

**"Bad Moon Rising"**

by

Scott Rosenberg

"We watched each other's faces push out to muzzles.  
And our teeth grow long and white and sharp.  
And hair grow thick and gray all over our changing limbs.  
Together we slipped from alien clothes and,  
Laughing, laughing, howling, growling, we leaped  
Through the open window.  
To run forever through the endless woods and fields.  
Beneath the festering fullness of the moon:  
The chase, the hazard, the quarry, and the blood.  
Oh, the blood! Oh, the blood!"

-- Avram Davidson, Loups-Garous

"Get your motor running  
Head out on the highway  
Looking for adventure  
And whatever comes our way... "

-- Steppenwolf

FADE IN:

A FULL MOON

glows brightly in the night sky.

A beacon of hope, it is soon obscured by brushstrokes of black clouds. Green TRACERS streak across the darkness. And faintly, O.S., we hear a WHIMPERING...

EXT. THE JUNGLE - SOUTHEAST ASIA - NIGHT

Heavy canopy. A riot of choking vegetation; wild root systems and shoulder-length elephant grass. Wet nighttime paddies. And plenty of cratered devastation. The WHIMPERING continues --

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

A cave, really. Low ceiling. Two American MARINES huddle in the back of this abandoned enemy bunker, crouched...

It is one of the MARINES who whimpers. His leg has been torn apart. The SECOND MARINE holds him, quietly rocking him back and forth. We are in --

HUNG NEU - MEKONG DELTA, 1968.

Or so it tells us on-screen. And these Marines are barely eighteen. Children.

SECOND MARINE

Sshhhh... Sshhhh... I'm here with you, sport... I'm here... You're gonna be fine --

HURT MARINE

What happened -- ?

SECOND MARINE

You stepped on a mine, sport. A Bouncing Betty. Fucker actually flies out of the ground after being trigged. Explodes waist high. Charlie loves 'em. You're lucky you ain't wearing your asshole as an ascot --

The Hurt Marine begins to sob...

HURT MARINE

This is a VC bunker --

SECOND MARINE

That's right, sport. A listening post. So shut-up --

He grins. The Hurt Marine moans. The pain is too great.

HURT MARINE

You should have gone on with the others...

SECOND MARINE

And hump for some enemy staging area? Fuck that. Waiting with you for the medevac is a skate detail, sport. And I'm beat --

More moans from the Hurt Marine...

SECOND MARINE (CONT'D)

Where'd you say you were from?

HURT MARINE

New York --

SECOND MARINE

The Big Apple. I never been there, myself --

HURT MARINE

You never been to New York?

SECOND MARINE

Naw. I'm a cracker, through and through. You got a honey?

The Hurt Marine nods through his agony.

SECOND MARINE (CONT'D)

What's her name?

HURT MARINE

Gail.

SECOND MARINE

Gail. That's a nice name.

VOICES from outside. Both men freeze.

SECOND MARINE (CONT'D)

The medevac --

Voices at the mouth of the cave. Many voices. High sing-song voices. Not the medevac. But rather --

A VIET CONG KILL SQUAD.

The Hurt Marine gasps. The Second Marine shoves a taped four-clip into his M-16. They press their bodies further into the dank wall of the cave --

THE VC

are at the mouth, laughing, resting. Cigarettes are lit.

## THE MARINES

hold their breath.

## EXT. BUNKER - NIGHT SKY

The dark clouds float away from the moon, like a rush of ink, leaving it to shine --

## INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

The Hurt Marine swallows a moan as a fresh burst of pain courses up his leg...

## A VIET CONG SOLDIER

hears something. He speaks to his comrades, but they laugh it off...

The Soldier walks into the bunker, switching on his flashlight, sweeping it over the cave's expanse. His friends mock his paranoia --

The Soldier walks further into the cave...

He flicks his cigarette down its length. And raises his AK-47...

## THE MARINES

Stare at the dying ember of the cigarette's tip --

Through cracks in the ceiling of the bunker, shafts of moonlight pierce --

The VC SOLDIER inches closer... Closer still...

The broad, flat streamers of moonlight lay between the enemies like a metallic river...

## THE HURT MARINE

stares at the Second Marine, who seems oblivious to their danger. But rather, is focused on the MOONLIGHT...

The Hurt Marine sweats. The VC Soldier sniffs --

And then the VC soldier is upon them!!!

The VC Soldier SCREAMS. And FIRES his rifle. The Hurt Marine cries, rolling out of the way --

The rest of the Kill Squad spill into the cave, shouting in staccato bursts...

The Hurt Marine is bathed in flashlight glow --

A myriad of bayonets surround him --

He crosses himself...

HURT MARINE

Please. No...

The VC sticks his bayonet up against the Hurt Marine's throat. He makes a joke. His friends laugh...

It is over.

When, from deeper in the cave, comes a horrific GROWL.

And the Second Marine steps into the light --

Only it is not the Second Marine:

IT IS A WOLF!

Jaws slavered with foam. Eyes aglow with fury.  
Tattered fatigue jacket and trousers...

We catch only GLIMPSES of him: pointed ears, blunt muzzle, fangs. And that GROWL...

THE VIET CONG

terrified, empty their rifles into the thing...

But their bullets are useless and the beast is upon the Kill Squad; snarling at them, tearing at them, ripping at them...

The massacre is fast and furious. With all of the VC soldiers soon dead or dying...

And the wolf turns toward the frozen Hurt Marine --

HURT MARINE (CONT'D)

No... Please... No --

Their eyes lock. The Marine's wide and full of terror. The wolf's red and awful, though perhaps beneath them, there is something (compassion?) else...

A beat. A long beat...

And then the werewolf turns and flees the cave. And we can hear it running through the jungle. Running away.

And silence returns to the bunker. The only sounds are fresh blood flowing from the decimated Cong, and the soft weeping of the Hurt Marine...

When something on the ground catches his eye. Twinkling in the moonlight...

The Hurt Marine crawls over, snatching it off the ground. He holds it up:

## DOG TAGS.

And, far away, we can hear a mournful HOWL, and we --

MATCH CUT TO:

## THE TREMENDOUS HOWL

of a fat-assed BIKER as he pushes an EMPTY BEER KEG with the front tire of his cycle. Others follow, also pushing kegs...

On-screen it reads: TWENTY-THREE YEARS LATER

EXT. BIKER RALLY - TOBACCOVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA - DAY

In an open field. A goddamn ocean of denim and leather, tattoos and Tall Boy beer cans...

And miles and miles of Milwaukee Steel. American Iron. Harley-fucking-Davidsons, to you. Flatheads, pans, knucks, shovels, Evos...

Homemade customs, not the out-of-the-crate crowd, here...

Tattoos: "Free All Axe Murderers" "Crashin' Sucks"  
"What The Fuck - Run A Muck"...

A ragged ROCK BAND jams on a makeshift stage. Games are played. The Keg Derby, yes, but also:

The Potato Haystack: in which scantily-clad BIKER BABES roll around a giant haystack, searching for red, white and blue painted russets...

And Bite The Weenie: in which hot dogs hang from trees by string, and BIKERS ride with their honeys on the back, trying to bite off the biggest piece of weenie --

Through all this, we follow a KID, not more than ten-years-old...

The center PATCH on the back of his sleeveless denim jacket depicts a gnarly WOLF, a stogie in his teeth, a bandanna on his head, riding hard in the wind, below a full moon...

THE LUNAR CYCLES M/C is stitched around the patch. This is LOBO...

Lobo fights the crowd, passing VENDORS hawking bike parts; open pit barbecues; more kegs; a swap meet. Lobo waves a yellow PIECE OF PAPER in one hand...

Lobo is grabbed, and hoisted high in the air, by what must be the offspring of man and grizzly bear: 300 pounds of hair and good cheer, wearing the same patch as Lobo. This is the mute and affable MIGHTY JOE...

LOBO  
 Lemme down, Mighty Joe! I gotta  
 telegram from Locked-Down! A  
 telegram from Locked-Down -- !

This impresses even Mighty Joe, who sets Lobo down and follows after him to --

#### THE LUNAR CYCLES CAMP

A big banner stretched through the trees reads: LUNAR CYCLES L.Z. 25 or so BIKERS, bros and babes, comprise the club. Lobo searches the camp, at last coming to --

#### COOP

The leader of The Lunar Cycles, early 40s. A dash of Kerouac, a sprinkle of Manson, and 2 heaping tablespoons of the coolest guy in high school; you know: the one who never caught shit even though he didn't hang with a clique...

Long hair and a scraggly beard, Coops sips Jack Daniel's from the bottle...

LOBO (CONT'D)  
 Coop! Coop! Telegram from Locked-Down! Telegram from Locked-Down!

COOP  
 Whoa. Easy now, rug rat. You'll throw a rod. Let's see --

And Coop reads the telegram aloud:

COOP (CONT'D)  
*"This down peckerwood is checking out of the Graybar Hotel. Stop. Request a welcoming committee. Stop. And a reunion with my lovely White Fang. Stop. Get me back in the wind before I go mad. Your Bro, Locked-Down."*

Hoots and howls from those assembled...

COOP (CONT'D)  
 Wrap it up, Inkslinger. We're outta here -- !

INKSLINGER is the club's tattoo artist. And he's currently in the middle of inking a glorious Grim Reaper on the ass of a lovely LADY...

INKSLINGER  
 Now? C'mon, Coop. Me and Dana, here, was just getting to know one another --

COOP  
Let's go! Di-di-mau -- !

INKSLINGER  
Damn. Sorry, darling --

He clicks off his gun, slaps the girl on the ass-cheek...

GIRL  
You ain't finished -- !

INKSLINGER  
Finished? I'd need three days and  
ten buckets a ink to finish,  
dolly. That there is just too  
wide a canvas for one artiste --

GIRL  
You fuckin' creep!

She slugs him one. Inkslinger goes down hard. Laughter  
from those assembled.

INKSLINGER  
I think I'm in love --

EXT. RALLY - LATER - DAY

The camp packed-up and ready to go. A lot of bikes and  
one small MOBILE HOME.

Coop walks over to where his old lady, LILA, sits on the  
back of his bike...

Lila is 37, born to ride on the back of a Harley - a once  
pretty face, gone the hard fade after so many years in  
the wind - the way you like your Levis jacket to get.

Coop's bike is a low-slung shovelhead with a 5-degree  
rake to its frame and chopped with some serious extended  
front forks. A beauty. Coop climbs on.

LILA  
Think Locked-Down'll be okay?

COOP  
He'll be fucked-up as usual. More  
so after a seven-bit...

He starts the bike. The V-twins rumble. The other  
bikers do the same. It's loud here.

As The Lunar Cycles roar on out of the field and away  
from the rally. Inkslinger is the last. He moans:

INKSLINGER  
But we're gonna miss the tittie  
contest!

As we PRE-LAP the crunching OPENING CHORDS of Humble Pie's classic rock gem "THIRTY DAYS IN THE HOLE" and --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE INTERSTATE - DAY

The Lunar Cycles. Riding hard. BEGIN CREDITS.

No helmets, no goggles. But Maltese crosses, Yosemite Sam belt buckles, and Stuka rings, the kind Rommel and his boys wore when they flew in the Afrika Korps...

Coop and Lila, Mighty Joe, Inkslinger, and Lobo are the ones we know. But there are another 25 or so, their women and children in tow.

Hard cases. Outlaws. America's last frontiersmen.

EXT. MECKLENBERG CORRECTIONAL CENTER - FRONT GATES - DAY

Two GUARDS wait at the front gates - with a MAN, in a CHEAP SUIT, holding a duffel bag...

This is LOCKED-DOWN. He is 39, and though he might seem like the life of the party, behind those eyes is a man who's done too many stretches on the inside...

They hear the RUMBLE and see the dust from here. As The Lunar Cycles approach, Locked-Down begins to loosen his tie, unbutton his shirt. MUSIC DOWN FOR:

LOCKED-DOWN

My ride --

The L.C.'s come to a stop. A giant, throbbing mass of heavy metal. Locked-Down is now shirtless. He howls.

High-fives all around. Somebody tosses him his LEATHER JACKET, with the patch on the back. He hugs Coop.

LOCKED-DOWN (CONT'D)

Hey, bro. Thanks for the kites,  
everybody. This down peckerwood  
is a free man! Arroooooooooo!

He looks around, in mock-panic...

LOCKED-DOWN (CONT'D)

Where is she? Where's my girl?

INKSLINGER

Over here, peckerwood --

And there she is. WHITE FANG. Locked-Down's bike. And she's a beauty. With a custom AIRBRUSH of a beautiful WHITE WOLF on the teardrop gas tank...

Locked-Down climbs on her, twists the throttle, and she  
REVS high and hard...

LOCKED-DOWN  
Shine sweet freedom. Where to,  
brother?

COOP  
Found us a ville where we can have  
a little stand-down. Cool off.  
Your sister is meeting us there...

LOCKED-DOWN  
Dakota's back on the scramble?  
That's my girl...

Locked-Down rides over to where the two guards stand,  
gazing agog at the bikers and their ladies...

LOCKED-DOWN (CONT'D)  
Whadda ya say, dickheads? How  
about one last cavity search? For  
old times sake?

He kicks off. As the Humble Pie FADES BACK UP, the rest  
follow, the wind in their wake flutters Locked-Down's  
shirt and tie at the Guards' feet. They can only stare.

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

Dusk. The Lunar Cycles ride on. When --

A BLUE CHEVY PICK-UP TRUCK

pulls alongside them. Two knotty old REDNECKS in the  
cab. A big RIFLE resting in the rack behind them. The  
REDNECK PASSENGER leans out toward the bikers:

REDNECK PASSENGER  
You boys sure are noisy -- !

He pats the rifle, ominous-like...

The bikers look to Coop. But Coop shakes his head. No  
trouble. So they knock it into 4th and leave the  
Rednecks way behind...

INT. PICK - UP

The Rednecks cough and sputter at the kicked-up dust...

REDNECK PASSENGER (CONT'D)  
Fuckin' punks --

EXT. INTERSTATE - DUSK

As the Humble Pie fades off, and our CREDITS COME TO A  
CLOSE, Coop points up ahead. Lila sees it and nods...

And the entire pack race by --

-- the road sign that reads: ENTERING TALBOT, WEST VIRGINIA...

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRE ROAD - NIGHT

Black. Headlights cut through the pitch. It is a POLICE CAR. The Talbot Sheriff's Department, to be exact.

EXT. ABANDONED MINING ADIT - NIGHT

Rusted steel - it once provided access to the mountain's mineral-bearing strata, but hasn't been used in years.

Parked in front of it, is a tricked-out Harley-Davidson. With a white wolf for its tank art.

A POLICE CAR pulls to a stop before the bike. And SHERIFF GEORGE WAGGNER, 53, steps out from it...

A GROWL from behind Waggnner. And his BLACK LAB, NASH, leaps from the car, running toward the adit, barking...

WAGGNER

Easy, Nash --

Waggnner directs the police spotlight at the bike, at the adit. Nothing.

Nash disappears into the adit. A growl and a yelp and the dog comes RACING BACK OUT, tail between its legs --

WAGGNER (CONT'D)

What is it, Nash? C'mere, boy --

Nash pads warily over to Waggnner, who strokes the terrified dog...

Waggnner takes his gun, and a heavy flashlight, and walks to the adit. In a mountain crag, an OWL HOOTS, startling us, as they often do in these instances...

AT THE ADIT

Waggnner bends back a decrepit piece of sheet metal, training his beam inside. Empty. He enters...

INT. ADIT

Wet sounds from further down. Eating sounds. Waggnner cocks his gun... Walks further... Coming upon

A DEER CARCASS

badly eviscerated, the tunnel walls spattered with blood and adipose tissue ...

## WAGNER (CONT'D)

Jesus Chri--

Hold that blaspheme. Before Waggner can finish, a horrific SNARL from behind him ...

He whirls...

And a hairy PAW rips out his throat.

SPLAT! George Waggner gore mingles moistly with the dead buck's guts on the adit wall...

As the shadowy figure bends over his fresh kill, for a late-night banquet, Nash barks furiously from the mouth of the adit...

And, in incongruous PRE-LAP, comes the SWEET STYLINGS OF A CHURCH ORGAN, playing the WEDDING MARCH, as we --

CUT TO:

INT. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE OFFICE - MANHATTAN - NIGHT

A scratchy phonograph plays THE WEDDING MARCH. A small civil ceremony in progress. 7 or 8 GUESTS. The JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. And THE GROOM...

The Groom is in his early 40s, tall and rangy. His hair is thinning, his complexion wan. A 20-year diet of unfiltered Luckys and undiluted coffee will do that.

His name is NOAH PACKARD.

At the back of the hall, the doors open. The BRIDE, KAREN, is a pretty woman, not the kind we'd expect to marry Packard...

Karen's FATHER seems to share our sentiment as he ushers her down the aisle. The J.P. begins his ministrations.

We should also notice a young black girl, GINNY, 22, sitting back a few rows. She carries a book bag and wears a Columbia pullover beneath her blazer. She smiles at a pair of ghoulish OLD LADIES sitting nearby.

Karen's Father delivers her to Packard's side. Bride and Groom smile at each other. The J.P. begins the vows --

Beeeeep!!! A PAGER squeals. The J.P. ignores it, but it squeals again. And again. Strident.

PACKARD

Oh, shit - I'm sorry --

The J.P. raises his eyebrows. Karen's Father fumes. Ginny buries her head...

It is Packard's pager. He takes it out, shuts it off. Although he cannot help looking at the message. He pales.

PACKARD (CONT'D)

Oh, shit. Karen, I... I've got to go... I... Shit...

KAREN

Noah, what is it -- ?

PACKARD

It's just... Uh... Work.  
(to the J.P.)  
Listen, we can do this another time, can't we, Your Excellency?

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Well, certainly, but--

KAREN'S FATHER

Bullshit. See here, Packard --

Karen begins to cry. Her Father lunges for Packard, knocking over the podium, scattering pages and a hidden bottle of gin...

Packard unclips his bow tie and heads down the center aisle. He walks with a slight LIMP.

PACKARD

Let's go, Ginny. There's been another one --

Ginny takes a last look at the chaos that the ceremony as become... And follows Packard out of the hall.

We REMAIN with the two ghoulish elderly women. One leans over to the other:

ELDERLY WOMAN

I've always said it, Molly: never fall for a werewolf-hunter. They're soooo unstable --

Molly nods like she's been there, and we

CUT TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN CO-OP - NIGHT

A FULL MOON shines cold in the night above the New York skyline...

A REPORTER and her CREW do a live remote in front of this majestic pre-war building...

REPORTER

New York City Police have discovered another alleged victim of the so-called Midtown Mangler, the mad killer responsible for the murders of 7 Midtown residents in the last 6 months --

INT. MANHATTAN CO-OP - NIGHT

Packard follows the beleaguered DETECTIVE MONTFORD through the busy corridors... Still, we HEAR:

REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The victim's identity has not been disclosed, pending notification of next-of-kin, but sources close to the Department reveal it to be a male Caucasian, early 30s, and the first victim of The Mangler to be murdered in his own apartment --

PACKARD

Dammit, Detective, let me at least see the body...

Montford stops, looks at Packard.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

You're a pickled tomato. A kook. Kooks like to be around other kooks. You got a hard-on for this bastard, nothing I can do about that. But I can make sure you don't start a freakin' fan club to him. Know that, Mr. Packard.

PACKARD

Doctor Packard --

Detective Montford scowls...

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

Excuse me. I didn't know they had a doctoral program at Bela Lugosi University --

And with that, he enters the apartment, a UNIFORM COP barring Packard's entry. Packard walks back to Ginny.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Since the murders began, some four months ago, seven people have died, all of them having the soft part of their throats torn out...

Packard seems to hear the Reporter's voice. He grins...

EXT. CO-OP STEPS - NIGHT

Packard is being interviewed by the Reporter. On-camera.

PACKARD  
... he exhibits all of the  
characteristics of the classic  
lycanthrope: the chronic altered  
state of consciousness; the  
voracious appetite for raw flesh;  
and the periodicity of his  
psychosis occurring only during  
the full moon...

At the entrance to the Co-Op, Packard can see Detective  
Montford speaking to a few UNIFORMS and watching him.

REPORTER  
So what you're saying is The  
Midtown Mangler is a werewolf -- ?

Montford waves Packard over. Packard smiles, victorious.

PACKARD  
If you'll excuse me --

He hands her a business card and follows Montford inside.

