

"SILVER BULLET"

by

Stephen King

FADE IN:

EXT. THE FULL MOON, CLOSE - NIGHT

It nearly fills the screen, swimming mysteriously in the warm late summer air.

SOUND: Crickets.

THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY DOWN TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS IN THE COUNTRY NIGHT - AND MOONLIGHT

CREDITS BEGIN.

A rail-rider comes chugging along the tracks. Aboard is ARNIE WESTRUM, a big man in a strappy T-shirt and chino pants. He is drinking beer.

ARNIE

(sings)

My beer is Rheingold the dry beer...

Think of Rheingold whenever you buy beer...

He drains the rest of his own bottle of Rheingold and tosses it to one side. Up ahead we see a switching point.

ARNIE throws the rail-rider into neutral, opens the toolbox on the back, and brings out a big five-cell flashlight. He shines it on the switch.

He gets a crowbar from the toolbox, plus a big wrench, a pair of pliers, a hammer, and a pair of work gloves. He also gets another bottle of beer and sticks it into his back pocket.

ARNIE jumps down and approaches the switch.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

EXT. ARNIE, AT THE SWITCHING POINT - NIGHT

He drops his tools, pulls on his work gloves, and trains the light on the switch for a moment. During this:

ARNIE

(sings)

It's not bitter, not sweet, it's a real
frosty treat, won't you try, won't you
buy Rheingold beer...

He tries the switch. No go. It's frozen.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Stuck tighter'n dogshit in a deep freeze!

He takes the bottle of beer from his back pocket and fishes a churchkey from one of the front ones. He pops the cap and drinks deeply. He burps. Then he screws the half-empty bottle of beer into the cinders so it won't fall over. Then he picks up his crowbar.

CREDITS CONTINUE.

EXT. THE RAIL-RIDER - NIGHT

There's a SOUND of bushes shaking. Something comes out - something huge. It leaps limberly onto the rail-rider. It is a werewolf with greenish-yellow eyes. Tatters of clothes still hang from it.

What kind of monster, exactly? It is humanoid as well as wolfish... and when we learn who it is in its human form, we should be able to spot the resemblance at once...and kick ourselves for not knowing earlier.

It crouches there, huge and bushy and fanged and deadly, on the whole rail-rider.

CREDITS CONCLUDE.

EXT. ARNIE - NIGHT

He's working the crowbar into the junction point just as hard as he can. Swearing at it under his breath. Suddenly, both the tracks and the switch move.

ARNIE

Hot damn! Now... a little oil...

He turns back toward the rail-rider.

EXT. ARNIE, ARRIVING AT THE RAIL-RIDER - NIGHT

ARNIE
It's not bitter, not sweet... it's
a big fuckin' treat...

A NOISE - bushes rattling; cinders clinking and rattling.
ARNIE looks around.

EXT. THE RAILS AND THE SWITCHING POINT, ARNIE'S POV - NIGHT

Nothing there. His bottle of beer stands by the litter of
his tools.

EXT. ARNIE, AT THE RAIL-RIDER - NIGHT

He's rooting around in the toolbox, back to the switching
point.

EXT. ARNIE'S BOTTLE OF BEER, CU - NIGHT

A hairy hand/paw closes around it - we see huge curved
claws on that hand.

EXT. THE WEREWOLF'S FACE, CU - NIGHT

Glaring green-yellow eyes; a savage, bestial face which is
still half human. That's all we see. The rest is in shadow.
It opens its mouth and upends the bottle of beer. Foamy
Rheingold begins gurgling down the werewolf's throat.

EXT. ARNIE AT THE RAIL-RIDER - NIGHT

He comes up with an old-fashioned oilcan, the kind with the
long spout. He starts back to the switching point, waving
the can.

ARNIE

(sings)

My beer is Rheingold the dry beer...

Think of Rheingold whenever you fry beer...

He arrives, looks down... and stops singing. His eyes widen.

