, you'll have to see a doctor right now. Since you're on foot, I'll give you a lift to the nearest hospital emergency room right now.

Janet holds out her hand to help the man up.

JANET

I'll take you to our family doctor.

FLOPSY

I got my own doctor!

JANET

All right. I think I've heard about enough, Flopsy.

BRETT

Who's Flopsy, Mom?

Janet stares down Flopsy.

JANET

A flopsy, Brett, is a con man who does things like walk in front of cars and pretend to get hit. Or intentionally provoke people's dogs and pretend to get bitten. He threatens to sue people or have their pets destroyed unless they pay him money. I've prosecuted plenty of these guys.

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FLOPSY

I'll--I'll see you in court.

The con man fidgets like a pinned bug. Thor watches Mom's demeanor from the sidelines, and his German Shepherd jowls break into a loose grin as he sees whatever it is going on, Mom is winning.

JANET

Brett, call Sheriff Jenson. Tell him you're my son, he'll take the call. Tell him we have a problem and to send a deputy right away.

Janet turns to Flopsy with a grin.

JANET

It was nice knowing you, Flopsy. I'll visit you in the slammer.

*

FLOPSY

YOU F--!

*

The man explodes in anger.

Thor leaps up on his haunches and BARKS violently.

Mom whirls on Thor and roars ferociously.

*

JANET

STAY!

*

*

With a dismal WHINE of dismay, Thor miserably hangs back on the stoop. His eyes still remain protectively fixed on Flopsy.

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JANET

Now, my advice to you is to turn around, and walk away without saying another word and without looking back.

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The humiliated con man stumbles away up the sidewalk. He wags his finger at Janet.

(CONTINUED)

FLOPSY

You ain't heard the last of this!

JANET

I think I have. But don't think of this as a total loss--you learned a valuable lesson: Don't mess with a lawyer on her own turf!

Mom turns her back on Flopsy and ushers Brett back towards the house.

Thor, the big German Shepherd, sits small and fearful on the porch, his tail helplessly thumping.

Janet walks up to him. Thor looks up expectantly.

Mom stares down at Thor with hard eyes.

JANET

Get in.

Janet opens the door and pushes the dog inside with the rest of the family.

15 OMIT.

15*

16 OMIT.

16*

17 INT. FOYER - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

17

Mom walks Thor to the middle of the room.

JANET

Sit down.

Thor sits. Registering her stern tone, he looks up at her with his most baleful eyes, and lays down on his stomach, tail thumping repentantly.

JANET

Quit groveling.

More tail thumps.

JANET

This is serious Thor. Sit up.

Thor sits up.

JANET

Pay attention.

Mom kneels down beside Thor, grabbing him not untenderly by the jowls. She looks him affectionately in the face.

JANET

Listen to me, numbskull. I know you were just doing your job and trying to protect us. But we could have lost you today. If you bite somebody they can take you away from us and take you to the pound and there wouldn't be anything we could do. You're the man of the house, Thor. What would we do without the man of the house, huh?

BRETT

Mom, go easy on him. He was just trying to protect us. He's our dog, and he was looking out for us.

JANET

JANET

That's not the point.

Thor can't meet Mom's eyes. Janet takes the dog's face and forces him to look at her.

(CONTINUED)

JANET

You listen to me, Thor. You are NEVER.
NEVER. To bite a human being. No matter
what. You are NEVER to BITE ANYONE. BAD

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET (cont'd)
DOGS bite people. BAD DOGS get put away.
You aren't a BAD DOG, are you? Thor, are
you listening to me?

Thor looks up at Mom with wet eyes.

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. MOM'S FIERCE, FIRM, LOVING FACE IN HIS.

JANET
BAD DOG. BAD DOG.

A MEMORY FLASHBACK PLAYS IN FRONT OF THE DOG'S EYES...

A POUND.

THROUGH THE BARS OF A WHITE CAGE, OTHER WHITE CELLS BEYOND.
IT IS AS STERILE, ANTISEPTIC, AND COLD AS A CONCENTRATION
CAMP. MANY PATHETIC ANIMALS HOWLING AND BARKING AND MEOWING.
THOR IS INSIDE THE CAGE, LOOKING OUT, AS MEN IN WHITE SUITS
PASS LIKE ANGELS OF DEATH.

POUND ATTENDANTS.
BAD DOG! BAD DOG!

Thor is off in space.

Mom shakes him gently.

JANET
You listening to me, Thor? You're not a
bad dog. You're a GOOD DOG. Hear me?
GOOD DOG.

Thor gazes dreamily at Mom.

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. STILL IN THE POUND, BEHIND BARS. PEOPLE
ARE MOVING PAST THE BARS. IT IS MOM AND BRETT! THEY PEER
THROUGH THE THE BARS AT THOR.

BRETT
OH, MOMMY, LOOK AT THIS PUPPY!
MOMMY, I WANT THIS ONE! CAN I HAVE HIM?

MOM POKES HER FACE OVER AND LOOKS IN THE BARS AT THE CAMERA.

JANET
IT'S A GERMAN SHEPHERD.

THE GATE IS OPENED. THE BOY PATS THE CAMERA.

JANET
GOOD DOG. GOOD DOG. WE'LL TAKE HIM.
GOOD DOG.

(CONTINUED)

Thor's eyes are wet.

Mom and Brett are on the carpet with him. They scratch and pat him.

JANET

Good dog.

Thor gratefully licks their faces, relieved.

Janet picks up the phone. Dials a number.

JANET

Hi, Sheriff Jenson. This is Janet
Harrison out at 43 Oak Creek Lane.
Listen, I want to report an incident...

*
*
*

18 INT. SHERIFF JENSON'S OFFICE - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 18*

SHERIFF JENSON on the phone. The cop is taking notes.

SHERIFF JENSON

...Uh-huh...Uh-huh. Got it. Okay,
Janet. I'll run a make on this guy from
the description you gave me. And don't
worry about ol' Thor. You know those
German Shepherds. They're an
overprotective breed.

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19 INT. FOYER - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT 19*

Janet watches Brett roughhousing with Thor on the floor, the dog affectionately licking his face.

JANET

Don't I know it. Thanks.

She hangs up.

- 20 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT 20
The lights shut off, one by one.
- 21 INT. STAIRS - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT 21
Thor pads up the stairs.
- 22 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT 22
Thor pads down the hall to Brett's bedroom. He pokes his nose in.
The boy is sound asleep under his covers.
- 23 INT. BRETT'S BEDROOM - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT 23
Thor watches protectively from the doorway.
Brett is tossing and turning, moaning from a bad dream. Thor's face etches with concern. He quietly pads in and gently licks Brett's face. That seems to calm him. Thor tugs the covers up over the boy. *
Brett is now soundly asleep. *
Thor leaves the room, nudging the door closed.
- 24 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT 24
Thor quietly pads to Mom's bedroom.
Inside, all quiet.
He pokes open the door with his snout. Peers in.
Janet is in bed, working on legal briefs scattered around the sheets. She adjusts her spectacles on her nose, and looks up at the dog with great warmth.
She blows him a kiss.
This pleases the dog, and he emits a satisfied "gruff."
His sentry duty completed for the night, Thor heads downstairs.

25 INT. LIVING ROOM - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT 25

Thor pads down the stairs. He curls up on an easy chair. With a long yawn after his busy day, he puts his head on his paws and drops to sleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 EXT. TRAIL - FOREST - NIGHT 26

A rugged, mountainous expanse of pine forest. A flashlight cuts through the trees. A HIKER with a backpack treks along the moonlit pine forest path. He stops and checks his watch. He takes a map out of his jacket and checks his coordinates. He takes out his compass. Clearly lost, he puts his gear back in his jacket.

And hikes on into the dark forest.

27 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 27

The moon hovers over the vast timber country.

28 EXT. TRAIL - FOREST - NIGHT 28

A flashlight beam glints through the pine branches. The Hiker comes down the trail, small and alone. He is dwarfed by the huge pine trees, using his flashlight to make his way. The SOUNDS of the FOREST WILDLIFE fill the SOUNDTRACK. BIRDS. INSECTS. OWLS. A STEADY, OUTDOORSY DIN. The Hiker stops to get his bearings, shining his flashlight on the trees. Silvery moonlight filters through the branches in misty shafts. The man adjusts his backpack and moves on. The SOUND of his BOOTS CRUNCHING TWIGS.

Then suddenly...all the ANIMAL NOISES in the forest stop.

Silence.

The Hiker stops and listens to the uncanny, preternatural quiet. Apprehension registers on his features. It's as if all the wildlife in the woods have been scared silent.

From far off, a TERRIFYING WOLFLIKE HOWL rips the air. The Hiker is petrified by the half-wolf, half-human cry. He turns pale, hurrying on at a brisk pace down the path, flitting his flashlight beam ahead.

The WOLFLIKE ROAR reverberates through the forest again.

This time, much closer.

The Hiker looks over his shoulder, but sees only walls of trees. The circle of his flashlight beam begins to dim. Then it darkens and goes out. The Hiker swears below his breath, barely able to see in the moonlit forest. Beaded with sweat, he fumbles in his backpack for a battery. He frantically inserts it into his flashlight. The beam of light blinks back on.

The SOUND of a HUGE ANIMAL SMASHING THROUGH THE TREES AND BRANCHES of the FOREST.

The Hiker cries out in fear and runs for his life. He heaves off his backpack and bolts up the trail. Looking over his shoulder, he sees something shattering through the branches fifty feet behind him. The huge shape is covered with fur, its claws glinting in the moonlight. The Hiker runs panic-stricken through the forest. The ROARS of the thing fill his ears. The Hiker scrambles up a tree, shimmying ten feet up to the first branches. He tries to climb higher. Suddenly, the tree is shaken powerfully, heaving him sideways. He shines his flashlight down at the creature shaking the tree.

A Werewolf!

The Hiker screams in raw terror and heaves the flashlight between the Werewolf's eyes. It bounces off the creature's skull. The Werewolf flies into a psychopathic rage, chewing and scratching at the tree. Bark and wood pulp fly like from a chain saw. The Hiker holds on for dear life as the tree is violently shaken back and forth. He tries to climb higher but can't. The Werewolf is swiftly gnawing through the trunk of the tree, trying to break it in half.

A CRACK of SPLINTERING WOOD.

The Hiker screams helplessly as the tree he hangs onto starts to topple. The Werewolf waits for him with fangs bared and claws outstretched as the tree breaks.

The Hiker falls head over heels into the clutches of the Werewolf.

And is torn to pieces.

29 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

29

The vast, moonlit stretch of pine forest. The HIKER'S HIDEOUS SCREAMS are CUT SHORT. The THROATY WOLFLIKE ROAR

reverberates through the windless, mountainous expanse of timber in the moonlight.

SMASH CUT TO:

30 EXT. "FOREST EDGE" - DAWN

30

Morning breaks on the peaceful tract housing community by the huge forest. A NEWSBOY on a bike throws a paper on the doorstep of the Harrison house.

31 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - DAWN

31

Thor eats his breakfast from a bowl of Alpo. Janet is cooking breakfast. Brett is seated at the table, grimly doing his homework. He slaps down his pencil.

BRETT

C'mon Mom, it's Saturday.

Janet smiles, flipping a pancake.

JANET

You're going to sit there until you finish your definitions. You told me that you turned them in Friday when you were supposed to. Surprise.

BRETT

Aww, Ma.

JANET

Don't aww Ma me. Or I'll add a couple of words to the list for not telling me the truth. Look up "Indictment."

The PHONE RINGS.

Mom picks up.

Thor looks at Mom.

THOR P.O.V.: BLACK AND WHITE. MOM CHATTING AWAY. WARM. HAPPY.

JANET

HELLO TED, HOW ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU?..WHAT? WHEN DID YOU GET BACK?...AND YOU HAVEN'T CALLED SINCE THEN? YOU

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JANET (cont'd)
 CREEP. I STILL THOUGHT YOU WERE OUT OF
 THE COUNTRY

Thor's ears perk.

JANET
 WELL OF COURSE WE'D LOVE TO SEE YOU, TED.

The dog sits up, his chops grinning, happy. ZOOM IN ON HIS
 EARS.

JANET
 WE'LL SEE YOU AT THE CABIN IN A FEW
 HOURS...YOU'VE MOVED? SURE I KNOW THE
 TIMBERLINE LAKE. HOLD ON, LET ME GET
 THESE DIRECTIONS DOWN. *

Janet scribbles down directions.

JANET
 YEAH YEAH, I GOT IT. BOY YOU'RE OUT IN
 THE BOONIES THERE. BE THERE IN A FEW
 HOURS. BYE. *

Mom hangs up.

Thor jumps to his feet. Dances around.

Brett looks at his Mom.

BRETT
 I thought Uncle Ted was in another
 country.

Mom gives her kid a smile.

JANET
 He's been back a few months. I didn't
 even know. We're going to drive up and
 see him today. How does that sit with
 you guys? *

It sits good.

BRETT
 AW-WRIGHT! We can go hiking in the woods
 like we did the last time, and maybe
 he'll let us shoot his rifle again and-- *

JANET
 Gosh, I didn't even know he'd got back.
 That flaky brother of mine...

(CONTINUED)

JANET

Gosh, I didn't even know he'd got back.
That flaky brother of mine...

*
*

(CONTINUED)

Thor puts his paws up on the kitchen counter and BARKS enthusiastically.

*
*

BRETT

I know somebody who'll be glad to see him. Woncha, big boy?

*
*
*

Mom kneels down and ruffles Thor's jowls. Brett starts to jump up from the table. Janet shoots him a wry glance.

JANET

Of course...

Brett stops.

JANET

We'll leave just as soon as you've finished your homework.

BRETT

Mom!

*
*

Brett rolls his eyes. And sits back down.

32 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

32

The family and the dog pile into their station wagon.

33 EXT. PINE FOREST - DAY

33

The station wagon traipses through the winding highway past massive expanses of pine trees. The woods are dense and mountainous. Uncivilized.

34 INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

34

Janet drives. Brett is in the back seat, playing pocket Nintendo. Thor has his head stuck out the open window, in his glory.

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. THE WOODS RUSHING BY IN A SWEEP OF NATURE. THE PRIMEVAL SOUNDS OF A MILLION ANIMALS AND INSECTS FILL THE STEREO SURROUNDS OF THE THEATRE IN A SYMPHONIC DIN.

(CONTINUED)

Thor squints his eyes, wind blasting his face, grinning wildly.

35 EXT. LAKE - DAY

35

A spectacular range of forest mountains rises over a glassy, quiet lake. The station wagon turns onto a small dirt road past a rusted sign that reads, "No Trespassing."

On a lonely beach by the isolated lake sits a metallic silver Airstream trailer.

The car pulls up.

The door to the Airstream opens...

36 INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

36

Mom smacks Thor on the butt.

JANET
Sick 'im, boy.