REPORTER (O.S.)  
We have been speaking to Dr. Noah  
Packard of the...  
(reads business card)  
Packard Institute of Lycanthropic  
Studies And Investigation.  
Certainly, his presence here can  
only make one wonder what...

But we don't hear her finish for we have gone into --

INT. CO-OP - VICTIM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

High-tech apartment. Spartan yuppie decor. Everything  
either black or white. Now swarming with FORENSIC MEN  
and PHOTOGRAPHERS...

On the floor, covered in a blanket, is a YOUNG MAN, early  
30s. He has been brutally mauled. A computer whirrs on  
a desk, displaying a spread sheet...

Packard, Detective Montford, and a psychologist, DR.  
DANFORTH, watch the forensic men dust for latents...

DETECTIVE MONTFORD  
Dr. Danforth is the criminal  
psychologist assigned to the case.  
Doctor?

Packard stares at a framed Jean-Michel Basquiat litho,  
spattered with blood...

DR. DANFORTH  
 Certainly, your killer exhibits  
 signs of chronic brain syndrome of  
 undetermined etiology. But the--

Packard is looking at a framed PHOTO of the VICTIM, with  
 a pretty YOUNG GIRL, mid-20s...

PACKARD  
 Oh, bullshit. The guy who did  
 this howls at the moon --

DR. DANFORTH  
 Detective, is all this talk of  
 werewolves really necessary?

PACKARD  
 Necessary? Look at this guy:  
 he's been savaged like he was five  
 pounds of raw chuck. Look at him!

But they don't look at him. They look at Packard...

INT. CO-OP - CORRIDOR

Montford escorts Packard out.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD  
 We had a gal the other night, said  
 she was raped by a giant  
 extraterrestrial carrot. And now  
 she says she can feel - growing  
 inside of her - a sprig of parsley  
 that she will raise as her own.  
 So you see, Packard: you are a  
 kook. But you're only one of many.

But Packard isn't listening. For, over in one corner of  
 the bustling corridor, he sees

AN OLD WOMAN

Remember the old Gypsy crone, from the Lon Chaney Jr.  
 Wolfman movies, played by Maria Ouspenskaya? This is  
 her. Her name then, and now, is MALEVA...

And Noah Packard is the only one who can see her.

MALEVA  
 Why do you do this? It's crazy.  
 So badly, it is you want  
 werewolves to exist, that you're  
 imposing your will on these  
 policemen. Have some self-  
 respect, Noah. Goodness.

PACKARD  
 It's a werewolf --

MALEVA

Perhaps. But not the werewolf  
you've been searching for. Not at  
all. And that poor, darling  
Karen. Left at the altar. Tsk,  
tsk...

There is a SCREAM from nearby as a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN,  
perhaps the girlfriend, has arrived.

When Packard looks back, Maleva is gone.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD

Let's go, Packard. You're out of  
here --

He hustles Packard out the front door. Ginny follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. DELICATESSEN - EAST SIDE - NIGHT

A "MANAGER WANTED" sign is posted in the window.

INT. DELI - NIGHT

Packard sits at the counter, eating a corned beef  
sandwich, drinking coffee. The COUNTERMAN refills his  
cup. A TV on a shelf rebroadcasts Packard's interview.

COUNTERMAN

You made the big time, Noah. Now  
everyone in the five boroughs  
knows what a snapjob you are --

PACKARD

I should have also mentioned that,  
after 30 years in the deli  
business, you're still incapable  
of serving a lean corned beef  
sandwich...

COUNTERMAN

Tell you what: quit the werewolf  
stuff and come work for me. You  
eat every meal here anyway. We  
need a manager...

PACKARD

What you need is lean corned beef.

CLOSE ON - the TV. Packard prattling on about werewolves.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PACKARD INSTITUTE - DAY

THE PACKARD INSTITUTE OF LYCANTHROPIC STUDIES AND  
INVESTIGATION is stencilled on the frosted glass of the  
front door...

As we enter, we expect a slick private think tank decorated in polished steel and lit with halogen. But this office doubles as Packard's apartment...

Dresden was tidier after the fire bombs. And it's a virtual paeon to lycanthropic lore...

The werewolf motif is everywhere. As are random computer parts - keyboards, monitors, circuit boards. And, for some reason that will never be explained to us, a lot of old hockey equipment is scattered everywhere...

A news-service WIRE clatters on a nearby shelf.

Packard is at his desk, in his bathrobe, drinking coffee, smoking a Lucky Strike, reading an oversized textbook...

There is a knock at the door. It is Ginny. She immediately begins cleaning up. She appears nervous. After a beat:

GINNY

Heard from Karen -- ?

PACKARD

No. I called. Dad hung up on me. I could hear her sobbing in the background. Twelve hours later, she's still sobbing in the background...

GINNY

What are you going to do?

PACKARD

I don't know. They refuse to take stock in anything about a lycanthropic matrix. I'll find another tact...

GINNY

I meant about Karen...

PACKARD

Look at this: Reuters has a piece about a madman in Belgrade who's snatching children and eating them. Maybe we could get funding and--

GINNY

Columbia rescinded my internship.

Nothing from Packard... He busies himself looking for a book on the crowded shelves...

GINNY (CONT'D)

After the newscast last night. They said what you're doing doesn't fall under any discipline.

(MORE)

GINNY (CONT'D)  
 Not medicine. Not psychology.  
 Not sociology. Nothing. I - I  
 guess they don't think hunting  
 werewolves is worth 4 units.

Packard nods. Chain-lights a fresh smoke off the old butt...

GINNY (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry. I really enjoyed it...

She's near tears. She's grown fond of the weird coot.

PACKARD  
 Don't be. I'll hire my second  
 choice. He was a hunchback, but I  
 think he'll work out. Be easy for  
 him to pick things up around here.

Ginny nods. Packard goes back to looking for the book.

GINNY  
 Well. I guess. I'll see you --

Packard doesn't look up, merely waves.

And then she's gone.

And he's sorry for it.

INT. PACKARD'S APARTMENT - SHOWER - DAY

Packard showers, a cigarette burning in an ashtray on the toilet basin. He opens the curtain, leans out of the shower, takes a drag. He is startled. It's Maleva.

PACKARD  
 Jesus! Can't a guy get any  
 privacy?

MALEVA  
 Not from figments of their  
 imagination. She was a nice girl.

PACKARD  
 Yes, she was.

MALEVA  
 You've lost two women in two days.  
 It's a shame...

PACKARD  
 Occupational hazard. But I  
 suppose I'll always have you,  
 Maleva --

MALEVA  
 Let us hope not, Noah. Let us bow  
 our heads and hope not --

She offers him a wizened old smile and he pulls the shower curtain shut.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Montford and Dr. Danforth enter. The CORONER sits behind his desk...

DETECTIVE MONTFORD  
Afternoon, Hutch. Autopsy turn up  
anything -- ?

The Coroner looks troubled.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD (CONT'D)  
Hutch -- ?

CORONER  
It's funny. We found it in the  
body, in the throat lacerations.

Montford takes it from him. It's a BAGGY. And inside it  
is a small thatch of matted FUR.

DETECTIVE MONTFORD  
Animal fur?

CORONER  
We just got the organics back from  
the lab. It's animal fur all  
right...

DETECTIVE MONTFORD  
What kind of animal -- ?

CORONER  
The genus is Canis Lupus --

DETECTIVE MONTFORD  
Give me a break, here, Hutch -- ?

CORONER  
A wolf, Pete. That's wolf fur.

Montford stares at the Coroner. Looks at Dr. Danforth.  
They do a kind of communal shudder. Montford picks up  
the telephone, punches a number...

DETECTIVE MONTFORD  
Kristen, get me - aw, shit - get  
me Noah Packard...

And now we will leave New York City. And we will leave  
Noah Packard. For some time, actually.

But he'll be back.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY BUS STOP - TALBOT, WEST VIRGINIA - DAY

A quiet stretch of Interstate. A majestic rise of mountains presides over the surrounding lowlands...

A Greyhound BUS pulls to a stop. The door opens and ONE PASSENGER debarks.

This is TEDDY WAGGNER, 26. He carries a duffel bag and a long cardboard tube...

The bus lets go with a pneumatic fart and roars on down the highway and out of sight. Teddy walks towards town.

EXT. HIGHWAY - OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - DAY

Teddy trudges on. A POLICE SQUAD CAR pulls up alongside him. Honking. Teddy climbs in on the passenger side.

INT. SQUAD CAR - MOVING - DAY

DEPUTY WALTER BASKIN is at the wheel. Baskin is chubby, mid-50s, ineffectual at everything from law enforcement to facial hair: his prized muttonchops have the lushness of eyebrows...

BASKIN

Why didn't you tell me you was coming in today, Teddy? I'd a met you at the stop --

TEDDY

I walked to the stop when I left, Walt. Thought I'd walk to town now that I'm back...

BASKIN

You figuring on staying long?

TEDDY

Just till I settle pop's things.

Baskin nods, sadly...

BASKIN

You look good, Teddy. Big city living agrees with you --

Teddy smiles. And Baskin steers the squad car into town, past a thickly settled FOREST and all those mountains...

EXT. DOWNTOWN, TALBOT - DAY

The squad car cruises along the main drag. Talbot is one of those towns you drive through on long trips, and wonder who the hell lives there...

A Texaco station stands at each end of the strip. Book-ending a movie house, a post office, a diner, an antique shop; and, it would seem, enough churches for each and every citizen to have his own private place of worship...

Teddy watches the town roll by, a slightly bemused look on his face. He can't believe he's back.

BASKIN (CONT'D)  
Doc Warren figures it was a wolf  
that got your dad. A coyote  
maybe...

Yes, Baskin does pronounce it "kye-yoat"...

When the SOUND of rolling thunder approaches them from Main Street. Teddy and Baskin look --

-- to where The Lunar Cycles M/C comes gliding through the center of town. SHOPKEEPERS come out of their stores.

Coop, in the lead, seems to fasten on the squad car, on Baskin and Teddy. He flashes them the "peace" sign...

And then the L.C.'s are gone, disappearing up Main Street and out of sight. Like some four-stroke mirage...

BASKIN (CONT'D)  
Motorcycle gang. Arrived here a  
week ago or so. Made camp out at  
Harpers Flats. Ain't caused no  
trouble. I'm expecting they move  
on soon. If not, we'll just wait  
for the new Sheriff to get here to  
contend with 'em...

TEDDY  
You're a brave man, Walt.

BASKIN  
I never denied it.

EXT. WAGGNER HOUSE - DAY

A small, ranch-style affair, badly in need of a paint job.

Teddy steps out of the cruiser and Nash, the black lab, comes bounding down from the front porch...

BASKIN (CONT'D)  
Somebody's happy to see you,  
Teddy!

TEDDY  
Bet he's the only one. Hey, Nash.  
Hey, there, boy!

Teddy wrestles with the yipping dog.

## BASKIN

I'll let you get settled in. I'll  
be at the station, you need me --

Baskin drives off. And Teddy stares at the silent house;  
an old friend he was on bad terms with when he left...

## INT. WAGGNER HOME - NIGHT

Teddy walks through the clean, colorless house, Nash  
leading the way. Everything is just as he remembered.

A framed PHOTO on a corner table, catches his eye. He  
picks it up...

ANGLE: THE PHOTO. A young Teddy between his parents:  
the late George Waggnor (the Sheriff killed in the adit)  
and Teddy's MOTHER: a beautiful woman, in her late 30s.

## INT. TEDDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Just as he left it. A boy's room. Posters of Trent  
Reznor, Kurt Cobain. Art Monk, Washington Redskin wide  
receiver extraordinaire...

And, PHOTOS of some of the famed architect, Frank Lloyd  
Wright's remarkable design achievements: The Robin House  
of Chicago; L.A.'s Hollyhock House; The Marin County  
Government Center...

On one wall are various architectural DRAWINGS,  
rudimentary, but clearly showing some early talent.

Teddy appears to be a burgeoning architect. Perhaps we  
should throw in the paperback copy of "THE FOUNTAINHEAD"  
on his desk, to really hammer it home...

## INT. GEORGE WAGGNER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bleak. Drapes haven't been opened in years. If the rest  
of the house is so clean it seems hermetic, this room is  
a veritable bomb site...

Dirty clothes, food-caked dishes, and a score of drained  
vodka bottles. Sheriff Waggnor was no happy camper the  
last few months (years?) of his life...

Teddy begins cleaning up.

## INT. WAGGNER KITCHEN - LATER - NIGHT

Nash eats from his bowl. Teddy sits at the kitchen table  
with a design book and a bowl of Spaghetti-Os...

Be it ever so humble ...

CUT TO:

## EXT. THE BLUFF - NIGHT

A line of black fir trees on a hill brow. A popular make-out spot for the local high-schoolers. A line of parked CARS do the requisite lurching and rocking of amped hormones. We settle on

## A CUTLASS 442

inside which sophomore lothario, RICKEY, is trying to get over on freshman find, DARIAN...

After a few more failed attempts at underwire ascension, Rickey leans back in his seat, frustrated.

RICKEY

Jesus, Darian. The convent's down the street. If you leave now you can be back in time for Letterman -

DARIAN

Don't say that to me...

RICKEY

I just want to get close --

DARIAN

Bullshit, Rickey. I just... Don't feel like it right now. Not here.

RICKEY

"Not here?" Where then? I'm sorry, Darian, but I'm 16-years old.. My bachelor pad is occupied right now. By my parents. Who are playing bridge. With your parents...

DARIAN

Just forget it...

RICKEY

It's forgotten. Believe me.

Rickey sulks. Darian stares at him. What a turd he turned out to be ...

And then, to Rickey's surprise, Darian dashes out of the car, slamming the door behind her and running off away from the bluff. Rickey gets out, to follow her --

RICKEY (CONT'D)

DARIAN -- /

But he quickly feels the eyes of the other cars upon him. And he's got a rep to think of...

RICKEY (CONT'D)  
 THAT'S IT, TAKE OFF, THEN! IF  
 TWICE IS TOO MUCH FOR YOU, WHAT  
 CAN I DO -- ?

He shrugs to the other cars. And climbs back into his Cutlass, tearing off...

KID (O.S.)  
 Attaboy, Rickey -- !

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Darian walks through the woods, along the dirt path, still upset...

From deeper in the woods, a HEADLIGHT BEACON stabs the darkness. A RUMBLING. A MOTORCYCLE RUMBLING.

Darian closes her coat around her throat and walks on.

THE MOTORCYCLE

idles in the thicket. Its RIDER climbs off. Black engineer boots crunch the dirt...

DARIAN

walks on, now passing the riderless cycle, its headlight glowing like a space-age cyclops. She walks faster.

EXT. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WOODS - NIGHT

The Cutlass pulls up and parks. It's Rickey, figuring he'll cut her off at the pass...

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Darian walks faster... Shadows behind her... Something lurking... Labored breathing... Animal breathing...

Something coming at her... Fast... Furious... Leaping onto her ...

Knocking her to the ground... Knocking most of the SCREAM out of her ...

RICKEY

hears the cry, from within the woods...

RICKEY  
 Darian -- !

THE BEAST

tears hungrily at its prey. We can't see much, in the darkness of the thicket, but what we can hear tells the story...

# RICKEY

runs up the dirt path, at last coming to a puddle of sticky blood. He follows its trail, into the brush, to the wooded charnel, where he finds --

# DARIAN'S BODY

Somebody fetch the dental records.

Rickey sets to retching.

And the ROAR of a motorcycle's V-twins rips the silence.

Heading straight for Rickey, its terrible rider bearing down upon him...

Off of Rickey's SCREAMS we'll --

CUT TO:

# EXT. DOWNTOWN, TALBOT - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Teddy walks along, Nash snapping at his heels. The shops are still open. People walk along, happy. Norman Rockwell would find this town a snapze...

Walter Baskin joins Teddy on the sidewalk...

BASKIN

Good to be back?

TEDDY

Oh. You know --

BASKIN

I saw Gwen Croft. Mentioned to her you were in town --

TEDDY

Really?

BASKIN

Yup. And, why, gosh, look where we are: Croft's Antiques. I do believe she's working tonight. Imagine that --

TEDDY

You're a swine, Walter --

BASKIN

I never denied it --

# INT. CROFT'S ANTIQUES - NIGHT

Teddy is shoved into the shop, protesting, the door slamming behind him. His attempts at cool are futile.

GWEN CROFT

is 25. And ethereal. Airy, light, heavenly. That's Gwen Croft. While her resolve is very tangible - she's a strong girl - her beauty is somehow transcendent...

She stares at Teddy for a moment. She's the gal who was left behind. And he's the jim that did the leaving...

TEDDY

I - Walter - he - the... Hi, Gwen.

He knocks into a chest of silver goblets, rattling them. Recovers. Gwen goes back to dusting the merchandise...

GWEN

Sorry about your father...

TEDDY

Thanks.

Gwen goes about her work. Teddy stands there. A bump on a log has more poise.

He looks about the shop. It is a beautifully appointed store: 19th century American dressers filled with ceramics and metalwork and Queen Anne Style chairs...

But also stoneware tankards and tureens; Georgian, English and American silver porringers, candelabrum, jewel boxes; paperweights and compotes of Irish glass.

Gwen doesn't look up from her work, as she talks to him.

GWEN

How's D.C.?

TEDDY

Okay. Good. Not bad.

GWEN

You an architect yet?

TEDDY

Working on it. Doing more answering phones than anything else...

GWEN

You'll make it. You've been gone how long?

TEDDY

Six years.

GWEN

Six years. Right. I think it was two days before my 19th birthday, you left. Yes. I'm sure of it.

Teddy is playing with an old porcelain frog. He accidentally snaps its head off. He tries to hide it. When the front door bell jangles and a gruff 60-year-old man - MR. CROFT, Gwen's father - enters. He takes off his hat and eyes Teddy, like a gynecologist would a particularly nasty yeast infection...

GWEN (CONT'D) You remember Teddy Wagner, Daddy -

Croft grunts in acknowledgement, staring at Teddy.

TEDDY Nice to see you again, Mr. Croft.

Croft nods and heads to the rear of the store, to his office...

GWEN Staying long?

TEDDY No. Just till I settle pop's things. The house...

Gwen nods. Teddy nods. One of those ugly pauses, where both parties are racking their brains for something to say...

But, mercifully, the front door opens... SIRENS wail... And Baskin is there... Yammering incoherently:

BASKIN  
Out to the woods, Teddy.  
Terrible. Terrible. Terrible.  
Gimme a hand... ?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - NIGHT

Crime scene chaos. Baskin's squad car bubbles spin blue and red lights about the woods... Yellow perimeter tape is strung from tree trunk to tree trunk...

The elderly DOC WARREN examines the body...

Baskin questions the hysterical Rickey...

Teddy and Gwen are here, among the people milling about the cops, watching --

A CAR pulls up. Darian's PARENTS and LITTLE BROTHER. The Mother sags to the ground. Darian's Father rushes Rickey - but is restrained by --

JACK PIERCE

A big man in his late 50s, built solidly. Town Alderman.  
A pillar in the community...

JACK PIERCE

Be strong, Martin. Be strong for  
your family. Be strong for  
yourself...

Darian's Father looks at Jack Pierce, a little odd. Be  
strong? That's my daughter's face over there disguised  
as chopped sirloin! You be strong...

Baskin comes over to where Teddy stands. He looks most  
distressed. Takes Teddy aside...

BASKIN

I'm a little out of my comfort  
zone, here, Teddy. You wanna give  
me a hand? Take the kid back to  
the office. I'm gonna hold him.  
They had a fight. The kid and...  
The girl. I mean, it looks like  
an animal attack, but... I'm a  
little out of my comfort zone,  
here, Teddy. Give me a hand?

Teddy nods. Sure.

Teddy walks over to the cruiser. Gwen watches him go.

Jack Pierce takes notice. Says to a few of the others:

JACK PIERCE

Isn't that George Waggner's boy?  
He back in town? I'll be a  
sonuvabitch -

INT. SQUAD CAR - NIGHT - MOVING

Teddy drives. Rickey in the backseat. In a state of  
near-shock. Babbling...

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The telephone is ringing off the hook. Every line lit...

Rickey is in the jail cell, still raving...

Teddy pours himself a cup of coffee. Sits down at the  
desk. Stares at the ringing telephone.

A SCREAM. From the jail cell. Teddy runs over.