EXT. THE CINDERS BY THE TRACK, ARNIE'S POV - NIGHT

We can see the hole where ARNIE put his beer, but it is of course empty. Beside it are two huge prints in the cinders, half wolf, half human.

EXT. ARNIE - NIGHT

He's beginning to be afraid. Beginning to look around to see what might be out here with him. Beginning to realize he is in extremely deep shit.

SOUND: A SHATTERING, SNARLING ROAR

EXT. THE WEREWOLF - NIGHT

It rises up on its hind legs, eyes glaring an ugly yellow green. Its snout wrinkles back, revealing those teeth.

EXT. ARNIE - NIGHT

He's craning back to look at the thing, his face a grue of horror.

ARNIE

Oh n-

A huge clawed hand/paw comes sweeping down. ARNIE's head is granted an immediate Reno-style divorce from the rest of his body.

EXT. THE RAIL-RIDER - NIGHT

SOUND of the beast approaching. A hairy arm and taloned hand reaches into the toolbox bolted to the back and rummages. The hand is dripping blood.

It comes up with a bottle of Rheingold.

The WEREWOLF begins to sing. It is a bizarre funny-horrible grunting, the words hellishly recognizable.

WEREWOLF

(guttural; subhuman)

My beer is Rheingold the dry beer...

No bottle opener for this thing; it brings the neck of the bottle down sharply on the edge of the toolbox. Beer foams out.

EXT. THE WEREWOLF'S FACE, IN DEEP SHADOW - NIGHT

He/It rams the jagged neck of the bottle deep into its mouth and drinks. Foam drizzles down its pelt. It's grinning.

WEREWOLF

(snarling voice)

Think of Rheingold whenever you buy beer...

EXT. THE WEREWOLF, CU - NIGHT

The bottle is empty. There are CRUNCHING SOUNDS as it begins to eat the bottle.

Blood begins to run out of its mouth; its face wrinkles in pain and fury. It spits out broken, bloody jags of glass.

Looks up. It HOWLS.

EXT. TARKER'S MILLS NIGHT - MOONLIGHT

We're looking at Main Street of a small country town - might be New England, might be mid-South. Might be 1984,

might be 1981. This is Tarker's Mills, and in places like this, time moves more slowly. Cars - not too many - move back and forth. No one is in a hurry.

We see the Methodist church (and the parsonage next door); Andy's Sporting Goods; Owen's Pub, with its Narragansett neon sign. We see a barber shop with a striped pole; we see the Holy Family Catholic Church and the rectory next door. We see the Gem Theater, which is showing a revival of Sophia Loren in "Two Women."
It's Our Town, U.S.A.

JANE (V.O.)

This place is Tarker's Mills, where I grew up... and this is how it was when I was fourteen - a place where people cared about each other as much as they cared about themselves. This is how my town looked as, all unknowing, it approached the rim of the nightmare. The killing had begun.

SOUND: The HOWL of the WEREWOLF - distant, a bit dreamy.

EXT./INT. TARKER'S MILLS MONTAGE - NIGHT

a.) VIRGIL CUTTS, owner of Virgil's Texaco, is filling up a car. We hear the HOWL... and VIRGIL looks up uneasily.

b.) In the barber shop, BILLY McCLAREN, the barber, is just taking the apron off the Methodist minister, REV. O'BANION. They both look around.

c.) Folks are coming out of the Gem Theater. They pause at the sound of that HOWL and look toward the edge of town.

EXT. THE SETTING MOON, CU - NIGHT

As JANE speaks, we see the moon sink below the horizon.

JANE (V.O.)

The killing had begun, but at first no one knew it. Arnie Westrum was a chronic drunk, and what happened seemed like an accident.

EXT. THE RAIL-RIDER AND ARNIE'S HEADLESS BODY - NIGHT

Slowly the view improves, grows lighter, as we TIME-LAPSE TO DAWN.

SOUND: A train is approaching. We hear its horn.

CAMERA MOVES IN. Here is a shattered Rheingold bottle. There is a litter of ARNIE'S tools. And here, on the cheek of ARNIE'S severed head, a few ants are checking things out.