Thor leaps out the window.

37 EXT. UNCLE TED'S AIRSTREAM - DAY

37

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. SHOVING THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE CAR...BOUNTING ONTO THE FOREST FLOOR...RUNNING FULL TILT TOWARDS THE FAMILIAR FIGURE STEPPING THROUGH THE AIRSTREAM DOOR...UNCLE TED STEPPING OUT WITH A BIG GRIN AND OPENING HIS ARMS...THOR LEAPING ONTO HIM AND LICKING HIS FACE.

UNCLE TED
HI, THOR.

Thor drops back.

Hackles up.

THE SOUND OF UNCLE TED'S VOICE HAS AN ANIMAL-LIKE CADENCE, A LOW WOLFLIKE GROWL BENEATH THE WORDS. NOT...QUITE...RIGHT. (WE RECOGNIZE UNCLE TED AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO WAS ATTACKED BY THE WEREWOLF IN THE OPENING SCENE IN NEPAL.)

Uncle Ted misses a beat. A flash of caution. Then he catches himself and kneels down to rub the scruff of the dog's neck.

UNCLE TED
Easy, Thor. It's just your old buddy
Ted.

Thor cocks his head. He regards Ted with a quizzical look,
then wholeheartedly licks the man's face.

UNCLE TED
'At a boy.

Mom and her kid pile out of the car. Janet and her brother
bear hug.

UNCLE TED
How are ya, sis?

JANET
How are you?

She strokes his distinctive facial stubble with sisterly
disapproval.

JANET
Ever occur to you to use that razor I
bought you for Christmas?

UNCLE TED
Just for cutting my throat.

He laughs. She rolls her eyes. He holds her gaze warmly.

UNCLE TED
Gosh, it's good to see you, Janet. You
don't know how good. *

JANET
Yeah right, that's why you're back a
month and don't call me, don't tell me
where you are, don't--What's with you,
you putz. *

She socks him one in the arm. Then kisses him. *

JANET
It's good to see you too. *

Thor jumps around Uncle Ted, his concerns for the moment out
of mind. He BARKS. Ted crouches down and hugs his nephew.

UNCLE TED
Brett, you've shot up like a weed.

CONTINUED:

BRETT

Uncle Ted, can I shoot the rifle?

UNCLE TED

We'll see, we'll see. First, let's go inside and visit.

He puts his arm around Brett.

UNCLE TED

I have quite a story to tell you, young man. When I was over Nepal a few months ago I had an actual encounter with a Saskwatch. *

BRETT

I've never heard of a Saskwatch. *

They all head cheerfully towards the Airstream. *

UNCLE TED

It's like an Abominable Snowman, but worse. *

BRETT

Yeah, right. There's no such thing. *

UNCLE TED

Scout's honor. I was camped down for the night when the ferocious beast attacked me and my crew. Didn't have any warning. *

BRETT

Yeah, right. What did you do? *

UNCLE TED

Wrastled it. *

BRETT

Sure...

UNCLE TED

Got the battle scar to show for it.

Uncle Ted rolls down his collar to reveal a now-healed, but once horrific, mauling on his shoulder and neck. The kid gasps. Uncle Ted chuckles. Janet is shocked.

JANET

Ted! My God!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

UNCLE TED

See what a macho guy your uncle is,
Brett?

JANET

Ted oh my--that looks awful!

Ted closes his shirt from Janet's deeply concerned gaze.

UNCLE TED

Truth is I did get attacked by some kind
of animal while I was in my tent in
Nepal. But I don't know what it was. I
was asleep and I never knew what hit me.
All things considered, I would have
preferred a sharp stick in the eye. But
don't worry about me. You guys both look
great, Janet. Come on inside.

*
*
*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE TED

Hey, Thor, the party's over here.

Thor is busy romping around the area, sniffing all sorts of strange animal scents.

JANET

Leave him be. He's out in the woods and he's happier than a pig in--

UNCLE TED

Janet.

JANET

Mud. Speaking of mud. Let's go have a cup of that famous coffee of yours.

They go inside. Uncle Ted casts a cautious eye to the dog as do.

Thor remains outside, nosing around.

Sniffing, he wanders around to a small adjacent section of the beach.

38 EXT. BEACH - LAKE - DAY

38

A pickup truck parked by the water. Heaps of dirty clothes stuffed in trash bags.

The German Shepherd checks out the area.

He doesn't pay any attention to the tall stacks of framed black and white nature photographs that are piled there. Their glass frames have been smashed and shattered.

Thor walks to the pile of soiled, dirt-stained laundry on the ground.

He sniffs.

Recoils.

Sniffs. Growls.

Thor puts his nose to the ground and sniffs. The scent has a trail. He follows it, nose first, up a hill.

39 INT. UNCLE TED'S AIRSTREAM - DAY

39

A kitchenette attached to a spare bedroom. Tidy and neat, with few things around. Color naturalist photographs cover the walls. Photographic equipment is scattered around. Color photographs are everywhere. Uncle Ted takes steaks from the fridge. Janet helps him carry out sodas, a salad, and a coffee thermos. Brett plays with an unloaded rifle on the bed. Janet regards the color photographs quizzically.

JANET

So what's with the Airstream? Last time I saw you you were getting your house all remodeled. Next thing I know you're living out here in the boonies in a trailer.

UNCLE TED

I'm renting the house, Janet. I got a good deal on the Airstream, and...well... it seemed like the right thing for me now. I wanted some time by myself. Away from people. Think things out.

Janet watches her brother closely, emphatically.

JANET

We've got some catching up to do. Big time.

UNCLE TED

Yeah but mostly I want to hear about you, and how your move from Chicago is going.

Uncle Ted winks at Brett.

UNCLE TED

You stay outta trouble while your Mom and me get the barbecue goin'. Chow's in fifteen minutes.

BRETT

Cool.

UNCLE TED

Good deal. How you like your steak?

BRETT

Bloody.

UNCLE TED

Child after my own heart.

(CONTINUED)

39A EXT. UNCLE TED'S AIRSTREAM - DAY

39A

Janet pulls up a folding table and sets down the food. Uncle Ted dumps coals then pours kerosine in a Weber barbecue. He strokes the coals as they talk.

UNCLE TED

How's the new firm working working out. Janeway and Samuels, right?

JANET

So far so good. My caseload is lighter than it was at the D.A.'s office in Chicago. And the pace is easier. I'm frankly glad to be out of criminal litigation.

UNCLE TED

How you guys adjusting to small town life?

JANET

Me. Like that.

She snaps her fingers.

JANET

Brett...well, it frankly hasn't been an easy adjustment for him. He hasn't made any friends in the neighborhood yet. Thor is his best friend. I think he talks more to the dog than he does to me. But Chicago is no place to raise kids--

UNCLE TED

And his Dad he's keepin' in good touch with Brett? Last you told me he was over Germany workin' on the novel.

Janet notices an anxious edge to Ted's usual warm and close rapport with her.

UNCLE TED

Sorry. You said that here it's safe and peaceful and...

Uncle Ted walks over to Janet and takes her by the shoulders warmly.

UNCLE TED

You know, I'm really proud of ya, sis. I gotta take my hat off to you the way you keep it together. You're a full time Mom

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE TED (cont'd)
to Brett, and still manage working at the
firm full-time.

*
*

Janet looks hard into her brother's eyes.

JANET

You're not telling me something.

Uncle Ted breaks her gaze. He walks to the edge of the lake and stares off distantly.

UNCLE TED

Things haven't gone all that great since I got back from Nepal, sis. Marjorie's gone.

JANET

I'm sorry, Ted.

UNCLE TED

Now it's just me and...

He laughs. Strangely.

UNCLE TED

My shadow.

Janet reaches out and touches her brother's arm sympathetically.

JANET

I'm sorry about Marjorie. Looks like we're both on our own these days, huh?

Janet brightens.

JANET

Hey, how 'bout if I talk to Marjorie? She and I always got along. Maybe if I called her and I could help get you to back together--

Uncle Ted darkens. Shivers at the memory.

UNCLE TED

She's gone.

Uncle Ted darkens. Shivers at the memory.

*

UNCLE TED

*

It's over.

*

JANET

So what are you going to do?

UNCLE TED

I haven't made up my mind yet. I have a lot of things going on in my life now that I have to work out by myself out here and--

JANET

You know I'm always there for you. If you need help, all you have to do is ask.

UNCLE TED

I don't know what I need. Actually, I do know what I need. Only I don't have the guts to do it.

JANET

Ted, you need to put your life back together. You shouldn't be out here living all alone in a trailer. You could stay with us. It's not healthy for you to be by yourself--

Uncle Ted faces Janet firmly.

UNCLE TED

Janet. There are things you don't know about...There are things going on in my life I...I just can't talk about right now. I'm sorry. But I just can't say any more than that. Not now. Okay?

Janet backs off.

39A CONTINUED: (4)

39A

JANET

Okay.

They embrace on the lonely beachhead. *

40 EXT. AIRSTREAM - LAKE - DAY 40

Thor follows the scent across the clearing, away from the trailer. The smell leads him onto a hikers path that goes deep into the huge pine forest. Like a bloodhound, Thor sniffs out the trail, padding into the woods.

41 INT. PINE WOODS - DAY 41

Giant branches brush past the dog as he wanders down the small trail, taking him far from the house. He sniffs and sniffs, his senses alert.

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. LOW TO THE GROUND. NOSING THROUGH THE UNDERBRUSH. THE SOUND OF SNIFFING FILLING THE SOUNDTRACK ALONG WITH THE CACOPHONOUS DIN OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS.

THEN SOMETHING ODD.

SILENCE. THE SOUNDS OF THE ANIMALS QUIET.

THERE IS JUST THE SOUND OF THOR'S SNIFFING.

Thor lifts his head, alert.

His hackles rise.

He puts down his nose and sniffs the ground, following the scent off the hiker's path, and into a deep, brush-strewn gully.

42 INT. GULLY - PINE WOODS - DAY 42

The dog makes his way past branches and brush that have clearly been trampled and torn asunder, as if by a wild animal.

A piece of denim jacket, stained with blood, is stuck on a branch.

The SOUND of FLIES.

Thor sniffs and sniffs, padding into the gully. He sniffs a thick group of bushes.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly something leaps out of a bush!

Thor leaps back with an startled bark.

It is only a school of sparrows. They wing off into the sky.

Thor relaxes.

Just as a severed human arm out falls out of tree and lands on his back!

The dog barks in alarm as he spots the corpse. A pile of savaged, mutilated meat strewn on the ground and all the way up into the trees. A blood-splashed hiking boot dangles from a branch, twenty feet up.

Thor stares at the slaughter.

And a WHIMPER of fear escapes his throat.

43 INT. AIRSTREAM - LAKE - DAY

43*

Brett explores the Airstream.

He pursues the exotic, spooky tribal masks and ceremonial ornaments that are piled around.

He sees a closet, and opens it.

Inside, a large cabinet filled with a complex medical apparatus. Beakers and Bunsen burners, hypodermics, chemicals in test tubes and jars. A microscope. Piles of medical books open and scattered around the closet. Notes and complex chemistry equations are scribbled on notepads and all over the walls. The area has the atmosphere of feverish, frantic research. The little boy looks around the closet eyeing the medical setup in astonishment.

Something catches Brett's eye.

An ancient, antique book on the floor.

The little boy opens it. He gasps, reading on in awe and terror...

The book has page after page of medieval woodcuts of Werewolves. Crude plates of huge, half-man, half-wolf monsters eating children and terrorizing villages.

Behind Brett...SOMETHING FURRY WITH A SNOUT AND FANGS APPEARS!

The little boy whirls, startled.

It's just Thor.

Brett exhales.

BRETT

Don't DO that, boy.

The German Shepherd holds the little boy's gaze with a troubled MEWL.

(CONTINUED)

Janet and Uncle Ted walk in. Uncle Ted looks at the dog. He cracks a grin. *

UNCLE TED

Hey, boy. *

Thor looks around. *

UNCLE TED

C'mere, boy.

Thor is distracted, concerned. He ignores Uncle Ted for the moment and hunts around. He WHIMPERS in concern. Thor peers around and sees Brett playing happily with some exotic rock artifacts on the floor of the Airstream. The German Shepherd seems to relax now he has located the child. He sits on his haunches on the doorway, where he can keep one eye on the kid, one eye on Uncle Ted. *

The adults chuckle.

JANET

That's our Thor. Overprotective. Maybe if he saw you more.

UNCLE TED

C'mon, Thor. Say hi to your old Uncle.

Thor hesitates.

JANET

Thor, mind your manners. Come here, boy.

43 CONTINUED: (3)

43

Thor casts a glance to Brett, seems to decide he's okay for the moment, and reluctantly wanders over to Uncle Ted. Ted reaches down and scratches his head.

44 THOR P.O.V.: B&W. CLOSE UP OF UNCLE TED. SOMETHING STRANGE AND ANIMAL GLINTS IN THE MAN'S EYES. 44

Thor seems very, very confused. He gazes oddly at Mom, then back to Uncle Ted. Ted scratches him.

UNCLE TED

We're two of a kind, ain't we, pal?

Ted regards Thor with a strange uncomfortable kinship. Thor moves away from the uncle, and heads protectively back to the boy, keeping an eye both on Uncle Ted and on the child.

JANET

What did you do, spit in his Alpo?

Uncle Ted laughs quietly under his breath.

UNCLE TED

He knows an old dog when he sees one.

He winks at Thor.

44 OMITTED

44*

45 OMITTED

45*

46 OMITTED

46*

47 OMITTED

47*

48 EXT. LAKE - DUSK 48

Gathering dusk settles on the lake, the forest and the silver bullet of an Airstream. Janet, Brett, and Uncle Ted finish their dinner outside by the barbecue.

49 EXT. AIRSTREAM - LAKE - DUSK 49

They finish their food. The shadows are lengthening. Uncle Ted notes this with concern. He looks at his watch, then at Janet.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE TED

You better head out if you're going to get the kid back by bedtime. You got a long drive ahead. I'd invite you to stay, but this place is a mess, and I don't think you'd find it too comfortable.

Janet looks her brother in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

JANET
I want you to stay with us for awhile,
Ted.

Ted looks nervously at the twilight past the tree perimeter.

UNCLE TED
I didn't realize how late it w--C'mon,
I'll walk you to the car.

Janet, very worried about her brother, crosses her arms and stands her ground.

JANET
I mean it. I'm worried about you. *

UNCLE TED
You don't need to worry. C'mon--

JANET
Just say yes. *

Ted sees he's not getting her out of there. He looks at his watch urgently. *

UNCLE TED
Yes. *

He starts to shepherd her and Brett towards the car. Thor watches cautiously. Janet doesn't budge. *

JANET
So you're coming with us?

UNCLE TED
No, but I'll come by soon.

JANET
When?

UNCLE TED
I'll give you a call.

JANET
This week.