Rickey is in one corner of the cell, spewing drool and  
gibberish.

He mimes throttle motions, like on a motorcycle...

RICKEY

Vroom! Vroom!

And he passes out cold on the cement floor of the cell, hands still twitching, still revving some phantom bike.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

An AMBULANCE waits outside. PARAMEDICS wheel Rickey out on a gurney. His eyes glazed. He's gone catatonic.

Teddy sees the ambulance off...

CUT TO:

EXT. HARPERS FLATS - DAY

The next morning. A great barren tract of land. Before it was forbidden, a lot of strip-mining went down here.

THE LUNAR CYCLES L.Z. banner hangs proudly. A scattering of TENTS. A sign on one tent reads: "RUG RAT RETREAT" and is a play area for the CHILDREN.

Nearby is the mobile home. And all those bikes. One tent says: "COOP'S HOOTCH."

LOCKED-DOWN

snores on top of his sleeping bag. Still dressed. A boot kicks at him. Locked-Down stirs. Wakes.

LOCKED-DOWN

What the fuck?

It is Coop, standing over him, holding a tin cup of coffee...

COOP

Let's go for a walk, bro --

LOCKED-DOWN

What time is it -- ?

COOP

Come on --

Locked-Down curses, gets up, teeters. He looks like he has one serious hangover. He's got flecks of something in his whiskers: gristle.

He follows Coop to the edge of the tract, looking out to the range of mountains and the town down below...

The sun is just coming up, taking all of the purple out of the morning...

LOCKED-DOWN

What's up, man?

COOP

Let's fact-off...

LOCKED-DOWN  
You wanna take a putt?

COOP  
No.

Coop sips his coffee... Gazes down at the town...

COOP (CONT'D)  
Seems like a nice ville down  
there. I like this place. Smells  
good. Biker-friendly state. I'm  
tired of running. Wipe your face -

LOCKED-DOWN  
Huh? Oh.

Locked-Down wipes the gristle from his stubble. Coop eye-fucks him like you read about...

COOP  
Where were you last night?  
Locked-Down shrugs... Looks away from Coop's gaze...  
Kicks at an empty Bud can...

LOCKED-DOWN  
Took a putt on the scoot. Riding  
around. Fast, I gotta admit. One  
thing I forgot about my baby:  
when her cam starts hitting its  
torque curve, lock up your women  
and children, fellas, cause the--

He stops himself. Bad choice of metaphor. About locking  
up the women and children. Coop spills out his coffee.

LOCKED-DOWN (CONT'D)  
In the joint I used to dream about  
motorcycles. Every night. Every  
day. Motorcycles...

COOP  
Of course you did. Motorcycles  
mean freedom. But back 'in  
Tobaccoville, Inkslinger put a  
tatt on some hardbelly. It said:  
"Shit doesn't just happen - it's  
created by assholes."

Locked-Down laughs, albeit nervously. Coop smiles at  
him. Then suddenly LASHES OUT with a vicious KICK to  
Locked-Down's stomach, doubling him over...

Coop pops him in the face once, twice, a third time.  
Locked-Down crumples to the ground...

Others peek their heads out of their tents. Lila, Mighty  
Joe, Inkslinger, etc.

COOP (CONT'D)

Don't be an asshole, Locked-Down.  
And don't fucking lie to me. I'll  
bet my balls, I kick you one more  
time you'd puke up boo-koo  
cheerleader guts. Don't make me  
out to be a fuckin' dickhead. You  
want to ride with us again...  
Don't do that...

Coop kicks him in the ass and walks off, leaving Locked-Down to moan in the dirt.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS - DAY

Teddy is nosing about the copse where the girl was killed.

He finds what he was looking for: TIRE TRACKS in the dirt. Single tire tracks. Motorcycle tracks.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Baskin is hanging up the phone, when Teddy enters.

BASKIN

That was Doc Warren. About Darian  
Small. Looks like we got  
ourselves a wolf problem here.  
Could be the same one that got  
your Pa. Damn, I hope they find a  
new Sheriff, soon...

TEDDY

A wolf...

And, off of their bemused looks, we PRE-LAP Sweet's "FOX  
ON THE RUN" and --

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

A MOTORCYCLE speeds down Main Street. We don't see its  
rider, but can certainly admire the ride: a big, red  
Glide with fishtails, studded leather bags, wide  
whitewall tires...

PEOPLE on the street stare as the cycle rides by. At  
last stopping at --

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

where rider and bike part ways. Long, black boots take  
the few steps up to the Sheriff's Office...

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Teddy is going through some of his father's personal effects. Baskin is on the phone. When he sees the visitor, Baskin's jaw does some serious droppage.

At last, Teddy looks up, to see

DAKOTA

is her name. She's mid 20s. A child of the wild blue yonder. A firm believer that it's not love if it holds too tight...

Faded denim cut-offs, knee-high black boots, white tank-top, long blonde hair. A body so perfect, you know God made this one when Mrs. God wasn't looking...

The tattoo on her shoulder says "I Ain't Your Fuckin' Baby." Her EARRINGS are mini-SWITCHBLADES.

And Teddy's cut.

DAKOTA

I'm looking for the Sheriff --

TEDDY

The Sheriff's dead --

DAKOTA

Who's in charge?

Teddy points to Baskin, who's pointing at him...

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

You guys some kind of comedy team?

TEDDY

No. Uh. Ted Waggnar. This is Walter Baskin. Hi.

DAKOTA

Hi. I'm Dakota.

TEDDY

Dakota? North or South?

DAKOTA

Funny. I haven't heard that one before...

TEDDY

Right. Can I help you?

DAKOTA

I'm supposed to be meeting my brother and his friends here. Talbot, right?

TEDDY

Uh-huh. You could check the motel...

DAKOTA

They don't do motels. They're a motorcycle club --

Teddy hasn't heard her. He's still in the staring phase. Baskin? Forget about him. Long gone. A baskin case. She really is something. But she's used to it.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

A motorcycle club? Lot of hairy guys on Harleys?

TEDDY

Oh. Sure. Yeah. Walt?

BASKIN

I know, Ted. I know.

TEDDY

Walt? Where is that gang?

DAKOTA

Club.

TEDDY

Club. That motorcycle club?

BASKIN

Harpers Flats.

TEDDY

(to Dakota)

Harpers Flats.

DAKOTA

And where is that?

TEDDY

That's... I could take you there... It just so happens, I wanted to ask them a few questions...

Now Baskin looks at Teddy. What kind of line is that?

DAKOTA

So you are the Sheriff -- ?

TEDDY

Well. Interim Sheriff, you might say. Interim Sheriff.

And this is further news to Baskin. "Interim Sheriff"? Since when... ?

## EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Dakota's Glide shimmers in the noonday sun. She climbs on. Teddy gets into the squad car...

DAKOTA

You got some excellent roller coaster backroads out here. Once you get the fuck off the Interstate...

TEDDY

Thank-you --

Yes, that was a stupid response. Dakota laughs.

DAKOTA

I could give you a ride --

TEDDY

No. Thanks. It might not look...

DAKOTA

Right. Interim Sheriff and all --

TEDDY

Correct. Follow me.

And he takes off down Main Street, Dakota riding after him. Baskin comes out of the office, wiping the perspiration off his forehead, watching them go.

## EXT. HARPERS FLATS - LUNAR CYCLE CAMP - DAY

The Lunar Cycles kick-back. A greasy dude, VULTURE - the club wrench - has set-up shop on one corner of the tract: sockets, points, a caliper, strewn out around him, as he changes the plugs on a panhead --

A few of the others play volleyball --

Coop is by his tent, sipping Jack Daniel's. Lila, Mighty Joe, Lobo, by his side. Lila consults a datebook.

LILA

You want to do that toy run the first of the month -- ?

COOP

What's it for?

LOBO

Muscular dystrophy --

COOP

Yeah. Okay --

Harley HUBBUB from down the road apiece. And Dakota comes ripping onto the flats, spinning out with great skill. The girl can ride.

Everyone is happy to see her. Coop leans over to Lobo:

COOP (CONT'D)

Scooter tramp --

He gets up himself, going over to Dakota, now surrounded by the others, lots of shouts of: "Dakota!" "You stone fox!" "Long time, no see, sister!" "You chopped your ride!" etc.

Dakota sees Coop. They embrace...

COOP (CONT'D)

How you been, darling -- ?

DAKOTA

Fucking great.

COOP

Where?

DAKOTA

Manhattan. Rockin' around in N.Y.C. Hooked up with this very successful bond trader, thank-you very much. But he turned out to be a real shit. Too much coke and too many head games. I bailed. Where's my brother?

LILA

Do much ranging?

DAKOTA

I ranged. What's a girl to do, alone in a big city? Where the hell's Tim?

No one has noticed, but Teddy has pulled up in the squad car and stepped out. He watches the welcoming...

Mighty Joe is the first to see Teddy. He stares. One by one, the others take heed. Until finally, they are all staring...

VULTURE

What the fuck do you want?

And Dakota sees Teddy...

DAKOTA

Oh, shit. That's Teddy. He's the Interim Sheriff. Filling in for the dead Sheriff. You guys sure know how to pick a town... !

Coop walks over to Teddy...

COOP

Can I help you?

TEDDY

Yeah, I wanted to ask a few questions. Just routine.

COOP

What did she say? You're the "interim" Sheriff --

TEDDY

Not really. The dead Sheriff was my father --

COOP

I'm sorry to hear that. What kind of questions?

TEDDY

A girl was killed last night. Attacked by a wolf. And a witness seemed to think a motorcycle was--

Teddy stops short. Stares. Locked-Down has emerged from his tent, his face badly bruised from Coop's beating...

Dakota runs to Locked-Down. They embrace. Hard. She kisses his damaged face...

DAKOTA

What the fuck happened to you?

LOCKED-DOWN

Nothin, 'Kota. Nothin'. Don't go making a big deal about it --

DAKOTA

Bullshit. Coop? What the fuck happened to my brother?

COOP

He took a spill.  
(to Teddy)  
He took a spill. A wolf, you say?  
And you got a witness?

TEDDY

He's in shock. But I think there was a bike in the vicinity. I was hoping maybe you could ask the gang-- er, the club, if they saw anything...

COOP

Sure. I can do that for you.

Coop whistles, getting everyone's attention --

COOP (CONT'D)

Listen up! Interim Sheriff Teddy, here, says a girl was killed last night by a wolf.

(MORE)

COOP (CONT'D)

And a motorcycle was reported nearby. Anybody see a wolf kill a girl last night?

Lots of shaking heads and "naws" from those assembled. Although Teddy sees Dakota's face gray noticeably and she stares at Locked-Down, who averts his eyes...

COOP (CONT'D)

How 'bout you, Inkslinger? You were scrambling last night. You see a wolf kill a girl?

INKSLINGER

Only wolf I saw last night had a vertical smile and sure wasn't interested in no girl -- !

His OLD LADY whacks him. Laughter from the others. Coop turns back to Teddy, shrugs...

COOP

Sorry --

Teddy nods. Considers. There's nothing left to ask.

TEDDY

Okay. Thanks.

He heads back to his car.

COOP

Hey. If there's anything we can do. Anything you need. Check us out...

Teddy is not sure if he's on the level. But there is something very genuine about Coop, something sincere.

TEDDY

Thanks. I will.

COOP

Peace, bro --

Coop flashes him the peace sign. After a moment, Teddy returns it. He gets into the squad car. Drives off.

VULTURE

Fucking oinkster. What's with making nice with the local copshop, Coop? What does he want, man?

COOP

Let's leave Interim Sheriff Teddy alone. No trouble. None.

Coop walks off. Lila follows. Vulture mutters after them...

And Dakota helps Locked-Down back to his tent...

CUT TO:

INT. WAGGNER HOUSE - TEDDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Teddy finds his DRAFTING BOARD, buried deep inside a closet, covered up with winter coats and blankets:

He takes it out, unfolds it.

He opens his cardboard tube, withdrawing the rolled-up DRAWINGS inside. They're pencilled on vellum paper and actually, quite good.

Teddy arranges his t-square, compasses, template, eraser. And sets to working...

INT. WAGGNER HOUSE - TEDDY'S BEDROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Teddy dozes at the drafting table.

Through his bedroom window, we can see a CRESCENT MOON shining in the night sky...

We TRAVEL PAST Teddy, OUT THE WINDOW, TOWARD the mountains, clenched in darkness...

Toward...

EXT. LUNAR CYCLES CAMP - NIGHT

Everyone is asleep. We continue on, into

INT. LOCKED-DOWN'S TENT - NIGHT

where Locked-Down writhes in his SLEEPING BAG. The bag is FASTENED SHUT along its seam by a series of SMALL PADLOCKS through steel-reinforced loops...

Dakota watches her brother twist in agony.

But there is nothing she can do. She rests her head and goes to sleep...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LUNAR CYCLES CAMP - DAY

Morning. Dawn. A few MEMBERS are astride their bikes: Coop, Lila, Mighty Joe, Inkslinger, etc.

With a twist of their throttles - the bikes roar to life.

And they ride.

EXT. TALBOT COUNTY - DAY

The Lunar Cycles in the wind. Through back roads and trails, under the sweep of the Alleghenies...

It is quite a sight: the fertile slopes and river valleys of the terrain...

And the several tons of Milwaukee ride cruising over it.

The trees are just starting to turn, as they share the wind over this lovely isle of Americana ...

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Teddy walks along. It is a fine morning.

A Chrysler convertible pulls up alongside him. A kid, 26, RAY PIERCE, and three of his CRONIES, are inside it.

RAY PIERCE

Teddy Waggnar --

Teddy stops. Smiles...

TEDDY

Fellas --

Ray Pierce gets out of the car... Walks over to Teddy...

RAY PIERCE

Wanted to welcome you back to Talbot...

TEDDY

Thank-you.

RAY PIERCE

Sorry about your pa --

TEDDY

Thanks.

RAY PIERCE

Yeah. Me and the boys used to have a good time with him. Doing boilermakers at "Earl's." One Saturday night, your pa was so shitty, we got him to dance with that cigar store Indian, Earl keeps in the corner of the bar. It was a pisser...

TEDDY

I'll bet. But what were you guys doing at "Earl's" on a Saturday night, Ray? The sheep at Gaston's Farm spurn your advances... ?

Guffaws from the Chrysler. Ray comes closer to Teddy, so their chests touch. Teddy doesn't flinch...

RAY PIERCE  
You were a douchebag in high school, Teddy. You were a douchebag after high school. And chances are good you're a douchebag now --

TEDDY  
At least I'm consistent.

Ray shoves him to the ground...

RAY PIERCE  
Eat shit, Waggner...

Ray hops back into the Chrysler, which tears off, laying rubber. Walt Baskin comes out of a store, and helps Teddy to his feet...

TEDDY  
Don't those guys have jobs?

BASKIN  
It's Saturday --

TEDDY  
Don't they have cartoons they should be watching?

BASKIN  
You could give 'em a ticket. You are Sheriff...

TEDDY  
I'm not Sheriff.

BASKIN  
You said it...

TEDDY  
Whatever. But I'll tell you: if I were Sheriff, I wouldn't give 'em a ticket. I'd give 'em the chair...

INT. CROFT'S ANTIQUES - BACKROOM - LATER - DAY

Teddy watches as Gwen polishes a silver serving tray.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
I ran into Ray Pierce and his boys. They're really a swell bunch. I don't know why in-breeding has gotten such a bad rap...

GWEN

Stop it, Teddy...

TEDDY

We talked old times. High school, you know. Great guys. For a while I'd forgotten why I left Talbot --

Gwen looks at him. That hurt.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... That's not what I--

GWEN

Why are you here?

TEDDY

I told you: my father's affairs. The--

GWEN

No, I don't mean here. I mean here. In this shop, visiting with me. What do you want, Ted?

TEDDY

It was a slow day at the office. No one was mauled last night --

GWEN

I don't want to seem like some bitch, Ted. But this thing... This thing you've wandered into, shuffling around and being coy and all... This is my life... You have yours, in D.C. And I have mine. Here. And I don't think it's very considerate of you, to come into mine and upset it. I know it's not much, but it is mine. You were the one with the dreams and the big plans, Teddy. And I think it's great. But I have this shop. It's nice. I like knowing everyone in town, as queer as it sounds. I do. We're kind of a package deal: me and Talbot. You can't like one and not the other.

She looks at him, tears stand in her eyes...

GWEN (CONT'D)

But I guess you already know that.

Beat... Teddy doesn't know what to say...

TEDDY

I - I'm sorry, Gwen. Really. I, I didn't mean anything...

The door JANGLES. A CUSTOMER.

GWEN  
That's the problem, Teddy. You  
did mean something. You meant a  
lot. But you still left anyhow...

And Gwen wipes at her eyes. And goes out front. Leaving  
Teddy to feel the heel.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARL'S SALOON - NIGHT

A dozen Harley-Davidsons are parked out front. Raucous  
NOISE from inside...

INT. EARL'S SALOON - NIGHT

Sawdust and whiskey and a lacquered wood bar.

The Lunar Cycles are here. Partying. Coop, Lila,  
Inkslinger, Mighty Joe, Vulture, are the ones we know by  
name, but there are 8 or 9 OTHERS as well...

Vulture is talking to two LOCAL GUYS.

VULTURE  
Sure I worry about it getting  
ripped off, bro. For just that  
reason, I have two old ladies.  
One sleeps with me. And the other  
one sleeps with my bike!

He laughs. EARL serves up the beer. Couples dance to  
the music coming from the JUKEBOX...

Most of the locals keep their distance. Nursing their  
drinks and watching the merriment...

Inkslinger is spinning a yard at the bar:

INKSLINGER  
So this hardbelly takes me up to  
her crib. And she's the sweetest  
goddamn thing you ever did see.  
Boo-koo boobular, if you can  
follow me. And she wants it. She  
wants me, baby. B.I.G.T.I.M.E.

He chuckles, takes a swig of his beer...

INKSLINGER (CONT'D)  
So we get nude. And I'm like,  
yeah, here we go. Disneyland  
without the rides, right? We go  
through the preliminary bouts and  
it's time for the feature. But  
she's peepin' at my crotch, with a  
"what's up?" look on her grille.  
(MORE)

## INKSLINGER (CONT'D)

I look down myself. Nuthin's happened. I'm dead. A noodle. A goddamn elbow macaroni noodle. Dead. I can't believe it. The stone fox is like, "don't worry, it happens." "Not to me," I say. So I go home. Take a shower. And coming out of the bathroom, I see my old lady. In our bed. Wearing a dirty bathrobe, them fuzzy slippers; her face dripping with cold-cream; her hair up in curlers, munching a bag of Fritos. And suddenly, I'm as stiff as a board. A roaring, erect, mofo. So, I look down at my flaming rod. Right down at it. And I say: "You lousy, mixed-up, sonuvabitch. Now, I know why you're called a 'prick'!"

Laughter all around. Inkslinger looks pleased with himself...

When, from the jukebox, the PIANO INTRO of Warren Zevon's "WEREWOLVES OF LONDON" starts up...

All look over: it is Mighty Joe who dropped the quarter.

Hoots and hollers from those assembled. Clapping. Mugs raised. The tune is obviously a Lunar Cycles favorite.

("I saw a werewolf with a Chinese menu in his hand/  
Walking through the streets of Soho in the rain...")

Mighty Joe lip-syncs the words, boogying about. Resembling nothing, if not a Russian dancing bear...

Everyone joins in the dancing and singing...

Even Earl has to smile...

As the music continues, the front door opens, and Jack Pierce walks in with his son, Ray (Teddy's bully), and two other men from the Board of Aldermen: ED PETERSON and FLOYD CRANDALL...

("If you hear him howlin' around your kitchen door/Ya better not let him in/Little old lady got mutilated late last night/Werewolves of London again...")

The four men look most disgusted as they go to the bar. Jack to Earl:

## JACK PIERCE

What's going on here, Earl? I thought you reserve the right to refuse service to anyone --

EARL  
Sure, Jack. But I never poured  
more in my life than to these  
boys...

Jack Pierce now stares at Inkslinger's hand and the  
SEMPER FI tattooed there --

JACK PIERCE  
Now, why would you have that  
there, son?

INKSLINGER  
My first ink. Picked it up in-  
country. Dude was a scratcher.

JACK PIERCE  
You're not going to tell me you  
were in the service?

INKSLINGER  
That's right, Mister. Third  
Marines. North of Khe Sanh. Lost  
these two fingers in a firefight  
over four hills that didn't even  
have fucking names...