SOUND: The train's horn, MUCH CLOSER.

JANE (V.O.)

The county coroner concluded that Arnie passed out on the tracks. There wasn't enough evidence to conclude anything else.

And suddenly the train comes smashing into the frame, horn blaring. The rail-rider goes flying. ARNIE'S body disappears underneath. We see something flopping and moving under there. It could be a bundle of rags. Could be... but isn't.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TARKER'S MILLS TOWN COMMON - DAY

The common is more or less in the center of town, either surrounded by Main Street commerce or backed by it. THE CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN on a big tent that's been erected on the Common - looks like a revival meeting tent, almost, but the banner draped over the entrance reads: SUPPORT THE TARKER'S MILLS MEDCU DRIVE!

Behind or to the side, on the grass, picnic tables have been set out end-to-end. Women are putting salads and home-baked breads on these - just about the whole town is going to sit down to a meal when the meeting's over. Further off, men are tending barbecues, roasting corn, etc.

JOE HALLER (Amplified)

I'd like to give you Father Lester Lowe,
of Holy Family Catholic Church!

Enthusiastic applause greets this.

INT. THE CROWD - DAY

Most of the town is here, seated on folding chairs. We're looking particularly at three people - NAN COSLAW, her husband BOB, and their fourteen-year-old daughter, JANE. It is JANE - a slightly older JANE - who we have heard speaking. She is now a bit bored with the meeting, which has been going on for some time. As the APPLAUSE CONTINUES, she leans toward her mother.

JANE

I'm going out for a while, 'kay?

NAN

All right. Stay close. And make sure your brother's all right.

As JANE gets up, the applause starts to fade a bit.

NOTE: JANE is wearing a silver crucifix, and will continue to wear it through the whole movie.

INT. THE PODIUM - DAY

To one side is a big black-and-white photograph on an easel. It shows a van which has been customized into an emergency medical unit.

Behind the podium are four chairs. REV. TOM O'BANION sits in one of them. ANDY FAIRTON sits in another, red-faced and beaming. JOE HALLER, the town constable, is just returning to his; LESTER LOWE is just approaching the mike as the applause dies. LOWE'S face shines with love and goodwill.

LOWE

For the last ten years...

No amplification. He taps the mike.

INT. JANE

She is making her way down the row to the aisle (the people should be seated in folding chairs). She passes a GIRL of about her own age who has overheard NAN'S parting shot.

GIRL
(mocking)
"Make sure your brother's all right."

JANE
(low)
Marty's a booger.

She reaches the aisle and starts out.

INT. THE PODIUM, FEATURING FATHER LOWE

He taps the mike again.

INT. THE CROWD, FEATURING BOB AND NAN COSLAW

BOB
(good-natured)
Just pretend you're in your own church
askin' for money, father! It'll work fine!

Good-natured laughter greets this.

INT. LOWE AT THE PODIUM

A bit flustered, he taps the mike and is rewarded by a BRIEF SCREAM OF FEEDBACK.

LOWE
For the last ten years, I have had a dream. A dream of a time when modern medical care would come to this small community, which sometimes seems so far from Durham, with her lifesaving hospitals. I hope that this meeting, at which I see so many of my friends gathered, will be the start of making my dream come true.

SOUND: Enthusiastic applause.

EXT. A SNAKE IN THE GRASS, CU

It's a blacksnake... harmless, but big. It goes wriggling through the grass toward a stream. In the b.g. - SOUND OF APPLAUSE.

MARTY (O.S.)
Holy...! Brady, are you sure they're
not poisonous?

BRADY (O.S.)
Little old blacksnake? Hell, no!

Hands - the rather grimy hands of a boy bent on mischief - grab the blacksnake.

EXT. MARTY AND BRADY, CU

BRADY holds the snake up. Both boys gaze at it with respectful wonder.

NOTE: MARTY is wearing a silver St. Cristopher's medallion, and will through the whole movie.

MARTY
Lemme hold him!