Uncle Ted looks at his sister. He kisses her. She smiles fondly.

UNCLE TED

This week.

She eyes him.

JANET

Good.

And goes to the car.

BRETT

C'mon, Thor.

The boy gets up with a reluctant whine. Thor jumps to his feet and excitedly runs to the door, glad to get out of there.

Gathering dusk. Twilight etches the pines.

The family gets in the car.

Uncle Ted stands by the shadows by the Airstream, his face with a heavy five o'clock shadow in the lowering dusk.. Janet eyes him hard from behind the wheel.

JANET

Hey. I love you, you know.

Uncle Ted sort of smiles. He raises his hand and waves at her. She starts the car and drives off up the road. Uncle Ted heads off towards his trailer, with a quick glance at the setting sun.

50 INT. STATION WAGON - DUSK

50

Janet drives off down the dirt road.

BRETT

Is Uncle Ted gonna stay with us, Mom?

JANET

I don't know. *

Thor sits in the back seat of the station wagon. He stares at the receding Airstream and the shrinking figure of Uncle Ted swallowed up by the shadows as the car turns onto the highway.

(CONTINUED)

50 CONTINUED:

50.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. "FOREST EDGE" - DAY

51

A cheerful sunny street, filled with kids on bikes and playing street hockey.

52 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

52

Brett plays frisbee on the lawn.

No Thor.

53 INT. OFFICE - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

53*

The German Shepherd sits on the sofa staring out the picture window at the empty street leading out of town. Storm clouds loom in the distance. Thor has what soldiers call "the forty-yard stare."

Outside, Brett beckons him out.

Thor doesn't budge.

Janet working on legal briefs.

(CONTINUED)

The PHONE RINGS. *

Mom jumps.

Picks up.

JANET

Ted!

54 INT. AIRSTREAM - LAKE - DAY

54

Ted is on the phone. Unshaven. Shaky. Disheveled. His almost inhuman blue eyes bloodshot.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE TED

Sis.

JANET V.O.

Hi. You okay?

UNCLE TED

Yeah, you know, it was really great having you up here, and it really picked up my spirits a lot...Family, sis, it's everything. Everything. I just wanted to tell you how much I appreciated you guys trip up here and...and...Family. It's all we got, y'know.

He wipes his lips.

55 INT. LIVING ROOM - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

55

Janet realizes instinctively something is not right with her brother. She plops down on the sofa and fumbles a cigarette.

JANET

Ted, you sound terrible.

Thor turns his head in alarm.

THOR P.O.V.: B&W.

JANET

YOU REALLY DO, TED.

Thor WHIMPERS, in real fear.

Janet lights her cigarette.

JANET

Ted, is there a problem up there?

56 INT. AIRSTREAM - LAKE - DAY

56

Uncle Ted cracks a sickening, nihilistic smile.

UNCLE TED

Problem up here? No problems at all.

THE CAMERA PULLS BACK FROM UNCLE TED, OUT THE WINDOW ONTO--

57 EXT. AIRSTREAM - LAKE - DAY

57

The area is crawling with STATE TROOPERS. Cops with rifles and HUNTERS with 30.06 rifles with telescopic sights are stalking the woods and the grounds nearby. Packs of bloodhounds are sniffing the area. The forest is infested with local police teams with heavy firepower and flashlights, probing the woods, fear and apprehension on their faces. Constabulary Jeep Cherokee vehicles with insignias and flashing cherrytops line the perimeter of the area. Police officers are hammering up police quarantine notices on nearby trees. The Troopers talk on walkie-talkies and are sticking up yellow police tape around the area. It is a war zone. Dusty sunlight seeps through the dense, tall pines.

58 INT. AIRSTREAM - DAY

58

Uncle Ted draws the shutters and lights a cigarette. He is close to tears of desperation.

UNCLE TED

When you came up here, like I said, it really picked up my spirits. And I reckon that mebbe you're right. Mebbe what I need right now is family. Kin. Some good 'ol familial bonding. Might be just what I need. So if it isn't an imposition, mebbe I could come stay with you a few days.

Uncle Ted picks a piece of something from his teeth.

59 INT. LIVING ROOM - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

59

Janet cracks a big grin.

JANET

Oh, TED, you're ALWAYS welcome to stay with us.

Thor leaps to attention.

He YELPS in fear.

60 OMITTED.

60*

61 OMITTED.

61*

(CONTINUED)

SMASH CUT TO: *

61A EXT. BACKYARD - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY 61A

The airstream is parked like a big silver bullet behind the Harrison house at the edge of the woods.

62 INT. AIRSTREAM - DAY 62

Uncle Ted cracks a beer and hands one to Janet. He lifts his bottle with a satisfied sigh. *

UNCLE TED
Here's to family. *

JANET
And you being right next door to me, like
when we were kids. *

They toast. And exchange happy, fraternal smiles. *

UNCLE TED
It's just perfect. It's so good to be
outta the woods, all the memories.
Change of scenery'll do me wonders. *

Thor pads right beside Uncle Ted. Keeping an eye on him. *

JANET
I'm always right, little brother. *

UNCLE TED
Yeah. And it's really annoying. Always
has been.

Sister and brother face each other in warm familial affection.

JANET
I'm glad you're here.

UNCLE TED
Me too.

(CONTINUED)

back at the laundry room of Uncle Ted's house. The German Shepherd noses through the clothes. Until he finds something metallic.

A set of handcuffs.

UNCLE TED

Hey, Thor, get outta there!

Too late. Mom has seen the handcuffs.

She bursts out in uncontrollable chuckles.

JANET

Handcuffs, Ted?

Uncle Ted stares at Janet a long moment. Then he laughs.

UNCLE TED

It's not what you think.

His sister scrutinizes them. She reads the engraving on the side with a mischievous grin.

JANET

"Maximum security high tempered steel".
Oooh baby.

UNCLE TED

Don't knock it until you've tried it.

Janet rolls her eyes.

JANET

I think I better keep an eye on you. Ted, I got a feeling it's gonna be real interesting having you here. C'mon, I'm making dinner.

Uncle Ted looks uncomfortably out the window at the beginnings of dusk.

UNCLE TED

Sis, if it's all the same to you, what I'd really like to do is throw on my sweats and go for a run. Just kind of keep a low profile tonight. That okay?

JANET

You're free to come and go as you please.

JANET

You're free to come and go as you please.

She grins.

JANET

As long as you follow my rules.

UNCLE TED

Thanks, sis.

Janet takes Thor, and they leave the Airstream.

Uncle Ted is alone.

He fingers the handcuffs.

63 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - DUSK

63

Bloody streaks of twilight shoot across the big sky. Shadows lengthen from the pine forest behind the tract house.

The sun goes down.

64 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

64

Thor sits by the door, looking out the window at the Airstream. Not blinking. Mom pours a glass of ice water from the fridge. Watches Thor a moment. Notices he is staring at the Airstream.

JANET

Goodnight, Thor.

The dog looks up at her, worry on his face. She goes upstairs. Thor returns his sentry gaze to the trailer.

The dog sits sentry-like by the kitchen door, watching the Airstream in the moonlight.

Thor looks out the window to see the trailer door open.

Uncle Ted walks out in his jogging suit, beaded in sweat. He casts an anxious glance up at the moon, then hurries off across the back lawn, vaults a little creek, and runs into the woods.

The CLINKING of something METALLIC.

Thor leaps to his feet.

THOR AUDIO P.O.V.: FROM DEEP IN THE WOODS, LOW, HORRIFIC
WOLF-LIKE SNARLS.

65 INT. MOM'S BEDROOM - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

65

Janet sits up in bed, glasses perched on her nose, reviewing a pile of legal documents.

THOR starts BARKING FURIOUSLY downstairs.

Janet throws down the papers.

JANET
What the HELL--?

Janet leaps out of bed, pissed off, and leaves the room.

66 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

66

Janet bursts downstairs. Thor is up on his hind legs, pawing at the door. He BARKS and BARKS URGENTLY.

JANET
THOR!

Thor refuses to stop barking. He puts his paws up on the window of the back door, as if to show Mom what's out there.

JANET
ALRIGHT ALREADY!

The dog recoils, then BARKS in true alarm to Mom. Janet goes for Thor's choker collar, but the German Shepherd backs away, BARKING and BARKING. Baffled, Janet looks out the window but sees only woods and hears, of course, nothing.

JANET
I don't see anything out there, Thor!

On the second floor landing, Brett starts down the stairs.

JANET
Brett, go back to bed!

Excited, Brett keeps going downstairs anyway.

Janet befuddledly looks at her BARKING dog, and her alarmed family, and simply doesn't know what to do.

JANET
What do you think is out there, Thor?

Thor BARKS and BARKS protectively, stubbornly standing his ground. He leaps up, putting his paws on the back door window, BARKING warnings to the thing in the woods, then

(CONTINUED)

looking over his shoulder at the family and BARKING to alert them.

Janet gives up.

JANET
OKAY OKAY!!!

She throws open the back door.

JANET
Go on, get out!

Thor bolts out the door.

67 EXT. BACK YARD - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

67

Thor charges across the silvery, moonlit grass, leaps the little creek that separates the yard from the woods, and vanishes into the trees.

68 INT. WOODS - NIGHT

68

The German Shepherd puts his nose to the trail, sniffing. He slows to a trot, picking up Uncle Ted's scent. The woods are dark, much darker than the yard. The moon is low in the sky and very little moonlight penetrates the tall, dense pine trees.

Thor stops. Lifts his head. Perks his ears.

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. HIS NIGHT VISION IS GOOD, AND HE SEES THE THICK BRANCHES AND ENDLESS WALLS OF TREES WITH DIM, IF PRISTINE CLARITY. THE FOREST IS PRETERNATURALLY QUIET, AS IF THE ANIMALS INHABITING IT ARE FRIGHTENED TO TENSE, ANTICIPATORY SILENCE...THEN HE HEARS, FROM WAY IN THE FOREST, THE THROATY WOLFISH RUMBLING OF THE BAD THING...AND THE METALLIC CLINKING.

Thor sniffs the trail.

And follows it.

He stops. Tenses. Hackles up. Expecting an ambush. None is forthcoming.

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. A THICK, BRUSHY CLEARING DEAD AHEAD. WITHIN, THE LOW, SNARLING WOLF-LIKE GROWLING...AND THE CLINKING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Thor braces for combat.

And pushes into the clearing.

69 INT. CLEARING - WOODS - NIGHT

69

The branches part...

And Thor is face to face with A WEREWOLF.

It is handcuffed to a big tree.

Though it is manlike in size and build, it is hideously unnatural. The Werewolf's face and body are completely covered with thick patches of black pubic-like hair. Covered with fur, it stands upright, on its hind legs, with its front legs wrapped around the tree trunk, held together by Uncle Ted's handcuffs. It wears Uncle Ted's sweatpants and the ragged remains of his sweatshirt, and a small metal object dangles from a chain around its neck. The key to the handcuffs. Its face distends in a wolf-like snout. Two grotesquely long fangs protrude from its exposed gums. Its fangs are sharp and very dangerous-looking. It has been trying to cut through the tree trunk with them, and has gnawed a big hunk out of the tree before giving up on the idea.

The Werewolf hasn't seen Thor yet.

The German Shepherd backs slowly, silently, into the surrounding bushes, then edges in for a closer look.

The Werewolf is chained to the lone tree in the clearing, and the moon, now high in the sky, beams down on it like a spotlight. The creature's attention is torn between the moon and the handcuffs that bind it. It struggles awhile, tires, then gazes upward. It glowers at the moon, its face a picture of hate. The only sound that comes from the Werewolf is the same constant LOW GROWL Thor had heard in the distance.

The German Shepherd watches the creature with a mixture of apprehension and befuddlement. Thor sniffs the ground and locates one of Uncle Ted's sneakers. He sniffs it, looks at the Werewolf, and a WHINE of confusion escapes his throat.

The Werewolf hears him and snaps his head around to see the interloper.

At the sight of Thor, the Werewolf flies into a mad rage. Thor tenses and bares his teeth, ready to fight, but the handcuffs restraining the creature hold. The Werewolf can't

attack. Instead, it twists itself around the tree to face Thor, snarling, growling, pulling at the handcuffs, and snapping at the air the whole time. The Werewolf's fury makes it foam at the mouth, and despite its helpless state, it shows no fear, only rage. Even helpless, locked to the tree, it urges Thor closer, wanting any opportunity to try to kill him.

It is utterly mad.

Their eyes meet.

Thor freezes.

The Werewolf's eyes are neither canine nor human, but resembling both.

Its psychotic, anarchic gaze seems to beckon to Thor, inviting him to join the Werewolf in its wildness, in its freedom, in its madness...its power to kill. Thor stares as if hypnotized, struggling against the primal seduction of raw animal bloodlust.

The German Shepherd shakes to his very bones, unable to break the creature's gaze.

THE HIGH, SHRILL SOUND OF A DOG WHISTLE PIERCES THOR'S EARS.

And snaps the hold the Werewolf has over him.

Regaining his senses, Thor BARKS SAVAGELY, FURIOUSLY at the shackled creature.

JANET O.S.
THOR! HERE, THOR!

The Werewolf hears Mom. It turns to look in the direction of a flickering flashlight beam. Its eyes gleam with an insane lust that sends a ripple of terror through Thor.

JANET O.S.
THOR! HERE, THOR! THOR!

Thor throws a glance in Mom's direction. Janet is getting closer. The dog turns one last time to the Werewolf, and bares his teeth in warning. Then he hurries off through the clearing to stop Mom.

When the Werewolf sees that Thor is leaving, it explodes. It opens its mouth wide, issuing a loud, voiceless, hateful hiss. It thrashes its head and shoulders from side to side in mindless fury, frantically trying to break the handcuffs or the tree itself. The handcuffs cut into its wrists. It

CONTINUED:

bites the tree trunk with its teeth again. It takes as much of the trunk into its jaws as it can, then lifts its hind legs and kicks against the tree like a cat. Bark, spit, and blood fly.

JANET V.O.
THOR! GET OVER HERE, THOR!

A flashlight beam flickers through the tree branches.

Thor stops and looks over his shoulder at the Werewolf. Seeing it will not escape, he abandons the clearing and heads for the flashlight and the sound of Mom's voice.

70 INT. WOODS - NIGHT

70

Thor trots briskly through the trees towards the flickering flashlight beam.

JANET
THOR!

Mom is ahead on the path.

Thor approaches her deferentially, head, ears, and body low, tail wagging apologetically between his legs. Janet stands waiting for him in her bathrobe and slippers, hands on her hips.

A leash dangling from her wrist.

Thor ducks his head, deferring to her.

Mom puts the leash on Thor's choker collar, and with a tug, pulls him back with her through the woods towards the house.

71 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

71

Janet brings the dog in the house and unhooks the leash. She holds the pooch's head in both hands, forcing the dog to look at her.