He holds up his hand, missing the ring and pinky fingers.

INKSLINGER (CONT'D)  
I got a high school ring still  
over there, somewhere --

He laughs with a few of the others... Then:

RAY PIERCE  
Bullshit.

INKSLINGER  
Sincerely.

Across the bar, Coop is talking to Lila and another GAL.  
But he keeps an eye on Inkslinger and the Pierce men.

JUKEBOX (WARREN ZEVON)  
"Aahoo, werewolves of London/  
Aahoo/Aahoo, werewolves of  
London/Aahooooo, etc...."

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNAR CYCLES CAMP - NIGHT

Quiet now. Almost everyone has gone to town.

INT. LOCKED-DOWN'S TENT - NIGHT

Locked-Down is bathed in sweat. He drinks from a tin cup  
full of whiskey...

Dakota has applied cold compresses to his forehead. She sets to clicking shut the little padlocks along his sleeping bag...

LOCKED-DOWN

You gotta let me go, 'Kota. You gotta...

DAKOTA

He'll kill you if you do, Tim. You know that --

LOCKED-DOWN

Coop's changed. He's into digging in. I didn't do all that down-time just to get out and stay put. I did my sittin', 'Kota. You don't know what it was like. In stir. I'd get into trouble, just so's they'd take me out of population. Put me in seg. So's I could turn. I couldn't range, of course. But turning was almost enough...

A bolt of pain surges through him. He moans.

LOCKED-DOWN (CONT'D)

'Kota. Lemme go. We'll bail. You and me. Share the wind. Start our own M/C. Whatta ya say?

DAKOTA

I can't, Tim. I love you.

She continues clasping the padlocks...

LOCKED-DOWN

Can I have one more sip?

Dakota smiles at him, nods. Pours him some more Jack. He takes the cup, drinks...

LOCKED-DOWN (CONT'D)

Prison tries to kill everything that's good inside a man. It's like that thing they used to say. About the month. March, I think. You go in like a lion. Leave like a lamb. A fucking lamb --

He looks up at his sister. Dakota is tearful.

DAKOTA

I'm sorry, Tim.

Locked-Down nods. And then he *SLAMS* the tin cup into his sister's temple. Knocking her unconscious.

He wriggles free from the sleeping bag.

LOCKED-DOWN  
No, I'm sorry, 'Kota.

EXT. LUNAR CYCLE CAMP - NIGHT

Locked-Down lurches for his cycle...

And, as he goes he begins to TURN. To TRANSFORM:

- his body sinks down, rippling, shimmering, his torso foreshortening, his entire frame twisting...

- his chest broadens, his shoulders hunch, his whiskered jaw squares into a blunt muzzle. Ruffs of coarse hair spring from patches of browning epidermis...

- Lips curl back over FANGS...

- He climbs upon his Harley, twists the wick with his elongated paws, and the bike REVS, high and hard...

- Snout to the night sky, the thing that Locked-Down has become raises its voice in a tortured, sustained troubling HOWL...

And, popping a wheelie, it drives off into the night ...

\*\*(Here we should note that our werewolves are closer in physicality to the "Wolfman"-type werewolves of the old days. That is, they walk upright and wear what's left of their clothing, rather than those of more recent cinema - which have been merely big wolves. But ours should be "realistic" and terrifying, just the same.)

CUT TO:

INT. EARL'S SALOON - NIGHT

The party still rages. Jack Pierce and Inkslinger are getting a bit more intense. A bit more drunk.

JACK PIERCE  
I'm proud to be an American.  
That's what I live for...

RAY PIERCE  
Dad fought in Korea --

INKSLINGER  
Don't get me wrong, kids. Lookit here...

He lifts his shirt. A TATTOO of the American FLAG is above his belly button.

## INKSLINGER

I love this USA. And I'd fight  
for it again. But see if you can  
follow me: they send you over  
there, wherever it is: Nam,  
Korea, the Middle East, when  
you're too young to recognize all  
the different ways bullshit can be  
pumped into a person. That's what  
I object to. Not America. Not  
even The Nam. It's The Bullshit.  
Pump, I can't stand...

Jack Pierce considers this.

Verdict: he doesn't like it.

## JACK PIERCE

I don't think I like you, son --

## INKSLINGER

I'm devastated. And here I was  
just gonna ask you if you wanted  
to bang my old lady -

Inkslinger's Girl bats her eyes at Pierce in mock-  
sexuality...

## JACK PIERCE

You little shit --

But it is Ray Pierce that JUMPS Inkslinger. The two roll  
around on the ground --

Floyd and Ed make a go, but Vulture and the other bikers  
are there. They look to Coop, who shakes his head. No.

Vulture curses, but they can only watch...

Ray breaks a bottle on the bar, Duke Wayne-style.  
Inkslinger tries the same. It doesn't break. So he  
merely WHACKS Ray over the head with the full bottle.  
Ray goes down...

Now Floyd and Ed jump Inkslinger.

But Coop's seen enough. He nods to Mighty Joe.

And the silent giant hoists the two middle-aged men off  
of Inkslinger, returning them to their stools, as if they  
were made of gauze...

The fight is over.

Coop takes Lila's hand and heads out. To Pierce and his:

COOP

Try and be more pleasant.  
Remember: "We are all separate  
and distinct with our own  
individuality, and each of us  
moves according to our own  
inherent necessity..."

Coop smiles and they leave. The others follow.  
Inkslinger passes Pierce, chuckling:

INKSLINGER

Buddha. A biker who quotes  
Buddha. It's fuckin' Ripley's,  
man. I'm telling ya -- !

He flashes the peace sign on his way out. Ray makes a  
half-hearted attempt to go for him again, but Ed and  
Floyd hold him back.

And then all that's left is the decimated saloon and the  
attenuating rumble of motorcycles riding off...

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNAR CYCLES CAMP - NIGHT

The gang from Earl's arrives back. Laughing, singing,  
drunk. They park their bikes.

What a great day. A six-hour ride. Followed by a few  
hours drunk. And a few minutes of baiting The Man. Good  
times...

But Coop is the first to notice. And his face clouds.  
And soon, the others see her too:

DAKOTA

staring into the campfire, smoking a cigarette. Her  
forehead still bleeding. She looks up at them.

Her face says only one thing: all is lost.

Lila goes to her. Coop jumps on his bike.

INKSLINGER (CONT'D)

COOP! WAIT UP -- !

But Coop is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. CARROLL HOME - NIGHT

At the bottom of a hill. Through a PICTURE WINDOW, we  
can see --

THE CARROLL FAMILY

MOM and DAD are handsome and early 30s; SALLY is eleven; MICHAEL is 6; BABY JANET is 8 months...

INT. THE CARROLL HOME - NIGHT

The Carrolls sit in their living room of burnished, russetty wood tones, making toast the old fashioned way: on the end of a toasting fork, over flames roaring in the fire place...

Mom adds the cinnamon; Dad pours the hot chocolate into heavy mugs; Sally and Michael are doing a jigsaw puzzle; Baby Janet suckles her pacifier...

This is so over-the-top bucolic, perhaps a dark spot deep within our souls hopes some kind of horror befalls them.

NEW ANGLE - we are watching the Carrolls from up on the hilltop...

And was that a snarl we heard?

EXT. TALBOT ROADS - NIGHT

Coop's shovelhead tears through the streets.

On a mission of prevention.

INT. THE CARROLL HOME - NIGHT

More toast is up. Mom sprinkles more cinnamon. Baby Janet gurgles on a thick down comforter. Sally figures out a key piece of the puzzle...

EXT. CARROLL HOME - NIGHT

And suddenly we are SWOOPING TOWARD the Carroll home.

Rapidly, feverishly, dizzyingly --

INT. CARROLL HOME - NIGHT

Dad hears it. Faintly, at first. But growing louder, A buzzing. A chainsaw hum. Louder. He turns, just as --

**THE PICTURE WINDOW IMPLODES!!**

as Locked-Down's Harley BURSTS THROUGH, into the living room of the Carroll home. Glass shards spraying everywhere... The crash deafening...

Locked-Down is thrown from the bike, scattering glass and furniture, puzzle pieces and cinnamon toast...

Dad, face bloodied, sees his brood are shaken and cut, but okay... So he turns his attention to the intruder, now face down in the rubble...

DAD  
You sonuva--

Dad grabs the intruder by the back of his leather jacket, hauling him to his feet... But:

DAD (CONT'D)  
Oh, God.

For this ain't your everyday run-of-the-mill-picture-window-marauding-motorcycle punk...

No, this one is cradling Baby Janet in his arms ...

And this one is a werewolf.

Off of Mom's SCREAMS, we --

CUT TO:

INT. WAGGNER HOME - TEDDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Teddy sits up in bed, startled. Blue and red lights dancing around his room. He goes to the window.

THE SQUAD CAR

is below, bubbles whipping. Baskin is there, looking up.

BASKIN  
We got another one, Ted. Real bad. You want to give me a hand?

CUT TO:

INT. CARROLL HOME - NIGHT

Pure horror show. A lot of blood. A lot of gruesome images. Baby Janet's pacifier floating in a mug of hot chocolate. Bloody pieces of jigsaw puzzle.

A blackened wad of bread at the end of the toasting fork.

PARAMEDICS cart out the remains of the victims. They have to make 5 trips...

The STATE POLICE are here. Gathering information.

No sign of the motorcycle. Or the werewolf.

Teddy is nosing about the room. Baskin enters, approaches...

BASKIN (CONT'D)  
Neighbors heard nothing. These houses are far away from each other, I guess is why --

Teddy nods...

BASKIN (CONT'D)  
 Maybe our coyote jumps through the  
 window. Does this. And leaves.  
 Oh, boy...

For Jack Pierce has arrived. Baskin goes to him.

Teddy looks around the room. At a framed PHOTO of the Carrolls. Such a picture-perfect family, the photo looks like it might have come with the frame...

When something on the floor catches Teddy's eye.

He kneels down. Touches it. Wet and black. Teddy tastes it. MOTOR OIL.

EXT. ABOVE THE CARROLL HOME - HILL - NIGHT

A motorcycle comes to a stop, idling low. Its rider watches the ambulance drive off, watches the commotion.

It is Coop. And he's too late.

He turns his bike and heads off back the way he came.

And in PRE-LAP, we HEAR:

GUSTOFSON (O.S.)  
 ... and with that, I turn the  
 microphone over to Mr. Jack  
 Pierce, of the Board of Aldermen --

INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - DAY

Big town meeting. Several hundred PEOPLE in attendance. On the pulpit: Jack Pierce, Walter Baskin, FATHER HANLEY, the parish priest. And, at the podium, MAYOR PETER GUSTOFSON...

GUSTOFSON (CONT'D)  
 ... who have volunteered to  
 spearhead the hunt for this wolf.

Applause. Pierce shakes hands with Mayor Gustofson and takes the podium.

JACK PIERCE  
 Thank-you, Mr. Mayor. As lifelong residents of Talbot, most of us have been spared the brutality people living in metropolitan areas grow accustomed to. Which is why these murders are particularly abhorrent to us here today...

Teddy sits in the crowd. He sees Gwen seated a few rows ahead. He smiles at her but she doesn't smile back...

JACK PIERCE (CONT'D)  
 And although the enemy, in this case, is not a human one, but rather a wild animal of a savage nature, we all must cooperate with those guiding this investigation. Our friend, Deputy Walter Baskin, for one. And those brought in, from outside, to assist us in our struggle...

As Pierce prattles on, we continue to hear him, but we

CUT TO:

EXT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - GARDEN - DAY

Hemmed in by dank evergreens, a FIGURE stirs amidst the shadows...

It is Locked-Down.

Red-rimmed eyes stare from their sockets. His face bears the ravages of the night, as he gets to his feet...

JACK PIERCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 Ed Peterson of the Board of Aldermen and of Peterson Dodge - at 443 Siodmak Boulevard - is this very minute, at the train station, picking up our outside assistance.

Locked-Down's clothes are damp and torn and stained with mud and blood. His fingers and neck, are cut and scabbed.

He finds his motorcycle, tangled in the undergrowth.

INT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - DAY

As Pierce continues speaking, Teddy hears the rumble, and, through a STAINED GLASS WINDOW, can make out the SILHOUETTE OF RIDER and MOTORCYCLE speeding off towards the uplands...

EXT. ALL SAINTS CHURCH - LATER - DAY

The meeting has just broken up. Gwen sees Teddy.

GWEN

Hi.

TEDDY

Hi.

GWEN

Do you really think it was a wolf that killed The Carrolls?

TEDDY  
I hope so. If it was a man,  
Talbot's in big trouble --

Teddy shrugs. Gwen is looking for words.

GWEN  
The other day, Ted...

TEDDY  
The other day I was an asshole.  
Don't apologize, Gwen. You were  
right. I was wrong. Anyway, I'm  
out of here tonight --

Gwen looks at him...

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
I listed the house with Talbot  
Realty. Pop didn't leave too many  
things to be tied up. He didn't  
have too many things. So. I'm  
catching the 10:00 Greyhound back  
to Washington...

Gwen nods. A little sad. She sees her father coming.

GWEN  
I'll give you a ride to the bus  
stop... Pick you up at 9:30.

Before Teddy can protest, Gwen has gone to her father...

CUT TO:

INT. WAGGNER HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Teddy is going through desk drawers. He finds what he's  
looking for: a set of KEYS.

But then something else in the drawer catches his eye: A  
STACK OF LETTERS, bound with a rubber band. Unmailed.

Teddy opens one. And begins to read. And we'll hear the  
VOICE of his FATHER:

WAGGNER (O.S.)  
"Teddy. I see that I've written  
quite a bunch of letters to you.  
And have failed to mail even a  
one. It isn't for a lack of  
trying. But when it comes to post  
them... I just don't seem to have  
the nerve. How would you react?  
Would you accept my apologies, for  
all the years of neglect, since  
your Mother died?

Teddy's face is clenched with emotion... He reads on:

WAGGNER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Would you believe me when I told you that you are my boy and I love you more than I love anything in this world? Would you appreciate my feelings, when I say that my blow-up, upon learning you were leaving town, wasn't what you thought? Talbot isn't a great place, but it's all I have left to remind me of your mother. And you running off, was like you running off not from me, but from her. Something I just couldn't abide. I don't know. I hope I will post this one, son. I hope to God I will. But you never do know... "

Teddy puts down the letter. He picks up a framed PHOTO on the desk: A 9-YEAR-OLD TEDDY AND HIS FATHER. Fishing.

Teddy smiles. But it's a wistful one.

EXT. WAGGNER HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Teddy is rooting through the garage, through the jetsam of his father's life...

At last, he finds it and wheels it into the light: a MOTORCYCLE. A Yamaha 123, to be exact.

INT. EARL'S SALOON - DAY

Dakota is at the bar, nursing a vodka rocks...

Jack Pierce holds court here. His roundtable is comprised of THE TALBOT BOARD OF ALDERMEN. Cross the Rotary Club with the villagers outside Frankenstein's castle and you get this bunch.

Jack's son, Ray, is here as well, and he's doing a lot of scoping in Dakota's direction...

Earl comes over to Dakota, pours her some more vodka.

EARL

You okay, darling?

Dakota shrugs, gulping down her drink...

The front door opens. Ed Peterson enters with another MAN. Have you ever noticed how the exterminator always seems to look like a bug? Or the aquarium guide always seems to look like a flounder? Well, this guy,

ABILENE TRIGGS

is a wolf-hunter. And that's just what he looks like: a wolf. A mean, snouty, lupine motherfucker.

He wears a hunter's jacket, under which we can glimpse a shoulder-holster; and a John Birch Society baseball cap.

ED PETERSON

Mr. Triggs, allow me to introduce you to Jack Pierce and The Talbot Board of Aldermen. Fellas, this here is Mr. Abilene Triggs, of Ottawa, Canada...

The men stand, hands are shaken.

JACK PIERCE

Welcome, Mr. Triggs. We hope you can help us --

But Triggs is looking at Dakota. And dang-it, if he doesn't put a syllabic emphasis on his next words which make them sound as obscene as possible --

ABILENE TRIGGS

Nice country --

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNAR CYCLES CAMP - DAY

Mighty Joe races his Tonka trucks with Lobo and some of the other rug rats...

Lila and Coop are at the edge of the flats, sitting on a rock, scanning the foothills...

Vulture calls over to them.

VULTURE

Incoming --

COOP

Who is it?

But then Coop and Lila can see it from here: a motorcycle whining towards them.

It is Teddy. On the Yamaha.

VULTURE (O.S.)

It's the Interim Sheriff. And he's burning some serious rice!

Teddy rides into the camp.

Several of the L.C.s approach him, staring at his bike like it was mottled with seething maggots.

Vulture revs the throttle and it whines high.

VULTURE (CONT'D)

Sounds kinda like a fart squeezed through the world's tightest asshole, don't it?

Laughter. Cat-calls are sent Teddy's way: "Nice rice rocket!" "Oooh, Mr. Interim Sheriff, love your squid"...

VULTURE (CONT'D)

You know, of course, why God invented the Japanese motorcycle?

TEDDY

No. Why's that?

VULTURE

To keep dickheads like you off of Harleys!

More laughter. Teddy goes to Coop...

TEDDY

Can I talk to you?

Coop nods. They walk off, leaving the rest of the L.C.s to rag on the Yamaha.

Coop passes Teddy the bottle of Jack Daniel's. Teddy takes a sip. Coughs.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

There was another murder last night...

COOP

We heard. A whole family.

TEDDY

They think it was the same wolf.

COOP

You say it like you think different...

TEDDY

I was at the house. There was motor oil on the floor...

Teddy watches Coop's face for a reaction. Gets none.

COOP

There could be 2,897 reasons for there being motor oil on the floor...

Teddy just looks at him... Coop yawns... Scratches his belly... Sips his Jack... Then:

COOP (CONT'D)

One time, we were on a run in Iowa. Winterset, I think was the name of the town. We see a road sign, says we're not far from the house where, on May 16, 1907, Marion Michael Morrison was born.

(MORE)

## COOP (CONT'D)

That's John Wayne. We checked it out. It was amazing. It had this tremendous energy to it, this house did. You just walked around with your chest puffed out. And you sit there and you contemplate. And the smell of butter and almonds and apricots freights the air. And your soul, it drifts way out into the Rio Grande, like one of those sad, old cowboy songs...

Coop smiles at the memory and sips his Jack. Teddy can only stare --

CUT TO:

## INT. EARL'S SALOON - DAY

Dakota is still boozing at the bar. In the rear of the joint, Abilene Triggs is now the center of attention, as he spins a yarn.

## ABILENE TRIGGS

It was a small village, in the middle of heavy woods, not far from Thunder Bay. Eight children had been snatched, found later, mostly eaten up good. They'd commissioned quite a few hunters. And half the town helped beat the woods over the course of a year. Bagged some 200 wolves. But not the man-eater. They called me. I had just gone through a nasty divorce, and I was keyed for a hunt...

Nods from the roundtable, riveted on the hunter. Ray Pierce continues to check-out Dakota, who seems to be focused on Triggs...

## ABILENE TRIGGS (CONT'D)

Tracked that sucker for 3 weeks, before Wilkes and Stevie - my hounds - find him sleeping in a thicket. Sleeping! And he was big. The biggest goddamn thing I've ever seen. Shot him 5 times with 180-grain spire-pointed bullets, before he went down. Bastard went outlike a gentleman. But you eat too much, it slows you down. Gluttons die first...

Triggs finishes his brew. Ray Pierce grabs the empty mug and goes to the bar. He sidles up to where Dakota sits. Triggs continues his story in the b.g.

## RAY PIERCE

How come so down-in-the-mouth, sweet cheeks?

Dakota gives him a disgusted once-over and returns to glaring at Abilene Triggs...

RAY PIERCE (CONT'D)

Maybe you need a little love to  
get you through your day --

Ray pushes a stray hank of blond hair from her face.  
Dakota looks at him: He smiles...

ABILENE TRIGGS

So now, I'm a hero. And they give  
me my bounty, and the carcass and  
I have it stuffed. But these dumb-  
fuck villagers hadn't cured the  
hide properly, and it turns putrid  
within two weeks of sitting in my  
parlor. I had to go and bury it.  
And rely on Polaroids for proof  
that the whole damn thing ever  
happened at all!

Triggs shakes a stack of Polaroids from his shirt pocket,  
passing them around...