BRADY hands it over. As MARTY looks at the snake, BRADY sees:

EXT. JANE, COMING OUT OF THE TENT - DAY

JANE (V.O.)
I was almost fifteen that summer. My brother Marty was eleven. Marty and his friend Brady Kincaid were the crosses I had to bear. Brady was actually the worse of the two, but I was rarely disposed to see that. Not when my younger brother was so constantly thrown in my face by my parents.

LOWE (O.S.)
\$32,000 is a lot of money. But when you
think of the lives this unit might save, it
seems very inexpensive indeed.

Applause greets this.

EXT. MARTY AND BRADY

Again we are fairly tight on the boys - we see them from
waist or chest height. BRADY snatches back the snake.

BRADY
I got an idea.

MARTY
What?

BRADY looks toward JANE. MARTY follows his gaze. His eyes
widen.

MARTY (CONT'D)
You wouldn't.

BRADY grins. MARTY assesses the grin.

MARTY (CONT'D)
You would.

INT. THE PODIUM, WITH LOWE

LOWE
An endeavor like this seems to me to be
the very definition of community - all
of us pulling together as one, farmers
and merchants... Protestants and Catholics...

EXT. JANE

She is walking slowly toward the picnic area, and is
passing under a tree. There's more applause from the tent.

BRADY
(teasing voice)
Jane... Jane...

She looks up. The blacksnake dangles down toward her, almost touching her upturned face.

JANE shrieks and bolts. She gets a little way, trips over her own feet and falls down hard. She's wearing what was a nice jumper and nylons. Now the jumper is torn and the hose shredded at the knees.

EXT. THE TREE, WITH BRADY

He's lying over a limb with the snake in his hand, laughing wildly.

EXT. JANE

She gets up, looks at her clothes, her bloody knees. She's near tears.

EXT. MARTY, AT ONE SIDE OF THE TREE, FAIRLY TIGHT

The shot's from the chest up. He looks sorry he was a part of this little stunt, as he ought to be.

MARTY
It was just a blacksnake, Jane-

EXT. JANE

She looks around at him in a fury of embarrassment and something very close to hate.

JANE
Look at my knees! Look at my dress!
I hate you!

EXT. BRADY, UP IN THE TREE

BRADY
Did wittle Janie make wee-wee in her
teddies?

EXT. MARTY

MARTY
Stop it, Brady.

EXT. BRADY, UP IN THE TREE

He throws the snake.

EXT. JANE

She dodges the snake with a little scream. She's beginning to cry, but she flips BRADY the bird just the same.

EXT. BRADY, IN THE TREE

BRADY
Ooooh, naughty!

EXT. MARTY

He moves toward JANE - there is something queerly unnatural in this movement, and in a moment we'll understand, but for the time being we must be puzzled.

MARTY
Jane, I'm sorry. It was just a joke. We
didn't mean-

He's reached her. JANE is sobbing now, hysterical.

JANE
Oh, no! You never mean to! I hate you,
you booger!

She runs away.

EXT. THE TREE, WITH BRADY

He swings down and comes over to MARTY.

BRADY
(with satisfaction)
Really got her goat that time.

EXT. MARTY

He's in a wheelchair, looking glumly after JANE.

MARTY
Oh, shut up, Brady. You're warped.

EXT. NEAR THE BANDSTAND, FEATURING JANE - DAY

She's walking slowly along, still crying a little. Now she steps behind some bushes, looks around, hikes up the skirt of her jumper, and wriggles out of the wrecked panty hose.

STELLA RANDOLPH (O.S.)
Wait! Don't go!

Startled, JANE looks around, instinctively yanking her dress down. No one in sight.

MAN (O.S.)
(rough)
Just leave me alone!

Now she looks toward:

EXT. THE BANDSTAND, JANE'S POV

A man who looks like he might be a traveling salesman who has just stepped whole and breathing from a dirty joke about the farmer's daughter comes striding down from the bandstand.

STELLA RANDOLPH, a plump but sweetly pretty girl, comes to the stairs but does not descend them. She is also crying -

but these are real tears, folks. STELLA is a human Niagara Falls.