JANET
There. Is. Nothing. Out. There.

Thor looks up at Mom with wet eyes, so confused, so frustrated, by his inability to communicate. He WHIMPERS dismally. Janet squeezes the sides of his face fondly, comically scrunching the dog's features.

JANET

Stop. Being. So. Over. Protective.

Thor trembles violently. Janet stomps up the stairs. The German Shepherd remains alone in the kitchen. He stares unblinking out the kitchen window at the dark wall of pine forest.

THOR AUDIO P.O.V.: THE LONG, LOW GROWL OF THE WEREWOLF, A SOUND STRAIGHT OUT OF THE BOWELS OF HELL. THEN IT IS CARRIED AWAY IN THE WIND.

Thor WHIMPERS. And sits alert, for a long, sleepless night.

72 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - DAWN

72

The sky above the woods and the tract house turns bright.

73 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - DAWN

73

Thor sits by the door.

His ears perk.

He looks out the window to spot Uncle Ted staggering out of the forest, wearing only his running pants. He carries the handcuffs in his fist. Seeing the coast is clear, he hurries across the lawn. As he reaches the Airstream, he turns to see Thor watching him through the kitchen window.

They lock eyes.

And Uncle Ted slips into his trailer, locking the door.

The dog watches, baffled. Mom's footsteps behind him.

JANET

Well, if it isn't Canine Non Gratis.

Mom is obviously tired from lack of sleep, as she leans down and scratches the German Shepherd's head. Thor is exhausted from his all night vigil. Janet leans down and berates him sarcastically.

JANET

Good MORNING Thor. How are you TODAY?
Rise and SHINE there, big guy. What's
the matter? Aren't you a MORNING PERSON?

The tired dog gruffs miserably as Janet prods him awake.

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. MOM.

JANET
I SLEPT GREAT. HOW ABOUT YOU, THOR?

WORDS UNCLEAR, BUT HER TONE AFFECTIONATE.

Janet pats the dog.

JANET
Oh, I'll stop pickin' on you. I know you
were just looking out for us, and it's
better safe than sorry, Thor.

Janet starts throwing some bacon on a skillet. Thor looks at her tentatively, his tail thumping nervously. He looks at the floor near Janet's feet. Brett, dressed in p.j.'s, comes downstairs. He smiles at the dog, who behaves like he is in, well, the doghouse.

JANET
Did he keep you up, too?

Thor puts his head dismally on his paws.

BRETT
Oh, leave him alone, Mom. He can't help
it. He heard something outside. *

JANET
I know. I know. I just wish he wouldn't
wake us up every time a raccoon comes
within a mile of the house.

BRETT
Look, Ma, one day you're gonna want him
around. *

Thor watches the interchange closely. It seems to be going in his favor. Janet stands in front of the little boy, who is perusing the comic section of the Sunday paper. Janet stares comic daggers down at Thor, who still nervously anticipates the verdict from the Spanish Inquisition.

JANET
You got a friend, knucklehead. *

She laughs ruefully, in spite of herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANET
C'mere, stupid.

THOR P.O.V.: MOM.

JANET
I LOVE YOU, THOR.

TONE OF VOICE...FORGIVEN.

Thor leaps up and plants a wet kiss on Janet's palm. Mom grabs a hunk of loose skin and pulls the dog closer. Thor basks in relief to feel Mom's hand loving him again. His tail pounds against Janet's chair as she pats his chest. He rolls over and offers his underside to Janet, who strokes his chest and stomach deliciously.

Thor is back in the fold.

Janet goes back to the stove, switching on the television as she makes breakfast. A local news program is on. Footage of the hunters, bloodhounds, and police helicopters patrolling the wooded-area up near Uncle Ted's Airstream lake location. A KBDL Channel 6 REPORTER speaks to the camera.

REPORTER
...Teams of hunters and police are patrolling a fifty mile square area of Timberline as the curfew enters its third day. Police revealed today the shocking discovery of a fifth dead hiker in the woods near Timberline. *

Janet's attention is drawn to the television. She sips her coffee.

REPORTER
The five men and women were mutilated by what authorities believe is a wild animal, possibly a grizzly bear. Teams of hunters and bloodhounds are patrolling a fifty mile square area and a curfew is now in effect on Timberline... *

Janet sees Uncle Ted's lake on TV.

And gasps.

74 EXT. BACK YARD - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

74

It is a bright, sunny Sunday. Thor is sitting at the foot of the steps of the Airstream, his attention on the door. Brett

(CONTINUED)

holds a baseball, trying in vain to entice his pet to a game of catch.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT

Hey, c'mon, Thor. Catch.

Thor throws a regretful glance over his shoulder to Brett. Then dutifully returns to his sentry at Uncle Ted's door.

BRETT

Since when don't you want to play ball?

Brett walks over to Thor and kneels beside him. The little boy notices the dog is staking out Uncle Ted's room.

Thor gets up and walks to the tire of the Airstream. He lifts his leg and urinates on it. Brett guffaws.

*
*

BRETT

Thor! Don't do that!

*
*

The dog returns to the boy.

*

Janet walks out.

JANET

Brett, have you seen your

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. MOM.

JANET

UNCLE TED THIS MORNING?

Thor tenses. Mom pats his head, then looks at the Airstream.

The trailer door unlocks.

Thor's ears perk.

Uncle Ted steps out onto the landing, looking like hell. Looking like, well, a Bad Dog. Ted sniffs the air, displeased. He looks at the tire of his trailer that Thor peed on. He looks down at Thor.

*
*
*

UNCLE TED

Hi, Thor.

Thor eyes him, cautious, confused, alert. Janet beams up at her brother. He comes down the steps, mindful of Thor, who simply watches him precautiously on the grass.

Janet walks up warmly to her brother and ruffles his unkempt hair.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

JANET
Ever hear of a comb? Thor kept you up
too last night, too? *

UNCLE TED
Mornin', sis.

Janet gets serious.

JANET
Ted, why didn't you tell me about the
curfew up in Skyline? Those hikers that
were killed. The animal that's loose up
there. I saw it on television today.
There were police everywhere. *

Uncle Ted looks at his sister. His face is blank.

JANET
I'm talking about that curfew up where
you live. Your Airstream was on
television. Didn't you hear about it? *

UNCLE TED
Oh, that. I was gonna tell you about
that today.

Janet finds this odd.

JANET
So this means you'll have to stay with us
until they lift the curfew. :

Uncle Ted eyes his sister a long beat.

UNCLE TED
I guess.

JANET
Want some breakfast?

UNCLE TED
Great.

Janet heads back to the kitchen. Uncle Ted watches her go, looking like forty miles of bad road.

He looks down.

Thor is right at his side, sniffing him.

UNCLE TED
Hi, boy.

He leans down and pats Thor's head.

Thor issues a low GROWL.

Uncle Ted cautiously removes his hand, with a slow grin.

UNCLE TED
In good time, boy, in good time.

Janet stands in the doorway. Uncle Ted and seems anxious about whether she noticed the interchange between him and the dog. Thor just watches him coldly as Uncle Ted heads for the kitchen. Thor follows him into--

75 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

75

Janet cooks. Uncle Ted sits down. Thor takes a protective position between them. Brett is watching "Werewolf of London" on the VCR. Uncle Ted casts a jaundiced eye at the television showing Henry Hull as he stares nervously at the full moon hovering in the sky. He stares in horror at the bad special effects on his hand, growing hairy. Uncle Ted guffaws.

*
*
*

BRETT
It's not funny. He's turning into The Wolfman.

UNCLE TED
Sorry, Brett, it's the full moon part. In the movies, the guy only turns into a Werewolf when there's a full moon.

BRETT
That's the way it works. When there's a full moon, he turns into the Werewolf. Everybody knows that.

(CONTINUED)

Uncle Ted scratches his jaw thoughtfully.

UNCLE TED

But why only when there's a full moon?
Why not any moon?

BRETT

Because that's how werewolves work. And
you have to shoot them with a silver
bullet.

UNCLE TED

I bet if you blew one's head off with a
shotgun, that would do quite nicely.

BRETT

Don't you know anything about werewolves?

UNCLE TED

I know that you turn into one if you get
bit by one. I know you get hairy. But
that part about the full moon...Maybe
there's different kinds of werewolves,
but it's been my experience that any old
moon will do the trick, Werewolf-wise.

Brett looks at Uncle Ted.

BRETT

Have you ever met a Werewolf?

UNCLE TED

Oh, I've been acquainted with a few in my
time. Have you? *

BRETT

C'mon, everybody knows there's no such
thing as werewolves.

UNCLE TED

There you go.

He ruffles the boy's hair. Smiles at Janet. Thor watches
him closely.

JANET

Brett, I want you to take out the trash.
Before breakfast.

BRETT

Awww, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

JANET

Don't "awww Mom" me. Go.

Brett gets up, grabs the trash cans, and takes them outside.

UNCLE TED

So what-all happened last night? *

JANET

I don't know, really.

Mom pours her brother some coffee.

JANET

Thor thought he heard something in the woods, and he just about threw a fit. Woke the whole house up. You're lucky you were in the Airstream. You'd think World War Three started. Anyway, I finally let him out, and he ran into the woods and didn't come back. I tried calling him with the dog whistle, but he just barked.

Uncle Ted turns his back casually, so his sister doesn't see his face is white with fear.

UNCLE TED

So...what did he find?

JANET

Nothing.

Uncle Ted tries to keep his tone nonchalant.

UNCLE TED

So what do you think it was all about?

JANET

I have no idea, but I'm not too worried. Thor barks at practically anything.

Uncle Ted seems be be undergoing an inner struggle.

UNCLE TED

Well, I don't know, sis. Big predators can travel awfully long distances if their habitat runs dry. Just because the woods here haven't had anything dangerous recently doesn't mean they'll always be safe. If I were you, I wouldn't let the boy play out there for awhile until--

(CONTINUED)

Janet looks at him, concerned.

JANET

Until what?

UNCLE TED

I don't know. There aren't supposed to be any wolves where I live, and look what happened to those people.

Janet looks up.

JANET

I thought they said it was a grizzly bear.

UNCLE TED

Wolves, bears, it's the same difference. I just think you should be more cautious, and take the dog more seriously. And don't let him go out there either.

JANET

Ted, don't you think you're overdoing it a little? Thor isn't exactly helpless, you know.

UNCLE TED

How big is he in pounds?

JANET

Are you ready for this? One hundred and five pounds!

UNCLE TED

You know how big grey wolves get? Up to two hundred!

JANET

Ted, give me a break! The dog starts barking in the night, and now you've got a two hundred pound wolf at the door! Are you feeling okay? *

She puts down the pan and looks at her brother. Uncle Ted gets up and walks to the sink, his back to his sister.

UNCLE TED

Oh, Janet. I shouldn't be here. I really should not be...anywhere near here.

(CONTINUED)

He takes a deep breath, fighting an urge he can't resist.

UNCLE TED
I'm leaving. Today.

(CONTINUED)

Mom looks up, startled.

JANET
You just got here.

He takes a deep breath. *

UNCLE TED
I have to go.

Janet gets up and tentatively puts a hand on Uncle Ted's back to massage the muscles between his shoulders. Uncle Ted doesn't respond. She leans against his back and runs her hands down his arms to take hold of his wrists.

He flinches and gasps.

She immediately lets go.

JANET
What's wrong with your wrists?

Shock hits her. She doesn't want to know the answer.

JANET
I said, what's wrong with your WRISTS,
Ted?

Janet pulls the sleeves up. She sees the wrists have been bandaged. She looks at her brother in alarm.

JANET
Ted, you look me in the eye. *

Ted doesn't look up.

JANET
Look me in the eye and you tell me that
you didn't cut your wrists.

Uncle Ted looks Janet in the eye.

UNCLE TED
I didn't cut my wrists.

Uncle Ted cracks a nihilistic grin. *

UNCLE TED
Believe me when I tell you you wouldn't
believe me if I told you.

Janet stares through her brother's head. She touches her
brother's shoulder and massages it in sisterly fashion. *

JANET
Promise me, promise me, you'll stay here
until...until you work things out.
Please.

Thor watches the proceedings with mortal dread, a low WHIMPER
escaping him as he realizes the depth of Mom's attachment to
her brother.

Uncle Ted turns. He puts his face in his hands. He doesn't
cry. He just stands that way for what seems like an
eternity, thinking. Then he draws his fingers slowly down
and off his face.

UNCLE TED
I'll try.

They hug again.

Uncle Ted shoots Thor a spooky glance. FREEZE FRAME on the
man's eye...

76 EXT. "FOREST EDGE" - DUSK

76

The sky is shot with twilight.

77 EXT. AIRSTREAM - DUSK

77

The sky is darkening fast.

The dog walks to the foot of the Airstream. Sees Uncle Ted's silhouette behind the drapes. Thor sits on the grass and waits as the sky darkens over the pines.

Ted opens the door and steps out on the landing in his brand new sweatsuit. He takes one step, sees Thor, and stops short. A worried look on his face, he goes back inside the Airstream and closes the door.

A beat.

Uncle Ted pulls a drape away from the window. Sees Thor still on the grass. Closes the drape.

Thor makes himself comfortable on the grass.

Uncle Ted looks out the window again.

Finally, he comes out on the landing. He stands looking down at Thor for a moment, then looks over his shoulder at the blackening eastern horizon. With a look of resignation on his face, he tentatively starts down the stairs, pausing briefly on each step to gauge Thor's reaction.

Thor sits in place, watching him.

Uncle Ted sets foot on the pavement, less than three feet from Thor, who sits motionless the whole time.

Slightly emboldened and growing more desperate by the second, Uncle Ted cautiously begins walking towards the woods. Thor immediately gets up and follows him, maintaining a constant distance of about ten feet between them.

Uncle Ted turns on the German Shepherd angrily with his arm held out straight, pointing towards the house.

UNCLE TED

Piss off!

*

Thor ignores him.

Uncle Ted is beginning to look as nervous as a cornered animal. He steps towards Thor and slowly, tentatively,

(CONTINUED)

reaches for his choker collar. Thor's lip curls, showing his fangs, a low GROWL rumbling from his throat. Uncle Ted wisely withdraws his hand. He is running out of time. The sky is completely dark, and the moon is peeking over the horizon.

UNCLE TED

Hey, sis! Would ya take the dog in? I'm goin' for a run.

*
*

He takes a nervous step towards the house.

Thor blocks his way and quietly snarls at him. No way is he going into the house.

Rubbing his chin nervously, Uncle Ted heads back towards the Airstream. Thor follows him to the Airstream steps and lets Uncle Ted go back inside himself.

JANET

Thor! C'mon in! Bedtime!

Thor looks at Mom standing in the kitchen doorway, then at Uncle Ted. He is torn between obedience and instinct.

JANET

THOR!