CLOSE ON - the photographs. Abilene Triggs with the  
biggest dead wolf maybe ever... Then --

KER-RAKKK!

Ray Pierce crashes onto a table, collapsing it, his nose  
bloodied...

Dakota stands now, staring at him.

RAY PIERCE

You - bitch -- !

The other men are stunned; shocked. Until Abilene  
Triggs commences to laughing.

Soon Jack Pierce joins in, and the others, too, all  
whooping it up at Ray Pierce's expense...

Ray fumes. Dakota heads for the door.

ABILENE TRIGGS

Oh, yeah. Niiice country --

As the laughter swells, we

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNAR CYCLES CAMP - DAY

Teddy is talking to Inkslinger, as the latter inks "DIANA  
FOREVER" on a MEMBER's arm.

INKSLINGER  
I'm against property patches  
myself. Love don't last nearly as  
long as tattoos do...

But the Member grins - at his old lady, DIANA - watching  
from her tent...

TEDDY  
How did the club start?

Inkslinger grins. Clicks off his gun.

INKSLINGER  
How? Yo, Canvas! Get your  
beautiful ass out here, bro -- !

From out of a tent, comes another member: CANVAS. He is  
older, perhaps mid-40s, and completely bald, completely  
hairless...

INKSLINGER (CONT'D)  
The Interim Sheriff wants a  
history lesson...

Canvas shrugs and begins disrobing. And, as he does, we  
see that he is COVERED from neck to toe - with TATTOOS.

He is a human tapestry of The Lunar Cycles' storied past.  
With each tattoo depicting a milestone in their history.

INKSLINGER (CONT'D)  
This here is The Nam. Where a lot  
of the brothers were formed. On  
the belly here, is JoBo's  
Roadhouse, near Sturgis, where a  
bunch of us were cooling out. All  
holding patches from another M/C.  
When Coop and Lila show up ...

ANGLE: the tattoo - a dingy ROADHOUSE with a dozen  
HARLEYS parked outside of it and Coop and Lila riding up.

The tattoos are brilliant. The likenesses to those we  
know, uncanny. Yet they are incorporated into a  
phantasmic-like swirl of color and detail.

Teddy is enthralled...

INKSLINGER (CONT'D)  
Coop proceeds to kick some ass and  
the gang is formed. This here's  
the famed meeting of Coop and The  
Mighty Joe, at a rally in Phoenix,  
when a shit-faced Coop was about  
to get his balls cut off by some  
crazy good old boys. And Joey  
saved him. Forging their undying  
bond. And Joey joins up --

VULTURE

All right, Joey -- !

Mighty Joe bows. Others have assembled around. They've done this a million times, but it never ceases to be pleasurable. It's their coat-of-arms.

INKSLINGER

... the backpiece here is Interstate 5, where we come across a couple caging for a ride --

No question about this couple: Dakota and Locked-Down.

INKSLINGER (CONT'D)

The chick was fine and the dude was her brother. He was fucked-up then and he's fu--

Inkslinger stops himself. Coop has come over.

INKSLINGER (CONT'D)

Anyways. They joined up. This here's the Christmas Day Run. We raised thirty grand for Cystic Fibrosis...

VULTURE

Gold watches for the whole chapter!

INKSLINGER

This here is Lobo being born in the back of a Texaco station in Baton Rouge. And we all ate cold chicken and drank white wine and listened to "WHO'S NEXT" on a boombox, while we waited for Lobo to squirt out, no bigger than a popcorn fart --

Teddy looks at Lobo, who grins happily.

INKSLINGER (CONT'D)

Here's Coop and Lila making it legal in a nudie ceremony in Baja...

VULTURE

When we all learned Inkslinger's terrible secret...

He holds his thumb and index finger an inch apart. Laughter.

Inkslinger is down to Canvas' leg. It has been sketched but not yet colored...

INKSLINGER  
This is more recent. Us  
collecting Locked-Down from the  
joint. I gotta color it --

He stops. Coop has walked away. They watch him go.  
Uncomfortable silence. Teddy senses it.

TEDDY  
After that one, you're gonna be  
out of room --

But the joy is gone from the moment. Even Inkslinger  
appears distracted.

INKSLINGER  
Uh, yeah. I guess --

VULTURE  
Maybe there'll be nothin' left to  
ink about...

Silence. Teddy looks at the members, as they begin to  
walk away...

INKSLINGER  
Anyhow. There it is. In living  
flesh. Get dressed, Canvas --

CUT TO:

EXT. WAGGNER HOME - NIGHT

Teddy rides up on the Yamaha. To find Nash has someone  
cornered in the garage. The dog is barking his head off.

Teddy approaches the garage cautiously.

TEDDY  
Easy, Nash. Easy, boy --

Teddy picks up a 2 X 4 ... He enters... And sees the  
stranger...

It is Dakota.

INT. WAGGNER HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Teddy pours coffee from a pot. Dakota wears his  
GEORGETOWN sweatshirt. Teddy's duffel bag is packed and  
ready to go...

O.S. Nash continues to BARK from the backyard.

DAKOTA  
Dogs hate me. I hate dogs.

She sips her coffee.

TEDDY  
Your brother wasn't at the camp.

DAKOTA  
He's probably out riding.

TEDDY  
He was in jail -- ?

DAKOTA  
A few times.

TEDDY  
For what?

DAKOTA  
What are you, writing a book?  
Make it a mystery.

He looks at her. She shrugs...

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
Robbery. But he was innocent.  
Tim was with the wrong people at  
the wrong time --

Teddy frowns at her, dubious...

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
It's true. When they raid the  
cathouse, they take the piano  
player, too. Were you close with  
your father?

TEDDY  
My father?

DAKOTA  
The dead Sheriff.

TEDDY  
No. Not really. The club seemed  
worried about your brother...

DAKOTA  
What was he like?

TEDDY  
I want to ask the questions --

DAKOTA  
Tell me.

She suddenly whirls around with an alarming fury,  
screaming at Nash, who continues to bark from outside:

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
FUCK YOU, BITCH -- !

She recovers... Smiles at Teddy...

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Sorry. Tell me what he was like.  
Your dad...

TEDDY

What was he like? My mother died  
in a car accident when I was 8.  
They were very much in love. He  
never forgave her for that.  
Dying. To him it was like she'd  
been sleeping with another man.  
He felt cheated. She'd robbed him  
of a happy life. I guess he  
figured he wouldn't stick his neck  
out like that again. Put his love  
on the line. But there I was. So  
he wanted nothing to do with me.  
'Cause maybe I'd cheat him too.  
And I did. I left. Went to D.C.  
Didn't speak to him at all. Not  
once in 6 years. Then he died.

DAKOTA

Wow. A most dysfunctional family.

TEDDY

Your brother's a crazed ex-  
jailbird and you're a drifter  
biker chick and you're making fun  
of my family?

DAKOTA

No need to be hurtful...

He looks at her. Nods...

TEDDY

You're right.

DAKOTA

So? Can you help me?

TEDDY

I'm still not clear what it is you  
want me to do...

Dakota gets up. Stands close to Teddy.

DAKOTA

Tim Lockley. My brother. They  
call him Locked-Down. I don't  
want him to get hurt. Or get in  
trouble. He's a little tightly-  
wrapped. He could get into  
trouble...

TEDDY

Is he capable of murder -- ?

Dakota looks at him, plaintively.

DAKOTA  
I just want him to be okay. Until  
I can talk to him...

Her hand plays on the fabric of his shirt. Suddenly,  
it's getting hot in here...

TEDDY  
How can I help -- ?

Dakota rests her head on Teddy's shoulder. Into his ear:

DAKOTA  
You're the Sheriff. Sheriff's  
sheriff. So do a bit of  
sheriffing...

TEDDY  
But I'm leaving tonight...

Her hand is on his crotch. Her mouth is on his mouth.  
There are bad kisses and there are good kisses. Dakota's  
kisses are rockets on the 4th of July.

DAKOTA  
You could stay...

And we PRE-LAP Todd Rundgren's "YOU CRIED WOLF" --

EXT. WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Nash barks like crazy in the yard, straining his chain...

INT. WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Teddy and Dakota are on the linoleum of the kitchen  
floor. Dakota is on top. She rips Teddy's shirt off,  
popping buttons. Tearing at his belt and pants...

She is high-near insatiable. Teddy is breathless:

TEDDY  
You... You... You're... Not...  
Using... Sex... As a bribery tool,  
are you -- ?

She forces him across the floor, knocking over kitchen  
chairs, a trash can, Nash's dog dish --

They slide to the living room. Carpet now. More dry  
humping. More knocking over home furnishings...

Now Teddy's on top, hiking down her shorts.

He's crazed. She's crazed. Nash is crazed. This is a  
very crazed thing...

Teddy wants to penetrate. They moan. Consummation is  
forthcoming... Coming ... Com--

When Dakota grabs Teddy by the hair, ripping him off of her, hurling him across the room, as the MUSIC DIES...

Teddy is in a heap. He looks at her, as she rights her clothes. Talk about coming up short --

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
What did you do that for?

DAKOTA  
I don't know what you think. But I'm not that kind of girl...

Teddy, his hair a mess, his clothes strewn about his body, has to laugh...

TEDDY  
What are you kidding me?

DAKOTA  
Help me. Help my brother. Then we'll... Talk.

She adjusts her halter-top, cinches her belt.

And walks out of the house, leaving the panting Teddy to contemplate a single, nagging question:

Which way to the cold shower?

EXT. WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Gwen has pulled up in the Antique Shop PICK-UP TRUCK.

Just as Dakota is walking out of the house. Dakota straddles her Glide...

Gwen gets out of the truck, staring at Dakota, who smiles at her --

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
Ciao --

Dakota twists the throttle and hits the start. Roaring off down the street...

INT. WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Gwen enters. The living room is a mess. She goes into the kitchen, where Teddy is on the floor, scooping up Nash's dogfood and putting it back into the bowl...

GWEN  
Teddy -- ?

She startles him and he knocks over the dish again. When he sees her, he attempts to act as though nothing out of the ordinary has gone down here...

TEDDY  
Gwen! Hi. Hello...

GWEN  
What happened here?

TEDDY  
Nothing. Nash knocked over his  
bowl...

GWEN  
And the chairs? And the trashcan?  
And the living room table?

Living room table? Did that go, too? Even we didn't  
catch that one...

TEDDY  
Living room table? Really? Yeah.  
He's nuts. He's crazy. I think  
he has rabies. We should put him  
to sleep...

GWEN  
Who was that girl?

TEDDY  
Girl? Oh, you saw her? She  
was... She was selling magazine  
subscriptions...

GWEN  
At this time of night?

TEDDY  
You're sure to catch people home --

GWEN  
Dressed like that?

TEDDY  
Anything to make a sale --

GWEN  
She drove a motorcycle.

TEDDY  
Very economical --

Gwen stares at him...

GWEN  
Are you ready to go?

TEDDY  
Absolutely.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A three-quarters MOON. The lights of town twinkle below. Dead branches rustle dryly, like dead men's bones...

Along a ragged spine of hills, where firs spread a thick mantle, there is A CLEARING --

And, silhouetted against the horizon, a low crouching FORM passes along. The FIGURE is clearly limned in the bright light of the moon. Beside it, also silhouetted, is a MOTORCYCLE.

This is either our one-sheet or a sign that

LOCKED-DOWN

has transformed once again. And is ready to range.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAGGNER HOME - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Teddy says goodbye to Nash.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
And you behave yourself. And  
don't give Walter a hard time, you  
hear? He's gonna be by later to  
collect you...

Nash whimpers. Teddy can barely stand it.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
Come on, Nash. Be a man.

More whimpering. Teddy looks at Gwen.

INT. GWEN'S PICK-UP - NIGHT

From the pick-up, Teddy and Nash wave goodbye to the house, as Gwen pulls off... And we PRE-LAP Lynyrd Skynyrd's "ON THE HUNT" and --

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - FRINGE - NIGHT

As the music CRANKS... We pick up SCORES OF MEN beating the thicket with BAMBOO STICKS, attempting to flush out anything hiding there...

All of the men have high-powered RIFLES slung over their shoulders... We recognize many faces: Walter Baskin, Jack and Ray Pierce, the men of the roundtable. And, of course,

ABILENE TRIGGS

who moves like Patton. He has shell belts strapped over his body like a bandito. Guns of all shapes and sizes are tethered to a harness he wears...

All in all, he cuts a figure that would make Charlton Heston weep with joy into his Soylent Green...

Triggs holds out Baby Janet's BLOODY BEDCLOTHES for his WOLFHOUNDS - Wilkes and Stevie. He unleashes them and they yowl into the darkness of the forest...

A GUNSHOT

from a nearby coppice, kills the music. Triggs bellows:

ABILENE TRIGGS  
WHAT WAS THAT -- ?

HUNTER (O.S.)  
Nuthin'. False alarm --

Triggs rolls his eyes in Pierce's direction...

ABILENE TRIGGS  
Your boys'll be blasting the shit  
out of each other before this  
night is over...

They trudge deeper into the woods...

EXT. FOREST ROAD - GWEN'S PICK-UP - MOVING - NIGHT

They can see the flashlights and hear the thrashing.

TEDDY  
What's going on -- ?

GWEN  
The hunting party.

TEDDY  
Tonight -- ?

Gwen nods... Teddy looks out at all the lights... Then:

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
Stop the truck --

GWEN  
Teddy...

TEDDY  
Just for a minute --

Gwen slows to a stop. Teddy gets out.

EXT. UPLANDS - NIGHT

On the other side of the forest. Bleak and featureless.

DAKOTA

is here. On foot. Searching. The GUNSHOT echoes, startling her. She calls out:

DAKOTA

TIM -- ! TIMOTHY -- ! TIM -- !

Quiet. Far-off, we can here the beaters thrashing at the undergrowth. But here it is quiet.

A RACCOON scrabbles, startling her. She recovers.

Quiet. Only the low soughing of the wind in the pines.

But then, up ahead, there is a FIGURE lurking in the shadows. It approaches...

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Tim -- !

The figure emerges.

It is Coop. Conducting a search of his own.

Coop and Dakota exchange a worried glance...

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

The beaters continue. MORE DOGS are unleashed.

Abilene Triggs is spreading FRY GREASE on MEAT BAITS and hooking them to trees. Jack Pierce is with him...

When, suddenly, there is the sound of someone approaching behind them. Triggs turns, aiming his rifle --

It is Teddy.

ABILENE TRIGGS

Jesus, boy. You were one pound of trigger-squeeze away from a gutshot...

JACK PIERCE

What are you doing, Waggoner?

TEDDY

This... This is a bad idea. This wolf-hunt. Somebody could get hurt...

ABILENE TRIGGS

Who's this, Jack?

JACK PIERCE

Our departed Sheriff's son. He's a flake like his old man was...

TEDDY

Please --

ABILENE TRIGGS

Boy, you want to join in on "the push" - hitch up with the west flank. You want to yammer - just scram --

TEDDY

The bikers --

Now Pierce turns to Teddy...

JACK PIERCE

What about 'em?

TEDDY

They're in these woods. You could hit one by mistake --

JACK PIERCE

Now, that'd be a shame. Wouldn't it, Abilene?

ABILENE TRIGGS

Damn shame.

And the men chortle, as their species will, and walk further into the woods, Teddy at their heels.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A HUNTER - actually Ed Peterson from the Board of Aldermen - hears SOMETHING in a furrow. He moves to investigate...

Camouflage-covered, in dead branches and peat moss, is a MOTORCYCLE - with a WHITE WOLF painted on its tank. Peterson calls to the rest of the party -

ED PETERSON

Hey! Over here -- !

A SNARL

From behind him. And a CLAW RIPS at his THROAT, tearing away muscle and windpipe --

Peterson's hands are at his neck - the blood from his severed veins and arteries pumping through his fingers.

He stares into the EYES OF THE BEAST: red and glowing; two tiny holes in the wall of a furnace --

Peterson flops over...

The beast rears back its head and sends its ferocious HOWL across the treetops and --

EXT. UPLANDS - NIGHT

Coop and Dakota hear it.

DAKOTA

Tim --

And they go running toward the howls.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Abilene Triggs raises his rifle. Sights it.

Deeper in the woods, they can see a SHADOW.

TEDDY

No -- !

Teddy hits Triggs' rifle. Triggs slams him in the face with the stock. Teddy goes down. Triggs aims.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Bullets rip through the werewolf's back, sending it cartwheeling forward --

It keens in agony, but remains upright --

Crouched low, the wolf lurches through the undergrowth --

EXT. UPLANDS - NIGHT

Dakota and Coop hear the shots.

DAKOTA

No -- !

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

EXT. FOREST - THE WEREWOLF

More bullets tear its matted fur. Triggs is in hot pursuit, some 30 yards back...

BLAM!

And the beast falls to the ground, rolling down a small incline, coming to rest in a tangle of brambles...

ABILENE TRIGGS

makes his way down, rifle smoking.

JACK PIERCE

stops at the body of Ed Peterson, eyes dead and staring.

TEDDY

is still on the ground, shaken. He gets to his feet.

ABILENE TRIGGS

approaches the wolf. His face registers surprise.

Because it isn't a wolf. It's a man.

ABILENE TRIGGS

Shit --

Others have arrived. All staring in wonderment at the bullet-riddled body of Locked-Down.

DAKOTA & COOP

arrive from the other direction. Dakota chokes back a sob, makes to run to her brother --

But Coop holds her. Hugging her to him. Stroking her hair. Whispering in her ear --

COOP

Easy, now. Easy, now. He's gone, baby. He's gone. Easy, now.

Dakota weeps. Coop stares at the townsfolk, huddled around the body...

Teddy breaks through the crowd. Sees the corpse. Deputy Baskin is there...

BASKIN

Aw, no. Aw, no. You go and kill this man, Mr. Triggs -- ?

ABILENE TRIGGS

I shot a wolf --

JACK PIERCE

No man did that to Ed...

ABILENE TRIGGS

I shot a fucking wolf --

BASKIN

I don't know. You may a shot a wolf... But you killed a man...

Teddy stares at the dead Locked-Down. Then, looking up, across the knot of people and branches and yelping dogs, he sees Coop and Dakota...

Dakota locks eyes with Teddy. For what seems like an eternity...

BASKIN

And even if they did. That  
justify you killing that boy?

ABILENE TRIGGS

No sirree. But it sure goes a  
long way in taking some of the,  
what-do-you-call "onus", offa it --

The Aldermen nod in agreement. Baskin frowns.

COOP

You boys born this stupid. Or did  
you have to read books on it?

Jack Pierce slaps Coop in the face. Baskin restrains  
him. Coop merely grins and wipes the blood from his lip.

COOP (CONT'D)

Hadda be books --

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNAR CYCLE CAMP - NIGHT

The members sit around a campfire. Only Vulture stands.

VULTURE

What about payback? Locked-Down  
was a headcase. But he was our  
fucking headcase -- !

Coop sits in his chair, drinking his Jack.

COOP

I say we go easy. Leave it up to  
the local bulb-flashers...

VULTURE

Local bulb-flashers? Whoozzat?  
Your pal, Interim Sheriff Tommy?  
The kid on the squid? What's the  
matter with you, Coop?

Coop shrugs. Vulture goes on:

VULTURE (CONT'D)

Remember Fresno? You busted that  
peckerwood's face 'cause he was  
peepin' at Lila's ass. Memphis?  
You fucked-up that Beale Street  
pimp 'cause he'd never been to a  
Dead show. Gulfport, Fossil,  
Freeburg. You fucked-up guys for  
refusing to sell flags to fags and  
eating crackers in bed. But a  
patch-holder gets zapped and we're  
sitting thumbside? I'm arriving  
at one conclusion, Coop: you're  
going soft on us, man --

Silence. That hurt. Although everyone's thought it.

VULTURE (CONT'D)

You're the King Jack, Coop. And I won't dispute that. I love you, bro. But if you're getting old on us. Thinkin' you're through with the life. Then maybe you shouldn't be King Jack. 'Cause I ain't through with it. I've laid down my ride too many times to let some outhouse bumpkins ball-and-chain me, man...

Coop says nothing. Dakota comes out of her tent.

VULTURE (CONT'D)

Talk to him, Dakota. He was your brother --

Dakota sits down beside Coop. Watches the fire. Vulture can't believe it. He walks off. Coop looks miserable. The rest look uneasy. Dakota looks into the fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Teddy is SETTING TRAPS & spreading LARVICIDE, a poison bait... When:

PACKARD (O.S.)