STELLA
(calls)
Please! You have to help me!

EXT. THE GAY DECEIVER

DECEIVER
(keeps walking)
It's your oven, but it ain't my bun
you're baking in there. Sorry, babe.

B.G. SOUNDS: More applause.

EXT. JANE

We can hear STELLA sobbing as JANE walks slowly toward the bandstand with her panty hose still balled up in one hand. JANE looks suddenly aware that she's not the only one in this sad world who has troubles. She reaches the foot of the stairs going up to the bandstand and tosses the hose absently in a litter can.

JANE mounts the steps timidly.

JANE
Stella? Is that you?

EXT. ON THE BANDSTAND

STELLA has retreated to one of the benches, where she is bawling into a handful of Kleenex. Pudgy and twenty-two, she is both funny and terribly sad. She looks around at the sound of JANE's voice.

STELLA
(alarmed)
Who - ?

JANE
(approaching closer)
It's Jane, Stella. Jane Coslaw.

STELLA sees it is, and turns away from her, still weeping. JANE stands, uncertain what to do next. After a moment she approaches closer and touches STELLA'S turned back timidly.

JANE
(tenderly)
What's wrong?

STELLA
(weeping)
He's going away. I know he is.

JANE
Who's going away?

STELLA turns to her, weeping still and distracted.

STELLA
What am I going to tell my mother? If
he won't marry me, what am I going to
tell my mother?

JANE
(bewildered)
Stella, I don't know what-

STELLA
Oh, leave me alone! Just leave me
alone, you stupid thing!

STELLA lumbers across the bandstand and down the steps. JANE stares after her, bewildered and perhaps even a little frightened.

INT. THE PODIUM, WITH REV. O'BANION

O'BANION
Let us pray.

INT. THE TOWN HALL GATHERING

Most of them bow their heads.

INT. REV. O'BANION, AT THE PODIUM

O'BANION

May the Grace of God shine upon those
gathered here... and lift them up... and
grant success to the endeavor to which
they have so openheartedly declared their
support. Amen.

INT. THE GATHERING

They raise their heads. Some echo the "Amen." Others cross
themselves.

EXT. THE PICNIC AREA

People are coming out and getting ready to chow-down.

EXT. THE COSLAW STATION WAGON DAY

Traveling along a country road. Headed home.

INT. THE STATION WAGON - DAY

BOB and NAN COSLAW are sitting up front. MARTY and JANE are
in the backseat. JANE is as far from MARTY as she can get.
She's still mad as hell. Band-Aids crisscross her knees.

MARTY'S wheelchair is collapsed in the cargo area of the
wagon.

NAN turns around to look at the kids - and it's really JANE
she's mad at.

NAN

I want you two to bury the hatchet.
You're being very silly, Jane.

JANE

(hot)

Did you see my knees?

MARTY

Jane, I-

NAN

I think you're being mean as well as silly. Your brother has never had a scraped knee in his whole life.

Well, here it is - the chief source of JANE'S animus against her brother and the source of most of the tension in the COSLAW family.

MARTY winces and turns away a little, embarrassed - this always happens. He doesn't like it, but he doesn't know how to make his parents - his mother in particular - quit it.

JANE

You always take his side because he's a cripple! Well, it's not my fault that he's a cripple!

MARTY

Come on, Jane- it was Brady's idea. I couldn't stop him.

JANE

Brady's a booger and so are you!

NAN

Jane Coslaw!

BOB

(roars)

Stop it or I'll throw the whole bunch of you out!

In this traditional family unit, BOB is the Voice of Authority. They all heed, although the atmosphere remains thundery.

INT. THE STATION WAGON - DAY

Train tracks run near the road.

INT. THE STATION WAGON, ENSEMBLE - DAY

BOB
(points)
That's where poor old Arnie Westrum
pitched his last drunk.

He crosses himself and they all look toward:

EXT. THE GS&WM RAILROAD TRACKS (STATION WAGON'S POV)

INT. THE CAR - DAY

BOB
They had to pick up what was left of
him in a peach basket.