Thor walks up to Janet, looks her straight in the eye, and BARKS a few times in an attempt to convey the seriousness of the mission. Mom doesn't get it. Obviously concerned about the dog's strange behavior, Janet takes a deep breath and speaks patiently.

*

JANET

Get in here.

Thor climbs the steps into the kitchen and sits down with a disgusted GRUNT.

78 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

78

Mom closes the kitchen door. Behind her back, through the window, Uncle Ted runs for the woods as if the Devil himself were on his tail.

Janet doesn't see him. She kneels down by Thor.

(CONTINUED)

JANET
What's with you?

She scratches the dog. Thor looks up at her with pleading eyes.

JANET
You be a Good Dog, alright?

Mom pets Thor gently. Thor WHINES for a second, then gives up.

Mom goes upstairs to bed.

Thor gets up and looks through the window.

THOR AUDIO P.O.V.: THE LOW HORRIFIC GROWL OF THE WEREWOLF. DISTANT, BUT...COMING CLOSER.

Thor WHINES, but swallows his bark.

He hears something in the house.

Thor whirls, bracing in alarm.

It's Brett.

BRETT
What's wrong, boy?

Thor jumps his paws up on the kitchen door, scratching the glass. Thor seems torn with trying to warn Brett back from the approaching danger, and trying to get out. *

BRETT
You wanna go OUT?

Thor leaps off the kitchen door, WHINING and fidgeting uncontrollably while he waits for Brett to open it.

BRETT
Sure, boy.

Brett's hand turns the knob. As soon as an inch of space appears, Thor wedges in his snout and shoves his body through the door. Before Brett can regain his balance, Thor has crossed the yard and disappeared into the woods.

79 INT. WOODS - NIGHT

79

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. MOVING THROUGH THE TALL PINE TREES, SNIFFING ON THE SOUNDTRACK, NOSE TO THE TRAIL...

Thor sees Uncle Ted's running clothes, torn to shreds.

Trotting further, he sees the sneakers, also ripped up.

Thor stops.

On the ground glints something metallic...

The handcuffs.

Thor bolts upright with a YELP of alarm, his head swiveling back towards the house. He takes off in a dead, desperate run back for the house like the ground was on fire. The forest flies past him in a dark blur.

The German Shepherd bursts out of the woods, bounding across the stream onto--

80 EXT. BACK YARD - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

80

The Werewolf is at the edge of the yard.

Thor BARKS savagely.

He leaps straight for the Werewolf's throat.

The creature's foot sweeps up and kicks Thor in the ribs, slamming him sideways into a tree.

The dog hits the ground.

The Werewolf kicks its half-canine, half-human leg up into Thor's jaw, smashing him against another tree and bouncing him off the ground.

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. BLURRY. OUT OF FOCUS WITH PAIN. THE WEREWOLF COMING AT HIM WITH TALONS EXTENDED.

Thor staggers to his feet.

The Werewolf picks him up by the throat and bares its dangerous rows of razor fangs, ready to rip the German Shepherd's head off.

- 81 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT 81
Janet bursts out of the bedroom, hearing the commotion outside. She runs to the wall and throws a security system switch.
- 82 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT 82
A special set of security system floodlamps pop on in a bright flare of light.
- 83 EXT. BACKYARD - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT 83
With a howl of agony, the Werewolf slams its sensitive eyes shut from the piercing glare of the floodlights.
The monster recoils from the sudden flood of light. Its face is bathed in the glare. Saliva smears the creature's mouth.
Startled by the house lights, the Werewolf drops Thor and dashes for the creek and the sheltering shadows of the forest.
Thor shakes his head clear.
THOR P.O.V.: B&W. PICTURE COMING INTO FOCUS. THE WEREWOLF STAGGERING FOR THE FOREST.
Thor charges, targeting the Werewolf's trailing ankle.
The Werewolf gets to the creek.
Thor's head shoots out, his jaws viciously snapping at the retreating ankle. His teeth clamp shut on flesh and he tears some off.
Blood spurts.
The Werewolf lets out a subdued yelp as Thor falls back on the other side of the creek. The creature twists and swings a clawed hand at Thor's nose, nicking it. It glances hatefully at Thor for the briefest instant before dashing across the creek into the deep shadows of the forest.
Thor gasps for breath.
- 84 INT. BATHROOM - BRETT'S BEDROOM - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT 84
Brett slowly closes the curtain, retreating in horror from the scene he has secretly witnessed.

84 CONTINUED:

84

BRETT

M-Mommy...

The little boy is pale as a sheet. Thor's URGENT BARKING reverberates from outside.

85 EXT. BACK YARD - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

85

Thor stands by the fence, BARKING and BARKING in warning. The Harrison house lights are turning on. The back door opens and Mom steps out holding a flashlight, still half asleep.

JANET

Who's out here!

*

Thor runs over to block her way, BARKING URGENTLY, trying to back Janet into the house. She walks outside, shining the flashlight around. Thor BARKS FURIOUSLY, and tries to block Mom's way, keeping one eye out for the Werewolf. Janet doesn't even slow down, merely acts annoyed. Janet keeps scouting the back of the house with the flashlight. Thor's shepherding instincts are in full command. He runs in front of Mom and BARKS to warn her off. It only annoys Janet further. Janet shines the flashlight on Thor. She gasps as she sees the speckles of blood on his snout. She kneels down and touches the cut on his nose.

*

JANET

What happened, Thor?

Janet is terribly concerned as she shines the flashlight on Thor's coat and sees the multitude of scratches and cuts.

JANET

Hey, boy, what did this to you? How did you get cut?

The dog looks straight ahead, haunted. Thor WHIMPERS.

JANET

Was it another dog? No, it wasn't that.
Was it a rat, or a raccoon? A person?

The dog doesn't react.

JANET

I wish you could talk.

(CONTINUED)

Thor turns to look Janet square in the eye. The woman is taken aback by the clear intelligence of the stare.

JANET

Thor...

Thor WHIMPERS, gazing sentry-like around them.

BRETT

MOMMY!

Janet looks up to see Brett, pale as a ghost, standing at his bedroom window.

86 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

86

Janet rushes in, grabs the phone, and dials 911.

JANET

This is Janet Harrison at 43 Oak Creek Lane. I need Sheriff Jenson, please. Right now.

Brett comes to the top of the stairs.

BRETT

Mommy, I saw something!

Janet shoots him a glance.

JANET

BRETT, STAY UPSTAIRS! Hello, Sheriff?

Thor patrols the perimeter of the kitchen. Fear is in his eyes as he stares out at the darkened forest. Through the kitchen window, Janet hangs up the phone and goes upstairs. *

87 DELETE.

87*

88 INT. BRETT'S ROOM - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

88

Janet sits on Brett's bed. Brett has the covers pulled up to his nose, absolutely terrified. Mom strokes Brett's hair softly.

JANET

There's no such thing as werewolves, Brett.

(CONTINUED)

Brett is barely able to hold back tears.

BRETT

I saw it, and...I think it saw me!

The little boy pulls the covers up around his chin, his breathing rapid and shallow.

JANET

Whatever it was, it wasn't a Werewolf.

BRETT

It...it was hairy all over, and it had long teeth. But...it looked like a man.

Janet sees the Werewolf model kit on Brett's dresser. She picks it up and shows it to him.

JANET

Did it look like this one?

BRETT

Kind of. But the ears were longer. And it had a longer snout. And it...I think it had more hair. That one's just from a movie.

Janet smiles lovingly. She puts down the model.

JANET

I see. You sure you weren't having a bad dream?

BRETT

NO! I went to the bathroom, and I heard something, and I looked out the window, and the Werewolf came toward the house. Then Thor came and fought with him and chased him away.

Janet suppresses a smile. She looks at her boy and rubs her tired eyes.

JANET

Are you sure this Werewolf wasn't Thor?

BRETT

No, Mom! Thor was in the woods! He came back after the Werewolf tried to get in the house! He chased him through the neighbor's fence!

Janet sighs, thinks a long beat. She can't believe Brett saw what he said and isn't sure what to say to him.

JANET

Well, look. As long as Thor chased him away, we're safe, right? And Thor is in the house now, so I'm sure if there is a Werewolf out there, he won't try anything. We can figure this out tomorrow, okay?

Janet tousles the boy's hair and gets off the bed. She goes to the door. Dog tired.

BRETT

Mom?

JANET

Yeah, sweetheart?

BRETT

Could you leave the door open a crack?

JANET

Sure. Go to sleep, Brett.

Janet departs, leaving the door open a few inches.

The boy lies in bed.

In a moment, the familiar protective pad of paws on the carpet, and Thor peers through the crack in the door. The big German Shepherd wedges open the door with his nose. He crosses the room and stands by Brett's bed. The little boy pets him.

BRETT

We know, don't we, Thor?

Thor climbs onto the bed and lies down beside Brett, putting his body between the boy and the door. Reassured by Thor's presence, Brett drops to sleep.

89 EXT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

89

Janet walks out into the darkened back yard. She knocks on the door of the Airstream.

JANET

Ted?

She knocks again.

JANET

Ted, you in there?

Janet turns towards the woods. Did she hear something out there? She ignores it, and knocks again. The door slides open. Unlocked. Janet almost doesn't go in. Then she does.

90 INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

90

Janet stands inside the dark and apparently empty trailer.

JANET

Ted?

Janet switches on the desktop light. The place is neat. Janet looks in the bathroom.

JANET

Ted?

Then she sees something on the desk. An open folder. A pile of snapshots. Marjorie. Janet picks up one of the snapshots. And sees the others...The self-timed photo of Uncle Ted and Marjorie they shot in Nepal. Janet cannot resist flipping through them. Marjorie was a looker.

JANET

Nice.

Then she sees the next picture...And chokes back vomit. Marjorie's savaged, mutilated remains, shot during daylight hours in the Nepal forest.

JANET

Ohhhhh, my God.

There's more. A mauled dead Native Guide. Janet stares at Marjorie's corpse in horrified fascination.

JANET

Marjorie...What...?

91 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

91

SOMETHING IS MOVING THROUGH THE WOODS...PEERING THROUGH THE BRANCHES OF THE TREES TO THE ISOLATED, UNPROTECTED HARRISON HOUSE. THE P.O.V. MOVES THROUGH THE TREES AND STEPS OUT INTO THE YARD. THE SOUND OF HARSH BREATHING ON THE SOUNDTRACK.

IT APPROACHES THE HARRISON HOUSE...

92 INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

92

Janet puts down the pictures, swallowing to stop from puking.

And sees the open journal.

She has to read it.

She flips through the pages, noting the steady deterioration of Uncle Ted's handwriting into a savage, desperate scrawl. She reads in the lamplight.

UNCLE TED V.O.

"December 23rd, 1995. Marjorie's body will be buried in Nepal. Saw the local police here. Got the wound taken care of. Maybe my limited understanding of the language, but the doctor didn't seem to want to discuss the type of animal that attacked me and Marjorie. I could see fear written all over on his face..."

Janet flips on.

UNCLE TED V.O.

"December 28th, 1995. Stateside. Saw doctor here. Had blood test. Doctor couldn't identify strain. Some infection that isn't on the books. Had another blackout last night. Woke up in the woods. Bad dreams still in black and white..."

Janet flips forwards.

UNCLE TED V.O.

"December 29th, 1995. Blacked out again. Woke in the woods. Blood on me. Not mine... December 30th, 1995. Bought handcuffs."

*

*

93 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

93

THE THING CROSSES THE CREEK. IT STANDS IN THE BACKYARD. THE P.O.V. FOCUSES ON THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW OF THE AIRSTREAM. ITS BREATHING IS HEAVY AND EXCITED AS IT STALKS ACROSS THE

(CONTINUED)

93 CONTINUED:

93

LAWN TOWARDS THE OPEN DOOR OF THE AIRSTREAM. THE THING'S SHADOW IS HUGE AND DISTORTED AGAINST THE WALL OF THE SILVER TRAILER. HIDING IN THE DARKNESS, THE P.O.V. SHOWS JANET UNPROTECTED THROUGH THE DOORWAY, TEARFULLY READING THE JOURNAL...

93A INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

93A

Janet reads aloud in horrible fascination.

JANET

"January 4th, 1996. Tonight I remain myself. Lucid. Human. I realize that my condition was caused by the bite of the creature. The disease is transferred through the saliva into the bloodstream."

*

*

93B EXT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

93B

THE THING STARES AT JANET THROUGH THE WINDOW. IT MOVES TO THE DOOR...

94 INT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

94

PUSH IN on Janet's face as she flips forwards to the last entry.

UNCLE TED V.O.

"January 10th, 1996. I have tried all medical solutions, to no effect. There is no known cure in medicine. But maybe...just maybe...there is hope for me. Janet and Brett came up to the house today. To see her again did my heart good. It rejuvenated me. I felt normal, human again. She has invited me to stay with her, and perhaps if I spend time with her, with my family, this disease will go into remission. Medicine will not stave off this disease. But perhaps love, the restorative power of love, family love...will save me. It is my last chance."

Janet puts down the journal.

(CONTINUED)

Puts her face in her hands.

JANET

Oh, Ted.

She stands in the Airstream, holding the journal.

Through the open door, something darts outside in the dark.

95 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

95

THE THING MOVES AWAY FROM THE AIRSTREAM TOWARDS THE BACK DOOR OF THE HARRISON HOUSE. THE P.O.V. REACHES THE BACK DOOR. IT GRABS AHOLD OF THE KNOB.

And we see it's Flopsy!

The sleazy con man Janet ran off at the outset tightens the stocking over his face and peers through the back-door. He mutters beneath his breath.

FLOPSY

Nobody makes a fuckin' fool outta me,
lady.

*
*

He has a thick sirloin steak in one fist.

A meat cleaver in the other.

FLOPSY

Here, Poochie, Poochie...

His face breaks into a sleazeball grin as he opens the lock.

Flopsy pushes open the door.

FLOPSY

Here, doggie. C'mere ya stupid friggin'
dog...

GGGGGRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR....

He stops cold.

A monstrous shadow rears over his own on the wall. The Werewolf GROWLS behind his back...

FLOPSY

N-nice d-doggie...

(CONTINUED)

Flopsy freezes, slowly turning as the monster rises to its full height behind him. His eyes widen in speechless terror as he sees the Werewolf face to face, its jagged fangs spilling saliva, its hot, fetid breath condensing in air. Flopsy regards the Werewolf blankly.

FLOPSY
Bullfuckingshit.

He raises the cleaver. With a powerful swipe of its razor talon, the Werewolf rips off Flopsy's knife hand at the wrist. The man's eyes bug out as he sees his blood-gouting severed stump.

He is about to scream.

A second swipe of the Werewolf's talon detaches his larynx with the better part of his throat.

The creep tries to run for it. He gets two feet.

The Werewolf swipes it's talon, tearing a gaping cavity in the man's torso and heaving him through the air.