Those won't do --

Teddy looks up. Limping toward him, through the woods, is NOAH PACKARD. Remember Packard? From New York? The Packard Institute? We promised he'd return and here he is. Just in the nick of time, it would seem.

PACKARD (CONT'D)

You Teddy Waggoner? Fat guy told me you were the acting sheriff --

TEDDY

I'm not.

Packard takes one of the traps from Teddy, tests it.

PACKARD

Not a chance --

TEDDY

It exerts 50-pounds of pressure per-square-inch.

PACKARD

You got one made of silver?

TEDDY

Of course not --

Until Dakota shifts her glance behind Teddy, to --

GWEN (O.S.)

Teddy -- ?

Teddy watches Dakota stare at Gwen. He turns to Gwen.

GWEN (CONT'D)

What happened?

TEDDY

A man got shot. Killed.

Teddy looks back to Dakota and Coop. But they are gone.

A shiver goes down Teddy's back, as he reflects on the way Dakota looked at Gwen...

EXT. FOREST - ROAD - NIGHT

An ambulance. Fire trucks. Confusion. The hunters are through for the night...

Gwen waits at her truck. Teddy talks to Baskin. They shake hands. Teddy comes back to the truck.

GWEN

You're going to miss your bus --

TEDDY

I'm not going.

GWEN

What do you mean?

TEDDY

I'm going to stick around a few days. Give Walt a hand --

GWEN

Why?

TEDDY

Why not? Talbot needs me --

She raises her eyebrows at his inanities.

EXT. WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Gwen drops Teddy and Nash off. Teddy leans back into the truck...

TEDDY (CONT'D)

You'll go straight home -- ?

GWEN

Where else am I going to go? This is Talbot, remember?

TEDDY  
Just go straight home. That wolf  
is still out there --

GWEN  
Good night.

TEDDY  
You'll go straight home?

She reaches over and slams the door shut. Drives off.  
Teddy watches her go. He looks at the house.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
Place hasn't changed at all, eh  
Nash?

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack Pierce, Baskin, a few of the others, stand around  
COOP

sitting in a hard-backed chair.

COOP  
Your boys still haven't told me:  
who answers for my friend?

JACK PIERCE  
You tell us: what was he doing in  
the woods?

COOP  
He liked nature --

LAUGHTER. From one corner of the room. Abilene Triggs.

ABILENE TRIGGS  
What I'm thinking, Mr. Coop. Is  
bikers. Bikers are a crazy,  
violent people. They keep snakes  
as pets. Pit bulls. I know of a  
biker had himself a crocodile. No  
shit --

BASKIN  
So?

ABILENE TRIGGS  
So maybe these boys got themselves  
a pet wolf --

Baskin scowls. Even the Aldermen find this ridiculous.  
But Jack Pierce likes the notion...

JACK PIERCE  
Yeah. What about that?

Packard shrugs, lights a Lucky Strike. Drops the MATCH on the forest floor.

Teddy scrambles after it, picking it up.

PACKARD  
It's the rainy season, kid.  
Ground's damp.

TEDDY  
Who are you?

PACKARD  
Noah Packard. The Packard  
Institute. You've heard of us?

TEDDY  
No --

PACKARD  
Pretty well known in New York.  
Canada. Don't get down here too  
much...

He hands Teddy a business card.

TEDDY  
"Lycanthropic Studies and  
Investigation." What's that?  
Lycanthropic?

PACKARD  
Lycanthropy. From the Greek  
"lukanthropia". Which, loosely  
translated, means "the  
transformation of witch into  
wolf."

TEDDY  
Werewolves.

Packard nods. Looks around the woods.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
You study and investigate  
werewolves?

PACKARD  
That's right.

TEDDY  
Like Lon Chaney --

PACKARD  
Lon Chaney, Junior. That's right.

TEDDY  
And what are you doing here?

PACKARD  
Because, my young friend, your  
town is virtually infested with  
them --

Packard flicks his burning butt to the ground and walks  
off... As Teddy goes for the butt, Packard shouts back:

PACKARD (CONT'D)  
It's the rainy season, kid.

EXT. TALBOT MOTEL - DAY

Packard unpacks his rental car. Teddy helps him.

PACKARD (CONT'D)  
It's a gland. A little known  
ductless gland that asserts itself  
when the moon is full and causes  
the victim to change his shape.

TEDDY  
The moon hasn't been full --

Packard sees something down the street...

PACKARD  
Oh, shit --

TEDDY  
What?

A TAXICAB has pulled up. And out steps the ancient Gypsy  
woman of Packard's imagination: MALEVA.

Maleva pays the cabbie, who drives off. She waves at  
Packard and disappears into a beauty salon.

PACKARD  
There goes the neighborhood --

INT. TALBOT MOTEL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Packard and Teddy carry Packard's luggage. The door to  
another room opens. Abilene Triggs steps out...

PACKARD (CONT'D)  
That's the problem with small  
towns: they'll let anybody in...

ABILENE TRIGGS  
Noah Packard. I'll be damned.  
This mean we got ghouls and  
goblins running around here -- ?

PACKARD  
Present company excluded?

Triggs laughs heartily, but sobers up instantly:

ABILENE TRIGGS  
 Stay the fuck outta my way,  
 Packard. What we got here is a  
 regular good, old North American  
 wolf. Nothing more, nothing less.

Triggs bumps Packard out of the way and clomps down the  
 hall. Packard screams after him, red-faced:

PACKARD  
 JUMPING THROUGH WINDOWS, SAVAGING  
 WHOLE FAMILIES, TEARING OUT  
 THROATS???

But Triggs is gone. Packard recovers. Teddy is amazed  
 at this outburst. Packard shrugs:

PACKARD (CONT'D)  
 Chip on my shoulder. Comes with  
 the job --

INT. PACKARD'S ROOM - TALBOT MOTEL - DAY

Teddy and Packard enter the small, brightly-painted room.

PACKARD (CONT'D)  
 I was tracking a werewolf in New  
 York. But it either died or  
 slipped town. I vote for slipped  
 town...

TEDDY  
 And you think it came here?

PACKARD  
 I dunno. Probably not. Why would  
 it leave the excitement of New  
 York City for this spider-trap of  
 a town?

TEDDY  
 Maybe it couldn't find an  
 affordable apartment...

PACKARD  
 Hey, you're funny. Working  
 fireplace. Very key...

Packard begins unpacking. Teddy picks up one of his  
 books: "THE LYCANTHROPIC READER."

TEDDY  
 How do you know Triggs?

PACKARD  
 Triggs and I always seem to crash  
 the same parties...

Teddy flips through the book, while Packard unpacks: laptop computer, handgun, crucifix, garlic wreaths, a few badly forged SILVER BULLETS.

PACKARD (CONT'D)  
Isn't a metallurgist left who can  
cast a decent silver bullet --

He goes into the bathroom, turns on the spigots. Washes his face. When he looks up, Maleva is there.

PACKARD (CONT'D)  
What is it with you and bathrooms?

MALEVA  
You're bursting, today, Noah.  
Very smug. Gloating, they call  
it. You feel you're close to  
something...

PACKARD  
I've been on it a long time.

MALEVA  
So you're of the mind that this  
isn't merely the beast from New  
York. But that this could,  
actually, be... The one?

PACKARD  
What do you think?

MALEVA  
I don't think. I react.

PACKARD  
Talk about smug...

Teddy is in the doorway.

TEDDY  
Did you say something -- ?

PACKARD  
No. I mutter. To myself. Always  
have. Annoyed the piss out of the  
first and second Mrs. Packards...

TEDDY  
See... It says here that only when  
the moon is full is the victim of  
lycanthropy forced to change into  
a wolf...

PACKARD  
(to Maleva)  
A student.  
(to Teddy)  
Only when the moon is full is the  
victim forced to change.  
(MORE)

PACKARD (CONT'D)

The rest of the month he can control it. But if he wanted to, he could change any time. Even during the day. But some sufferers are weak. They can't control it. They'll change every single night. It's like cigarettes. No one has to smoke. Only the very weak do...

Packard lights up a Lucky.

TEDDY

But when there's a full moon...

Packard looks at Maleva... Then back at Teddy:

PACKARD

Weak or strong. You smoke.

CUT TO:

INT. CROFT'S ANTIQUES - DAY

Teddy and Packard are here... Packard is gathering up pieces of SILVER... Gwen comes over to them...

TEDDY

Gwen, this is Noah Packard. Gwen Croft...

GWEN

Nice to meet you.

PACKARD

Lovely shop. High quality, unalloyed silver articles. Very important...

Gwen scowls, a little baffled...

GWEN

Thank-you.

Packard picks-up a silver CAKE-CUTTER. Hefts it. Puts it back on the shelf: too small.

TEDDY

Dr. Packard is helping with the wolf-hunt --

GWEN

You're a doctor? What do you specialize in?

Packard smiles.

PACKARD

It's better if you don't ask.

Packard continues to collect silver pieces.

OUT THE WINDOW: A Harley-Davidson rides up the street. Coop and Lila. Coop parks the bike a few stores down from the antique shop.

Packard stares at him, taken slightly aback.

Coop senses he's being watched. He turns. He sees Packard in the window. There is a moment. Recognition? Fear? Fraternity?

But Lila yanks Coop into the soda shop, so we'll table the questions until later...

GWEN (O.S.)

Dr. Packard -- ?

Packard comes around. Blinks.

PACKARD

Yes?

She holds up a silver CRUCIFIX. Packard's still a bit dazed...

GWEN

How about this -- ?

PACKARD

Oh. Yes. Lovely --

CUT TO:

EXT. EARL'S - NIGHT

It's pouring rain. Tonight's hunt is off.

INT. EARL'S - NIGHT

So the hunters imbibe. The Pierces are loaded. Abilene Triggs finishes a beer and rises...

ABILENE TRIGGS

I'm out of here. Tomorrow night.  
We're back at it...

Jack Pierce nods. Ray salutes. This breaks everyone up.

EXT. TALBOT STREET - NIGHT

The streets are empty. Triggs walks through the rain. The wind whiffles the trees. Shadows dance across the road...

What was that? Something bounding behind the houses across the street? But there is nothing... Triggs closes the collars of his coat. Shudders...

Sometimes, even hard guys get the willies.

CUT TO:

INT. TALBOT MOTEL - TRIGGS' ROOM - NIGHT

Triggs lets himself into his room. He's soaking wet. The rain batters at the windows. He heads for the bathroom for a towel, but stops short --

He hears SINGING. From behind the closed bathroom door.

Triggs pulls out his sidearm. And KICKS in the door.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

To find Dakota in the tub, up to her chin in bubbles.

DAKOTA  
Too tough to knock?

A slow smile spreads over Triggs' wolfish features.

ABILENE TRIGGS  
Look what we got here...

DAKOTA  
Hope you don't mind. But that's  
some celestial piss coming down  
outside...

Triggs sits on the toilet, grins...

ABILENE TRIGGS  
Mind? I had a feeling at Earl's,  
that you were diggin' on me...

DAKOTA  
Bygones and that sort of shit. My  
brother was an accident. Right?

ABILENE TRIGGS  
Wrong place, wrong time.

DAKOTA  
What about me?

ABILENE TRIGGS  
Right place, right time.

Dakota gives him a smile that could fry bacon. Hands him  
a washcloth...

DAKOTA  
Wash my back?

She sits up, out of the water. Triggs admires the way  
the soap bubbles cling to her splendid breasts.

He holsters his gun. Begins washing her back.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Triggs makes concentric circles on Dakota's back. Slow and studied circles. Her eyes hang at half-lid.

ABILENE TRIGGS

Funny thing about me. I ain't a superstitious man. Not at all. But I got this one peculiarity: the number seven bullet in all of my clips, is always a silver one. For good luck. Been doing it for years. The other night, I pumped six bullets into that crazy-ass brother of yours. But it was the number seven finally brung him down...

And Triggs grabs her hair roughly, shoving her head under the water...

Triggs gets into the tub, kneeling on her, submerging her

ABILENE TRIGGS (CONT'D)

Something's funny about you and yours, honey. Something ain't right. Not at all...

He pulls her head out of the water. She sputters...

DAKOTA

Let... Me... Out -- !

He re-submerges her...

ABILENE TRIGGS

You are the prized bitch, aincha?

Pulls her head out...

ABILENE TRIGGS (CONT'D)

The prized bitch --

Re-submerges. Then: pulls her head out.

DAKOTA

Let... Me... Out... Out... Out-ou-  
urroooooooooooooo -- !

Dakota lets loose a tremendous HOWL. Triggs falls back off of her, to the floor of the bathroom...

Dakota rises in the tub - her body twisting, rippling in the light of the bathroom's fluorescents...

Her breasts hunch, shaggy, silver-grey hair covering her.

Still TRANSFORMING, vocal capacity remains. Her voice is a growl over her blackening tongue:

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
The drowning I don't mind. But  
being called a bitch? Not only am  
I a Biker and a werewolf, Mr.  
Triggs. I also fancy myself  
something of a feminist --

Triggs' SCREAM is cut off. Or, better put, cut out. Of his throat...

Dakota, now all-werewolf, bends over him for a sensible meal...

CUT TO:

INT. GWEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The telephone RINGS. Gwen answers.

GWEN  
Hello?

INT. TEDDY'S BEDROOM - WAGGNER HOUSE - NIGHT

Teddy is at his drafting table. CROSS-CUT AS NECESSARY.

TEDDY  
It's Teddy. How are you?

GWEN  
I'm fine. How are you?

TEDDY  
Good, good.

Beat... She waits... Then:

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
Lousy weather.

GWEN  
Yeah...

TEDDY  
Well. Good night --

GWEN  
Teddy, what are you doing?

TEDDY  
Nothing. Just... Saying good  
night. Your father home?

GWEN  
Yes.

TEDDY  
Good. Good night --

INT. TEDDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Teddy hangs up the phone. He goes back to his t-square.  
Then:

DAKOTA (O.S.)  
Worried about the prom queen?

TEDDY  
Jeez. You scared me...

DAKOTA  
I knocked. There was no answer.

Teddy turns. Dakota stands there, soaking wet, but otherwise normal. No hints of the transformation, nor the feeding...

TEDDY  
I didn't hear Nash bark.

DAKOTA  
He's not around. Thank God.

TEDDY  
I'm... I'm sorry about your brother...

DAKOTA  
Yes.

She smiles, a little sadly...

TEDDY  
It's a terrible thing...

DAKOTA  
Don't feel bad. I don't blame you. You were leaving...

TEDDY  
I should have done more.

DAKOTA  
No. He's finally at peace.

TEDDY  
What was he doing out there, that night?

DAKOTA  
Ranging.

TEDDY  
What's that?

DAKOTA  
A biker thing. Don't worry about  
it. What are you doing?

She leans over him, her hands on his shoulders, looking  
at the drafting board, at Teddy's rudimentary design.

TEDDY  
It's a house.

DAKOTA  
It's very long...

TEDDY  
My designs tend to stress the  
horizontal...

DAKOTA  
Of course.

She smiles. And the rain is coming down in steady sheets  
outside. And Teddy can't help himself. He kisses her.

And, if they were hares in heat the last time, this time  
they're synchronized swimmers: slow, methodical, tender.

They take each other's clothes off... Fall back to the  
bed... Teddy on top... Slowly, wonderfully...

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
Wait...

TEDDY  
Not again.

DAKOTA  
No.

She turns over. Onto her hands and knees.

DAKOTA (CONT'D)  
This way --

Doggy-style. We should have known.

And Teddy is inside her. She moans, softly. He's  
moving. Back and forth. In and out. Faster and faster.

Dakota's face is in the pillows, she gnaws on the knuckle  
of her index finger. She arches her back. Teddy is near  
euphoric, until --

A FLASH

tears into his mind. A vision. Someone's P.O.V. RACING  
through CITY STREETS. NEW YORK CITY STREETS. NIGHT.  
Past a kiosk. Into an alleyway. TWO DERELICTS pass a  
bottle of Thunderbird. They SCREAM...

TEDDY

back to reality. Back to Dakota. They've hit a rhythm now. And it's not a calypso. It's a bossa nova. But --

ANOTHER VISION

P.O.V.: SUBWAY TRAIN. MOVING. NIGHT. Travelling down the empty cars. The tunnel's signal lamps strobing. As we stalk. Hungry. The next car. An ELDERLY BLACK WOMAN. She SCREAMS. And WE'RE UPON HER. Savaging her --

TEDDY

Sweat blasts off him. He wants to stop, but he can't. Dakota is oblivious. Her hands reach back, fingernails raking his thighs and ass. Grinding. Moaning...

A VISION

rooftops. Water towers. We LEAP from one to the next. We are lithe, we are agile, we are starving. We come upon a PIGEON COOP - the birds go bonkers.

We clamor down a fire escape. A hysterical GERMAN SHEPHERD barks at us from a window...

But there, down below, three COLLEGE GIRLS. N.Y.U. Why are they screaming? Because we're tearing their hearts out...

TEDDY

begins to cry, terrified.

ANGLE: Dakota's tatt: "I AIN'T YOUR FUCKIN' BABY."

TEDDY

No - no - no - !

Dakota continues to rock. And roll.

A VISION

high-tech apartment. Spartan yuppie decor. Everything either black or white. We lurk at the doorway to one room...

Where A YOUNG MAN sits at his computer, analyzing spread sheets. He is handsome. He loves us. Loves what we were. We glide into the room. He looks up, horrified --

YUPPIE

Denise - ?

He seems to say. But his voice is far-off. He SCREAMS. We slash at him. Blood spatters a framed Jean-Michel Basquiat litho hanging on a wall...

TEDDY

is chalky white. Yet still he bucks. Drenched in sweat.

LAST VISION

We're in something womblike. Water. We emerge from it. It's a bathtub. A man stands over us. ABILENE TRIGGS.

He is terrified. He falls to the ground. We talk to him. We rip at him. We open him up and lap at his guts.

TEDDY

Gives one final thrust and the paroxysms of pleasure/pain rack him into a --

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. TEDDY'S ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

Teddy wakes up. He's still naked. Dakota is dressing.

DAKOTA

Next time somebody asks you for help, maybe you'll listen --

Teddy clenches the blankets around him, staring at her, terrified...

DAKOTA (CONT'D)

It was good for me too, dude...

She walks out of the bedroom. Teddy tries to get up - but collapses on the bed. Passed out.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Noah Packard sits in a booth, smoking, drinking coffee and going over some notes...

The joint is empty, the lone WAITRESS just waiting for Packard to leave so she can close and catch the late-night Fundamentalist Hour on the TV. Packard looks up from his notes:

And Maleva is sitting across from him.

PACKARD

It's amazing. Most guys, their fantasies are pin-up girls. High school sweethearts. Baseball players. Mickey Mantle. I'd swap you for Mickey Mantle, any day...

MALEVA

Quiet. You might get what you wish for. I keep you company. You're a gutless and pathetic man. Without me, you're a lonely, gutless and pathetic man. Whatever happened to that girl? The one you left at the altar? What was her name? Millie?

PACKARD

Karen. She joined a cult. But the good kind. They only eat foods that begin with the letter "R"...

MALEVA

What about these werewolves? You saw him today...

PACKARD

Was it him?

MALEVA

Always with the questions. You tell me...

PACKARD

I think so.

He stops talking, because the waitress is coming over...

WAITRESS (O.S.)

More coffee?

PACKARD

Please.

The Waitress refills his cup. Packard watches her walk off...

MALEVA

Nice boobs. Forget about her. That crucifix around her neck could choke a pony. She'll have nothing to do with a sinner like you. Besides, you have work to do.

The front door JANGLES. Dakota has entered the shop. She orders something from the Waitress. She checks out Packard. He nods to her, but she turns away...

The Waitress brings Dakota a soda in a go-cup. Dakota pays her. Packard is at her side...

PACKARD

Thirsty -- ?

DAKOTA  
Got a lousy taste in my mouth.  
Can I help you, pal?

PACKARD  
You look very familiar --

Nasty looks from all three women. What kind of line is that?

DAKOTA  
I'm not from around here...

PACKARD  
Of course not. Neither am I. I  
was thinking... New York -- ?

Was that a look of concern on Dakota's face?

DAKOTA  
Sorry, pal. Never been.

And with that, she's out the door. Packard smiles at the disapproving Waitress, disgusted by his public flirtation...

The roar of a Harley as Dakota speeds down the street and out of sight. Packard sits back across from Maleva...