JANE
Oh, Daddy! Gross!

MARTY
Did he really get his head cut off, Dad?
That's what Brady said.

JANE
If you don't stop it I'm going to vomit.
I mean it.

NAN
(no sympathy)
You're not going to vomit, Jane. And I
think we've all had quite enough of this
horror-movie talk.

INT. MARTY, CLOSER - DAY

Craning back to look at the spot where ARNIE bit the dust.
His face is thoughtful, solemn.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE COSLAW HOUSE - NIGHT

JANE is lying in bed, her face to the wall. Dim light falls on her unhappy face as the door is opened.

MARTY (O.S.)

Janey?... Are you awake?

JANE says nothing.

INT. THE DOOR TO JANE'S BEDROOM, WITH MARTY - NIGHT

He is in his "house wheelchair" - not the Silver Bullet (he was in the Bullet during the Common scene, but we didn't get a very good look at it). He has some stuff on his lap. A box, for sure.

MARTY

Can I come in?

INT. JANE

Her eyes are open but she says nothing. Just looks at the wall.

INT. MARTY

He rolls across to her bed and puts something on her night table. SOUND of change and a rattle of paper. She rolls over and sees he's put about three bucks on the table. Plus a can of mixed nuts.

JANE

What's the money for?

MARTY

A new pair of panty hose. Is it enough?

JANE

I don't want your money. You're a booger.

MARTY

It was Brady's idea, Jane. Honest to God.
Please take the money. I want to make up.

She looks at him and sees he's sincere - honestly contrite.
She softens. There's hope for these two kids yet, maybe.

JANE

I can get a pair of L'Eggs down at the
pharmacy for a dollar forty-nine. Here.

She pushes the rest back to him, then looks at the can. She
picks it up, curious.

MARTY

That's for you, too. Uncle Al gave it
to me-

JANE

(scorn)
That drunk!

MARTY

-but I want you to have it.

He gives her a warm, melting smile. When your little
brother is being good to you it's time to watch out - but
JANE has been lulled. She starts to open it, then looks
questioningly at him.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Yeah, go ahead.

She opens it. A long paper snake - the kind with a spring
inside it - leaps out. She shrieks.

JANE

You booger!

MARTY backs up the wheelchair so he's out of her reach.

MARTY

(grinning)
It really is for your birthday, though -
try it on Brady. He'll wet his pants.

JANE
Go to hell!

INT. MARTY, BY THE DOOR

MARTY
(smiling)
I love you, Janey.

INT. JANE, IN BED

She tries to be angry with him... and cannot (this is a response, we'll find, that both MARTY and his UNCLE AL evoke). She smiles at him a little.

INT. MARTY

He reverses his wheelchair, also smiling a little, and leaves.

EXT. TARKER'S MILLS, UNDER THE MOON - NIGHT

We're looking down at a brave little nestle of lights.

SOUND: A HOWL.

EXT. A HOUSE SOME DISTANCE OUT IN THE COUNTRY

There's one light on upstairs and another downstairs... also downstairs is the bluish flicker of TV light.

An ivy trellis climbs one side of the house.

SOUNDS: Canned laughter; TV dialogue.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM OF THE RANDOLPH HOUSE

STELLA'S MOTHER, asleep in front of the TV.

INT. A PRETTY CHINA DISH, CU

A whole bunch of capsules are dumped into it.

THE CAMERA DRAWS BACK to show us STELLA, sitting by her vanity mirror. The rest of the room is reflected in the mirror, including the window - we are upstairs.

[NOTE: It would be nice to see that fat moon floating in the window!]

There's a framed picture of STELLA's ex-boyfriend on the vanity beside the dish of pills. STELLA sets down the empty prescription bottle the pills came from beside this picture. We can clearly read the word "Nembutol" on it. There is also a large glass of water on the vanity table.

STELLA turns the picture facedown. She might be crying but probably she's not. She takes about five of the pills, starts to lift them to her mouth-

A HOWL outside... closer.