96 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

96

Flopsy flies like a tossed rag doll through the branches and lands on the ground. Physically unable to scream, he clambers to his feet. His throat jets blood as he scrambles in agony and terror through the trees.

MILLS
Gggggggggggggg...

He runs for his life, looking over his shoulder to see the huge, bloodthirsty shape of the Werewolf smashing headlong through the undergrowth after him.

97 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

97

Thor stands protectively by the door, on full alert. The dog watches the woods. PUSH IN ON his ears.

THOR AUDIO P.O.V.: DEEP IN THE WIND-SWEPT PINE FOREST...FLOPSY'S FRANTIC FOOTFALLS...THE SPLASHING BLOOD...THE WEREWOLF CRASHES THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH AFTER HIM...THE MONSTER'S BLOODTHIRSTY BREATHING...THEN A SIREN...

98 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT 98

Flopsy staggers bloodlessly onto a--

99 EXT. ROAD - NIGHT 99

And stands stuperously on the two-lane blacktop.

He turns, his face blinded by headlights...

As the POLICE CAR comes speeding around the corner, SIREN
WAILING, SLAMMING on its BRAKES too late.

Flopsy is hit by the car at 50 MPH.

His shattered body is flung twenty feet into the air, and
lands on top of the police car, shattering the cherrytops in
showers of sparks and blood.

Sheriff Jenson climbs out of the patrol car. He regards the
twisted pile of meat adorning his squad car that is all that
remains of the con man.

100 DELETE. 100*

101 DELETE. 101*

102 DELETE. 102*

103 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - DAWN 103

The sky is lightening over the rugged woods and tract houses.

104 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - DAWN

104

Janet stands by the window with Thor.

She looks up to see a POLICE HELICOPTER soar overhead, its searchlight beacon passing across the massive expanse of woods. She pats Thor.

JANET

Easy, boy.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Janet jumps. Goes into--

105 INT. LIVING ROOM - HARRISON HOUSE - DAWN

105

Janet opens the door.

Sheriff Jenson stands there, his face grim. He is backlit by the flashes of a squad car in the driveway.

JANET

Sheriff...

Sheriff Jenson walks in, his hat in his hand.

106 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - DAWN

106

Thor sits by the kitchen door, staring sentry-like out the window at the Airstream and the backyard in the morning light.

He doesn't have to wait long.

Through the window, he sees Uncle Ted step from the woods. He walks hunched over, clutching his bloodied ankle with one hand. Thor GROWLS quietly to himself. He watches Uncle Ted with growing hostility as the man hops up the stairs to his trailer. The door closes. Thor lies down on the floor, knowing the "pack" is safe for awhile.

107 INT. LIVING ROOM - HARRISON HOUSE - DAWN

107

Janet faces Sheriff Jenson. He shows her Flopsy's driver's license. *

SHERIFF JENSON *

Is this the man who approached your place last month? *

JANET *

Yes. *

SHERIFF JENSON *

He's dead. *

Janet gasps. *

SHERIFF JENSON *

His name was Walter Mills. I hit him in my patrol car tonight, responding to your call. He ran out into the middle of the road, and I didn't have time to stop. But the thing of it is, the car isn't what killed him. He bore the marks of an animal attack. He had been torn open. By a big animal. Like a wolf. Or... *

Janet holds the Sheriff's gaze.

JANET

Or a dog, is that it?

SHERIFF JENSON

Yes, Ma'am. I do recall you told me that Thor almost took a bite out of Mills the other day. Now maybe tonight, when Mills came back, Thor went at him again.

The woman rubs her eyes.

JANET

Thor got into a fight. Tonight, with someone, or something. He has cuts.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF JENSON

I see.

Janet picks up Uncle Ted's journal and fingers it. She looks at Sheriff Jenson, deeply disturbed.

JANET

You know about these slayings up in the Skyline area? Those hikers that were mutilated?

SHERIFF JENSON

Yes, Janet. I'm in daily contact with the Skyline Law Enforcement people. We're keeping a watch on the paths of the killings. But that wouldn't be the same animal that killed Mills. It would have had to travel two hundred miles from Skyline to get here and--

JANET

No, that's not it. My question is... Is there any possibility that the killings were committed by a...human being?

Sheriff Jenson shakes his head.

SHERIFF JENSON

No chance at all, Janet. They were done by a big animal. No man could tear a person apart the way the beast that butchered those people did. Same with Mills tonight. Wolves are the probable culprits. Very, very big wolves. But not a man. Not humanly possible. Why do you ask?

Janet rubs her eyes, worried.

JANET

I don't know.

Janet ponders, most uneasy. Sheriff Jenson grabs his hat. Goes to the door.

SHERIFF JENSON

I reckon that's all for now, Janet. We'll be in touch. Just one thing. I know you love Thor. And if he did tear up Mills, he was doin' so to protect you. But once a dog becomes a biter, gets a taste for human blood, he becomes dangerous. With all due respect, Ma'am,

(MORE)

SHERIFF JENSON (cont'd)
your little boy and all, I suggest you
consider shoppin' fer another hound.

Janet shows no expression. She lets the Sheriff out and watches through the window as his car tools off down the street. She walks into the kitchen.

108 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

108

Janet comes down to the kitchen.

Thor notices nervously that Mom is quietly keeping an eye on him.

JANET
Hi, Thor.

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. MOM. EDGY.

JANET
HOW ARE YOU FEELIN' THIS MORNING, BIG
GUY?

NO WORDS UNDERSTANDABLE, BUT MOM'S TONE UNMISTAKABLY
CAUTIOUS. MOM IS AFRAID OF HIM.

Thor regards Janet with shock.

Janet leans down to touch Thor, but it is with wariness.

JANET
Hey, Thor, how'd you like to go outside?

Thor watches Mom carefully, reactively.

Janet opens the kitchen door.

Thor obediently goes outside.

Janet watches through the window as the German Shepherd goes like a magnet to Uncle Ted's Airstream to resume his watch.

JANET
Right to the Airstream.

Janet, preoccupied, keeps looking out the kitchen window.

Thor is still lying at the foot of the Airstream, apparently asleep.

Then, as Janet watches, the door to the trailer opens...

109 EXT. AIRSTREAM - DAY

109

The CLICK of the LATCH on the trailer door snaps Thor to attention instantly. Uncle Ted steps onto the landing, fully dressed, his wound concealed. He looks at Thor and takes a deliberate step towards him. Thor shows no animosity. Janet walks out the kitchen door, not smiling, sensing trouble. *

JANET

Hi, Ted.

UNCLE TED

Good morning.

Uncle Ted continues forwards, trying not to be too obvious about watching Thor. Janet comes up quietly behind Thor and reaches down to pet him. Uncle Ted steps onto the cement walk.

JANET

Where were you last night, Ted?

UNCLE TED

Went out for a run. *

JANET

All night?

Uncle Ted picks up on the testiness in his sister's voice. His eyes travel to the dog who glares at him with open danger. The man's eye glint manipulatively as he answers Janet cagily.

UNCLE TED

Then I walked. *

JANET

You didn't see anything? Hear anything?

Janet notices the dog's hackles rising as the animal stares at her brother. She slips a finger into the loop on Thor's choker.

UNCLE TED

Like what? *

JANET

Jesus Ted, a guy got killed right outside here last night! There were police cars and a helicopter! *

(CONTINUED)

Uncle Ted walks up to Mom and Thor, his face guilty as any Bad Dog. He comes into range. His eyes fix on Thor.

UNCLE TED

No kidding. *

Janet stares evenly at her brother.

JANET

Where were you last night, Ted?

He leans deliberately down and scratches his ankle, where the dog bit the Werewolf.

JANET

Ted?

Thor nonchalantly sniffs the bottom of his pants leg.

Thor looks up at Uncle Ted. *

Uncle Ted gives Thor a wink.

THOR P.O.V.: UNCLE TED'S THROAT.

Then he leaps.

Janet manages to restrain Thor just as the dog's teeth snap savagely at Uncle Ted's neck. Thor misses. With a cry of alarm, Uncle Ted brings up an arm to shield his face. Thor sinks his fangs into the arm. Janet yanks him backwards before Thor can clamp down and do any real damage. Uncle Ted stumbles back, stunned, as Mom slips on the grass and falls backwards, pulling Thor with her. Thor finds his balance, digs his claws into the ground, and pulls violently to get at Uncle Ted, snapping his head from side to side and choking himself in the process. Uncle Ted stumbles back towards the Airstream as blood runs down his arm, soaking his torn shirt sleeve and coating his hands.

UNCLE TED

Get him away from me! *

Thor lunges at him with jaws open and fangs bared. Janet holds onto the choker desperately with both hands. The collar closes around Thor's neck and he gags horribly, his teeth snapping uselessly on air.

JANET

GET INSIDE!!! QUICK!!! I DON'T KNOW HOW
LONG I CAN HOLD HIM!!! *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Uncle Ted stumbles into hsi trailer in a daze, leaving bright splashes of blood in his wake.

Janet struggles to her feet and pulls the choker with both hands. She drags Thor back into the house with both front feet off the ground, retching and gagging all the way.

110 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

110

Janet hustles Thor through the kitchen to the cellar door.

JANET
BAD DOG, THOR!!! BAD BAD BAD DOG!!! BAD
DOG!!!

Thor goes limp, giving up. He offers no resistance as Mom opens the cellar door and pushes him through.

111 INT. CELLAR - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

111

Thor tumbles down a few steps before his feet find the stairs. The German Shepherd slinks to the darkest corner of the cellar and lies on the dusty cement floor, staring straight ahead.

JANET
BAD DOG!!!

The door slams shut. Is locked.

JANET V.O.
BAD DOG!!!

Thor puts his head on his paws, looking like he wants to die. He huddles in the corner.

THOR P.O.V.: B&W. A JUMBLE OF IMAGES. SNAPPING AT UNCLE TED.

JANET V.O.
BAD DOG!

THE WEREWOLF'S EYES STARING HIM DOWN WHEN IT WAS HANDCUFFED TO THE TREE. UNCLE TED UP AT HIS HARRISON HOUSE STANDING WITH HIS ARM AROUND JANET AND BRETT.

JANET V.O.
BAD DOG!

THE BUTCHERED BODY IN THE FOREST AT UNCLE TED'S. RUNNING INTO UNCLE TED'S ARMS OUT OF THE CAR.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE TED

HI, THOR.

SPOKEN IN A VOICE MORE ANIMAL THAN MAN. PINNING MILLS TO THE PAVEMENT.

JANET V.O.

BAD DOG!

MOM AND BRETT ROUGHHOUSING WITH HIM ON THE FLOOR. PLAYING WITH "THE PACK" HAPPILY IN THE BACKYARD. BITING UNCLE TED'S ARM. MOM TUGGING HIM DOWNSTAIRS TO THE CELLAR.

JANET

BAD DOG!!! BAD DOG!!!

MOM FADING...

UNCLE TED.

UNCLE TED.

UNCLE TED.

Thor blinks. Puts his head on his paws with a dismal WHIMPER. The poor dog lies in the darkened cellar. Quiet. Then...

JANET

Thor.

Thor doesn't lift his head, deeply despondent.

JANET

Thor.

Thor opens his eyes. The door has cracked open at the top of the stairs.

JANET

Come here, Thor. It's okay, boy. I said
come here. Thor. It's okay, boy.

Thor rises weakly to his feet.

JANET

Come on, Thor.

His tail between his legs, Thor takes a tentative step forward, his head lowered. He walks to the steps. Mom stands at the top of the steps, her face beckoning the dog softly.

JANET

That's right, boy. Come on.

Thor starts up the steps, his expression indescribably sad and ashamed. Mom is closer now, waving his hand quietly.

JANET

Here, boy.

Thor gets to the top step.

He doesn't see the white sneakers until too late.

112 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

112

POUND MAN #1 throws a choke chain around Thor's throat, attached to a long pole. POUND MAN #2 throws another choke chain over the dog's head. Thor regards the men in the white uniforms in bewilderment, then in horrific realization. Thor throws a terrified glance at Janet, who regards him with huge sadness.

JANET

I'm sorry, boy.

POUND MAN #1

Come on, big guy.

The men in the white uniforms start pulling Thor towards the front door. Thor weakly and submissively lets himself be pulled by the demeaning choke chains. The Pound Men lead the big German Shepherd out the door.

113 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

113

A large unmarked white van is parked at the curb, its back doors open. Thor is pulled by the white uniformed men across the patio towards the van. The dog WHIMPERS and WHINES miserably.

Thor looks over his shoulder as the house recedes behind him.

He sees Mom, and Brett. The little boy is crying.

BRETT

MOMMY, DON'T LET THEM TAKE THOR! PLEASE!

Janet bites back tears, but she holds her boy firmly.

JANET

Brett. They have to take him. I'm
sorry. There's nothing we can do.

BRETT

He's MY DOG! THOR! COME BACK!

Thor tugs against the choke chain, his eyes welling as he sees the little boy reaching for him. Brett tries to go towards Thor, but Janet emotionally holds him back.

JANET

Brett! Stay here! They have to take
Thor! He's dangerous!

BRETT

NO IT'S NOT TRUE IT'S NOT TRUE HE'S A
GOOD DOG AND THEY'RE GOING TO KILL HIM
THEY'RE GOING TO KILL HIM IF THEY TAKE
HIM MOMMY THOR THOR THOR!!!

An anguished Janet holds her grief-stricken boy back. Thor tugs against the leash as the attendants hustle him towards the van.

Thor BARKS. Then his eyes widen...

Uncle Ted steps out of the front door. His eyes on fire. Something scary, strange, and inhuman flickers in his eyes. He flashes a sickening grin to the dog as he watches the animal taken towards the van to the pound. Uncle Ted comes up behind Mom and Brett and puts his arms around them possessively. He waves his fingers dismissively at the dog.

Thor goes out of his mind. Suddenly, he leaps and BARKS and BARKS and HOWLS, trying to warn the family. The chain gags him and cuts his air, but he thrashes against it. The Men In The White Uniforms struggle fiercely with the huge German Shepherd as they try to haul him in the van. Brett is screaming hysterically in his mother's grip.

BRETT

THOR!!! THOR!!! THOR!!!

Thor BARKS and BARKS. Louder as he sees the "pack" walk dejectedly into the house.

Uncle Ted lingers in the doorway.

He waves "bye bye" at the dog.

And closes the door.

Thor YELPS as a hypodermic is thrust in his hip.

THOR P.O.V.: THE BLACK AND WHITE VIEW OF THE HARRISON HOUSE GOING BLURRY AND SOFT AS HE SEES THE MEN IN WHITE AS IF IN SLOW MOTION LUG HIM INTO THE BACK OF THE VAN AND CLOSE THE DOORS ON HIS VIEW OF THE HARRISON HOUSE AND THERE IS JUST BLACK....

114 EXT. TOWN - DAY

114

The animal control van pulls away from the house down the town street and disappears.