PACKARD  
What were we talking about?

MALEVA  
Werewolves.

PACKARD  
Right. Werewolves.

MALEVA  
Werewolves. Where are the  
werewolves?

She smiles, tickled by her play-on-words. Packard rolls his eyes...

CUT TO:

EXT. WAGGNER HOUSE - DAY

Teddy comes out and gets on the Yamaha, when something catches his eye:

NASH. Lying on his side, in a puddle. Torn open.

TEDDY  
Nash. Aw, Jesus. Nash.

A car pulls up. The squad car. Baskin. He honks.  
Teddy goes over...

BASKIN  
We got another one...

TEDDY  
The hunter. Triggs.

BASKIN  
The hunter, Tri--

Baskin blinks...

BASKIN (CONT'D)  
That's right. How the hell did  
you know that -- ?

Teddy gets in the car...

TEDDY  
Because I did it. How the hell do  
you think I know? I know. Come  
on. That bitch killed Nash, too --

BASKIN  
What? Who?

TEDDY  
Come on...

Baskin nods and nervously puts the car in gear.

CUT TO:

INT. TALBOT MOTEL - TRIGGS' ROOM - DAY

A flurry of activity. More so than any of the other  
crime scenes. FORENSIC MEN gather trace evidence; they  
dust for fingerprints, collect fibers, circle bloodstains  
with black forensic tape, etc.

Jack Pierce and some of the other Aldermen are here,  
talking to several STATE TROOPERS. Pierce sees Teddy and  
Baskin. Teddy notes the FULL BATH of his vision.

JACK PIERCE  
Talbot's Finest. Nice of you to  
drop by...

Teddy turns to one of the Forensic Men...

TEDDY  
What have you found?

The Forensic Man looks to Pierce, who nods...

JACK PIERCE  
He's the Sheriff --

TEDDY  
Not really. What have you found?

## FORENSIC

Not much. Just this --

He holds it up. In a forensic baggy: an EARRING. A SWITCHBLADE earring. Baskin looks at Teddy. No, not the babe! Teddy nods...

## JACK PIERCE

Recognize it? I do. That biker cooze. It's time we paid them all a visit. And I think Sheriff Teddy and Deputy Walt should lead the way. What do you say, fellas?

Cries of agreement from the Aldermen assembled...

Teddy and Baskin exchange a sickly look. They'd rather be golfing...

CUT TO:

## EXT. TALBOT MOTEL - DAY

Teddy and Baskin come out of the motel, walking quickly. Packard is there, smoking. He joins them, matching their speedy strides...

## TEDDY

Sleep okay last night, Dr. Packard?

## PACKARD

Like a baby.

## TEDDY

Man was getting mauled next door.

## PACKARD

The ghosts of a thousand wolves will be partying all week. You look like shit. Rough night?

## TEDDY

My dog died.

## PACKARD

Do you suspect foul play?

## TEDDY

Two bums, a lady on a train, three college girls and a Yuppie...

Packard is impressed. Nods.

## PACKARD

That's right. What about them?

## TEDDY

I think your wolf got tired of the New York rat race --

PACKARD  
Maybe desired some small town  
serenity?

Teddy nods. Baskin is suitably baffled.

PACKARD (CONT'D)  
How do you know?

TEDDY  
Call it a hunch.

Packard nods. He understands.

PACKARD  
Why are we walking so fast?

TEDDY  
Jack Pierce and some of the other  
crazed villagers want to storm a  
biker gang camp up on the flats.

PACKARD  
Bad idea.

TEDDY  
Our thoughts exactly.

PACKARD  
Full moon tonight, fellas.

Teddy stops...

TEDDY  
What does that mean, exactly?

PACKARD  
It means: anything at all, that  
puts anyone at all, anywhere near  
that biker gang camp up on the  
flats is an unqualified, capital  
B, capital I, Bad Idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. LUNAR CYCLES CAMP - DAY

A convoy of cars from town, led by Teddy on his Yamaha, crest the rise leading up to the flats... Packard rides with Walter Baskin...

Except the camp is deserted. Lobo and a few of the rug rats have been left behind, to keep watch, and they are racing their BMX bikes up the ridge skirting the flats.

The Talbot men get out of their cars. Lobo peddles down to them...

What do you want? LOBO

JACK PIERCE  
Where's your father, boy?

LOBO  
Who's my father, is the question,  
dickhead --

Why you... JACK PIERCE

Pierce goes for him, but the others hold him back.  
Baskin gives it a try, bending down to Lobo.

**BASKIN**  
Where's the biker gang, son?

Up your ass. LOBO  
Scrambling around  
your hemorrhoids --

Snickers from the crowd. Baskin reddens.  
Noah Packard steps forward...

Let me try -- PACKARD

He grabs Lobo's hand in his. Lobo screeches, as his palm  
SIZZLES. He runs off. Packard shrugs to the crowd.

PACKARD (CONT'D)

Packard lets Teddy catch a glimpse of what was in his hand: the silver crucifix he got from Gwen's...

What's the--? **TEDDY**

But Teddy doesn't finish. For Ray Pierce and his boys have begun SLEDGEHAMMERING the few Harleys left behind.

**Pounding the beautiful bikes. Reverting them to rubble.**

What are you doing? TEDDY (CONT'D) Stop!

**Sorry, Ted. Mob rules.**

Floyd Crandall pours gasoline over the mobile home. He lights a match. Lobo runs for him, but is knocked down.

**The mobile home goes up in flames.**

The townsfolk have run amok. Tearing down the banner;  
setting fire to line-drying clothes;

decimating the "kitchen area", and the "shop" with all of its custom spare parts...

What began as a simple offensive, is now an all-out assault...

Teddy tries to stop them, running about. Ray Pierce turns on him, Punching him in the face. Blood spurts from Teddy's nose...

Baskin and Packard go to Teddy, helping him to the ground...

Teddy's woozy, losing consciousness. To Packard:

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
She'll be back. What happens then... ?

PACKARD  
Two words. Shit and fan. You fill in the verb, Sheriff...

The last thing Teddy sees are the rug rats, watching from the ridge, on their bicycles. Watching the destruction.

Through the smoke and heat waves, they look like pint-sized wolves astride their bikes, waiting for the moon.

Teddy has one last thing to say, weakly, before he passes out:

TEDDY  
I'm not the Sheriff.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE - THE LUNAR CYCLES - MOVING - DAY

They ride. The Lunar Cycles in the wind. It is a gray day. But undaunted, they ride. A family. Together. Where only eagles and angels dare to fly...

They ride. Into another town. A bigger town than Talbot. To a FUNERAL HOME. Dakota comes out with an URN...

They ride. At a crossroads, Dakota opens the urn. And LOCKED-DOWN'S ASHES sweep into the wind, travelling down the very streets of stone he called home...

They ride. Pumping thunder. And, by the sequence's end, the sun has broken through the gray clouds, shining brightly...

INT. TEDDY'S ROOM - WAGGNER HOME - DAY

Teddy wakes up in his bed. His nose swollen. Gwen comes in with an ice-pack. He tries to get up, but his head swims...

GWEN  
Easy, there. You took a shot...

TEDDY  
No kidding. Ow!

She's placed the ice on his nose...

GWEN  
It could be broken --

TEDDY  
Great. Hi.

GWEN  
Hello.

TEDDY  
How are you?

She applies pressure to the ice. OUCH!

GWEN  
Did you ever miss me?

He's not sure how to answer... He considers... She applies more pressure. EYOW!

TEDDY  
Of course, I missed you. There were at least a dozen times I wanted to call. To see how you were doing. On those days when I wasn't sure if there was anything in the world that meant anything to me. That's when I wanted to call. To reassure myself...

GWEN  
But you never did.

TEDDY  
No. I never did.

And more pressure. He grimaces...

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
How come you don't have any boyfriends? I mean, aside from your questionable nursing skills?

GWEN  
It's kind of a lousy menu here in Talbot. There was this one boy. We were young. He was my only true love. First cut is the deepest, that sort of thing. I guess I never got over it...

TEDDY  
What happened to him?

GWEN  
One night he goes to bed a great  
guy. The next morning, he wakes  
up a total dick...

TEDDY  
I heard that can happen.

He sits up, takes her hands. Gwen kisses him. Teddy  
winces. It hurts his nose. But he won't let on...

From somewhere in the neighborhood, a dog BARKS. And  
suddenly, it all comes back to Teddy...

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
Jesus! What time is it?

GWEN  
Quarter past five --

TEDDY  
Shit!

And he leaps from the bed, pulls up the window shade.  
Still daylight...

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
I've got to get to the motel --

GWEN  
What's wrong with right here?

TEDDY  
Gwen --

Gwen sighs. Gets up off the bed.

GWEN  
I'm kidding. You're so serious.

CUT TO:

INT. TALBOT MOTEL - PACKARD'S ROOM - DAY

Packard's FIREPLACE blazes. Over the red-hot andirons,  
Packard has rigged an earthenware bowl, using it as a  
crucible. Packard wears an apron and heavy gloves.

Teddy also wears an apron. He places the silver  
articles, bought at Gwen's, into the bowl: candlesticks,  
teapots, tobacco boxes, napkin rings. Melting it down.

TEDDY  
How does it happen?

PACKARD

Happen? A man who survives being bitten by a werewolf himself becomes a werewolf. That's how the disease is spread. Saliva in the bloodstream...

Packard decants the sluggishly molten lava into a tray of clay CASTS each the size of a BULLET SLUG.

Teddy wipes away the oozy residue from the casts, before it has time to thicken. He places the tray in the empty bathtub to cool...

Packard grabs two beers from a cooler. Hands one to Teddy. They take a break...

TEDDY

So you'd have to be bitten?

PACKARD

And survive. Yes.

They drink their beers... Beat... Then:

PACKARD (CONT'D)

Or sex, I suppose.

TEDDY

Sex?

PACKARD

Sure. Same principle. Bodily fluids. Haven't you ever seen the bumper sticker?

TEDDY

What bumper sticker?

PACKARD

"Fuck A Werewolf. Use A Condom."

Packard laughs, but Teddy is very shaken...

And the process continues. The melting, the decanting, the wiping. Soon, the tub is STACKED WITH COOLING TRAYS OF SILVER BULLETS...

They work silently, methodically, pausing only to wipe the sweat off their brows...

EXT. LUNAR CYCLES CAMP - DAY

The Lunar Cycles ride into camp. The devastation is enormous. The flats are a mass of charred tents, smashed Harleys, the smoldering mobile home...

No one says anything. They go to their little corners of the camp: Inkelinger to his shop;

Mighty Joe to his decimated Tonka trucks; The GALS tend to the still-spooked rug rats. Lila brings Lobo over to Coop...

Vulture sobs before the motorcycle rubble...

They all look to Coop. Who shakes his head. No.

COOP  
Tomorrow. Like men. Tonight we  
sleep...

They stare at him. They nod. They accept this. Even Vulture can accept this. It is only right.

And they begin restoring their camp to what it had been.

EXT. TALBOT - DAY

The sun is setting behind the mountains. All of the orange and pink sliding out of the landscape.

And the ghost of a FULL MOON climbs up into the sky.

INT. EARL'S SALOON - DAY

The Board of Aldermen are having a little Happy Hour. Packard and Teddy, their faces smudged, are before them.

JACK PIERCE  
Your warnings are appreciated,  
Waggoner. But the point is: no  
road scum is going to force us  
into hiding...

PACKARD  
Just for tonight...

JACK PIERCE  
You boys are so sure these punks  
are gonna come a-calling... Maybe  
we'll just set up along the  
causeway and wait for 'em...

PACKARD  
Good idea. Maybe then you can set  
some kind of record for backwoods  
morons...

Ray Pierce is out of his seat, but some of the men hold him back...

Packard sees Maleva sitting in the middle of a table of Aldermen, guzzling a brew. She smiles at him, the beer leaving a foam moustache above her guileless grin...

Teddy places a CARDBOARD BOX onto the bar...

TEDDY  
Whatever you do... Load these into  
any .38 calibers you might have...

PACKARD

They're not great. They'll probably go dum-dum on you. But they'll do the trick...

Floyd Crandall goes to the box. It is filled with SILVER BULLETS. He takes out a handful, shows the room...

FLOYD CRANDALL

Sheriff and his buddy made us some silver bullets, boys. Haw!

Raucous laughter from the room...

TEDDY

Please. Just do as we say --

More derision. Frustrated, Teddy looks to Packard.

PACKARD

Let's go...

They leave the box of bullets behind, heading to the door.

RAY PIERCE

Hold on, fellas. Wait a sec. Silver bullets! What's going on? Dracula coming to town?

PACKARD

Wrong movie, asshole...

EXT. TALBOT - NIGHT

The FULL MOON climbs, casting a pallid, dappled light over the township...

A DOG raises its voice in a faint, sustained HOWL. Others join it in a chorus of canine foreboding.

INT. CROFT ANTIQUE - NIGHT

Gwen hears the howling. It chills her. She gets a cardigan sweater from the back and puts it on. Resumes finishing a Louis XVI secretary...

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Walter Baskin hears the dogs too. He opens up a desk drawer and takes out a bottle of rye. Pours a healthy bit of it into his coffee mug. Drinks.

INT. EARL'S SALOON - NIGHT

The box of silver bullets rests, untouched, in a corner. The Town Aldermen have a serious, round-robin dart competition going.

If they hear the howls, they could give a shit.

## INT. PACKARD'S ROOM - TALBOT MOTEL - NIGHT

The forging continues. Not bullets this time, though. Teddy adds silver pieces to the empty crucible. Once these are melted, Packard uses iron tongs and a hammer and pounds the silver into a round, cone-like shape.

A stack of the cooled SILVER CONES are on the desk.

Tins of gunpowder and copper wiring are scattered on the bed. And jagged PIECES OF SERRATED SILVER. Packard works with determination...

Teddy watches him, but keeps one eye out the window, at the glowing orb in the sky...

That's one bad moon rising ...

## EXT. LUNAR CYCLES CAMP - NIGHT

Bathed in moon glow. The camp has been somewhat cleaned up....

Members are strewn about in their sleeping bags. Snoring. One FIGURE stands at the skirt of the flats:

Coop. He stares out at the lights of town. He fastens a thin chain around his neck. Attached to it is a A KEY.

Coop comes to where Lobo sleeps. Sits down by him. Watches the boy sleep. Lobo's arm is out of the bag.

Coop moves to tuck the arm inside the bag, when he sees it:

## THE CRUCIFIX BURN

on Lobo's palm. From Packard's handshake. A tic dances in Coop's face. He grits his teeth. His eyes are suddenly bloodshot with moonrise...

He considers. He looks about the tatters of the camp. He looks down at the town... Fury bubbling up in his guts like so much bile...

Coop tears the chain off his neck. And we see that Lobo has actually been PADLOCKED in his sleeping bag, not unlike Locked-Down had been...

Coop begins UNLOCKING the mini-padlocks. Moving on to the next sleeping bag, unlocking that one. And the next. They've all been padlocked in tonight.

Coop unlocks Vulture. Vulture crawls from his bag. He smiles at Coop, his grin showing off elongated upper cuspids...

Soon, all of the members are out of their bags and into the moonlight...

They begin dressing... And transforming...

Leather jackets over broadening chests; grip gloves over pawed fingers of equal length; engineer boots over feet that are now curled pads; goggles over pointed ears, merged eyebrows, domed prefrontal snouts...

At once, all those MOTORCYCLES --

kick to life. A line of revving Harley, each with a SNARLING WEREWOLF upon it --

Mighty Joe, making for a giant werewolf, rides a panhead with a SIDECAR. The rug rats, now wolves themselves sit in the sidecar...

Dakota rides to the front of the formation, next to Lila, who sits on the p-pad of Coop's shovelhead.

COOP

Is the last one to turn. His jaws dripping with black oil, his red lips curled back over yellow, razor-sharp teeth...

Coop uses his powerful arms to shrug on an oilskin duster. He crouches forward - as though running on all fours would be more natural for him - and climbs onto his shovel...

THE LUNAR CYCLES

rev their bikes. Waiting for the signal...

COOP

Gives it. Raising his heavy head to the moon, sending forth a terrible, gut-blasting HOOWWWWWLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL. And --

THE LUNAR CYCLES

ride. Down and away from the flats.

Towards town.

EXT. TALBOT ROADS - NIGHT

The Lunar Cycles WHIP past us. It's quite a sight: all those werewolves riding all those tricked-out Harleys...

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

An elderly COUPLE step out onto the porch, in time to see the nightmarish convoy speed by --

ELDERLY WOMAN  
See that, Emmett? Them fellas are  
crazy. Riding their motorcycles  
and not wearing any helmets --

ANGLE: Our Snarly Harleys. Racing on. Coop gives the  
signal and a few RIDERS splinter off from the group.

INT. EARL'S SALOON - NIGHT

The men hear the roar of the bikes from here. They look  
to one another. They smile. Beers are drained. Pistols  
yanked from their waistbands...

EXT. EARL'S - QUICK SHOTS

of the men taking rifles from their truck gun-racks.  
Lots of gun-racks. Lots of rifles.

INT. EARL'S - NIGHT

The box of silver bullets remains in the corner. Full.  
Forgotten...

INT. PACKARD'S ROOM - TALBOT MOTEL - NIGHT

From the window, Teddy can see the convoy WHIRR by. He  
leaps back from the window reflexively...

TEDDY  
Jesus -- !

PACKARD  
What -- ?

TEDDY  
They... They... They were all...

PACKARD  
I know. Come on.

They gather the cones and wire and place them in a  
rucksack...

EXT. TALBOT MOTEL - NIGHT

Teddy starts up the Yamaha. Packard climbs behind him,  
rucksack on his back. Teddy heads for town...

PACKARD (CONT'D)  
No. To the camp...

TEDDY  
But they went that way...

PACKARD  
We can't help them, Teddy. Go to  
the camp...

Reluctantly, Teddy turns the bike the other way. Rides.

EXT. CROFT ANTIQUE - NIGHT

Gwen steps out of the shop. She can see the men in the road, brandishing their rifles...

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

The men wait, lined up across the street, guns slung over their shoulders. Cocky and a little drunk...

The Lunar Cycles approach, headlights glowing... They ride on the sidewalks... Through storefront windows... Over parked cars...

Straight for the men... Closer... Closer... Bearing down...

Earl is the first to see their faces...

EARL  
God in heaven --

And now they can all see: WOLVES are riding those bikes! The men are stunned. Ray Pierce FIRES.

THUK! A bullet snaps into Coop's chest. It may as well have been a soap bubble for all the damage it does...

AND THE LUNAR CYCLES RANGE!!!!

Running over the menfolk, swiping at them with razor-sharp claws, savaging them...

The men fire their impotent bullets...

It is a bloodbath.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Earl runs for the coffee shop, firing random shots back into the melee...

Mighty Joe slams to a stop in front of him.... The rug rats leap from the sidecar onto Earl...

Forget about it.

EXT. TALBOT ROAD - NIGHT

Teddy and Packard race away from town, to the uplands.

A motorcycle pulls up beside them. A WEREWOLF upon it. Clawing for them --

Teddy guns the bike... Rocketing forward...

The werewolf shifts into 4th gear and hits the nitro, pulling up alongside them, rivulets of spittle flying in the wind...

A clawed hand reaches out for Packard's thigh...

Teddy pulls away. Barely. Again the werewolf catches up. It's the better rider with the better bike. Again, it reaches for Packard's thigh - clawing, inches away -- Packard takes the pistol from his waistband. BANG!

The werewolf, hit in the throat, howls in agony. And wolf and bike careen off the road...

But Teddy's lost control of his bike... It flounders out and skids to a stop...

Packard and Teddy go heads over handlebars and the bike SLAMS into a tree --

They're shaken but okay... Which can't also be said for the Yamaha, its frame twisted and bent...

Teddy looks in the ravine. At the dead werewolf - slowly TRANSFORMING BACK to human form...

It is CANVAS, the human tapestry. A dead mass of ink.

PACKARD

Come on - it's not far -- !

They run off, into the woods, toward the flats.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

It is now a war-zone. Aldermen are roped and dragged from the back of bikes; driven over; clawed at; thrashed...

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

A werewolf prowls about the office. Finding no tasty morsels, it leaves...

IN THE JAIL CELL - Walter Baskin cowers under the wooden bench...

INT. EARL'S - NIGHT

Jack Pierce is behind the bar, on his hands and knees, collecting the silver bullets and loading them into his rifle...