STELLA looks around for a moment, then takes the pills with some water. She pauses, looking at herself.

STELLA
Suicides go to hell. Especially if
they're pregnant. And I don't even care.

She takes another five pills. And another five.

SOUNDS: Rattling foliage.

EXT. THE IVY TRELLIS - NIGHT

Claw-hands are seizing it and climbing. SOUNDS of hoarse, guttural breathing.

INT. STELLA AT THE VANITY TABLE

She takes another handful of pills... and the window behind her shatters inward. There is a bellowing roar as the werewolf throws itself through.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WITH MOTHER

She sits up, startled awake.

From upstairs: ANOTHER SHATTERING ROAR... FOLLOWED BY A SCREAM.

INT. STELLA'S ROOM, WITH STELLA

She runs... and a huge claw-hand rips through the back of her nightgown.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WITH MOTHER

MOTHER

Oh my dear God... Stella!

She runs for the doorway and the hall. From upstairs comes a confusion of SOUNDS: roars, breaking furniture, shattering glass.

INT. STELLA'S BED, CU

One of those deadly claw-hands sweeps down the bed, ripping through the sheets... the mattress... the spring itself.

Hairy, muddy feet with protruding talons leap onto it.

EXT. STELLA'S WINDOW, EXTREME UP-ANGLE

The werewolf leaps out - it's graceful, savage, animal.

SOUND: A TRIUMPHANT HOWL.

INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALL, WITH MOTHER

She's found an ancient pistol somewhere and is lugging it gamely along.

MOTHER
Stella!...Stella!

She reaches the closed door of STELLA's room, vacillates there for a moment... and then pushes it open and goes in.

A long beat of silence as we hold on the door.

MOTHER SHRIEKS.

INT. MOTHER'S FACE, ECU

She shrieks again.

INT. STELLA'S ROOM, WIDE

It's a total shambles; blood is splattered everywhere; the mirror is broken, the picture of DAN the gay deceiver is broken; the bed is torn in two. There are big, muddy wolfprints on the remnants of the bed.

STELLA lies propped in the corner with Nembutols all around her. Suicide may have been what she planned, but it sure isn't what happened.

MOTHER SHRIEKS.

EXT. TARKER'S MILLS MONTAGE - MORNING

a.) MR. PELTZER puts out his paper rack - just the "Press-Herald" this morning. He looks shocked and grim. The scare headline: BRUTAL MURDER ROCKS WESTERN MAINE. We can see STELLA'S photograph.

b.) Through the window of Robertson's Luncheonette, we see the proprietor, BOBBY ROBERTSON, talking earnestly with a bunch of men. Among them: MILT STURMFULLER, ALFIE KNOPFLER, VIRGIL CUTTS, BILLY McCLAREN, and ELMER ZINNEMAN, a farmer we'll meet later.

c.) At Andy's Sporting Goods, ANDY FAIRTON is putting a big hand-lettered sign in the window. It reads: REMINGTON SHOTGUNS SINGLE ACTION DOUBLE ACTION PUMP PROTECT YOURSELF AND YOUR FAMILY!

d.) At the Methodist parsonage, a '53 Dodge pulls slowly out and MOTHER RANDOLPH gets out, weeping. As she approaches the parsonage door, LESTER LOWE comes out and embraces her.

EXT. A SMALL BRICK BUILDING ON MAIN STREET

The sign reads: TARKER'S MILLS TOWN OFFICE.

INT. A HALLWAY, FEATURING A DOOR WITH A PEBBLED-GLASS PANEL

Neatly lettered on the panel: TARKER'S MILLS CONSTABULARY.
And below this: JOSEPH HALLER.

JOE HALLER (O.S.)
Okay...yes...Oh, fuck off!

INT. THE CONSTABLE'S OFFICE, WITH HALLER AND PETE SYLVESTER

HALLER slams the phone down with an angry bang. He looks like a guy who has been up all night. PETE, his pudgy deputy, looks like a high school athlete who has suddenly found himself batting in the World Series.