115 EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

115

Uncle Ted walks alone to Thor's empty doghouse. He stops and looks around the empty yard to see nobody is watching. THE CAMERA PUSHES IN to a CLOSE UP of UNCLE TED, his eyes cold with triumph. On the SOUNDTRACK, the SOUND of him URINATING on the ground...

Marking his territory.

116 INT. BRETT'S ROOM - DAY

116

Brett sits on the floor of his room, amid his monster model kits. He stares at a framed photograph in his hands of he and Thor in the front yard. He dabs a tear. Absently he picks up the Wolfman model kit on his desk.

And his gaze travels out the window to the backyard as Uncle Ted goes inside the Airstream.

117 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

117

Janet sits at the table. Her troubled gaze travels from the Airstream out the window to the book she has open before her.

A professional manual on Criminal Psychology.

She leafs through it the chapter on schizophrenia and the paragraph on violent schizophrenics. She rubs her eyes and fumbles with a cigarette as she reads on.

Her gaze traveling once again to the quiet trailer...

118 EXT. WOODS - DUSK

118

The sunset is a bloody splash on the pines.

The moon is faintly visible above the trees.

119 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

119

The family is finishing dinner. A tense silence hangs over the table. Uncle Ted has his arm bandaged. Janet looks at him evenly, keeping a discreet but cool eye on him. She edgily gets up and clears the dishes.

UNCLE TED

It's probably genetic. It happens with German Shepherds sometimes. The way they're bred.

Brett, who has remained cold and expressionless, shoots his Uncle an icy glance.

BRETT

Thor's pedigreed. It doesn't happen with pedigrees.

Janet shoots Brett a glance. He shuts up, but his mind is working behind his eyes. Uncle Ted looks uncomfortably around at the obviously despondent child. He looks more uncomfortably out the window at the gathering dusk.

JANET

You'll need to see a doctor.

UNCLE TED

No, I won't. It's just a flesh wound. No veins or tendons cut. Nothing I can't handle.

JANET

You're going to need a tetanus shot.

UNCLE TED

I'll give myself a tetanus shot. You think I can go into an Amazon rain forest for six months with a first-aid kit?

*

He pauses, ruefully.

UNCLE TED
Besides, I don't like doctors. *

Janet finds her brother's tone most disturbing.

JANET
I'll be right back. *

She leaves the room.

Uncle Ted looks at Brett, as the boy picks absently with his food.

UNCLE TED
Listen, son. I'm really sorry about your dog.

The boy doesn't look at him.

UNCLE TED
Come here.

The boy looks up. Uncle Ted gestures with his hand.

UNCLE TED
Sit on my lap.

Brett hesitates. Then he sulkily goes over and sits on his the man's lap. Uncle Ted smiles and strokes the boy's hair. He speaks softly, something strange and spooky behind his eyes.

UNCLE TED
There'll be other animals in your life.

Brett looks up and locks eyes with Uncle Ted.

Janet's hand removes Ted's hand from her boy's head. She lifts him off her brother's lap.

JANET
Okay, Brett, time for bed.

The little boy heads up the stairs with a sense of mission. Uncle Ted looks out the window at the darkening skyline and rises from the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNCLE TED

Well, I think I'm going to turn in, too.

Janet stands at the sink, her back to him.

JANET

Ted.

UNCLE TED

Yeah, Janet? *

JANET

If I ask you a question, will you tell me the truth?

A beat.

UNCLE TED

Yes.

JANET

Where is Marjorie?

Another beat. Ted eyes his sister blankly.

UNCLE TED

Seattle.

Janet shuts her eyes, grimly.

Uncle Ted goes out the door. Janet watches him through the kitchen window as he heads for the garage, and goes inside. Never taking her eyes off the garage, she switches off the kitchen lights. Janet takes a seat at the table, sitting in the dark.

Watching the garage.

120 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

120

Under the starry skies. Surrounded by woods.

The upstairs lights shut off one by one.

121 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

121

Janet sits alone at the kitchen table. The lights are off. She sips a cup of coffee, watching the Airstream through the window. Her eyes are alert and precautious as she keeps a lookout on the silhouette of Uncle Ted moving behind the trailer window. Janet hears the lock turn...And she tightens

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

her grip on the flashlight in her hand.

122 INT. BRETT'S ROOM - NIGHT

122

The little boy shuts the door with clandestine urgency.

BRETT

Don't worry, Thor.

Brett moves quickly. He grabs his jacket.

Out the window, down below, the garage door opens. Uncle Ted, in his sweatsuit, walks outside.

The boy puts his jacket on.

He quietly lifts open the window.

And crawls out onto the roof.

123 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

123

Brett carefully climbs onto the big tree next to the house and shimmies his way to the ground.

He tiptoes to his bike leaning against the porch.

And rides it swiftly out into the street.

124 EXT. AIRSTREAM - NIGHT

124

Uncle Ted closes the trailer door behind him. He stares up at the moon in the clear, starry sky with crawling dread. Perspiration glistens on his forehead. The handcuffs CLINK in his pocket. He looks nervously around the yard, up at the house. He doesn't see Janet watching him through the darkened kitchen window. Uncle Ted hurries off over the creek into the heavy woods.

125 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

125

Janet rises from the table, grabs the flashlight.

A thought strikes her, and she goes to the cabinet above the refrigerator. She takes down a box and opens it. Inside, a *

(CONTINUED)

.38 revolver and a box of bullets. Janet considers taking the gun, then declines, putting it back.

Janet goes out the kitchen door. She heads after Uncle Ted across the yard and into the tall pine trees. She switches on her flashlight.

126 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

126

Janet trains the flashlight beams through the heavy, fog-laced branches of the big pines. Her face is eerily underlit by the torch. She moves cautiously through the trees, looking this way and that for Uncle Ted.

No sign of him.

Mom moves on. Deeper into the huge forest.

127 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

127

The fleeting figure on his bicycle WHIZZES across the intersection. Brett rides in and out of traffic and wheels onto the sidewalk.

BRETT

Hold on, boy.

Brett rides towards an ugly concrete bunker of a building at the end of the street.

128 EXT. POUND - NIGHT

128

Brett's bike whips by a sign that says "CITY POUND."

He rides his bike to the locked gate.

The little boy dismounts his bike, and tugs on the padlock.

129 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

129

The thick rows of pines in the hovering mist. The dull glimmer of a flashlight against the ground. Janet steals quietly through the undergrowth, searching the shadowy tree trunks of the forest for Uncle Ted.

Janet hears a RUSTLING. She brushes aside some branches.

130 INT. - CLEARING - WOODS - NIGHT

130

The moon shines over the silvery landscape. Janet looks through the branches to see a dimly lit human silhouette in the middle of the large clearing. Uncle Ted is looking at the moon and examining the trunk of a lone tree.

Mom's foot steps on a twig.

It snaps loudly.

Uncle Ted spins around. Spots Janet immediately. A laugh and a deep growl come from his throat.

UNCLE TED

Ahhhh, company! Company! Just what I came here to GET AWAY FROM! Who is it-- sis? Is that you?

Janet steps forwards and shines the light in her own face.

JANET

-Yeah, it's me...What's up, Ted?

Uncle Ted again emits the strange, growl-like laugh as he turns to face Janet.

UNCLE TED

So! Playing Nancy Drew, are we, sis?

Ted's voice is distorting gruffly.

UNCLE TED

Well, you've caught me at an awkward moment. I was just about to...

GROWL.

UNCLE TED

About to...RESTRAIN myself.

Uncle Ted looks down at the handcuffs he is holding and slowly shakes his head. He dangles the handcuffs from his fingers.

UNCLE TED

But now that you're here, that might be...somewhat pointless.

JANET

You're going to come clean with me right now.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

Ted sighs.

*

UNCLE TED
I thought family love would save me. I
was wrong.

*
*
*

He shrugs ironically.

*

UNCLE TED
But hey, we all make mistakes. You sent
Thor to the pound.

*
*
*

Janet shines the flashlight in her brother's darkening face.

*

UNCLE TED
I warned you, Janet. I told you I
shouldn't be here. I told you I should
leave. But you wouldn't let me. You had
to play big sister. You just had to be
right. You always have to be right.
This time you were WRONG. You should
have listened to the dog, sis. He was
tryin' to protect you.

*

JANET
What are you talking about?

Janet unwisely takes a step closer and shines the flashlight on Uncle Ted's face...

It is matted with a growth of beard.

UNCLE TED
I'm talking about...

Ted loses his train of thought. Thinks hard.

UNCLE TED
I'm talking about...

His bloodshot eyes beam. He remembers.

UNCLE TED
LUST! Yes, yes, LUST, THAT'S what I'm talking about! "The Moon is a harsh mistress." Ever heard that before, sis?

JANET
Yes.

UNCLE TED
Well, you don't know THE HALF OF IT! You don't know what a harsh mistress is! You CAN'T KNOW, because YOU DON'T KNOW LUST! I know lust, Janet! I know the lust of the moon, and what it does, and what it demands! And I SERVE those lusts! I am the moon's servant! I'm her indentured servant, sis! Get it? InDENTured servant!

Uncle Ted laughs horribly. Janet watches in horrible fascination as the schizophrenic man seems to go through some kind of inner struggle. Becomes suddenly penitent.

UNCLE TED
I feel sorry afterward, you know, when the moon is gone and the sun is out...I really do, sis, and it's important to me that you believe that...But when the moon calls, as She's calling now, I ANSWER!

JANET
TED I'M TAKING YOU TO THE HOSPITAL!
YOU'RE GOING WITH ME RIGHT NOW!

Uncle Ted looks up at the moon.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE TED
Handcuffs...

He holds the handcuffs up in the moonlight.

UNCLE TED
I was going to use these--on MYSELF! Can you believe that?

Uncle Ted's face reflects another inner struggle. His whole body convulses suddenly, like he is about to throw up. Then he straightens up and smiles horribly.

UNCLE TED
But not now. They were supposed to keep people from finding out about my...private affair with my mistress. But you already KNOW, don't you?

JANET
T-Ted. Let's go to the hospital. There's one close by, and we can get you to a doctor and--

UNCLE TED
Yes, you do. Handcuffs won't keep my little secret anymore.

Janet keeps her distance, transfixed to the spot.

UNCLE TED
Come closer, sis. Take a good look at my secret. You've come this far, come a little closer.

Janet stays put.

UNCLE TED
What's 'a matter? You don't wanna know my little secret after all? Got cold feet, you stupid bitch?

His speech is deteriorating with every sentence. Uncle Ted looks at the handcuffs in his hairy hands one last time, snorts, and tosses them contemptuously over his shoulder.

UNCLE TED
Handcuffs? WE DON' NEED NO STINKING HANDCUFFS!!!

Uncle Ted laughs maniacally at his own joke. Janet aims the flashlight in his face. The eerie underlighting reveals black, pubic-like hair bearding his cheeks and forehead.

(CONTINUED)

Janet recoils, like she's had an electric shock. She takes a frightened step back.

UNCLE TED

Oh, don' go 'way, sis. Things are just
gettin' started. Look! Moon's not even
up alla way yet!

Janet glances over his shoulder.

The moon is three quarters over the pines.

JANET

You're out of your Goddamn mind. *

UNCLE TED

That's just for starters.

The moon rises full into the sky.

(CONTINUED)

UNCLE TED
JJJJJJAAAAAANNNNNNNNEEGGGGGHHHHRRRRROOOO
OOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Uncle Ted throws his head back and SCREAMS. THE SCREAM TURNS INTO A TERRIFYING WOLFLIKE ROAR that splits the air as the bones in his face stretch, distend, restructure, a hideous snout smashing out his mouth and his teeth turning into slavering fangs. His skin sprouts a coat of fur as Uncle Ted TRANSFORMS into the Werewolf before Janet's petrified eyes.

Janet Harrison stands in the forest, face to face with the eight-foot tall Werewolf. She faces off with the hideous monster, her eyes luxurious with fear as she stares into its psychotic, bloodshot, saucer eyes.

It takes a step towards her...

131 EXT. POUND - NIGHT

131

Brett tugs vainly on the padlocked gate.

Then he spots a screwdriver lying by a toolkit on a worksite nearby

He grabs it up and tries to pry the rusted padlock loose.

132 EXT. CAGES - POUND - NIGHT

132

Long rows of industrial cages line the outside area behind the gate. The ugly glow of the security lamps reveal dozens of pathetic, underfed, unloved dogs waiting to die in their cages.

THE CAMERA TRACKS to one cage...

Thor lies listlessly, head on his paws.

133 EXT. POUND - NIGHT

133

Outside the gate, Brett uses the screwdriver to pry the padlock. It starts to give. In the outside cages, the dogs hear him and react. THE SOUND of MANY DOGS BARKING.

BRETT

C'mon.

He breaks the padlock off.

BRETT

Yes!

Brett opens the gate.

Suddenly emergency lights pop on. THE ALARM GOES OFF.

The boy reacts in comic panic.

BRETT

OH-! SHIT! THOR!

Wincing against the RINGING ALARM, he urgently searches the long row of cages for his pet.

134 INT/EXT. THOR'S CAGE - POUND - NIGHT

134

Thor lifts his head, reacting to the alarm. Brett appears in front of his cage, with the screwdriver. Thor just stares at him, then BARKS.

BRETT

Thor, I'm gonna get you out!

Brett jams the screwdriver into the lock, but isn't strong enough to crack it. Putting his feet against the cage, the boy breaks the small padlock. The door swings open. Brett peers into the cage. Thor sits up, confused. He BARKS.

(CONTINUED)

BRETT
C'mon, Thor, you're free!

Thor tilts his head, confused.

THOR P.O.V.: MOM.

JANET
BAD DOG!

BRETT
We're getting you out! Come on!

Thor won't budge. Brett grabs him by the collar. He still won't budge.

BRETT
Thor! We gotta get you out of here!

Thor blinks in befuddlement.

THOR P.O.V.: MEMORY. THE WEREWOLF ATTACKING THE HARRISON HOUSE. UNCLE TED WAVING "BYE BYE" AT THE DOOR.

And he moves.

Fast.

Thor bolts out of the cage past Brett and BARKS URGENTLY at him. The ALARM WAILS.

135 EXT. POUND - NIGHT

The German Shepherd grabs Brett's jacket cuffs and helps him out of the Pound. Thor waits just long enough for the kid to get on his bike. Then he bolts hell for leather out into the street. Brett cycles after him. Thor runs as fast as his paws will carry him. He is outpacing the boy on his bike as he charges down the street in the direction of the house. The ALARM WAILS.

136 INT. SHERIFF JENSON'S CAR - NIGHT

Sheriff Jenson is having coffee when he gets a call on the radio.

POLICE RADIO V.O.
Sheriff we got a 344 in progress at the city pound.

The cop picks up the radio.

SHERIFF JENSON

I'm on it.

He hits the party lights and stomps on the gas.