A werewolf appears from the back room, lunging for him. Pierce fires at it. The wolf goes down. Even Pierce is impressed at the efficiency of these silver bullets...

He flees the bar, as the werewolf TURNS BACK. Into a DEAD BIKER GIRL...

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Quiet now. Small fires rage. Lots of devastation. Mostly quiet. Except inside the --

INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

Ray Pierce is against a wall, the wolves stalking him.

RAY PIERCE  
C'mon, ya ugly fucks. Bite this --

Ray fires his rifle. A volley of buckshot slams into the werewolves, harmlessly. They come closer...

EXT. LUNAR CYCLES CAMP - NIGHT

The MOON washes over the camp in a flood of quicksilver.

Teddy and Packard are at the skirt of the flats, making sure the coast is clear...

They scurry out to the camp and set to work.

Packard buries the cones in the dirt at 10 foot intervals. PLUNGER DEVICES stick out from the middle of each disc, connected to one another by the copper wire lanyards...

Soon, they have encircled the entire northern base of the camp with the cones/wires...

TEDDY  
Where'd you learn how to do this?

PACKARD  
The Sixties. It's a Sixties trick...

They can hear SCREAMS. And HOWLS. And MOTORCYCLE ENGINES. Teddy looks to the lights of town.

And then it hits him:

TEDDY  
Gwen -- !

What took you so long, dude? Teddy looks at Packard.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
I've got to go...

PACKARD  
Go ahead. There's nothing left to do here but wait. Just be careful.

Teddy nods and disappears into the undergrowth.

Packard walks to the skirt of the flats, hunkering down in a low jumble of rocky outcrops. To wait.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

Jack Pierce makes his way across the street. Bursting into...

INT. GENERAL STORE - NIGHT

No sign of anyone. Then: from behind a magazine rack, a werewolf stands up: grinning at Jack, a dripping loop of his son's windpipe hanging from its fetid jaws...

JACK PIERCE

Nooooo -- !

He screams in pain and sadness. And blows the wolf away.

The second wolf comes barrelling out of the back of the store. Pierce aims his gun. FIRES...

The werewolf's head bursts like an old mango...

Pierce bends over the body of his son. And weeps.

INT. CROFT ANTIQUE - NIGHT

Gwen has triple-locked the door. Shut-out the lights.

She watches a pair of WEREWOLVES lurch down the street.

Gwen crouches behind the counter and closes her eyes.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Teddy runs through the dense thicket.

From downwind, comes the distant HOWLING of wolves.

Nothing moves in the pitiless moonlight, save the tops of the pine trees, tossing in the rising wind.

He comes upon a Harley Davidson parked beneath a stand of trees. Uh-oh.

Teddy searches the path, and every furrow and hollow, etched in bright moonlight, which might conceal something.

Teddy goes to the bike, just as

A HEAVY BODY

forces its way through the undergrowth. Teddy raises his pistol. The werewolf stops, a few feet from Teddy.

It smiles, teeth gleaming in the occluded moonlight.  
Teddy is frozen. The wolf comes toward him --

BLAM! BLAM! Teddy gut-shoots the werewolf, which  
collapses on the ground and begins to TURN.

It is Inkslinger.

Teddy goes to the dying man/wolf...

INKSLINGER  
Silver bullets. Hee, hee. That's  
crazy, bro... Old-school...

Inkslinger coughs up some blood...

INKSLINGER (CONT'D)  
Ugh. Take the bike, Sheriff  
Cherry. She's a righteous ride.  
An original '57 straight leg  
rigid. Righteous. Be good to  
her. Silver bullets. What a  
fuckin' hoot --

And he dies. And Teddy goes to the Harley. Hits start.

And races off, leaving Inkslinger's body in a bath of  
silver moonlight...

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Empty. We can hear the cries of skirmishes all about  
town. And the unceasing whine of motorcycle engines.  
But it is eerily empty --

INT. CROFT'S ANTIQUES - NIGHT

Gwen still cowers behind the counter. A shadow looms  
outside the window. Gwen chokes back a sob.

CRASH!! A hairy hand smashes through the pane glass...

GWEN

closes her eyes. Prays. But when she opens them, she's  
staring into --

RED EYES

Like thickly scummed molten metal.

The greasy jowls, the piked teeth...

The SWITCHBLADE EARRING dangling from one pointed ear...

Dakota.

## EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Fires rage. Bodies strewn about. Motorcycles splayed in the road like crunchy bugs...

The surviving bikers have reassembled, perhaps 12 strong. Some carry the spoils of war: jewelry, clothes, store mannequins, electronic equipment...

But most only carry the spoils of gore: blood-smeared jowls; filthy fur matted with flesh and tissue...

Coop HOWLS. He flicks his wick and roars forward. The others follow in a chorus of cries...

Leaving town.

Heading back to The Flats.

## INT. CROFT'S ANTIQUES - NIGHT

Dakota stalks Gwen, who scrambles across the floor...

GWEN

No... Please -- !

Gwen tries for the front door. Dakota swipes at her, knocking her to the ground, cutting her face...

Dakota sets down to eat... Drool dribbles from her mouth, onto Gwen and Gwen's cuts... Then:

TEDDY (O.S.)

But Grandmother! What big teeth you have -- !

Dakota turns. Teddy is in the doorway. Gun raised.

He pulls the trigger. Click. Click. Click. The echo of the empty chambers is awesome --

With a savage CRY, Dakota leaps from Gwen onto Teddy. They smash into a dresser filled with ceramics --

Dakota is now on top of him, teeth bared --

CLOSE ON - Teddy's hand. Clawing for something on the floor. Something just out of reach...

As Dakota is about to take a huge chunk out of Teddy's face:

TEDDY (CONT'D)

Dakota. No. Please. Don't.

Dakota stares at Teddy, red eyes burning with the fire of the pit... Perhaps she doesn't want to kill him, but the beast inside her must be sated. SHE LUNGES --

And TEDDY STABS HER IN THE BELLY. With the CAKE CUTTER.  
The sterling silver cake cutter...

Dakota SCREECHES, the most God-awful screech ever...

And Teddy withdraws the cutter.

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
That's for my dad. This one's for  
my dog...

And he stabs her again... She screeches again... And he  
withdraws it....

TEDDY (CONT'D)  
And this one's for me --

He sinks it deep into her breast. Striking her heart.

Dakota drops to the floor. Already beginning to turn.

She looks at him... The beastly visage fading...

DAKOTA  
Teddy. Aw, Teddy...

And she dies, sitting up against the wall.

Gwen rushes to Teddy, into his arms. They kiss. A long,  
loving one. Teddy opens his eyes to look at Dakota -

-- who is now back to the beautiful woman she was.  
Bloody but beautiful. A solitary tear streaks down her  
perfect face, cutting a swath through the gore...

EXT. LUNAR CYCLES CAMP - NIGHT

Packard waits in the brush. The MOON passes behind a  
thick cloud and the tranquil landscape is plunged into  
GLOOM. Packard looks skyward. To God:

PACKARD  
What a guy...

And here come the SCREAMS of the ENGINES - and the glow  
of all those tombstone headlights - winding up the hill.

Packard huddles down in the muck. To himself:

PACKARD (CONT'D)  
This is what we used to call the  
wet-ass hour...

He cocks his gun. Lights a cigarette. Waits.

THE LUNAR CYCLES

come ripping up the hill.

## VULTURE

Corpsman! Get me a corpsman! I'M  
Private Vincent Ulcher, Jr.  
02242689, First Platoon, Delta  
Company, Third Brigade, Fourth  
Division. I've been hit. We were  
providing cover at a small L.Z.  
for a dustoff and ammo run and  
I'VE BEEN HIT! GET ME A CORPSMAN!

The devastation taking him back to another time. Packard watches, somewhat sadly, as Vulture dies, thinking he's in the triple-canopied jungles of Can Tho...

## PACKARD

walks over to the charred MOBILE HOME. Steps inside.

## INT. MOBILE HOME - NIGHT

Coop sits beside the dying Lila, holding her hand. And watching her turn, as the silver poisons her blood...

Coop is somewhere between man and wolf: most of the fur is gone, but his face is still beast-like in most of its aspects. His voice is a RASP...

## COOP

Goodbye, baby. Goodbye, stone  
fox...

Lila dies. Packard is in the doorway...

## COOP (CONT'D)

Things born are doomed to die..  
Their termination is bliss. A  
Bouncing Betty. Made of silver.  
Very clever, sport...

## PACKARD

I'm sorry.

## COOP

Sorry? Me, too. Of this eternal  
cycle of transmigration. It's  
shit. These corporeal existences  
come and go; material things wear  
out and are replaced. But we  
always seem to be taking up the  
battle at the point where it was  
last left off...

Coop looks up at Packard, for the first time. Shows  
teeth... Packard raises his rifle.

## COOP (CONT'D)

Go ahead, sport. Make my decade.

The moon spears the clouds and a silver light shines into  
the mobile home.

And Packard can see Coop's injuries: large chunks of flesh, muscle, blood vessels and nerves have been ripped away. Daggers of shrapnel poke out --

COOP (CONT'D)

Ever since the wolf bit me in Da Nang, my first tour. Life hasn't been a patio party. I infected all of them. The whole club. But they wanted to hang. They wanted a family...

Coop's eyes show a pain that has nothing to do with his wounds...

COOP (CONT'D)

But you don't know what it's like for a man to wander across this great country of ours knowing that he is a monster to his fellow man. That he is a failure his God would just assume forget. We'd ride. From city to city, town to town. Partying, making friends, rallies, runs. New bros at every junction. But always, sooner or later, there were the rumors, the weird looks, the realization...

Coop blanches as a bolt of pain shoots through him.

COOP (CONT'D)

Sometimes, we'd go weeks, months, in a town, without incident. We'd be with people we liked: scooter tramps, vets, human beings. But then the moon shone down full and our blood would rage with the thing we carry within us. And the people that had been our friends would go back to their houses and melt down their silver and make 'em into bullets. And whether they'd hunt us down for the beasts we are or the bikes we ride... It's all the same in the end, isn't it? I mean, what are silver bullets, really, but nuggets of hatred, heated, hammered and honed?

Coop coughs. He gets to his feet. Facing Packard.

COOP (CONT'D)

To fall in love with those outside our ken... It's happened... But that I won't go into, sport. That would break your fucking heart. No matter where we went. They hated us. No matter what we did. They hated us. They knew. We knew: To be a werewolf is to hurt...

He nods... Smiles at Packard...

COOP (CONT'D)

What we have here is an earthbound, unrestrained crude force. I don't even know whether the spirit of God moves this force. End it for me, sport...

But Packard cannot. He stares at Coop, gun raised.

COOP

No? Then come with me. Be with me. You know you want to. You desire it. Your fascination began in that bunker, sport. With Victor Charlie's guns sticking at you from all directions. You made it your life's work. You want to know what it's like to ride the wind, wild and uncontrollable. To want so bad is like dwelling in a burning house. To seek is to suffer. To seek nothing is to be free. And you think riding is freedom, sport? Ranging is a freedom absolute. Come to me. We'll share blood and we'll leave this human race (which you've never fit into, not since the bunker). And we will range the world. The last of the last. And they will think of us often, sport. Know that, brother. They will think of us often --

Packard seems hypnotized. He drops his gun and walks toward Coop, slowly, slowly ...

O.S., he hears Maleva's voice - distant and small:

MALEVA (O.S.)

No - Noah - don't do it. Stay away from him. He will kill you. Don't be a fool --

But Packard is now face to face with Coop. Waiting.

And Coop BARES HIS FANGS... To take a chunk out of Packard's throat, when --

BLAM!

Coop catches one in the forehead. The mashed silver slug winking in the moonlight...

Coop sags to the ground in a heap of man.

Packard turns. Jack Pierce is there. Gun smoking. Packard stares at Pierce. Furious. A beat...

PACKARD  
What have you done -- ?

JACK PIERCE  
He'd have killed you...

And Packard BELTS HIM IN THE FACE, sending Pierce sprawling...

Packard looks back to the dead Coop.

PACKARD  
He saved my life...

Packard takes something from around his own neck.  
Something we hadn't noticed him wearing before...

Packard kneels down... And puts it around Coop's neck.

*The DOG TAGS.*

A motorcycle roars up the road to the flats. Pierce and Packard tense. But it is Teddy and Gwen on Inkslinger's Harley...

Teddy and Gwen are amazed at the destruction. Teddy goes to the mobile home. Sees Coop.

PACKARD (CONT'D)  
It's over...

TEDDY  
What should we do?

PACKARD  
Burn it. Burn it all.

He walks past them, heading down the hill road...

TEDDY  
But...

PACKARD  
It's the rainy season, kid.  
Ground's damp --

EXT. UPLANDS - NIGHT

Packard walks on. Lights a smoke. Behind him, a huge PYRE OF FLAMES whooshes into the night as the flats are set afire...

From up ahead, Packard hears MUSIC. Tambourines and guitars, violins, tupans and cymbals and tin spoons...

And, oddly enough, in the road there is --

## A CARAVAN

of horses and a few wagons, brightly-lit, like some kind of medicine show...

Packard nears. And sees that they are GYPSIES. Bangled and pantalooned; dancing and singing their ruses as they make their way down the road...

MALEVA

sticks her head out of one wagon. She says something and the caravan stops...

MALEVA

That was not smart up there, Noah.

PACKARD

I know.

MALEVA

You are not a bad man. Your flaws are vast, but you are not a bad man...

PACKARD

Thank-you.

MALEVA

I'm leaving now. You won't be needing me, anymore...

PACKARD

Where will you go?

MALEVA

Who knows? We'll wander. We're Gypsies. I'm thinking maybe Paris. We'll pass the days in front of the Louvre and pick pockets. And you?

PACKARD

I'm thinking about the delicatessen business. I know of a deli on East 48th, between 3rd and Lex. Needs new management. What do you think?

She smiles with toothless mirth...

MALEVA

Name a sandwich after me.

Packard nods. Maleva waves. And the caravan moves on, MUSIC high and cheerful, Gypsies dancing, spinning, twirling, leaping...

Until it disappears into the mists of midnight...

EXT. LUNAR CYCLE CAMP - NIGHT

Teddy, Gwen and Pierce watch the flames fly high into the sky. The smoke rising, rising, rising --

To the FULL MOON, now skidding down the sky, as if it were melting from the heat of the flames, like a tatter of butter in a skillet... As we'll...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TALBOT - MAIN STREET - DAY

Peace has been restored. Shop windows are boarded up. A few Highway Patrol cars are parked nearby.

EXT. TALBOT MOTEL - DAY

Packard comes out with his luggage. Teddy & Gwen help him...

PACKARD  
So you'll go back to Washington?

TEDDY  
Yeah. Soon...

Packard turns to Gwen...

PACKARD  
And what will you do?

Gwen looks at Teddy... Back at Packard:

GWEN  
Depends what I'm offered...

Packard kisses Gwen goodbye, and shakes Teddy's hand.

PACKARD  
You okay?

TEDDY  
Sure. Why?

PACKARD  
You look like shit...

TEDDY  
It's been a rough few days...

Walter Baskin comes running up the street...

BASKIN  
See ya, Dr. Packard -- !

PACKARD  
Walter. I hear you're to be the new Sheriff...

BASKIN

That's right. And lookit what I got...

He takes a shiny, new SHERIFF'S STAR from his pocket and pins it on his chest. It shimmers in the sunlight.

Packard sees Teddy and Gwen shrink back from it...

PACKARD

That's something. It's silver, isn't it -- ?

BASKIN

Yep. Had 'em make it outta real silver. Never can be too safe.

Packard nods, looks at Teddy and Gwen, who have recovered some. Packard isn't happy. But he gets into his car.

PACKARD

Call me...

He drives off. Honking. When he's gone, Teddy, Gwen and Baskin walk back towards the center of town...

BASKIN

Things finally back to normal, huh, kids?

TEDDY

Will you take that silly thing of, Walt? It's blinding...

GWEN

No shit -- !

Baskin stares at them, hurt and a little perplexed. But, as is his nature, he shrugs and unpins the silver star, jamming it into his pocket.

INT. PACKARD'S RENTAL CAR - INTERSTATE - MOVING - DAY

Packard drives along. He looks in his rearview mirror and nearly loses control of the car. For

IN THE BACKSEAT

is a MAN, mid-60s, wearing a white APRON and carrying a SALAMI. The Man's accent is rich with the textures of Flatbush...

PACKARD

Who are you?

MAN  
I'm Saul, Dr. Packard. I'm your  
new figment. And this, this is a  
cotto salami. It's delicious,  
when sliced thin, with a little  
provolone and a lot of mustard on  
a nice Kaiser roll...

PACKARD  
No - no - no --

EXT. INTERSTATE

Packard's rental car speeds away... The Man's VOICE  
fading off...

MAN (O.S.)  
You have a choice between a dill  
pickle or a half-sour. I myself,  
like sweet pickle chips. But only  
if they're very, very crunchy...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE - A FEW DAYS LATER - DAY

SILENCE. Then: Zooooooooom! A Harley-Davidson zips by.

It is Teddy. Riding Inkslinger's bike. Gwen on the  
back. They wear biker duds we might not expect them to.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SECONDARY ROAD - ANOTHER DAY

Two-lanes of quiet blacktop, flanked by woods. The  
MOTORCYCLE races down. Teddy and Gwen.

Teddy's hair is much longer now, wisps of beard cover his  
face. Gwen wears denim cut-offs and riding boots. Her  
hair is longer too. Their faces are intent, riveted on  
the road...

A BLUE CHEVY PICK-UP

appears behind them. It's the REDNECKS who first  
accosted The Lunar Cycles. (Yes, this plays exactly like  
the end of "EASY RIDER" - you can call it a rip-off, we  
call it an "homage")...

INT. PICK-UP - DAY

The Rednecks see the bike...

REDNECK DRIVER  
Hey, lookit them two --

REDNECK PASSENGER  
Pull alongside - we'll scare the  
hell out of them --

He takes the PUMP SHOTGUN from the rifle-rack behind him.

TEDDY AND GWEN

speed along, unmindful of the pick-up, even as it pulls up beside them - and the Redneck Passenger aims the gun.

REDNECK PASSENGER (CONT'D)

Want me to blow your brains out?

Teddy looks over. Gives them the finger.

REDNECK PASSENGER (CONT'D)

Why don't you get a haircut?

The Redneck Passenger pulls the trigger. BOOM! The bullet rips into Teddy. But still he rides...

And it is Gwen who lets cry the GROWL and LEAPS FROM THE BIKE INTO THE CAB OF THE TRUCK -- a snarling, tearing red-blooded WEREWOLF!!!

The pick-up skids off the road, crashing into a gully and landing on its side...

Teddy rides down to it. HE TOO HAS TURNED. He crawls into the cab. As the EATING NOISES commence, we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROADHOUSE - DAY

A few dozen Harley-Davidsons are parked outside of this seedy joint...

Teddy and Gwen pull up on the bike and park. They are now even further along physically, to the point where, at first glance, we might even think they were Coop and Lila.

They walk into the roadhouse.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INTERSTATE - DAY

Teddy and Gwen riding hard in the wind. Teddy's ARCHITECT TUBE sticks out of one saddlebag.

And behind them, there are at least

A DOZEN BIKERS

riding tricked-out Harleys, following their leaders.

They race on by us. So we can catch the PATCH they wear on the backs of their cut-off denim vests: it's a WOLF riding a hog, with his She-Wolf on the p-pad. And stencilled around it is "THE VICIOUS CYCLES M/C."

We FOLLOW Teddy and Gwen and the club, down an off-ramp and into the sunset...

And we TILT UP to see the EXIT SIGN they have taken, which reads...

WASHINGTON D.C.

As King Harvest's 70s pop classic "DANCING IN THE MOONLIGHT" starts up on track...

*("We get it on most every night/When that moon is big and bright/It's a supernatural delight/Everybody's dancing in the moonlight..." )*

And we TILT FURTHER UP, to see the FAINT ORB in the graying sky, struggling for the clarity it will have once darkness falls...

*("Dancing in the moonlight/Everybody's feeling warm and bright/It's such a fine and natural sight/Everybody's dancing in the moonlight..." )*

For tonight there will be

A FULL MOON

And, through the music, we HEAR the last sustained, troubled HOWL, filled with bloodlust and the urge to destroy, and it is then we know we are truly at --

THE END