137 EXT. "FOREST EDGE" STREET #1 - NIGHT

137

The squad car hangs a TIRE SQUEALING TURN around the corner.

Thor bolts in front of the car.

Sheriff Jenson hits the brakes.

Just as Brett speed pedals past the car after Thor.

The police car chases after the boy and the dog.

138 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

138

Janet runs for her life, blindly smashing through the branches of the pine trees that block her way. Behind her, the SAVAGE ROARS of the Werewolf as it plunges through the forest after her. Hot on her heels.

Mom throws a terrified glance over her shoulder to see the huge, nightmarish creature through the trees fifty feet behind her. The WOLFLIKE ROARS fill the air. Janet flees through the forest. The Werewolf looks down at the sweatshirt and pants it wears as if noticing them for the first time. It flies into a frenzy, tearing the clothes off with its claws and teeth as it psychopathically pursues Janet.

Mom is bathed in sweat as she scrambles through the undergrowth. Up ahead, she sees the lights of the house through the trees...

WEREWOLF P.O.V.: B&W. SMASHING THROUGH THE TREES AND UNDERGROWTH, TEARING AND RIPPING APART ANYTHING IN IT'S PATH AS IT PLOWS THROUGH THE FOREST LIKE A SAVAGE MACHINE. THE HARSH GROWLING ON THE SOUNDTRACK...

THE LIGHTS OF THE HARRISON HOUSE STRAIGHT AHEAD.

139 EXT. "FOREST EDGE" STREET #2 - NIGHT

139

Thor runs down the street with tremendous grace and speed. A passing car has to dodge out of his way with a HONK. Thor moves with single-minded purpose, racing for the house.

Brett lags far behind on his bike.

Sheriff Jenson pursues them in his police car, cherrytop flaring.

140 INT. SHERIFF JENSON'S CAR - NIGHT

140

The cop gets on the speaker. He presses the mike to his face.

SHERIFF JENSON
BRETT I WANT YOU AND THOR TO STOP
IMMEDIATELY!

Through the windshield, the boy pedals even faster after the sprinting dog.

141 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

141

The tract home at the edge of the big pine forest, alone and unprotected in the moonlight.

Janet dashes out of the forest and heaves herself into--

142 INT. KITCHEN - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

142

--locking the door.

JANET
BRETT!!!

RRRROOOOOOOOAAAARRRRR!!! The Werewolf EXPLODES through the window, landing on the floor in a shower of glass.

Janet leaps for the cabinet above the refrigerator. With a hysterical scream, Janet snags the .38 and box of bullets and leaps through the living room door into--

143 INT. LIVING ROOM - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

143

--SLAMMING IT SHUT on the Werewolf's talon as it snatches for her. Blood squirts as the creature ROARS in pain. Janet throws her back against the door, but the monster is hugely powerful and its other claw SMASHES through the door panel in an explosion of splintered wood boards.

The door is knocked off its hinges.

Janet goes sprawling. The pistol flies from her grasp. The box of bullets spill on the floor.

She snags the gun and grabs a handful of shells as the Werewolf hulks through the doorway and goes for her.

Janet scatters up the stairs, sobbing in horror. The Werewolf is hot on her heels.

144 INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

144

The Werewolf charges after Janet up the stairs. Screaming her lungs out, she heaves a bookcase down the steps onto the monster. It ROARS in raging fury and shears the books to splinters and paper shavings as it hurries after her.

JANET

BRETT!!!

Janet scrambles into her boy's room.

145 INT. BRETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

145

She slams the door closed and shoves a dresser in front of it just as the creature's talon shatters the doorpanel. It claws out great chunks of wood, its MONSTER ROAR reverberating through the house. Janet goes to the bed. The boy is not there. Janet screams in terror.

JANET

BRETT!!!

The Werewolf CLAWS at the door.

146 EXT. "FOREST EDGE" STREET #3 - NIGHT

146

Thor bolts around the corner, making another car swerve with a BLARE of HORNS. He hunkers down and runs for his house, way up the block. Mom's SCREAMS can already be heard. A quarter mile behind Thor, Brett peddles fast. The cop car closes in on the boy and the dog.

BRETT

HURRY, THOR!

He peddles faster. Thor is bathed in sweat as he runs heel over foot for the house, now BARKING FURIOUSLY enough to the wake the neighborhood. They cross an intersection, going through a red light.

A truck SLAMS on its BRAKES, steering to avoid them. The vehicle swerves right into the path of Sheriff Jenson's patrol car. The Sheriff steers frantically out of the way, jumping the curb. The squad car crashes into a drainage ditch.

Sheriff Jenson leaps out of the car and throws his hat in the dirt.

Thor runs as fast as his paws will carry him up the cul-de-sac road towards the Harrison house, now only a hundred yards ahead. He can hear Mom's screams. He can hear the Werewolf's ROARS. The dog BARKS in warning. And scrambles onto the front lawn...

147 INT. BRETT'S BEDROOM - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

Mom sits panic-stricken on the bed, desperately trying to load the pistol she doesn't really know how to work. The door is locked and barricaded with the dresser, but the Werewolf's BLOODTHIRSTY ROARS fill the house and it is smashing itself against the door. The wood frame is beginning to crack.

THOR P.O.V.: HURTLING THROUGH THE SMASHED KITCHEN DOOR AND UP THE STAIRS ONTO THE SECOND FLOOR LANDING WHERE THE WEREWOLF IS HEAVING ITSELF BODILY AGAINST BRETT'S BEDROOM DOOR. THE DOOR CAVES IN.

148 INT. BRETT'S BEDROOM - HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

The door splinters and the Werewolf comes toppling into the room and onto the floor. It quickly leaps to its feet and rises to its full height above Janet cowering on the bed. Mom screams hysterically. The Werewolf steps towards her...

Thor bounds into the room, leaping onto the Werewolf's back, his jaws snapping at the thing's neck. He bites a chunk out. Blood sprays the ceiling.

JANET

THOR!

Janet stares in astonishment, clutching the gun.

A German Shepherd is a big and powerfully dangerous animal, and Thor shows it as he clings onto the Werewolf's back and rips his claws into the monster's body. The creature howls and hurls Thor off. Not for long. Thor dives with a SAVAGE SNARL for the stunned Werewolf's throat. The creature dives

at him, sinking its fangs deep into Thor's thigh. Thor whips his head around and snaps at the Werewolf's face, catching its nose in his fangs and tearing one nostril open. The Werewolf pulls away with its teeth still in Thor's flesh, opening a long gash in the dog's leg. Thor scrambles to his feet and leaps at the Werewolf's face, ready to bite any part of the beast that comes within reach.

The Werewolf is tall and powerful, but not fast. It tries to swipe at Thor with its claws and gets a finger severed off.

The creature backs into a corner and Thor lunges for its ankles. The Werewolf manages a wild kick in Thor's rib cage that sends him flying clear across the room and bouncing off a wall. Thor drops to the floor, stunned and hobbling.

THOR P.O.V.: ROOM SWIMMING. WEREWOLF APPROACHING, LIPS SPILLING MUCUSY SALIVA.

WEREWOLF P.O.V.: ADVANCING ON THOR, THEN SWIVELLING ITS HEAD TO SEE MOM.

Instead of closing in for the kill, the Werewolf turns and leaps at Mom, who has finished loading the pistol in her hand.

She is face to face with the Werewolf, but she looks in its eyes and sees the eyes of her brother. Janet aims the gun point blank at the Werewolf's head but cannot bring herself to pull the trigger.

JANET

TEDDY!!!

The creature SNARLS and flails its arm, sending the gun flying across the room.

Thor gets to his feet as the pistol clatters to the floor and lunges at the monster.

Going for its balls.

The Werewolf swivels its hips and kicks its leg, hitting the German Shepherd a pile driver blow to the jaw. Thor crashes down on a bedstand, taking a lamp to the floor. The Werewolf makes a dash for the door, but Thor snags its ankle. The creature swings around and kicks him in the ribs, following with a sharp kick to Thor's head. The German Shepherd's front legs give out from under him.

104.

THOR P.O.V.: EVERYTHING GOING BLACK, AND OUT OF FOCUS.
WEREWOLF BENDING OVER HIM, RAZOR TEETH BARED, MOM BEHIND IT,
THINGS FADING OUT.

WEREWOLF P.O.V.: REARING OVER THOR, ITS TALONS REACHING FOR
THE FALLEN DOG'S NECK.

Brett bursts into the room.

He freezes in paralyzed shock when he sees the real live
Werewolf standing five feet in front of him.

The creature scoops the little boy up in its talon. It
stretches its jaws on its snout to bite half of Brett's head
off.

KA-POW! POW! POW!

The Werewolf suddenly rears up in anguish.

Mom FIRES the .38 revolver into its back again and again.

JANET
GET THE FUCK OFF MY KID!!!

The Werewolf drops Brett on the carpet. It swings around, to
face Janet, squirming from the bullets in its back. The
creature is standing by the bedroom window.

Janet takes point blank aim between the Werewolf's eyes with
the gun.

And squeezes the trigger.

The CLICK of an empty chamber. She's out of bullets.

Her face falls as the creature lunges at her. She knows
she's dead.

Thor's eyes narrow...

THOR P.O.V.: THE WEREWOLF IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW.

The dog SNARLS.

And leaps.

Thor lands full body on the Werewolf, taking them both out
the window in an explosion of glass and wood pane.

149 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - NIGHT

149

The dog and the Werewolf go flying out the window in a raining debris of glass and wood. They fall two stories onto the grass with a heavy thud. They lie nearby each other, stunned and wounded.

Thor's eyes blink open.

The Werewolf, covered with blood and torn fur, stumbles to its feet, licking its many wounds.

The German Shepherd growls.

And rises.

The Werewolf hisses weakly. Spitting, it staggers away from Thor across the back yard. It is retreating for the woods.

Thor, injured himself, limps after it.

The creature makes it to the creek, picking up speed.

Thor charges with his remaining strength across his path, through the creek, and into the woods after the Werewolf.

150 EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

150

The mortally wounded Werewolf staggers aimlessly past the trees...Its dog-like haunches begin to transform back to human legs...Its extended spine begins to return to human proportions...Its matted hair retracts into its skin...The wolf-like snout reforms into a human jaw..

Soon it is only the mauled, bullet-ridden Uncle Ted stumbling through the woods.

151 EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

151

THOR P.O.V.: NOSE TO THE TRAIL. SNIFFING. THE SOUND OF THE WEREWOLF CLOSE AT HAND.

Thor stops.

Lifts his head.

Sniffs.

THOR-P.O.V.: THE WOODS WILD AND DENSE. ON THE SOUNDTRACK, THE LOW, PAINED GROWLING OF THE WEREWOLF CHANGES, BECOMING HEAVY, RAGGED, HUMAN BREATHING. THE THUNDEROUS HEARTBEAT OF THE WEREWOLF BECOMES WEAKER, SMALLER, HUMAN. NEAR. VERY NEAR. FOOTSTEPS CRACKING TWIGS.

Thor turns his head.

Uncle Ted steps out of the forest. His face and torso are covered with open, bleeding wounds. He looks ready to die on the spot. Uncle Ted leans against a tree for support. Thor creeps towards him slowly and silently, his eyes locked on the man's throat.

Uncle Ted stares blearily into space. He is unaware of Thor's presence.

The German Shepherd inches closer in the shadows. To fifteen feet away.

Uncle Ted finally sees him. He chuckles nihilistically.

UNCLE TED
Thor! How ya doin', old buddy.

*
*

Thor stops and regards the shadowy form. They face off for a final time.

UNCLE TED
Guess I've been a Bad Dog, huh?

*
*

Uncle Ted locks eyes with Thor.

UNCLE TED
Do it.

Thor goes for his throat.

SMASH CUT TO:

152 EXT. HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

152

A bright, sunny day. WORKMEN on a scaffold repair Brett's bedroom window. PAINTERS are finishing the touchups by the replaced kitchen door.

The Airstream is gone.

153 INT. CELLAR - HARRISON HOUSE - DAY

153

Janet walks down the steps.

Thor lies in the corner, bandaged.

A steak, untouched, is in front of him.

He apparently hasn't eaten for days, and his bones stick out. His manner is weak and listless, as if his will to live is gone.

Janet crouches down beside Thor. She tries to stroke the German Shepherd, but the dog shrinks away, like a leper.

JANET

You gotta eat, big guy. You're the man of the house, and we need you to be big and strong.

Thor looks away, as if he feels he is not worth living. As if he wishes he was never born. Mom's eyes well up. She takes a piece of the steak and tries to put it to Thor's mouth, but the dog will not open his teeth.

JANET

You saved us, fella. You're our hero. I know you think you're a Bad Dog because you bit a person and I always told you that that's what Bad Dogs do, but this was different. Ted, he was different. He wasn't really a man, anymore. He was an animal, a sick animal, and he was going to hurt us. I think he knew you knew what he was and he...he wanted you to stop him...

Janet tries to force feed Thor. Thor won't open his mouth. Mom physically pulls the dog into her arms. Janet starts to cry. On the upstairs landing, Brett is watching. Teary eyed. He comes down the stairs and hunkers down next to Mom, by Thor.

(CONTINUED)

JANET

I'm sorry Thor. I didn't understand that you were doing your job and trying to protect us, because just like you don't understand things that people know, we don't understand things that...dogs know.

Mom and son huddle over their family pet.

JANET

You aren't a Bad Dog, Thor. You're a Good Dog. Do you hear me, you're a Good Dog. A Good Dog, Thor.

Thor shows a spark of life as he huddles in the shadows. He lets Janet pat him.

JANET

A Good Dog.

Janet lets the tears come.

BRETT

That's a boy. Good Dog.

Brett pats the dog, and Thor lets them. A wave of happiness and relief sweeps across the family as they huddle protectively over their dog, who WHIMPERS as their hands stroke him with their tender, familiar touch.

JANET

Good Dog...

Thor looks up.

HIS FEATURES HAVE HORRIFICALLY RESHAPED INTO A MONSTROUS HALF-DOG WEREWOLF! HIS BLOODSHOT GAZE IS PSYCHOTIC, ANARCHIC! ROWS OF RAZOR FANGS JUT IN A SALIVA-DRIPPING SNOUT!

Janet and Brett never have time to scream.

As the Werewolf's gaping, salivating jaws LEAP AT THE CAMERA AND WE...

SMASH CUT TO:

Janet wakes up screaming from her nightmare, on the couch.

JANET
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Brett runs into the room.

BRETT
MOMMY MOMMY WHAT'S WRONG?!!!

Thor, perfectly normal, jumps on the couch. The dog is bandaged from his recent battles, as is Janet. The Workmen are repairing the kitchen door. Thor stands protectively over Janet and Brett, licking their faces. Janet relaxes, gratefully embracing her son, and her family dog.

JANET
It's okay. It's okay. Everything's going to be okay...

FADE OUT.

The End