PETE
What'd they say, Joe?

HALLER
They said they'd be here by noon.

PETE
(nervous)
Maybe it wasn't such a good idea telling that Smokey Bear from the Detective Division to fuck off, Joe.

HALLER
(morosely)
I waited until he hung up. Jesus, what a mess. I wish I'd stayed in the army. Let's go on out there.

He gets slowly up.

EXT. TARKER'S MILLS CONSOLIDATED SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

It's a comfortable red-brick building on a side street. Ivy climbs up the sides. Two or three rows of bikes stand along one side of the building.

SOUND: The bell rings.

A beat or two, then the doors bang wide and a billion kids spill out. It's the end of the first day of school, and they are excited. They range from Grade 1 to Grade 8. Most kids book it for home as fast as they can, getting on their bikes and riding or just running.

Everyone has a pink report card.

EXT. A BUNCH OF KIDS, WITH BRADY KINCAID AND TAMMY STURMFULLER

BRADY and TAMMY are riding bikes. Now there is the SOUND of a gasoline engine, and MARTY catches up. He's got the Silver Bullet's motor running for the first time in the movie. Later on it will sound extremely powerful, like a racing car, but now it just sounds like a big lawnmower engine with a muffler on it. It's pretty cool, though - a bright metallic silver with flame decals on the motor housing. Looks sort of like something Big Daddy Roth might have thought up. On the back is a license plate which says SILVER BULLET.

BRADY

Look out! Look out! It's Madman Marty and the Silver Bullet!

TAMMY laughs.

BRADY (CONT'D)

You glad to be back in jail, Marty?

MARTY

Sure - I like school.

TAMMY

You booger.

MARTY

That's what my sister says, too. Pretty soon I'm going to start checking the mirror to see if I'm turning green.

BRADY

I gotta split - see ya, Marty... Tammy.

EXT. THE CORNER OF MAIN AND WALNUT, A WIDER SHOT -
AFTERNOON

TAMMY and MARTY watch as BRADY zooms off toward home on his bike.

MARTY pushes in a hand clutch and moves a small lever. He bumps down over the curb and they cross the street side by side, TAMMY on her bike, MARTY in his wheelchair.

EXT. MARTY AND TAMMY FROM THE FAR CURB, REVERSE

He pops up over the curbing with a bounce. He shoves in the little hand clutch and revs the engine. Va-room!

MARTY

Not bad, huh? My Uncle Al took off the regular muffler and put on a Cherry Bomb.

TAMMY

What's that?

MARTY

Glasspack. He said he'd come over sometime this summer and we'd soup up the engine... but now I dunno. He's getting a divorce and he's in the doghouse with my mother.

TAMMY

For getting a divorce?

MARTY

Well... it is his third.

EXT. A STREET ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN, WITH MARTY AND TAMMY

The other kids are gone; they are alone. The sidewalk has ended and they roll slowly along the dirt verge of the road. They look toward:

EXT. THE RANDOLPH HOUSE, MARTY AND TAMMY'S POV

The driveway is blocked off with a sawhorse bearing the stenciled words POLICE INVESTIGATION. The yard is filled with cop cars - HALLER'S constable car, plus a number of state police vehicles. Uniformed men come and go.

We can see a large black wreath on the door.

EXT. MARTY AND TAMMY

TAMMY

Thanks for coming with me, Marty- I was scared to go past her house by myself.

MARTY

(matter-of-fact)

Yeah... it is a little scary.

TAMMY

I mean, I saw her. All the time.

TAMMY stops her bike. She's on the verge of tears.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

I used to see her every day, and she never knew what was going to happen to her, and neither did I! I mean I know how stupid that sounds, but...

MARTY

Hey, take it easy. I know how you feel.

He gets the Silver Bullet moving again, and she has to pedal along to catch up.

EXT. THE STURMFULLER DRIVEWAY, WITH MARTY AND TAMMY

They stop at the end.

TAMMY
There's something else scary.

MARTY
What?

TAMMY
(points)
That.

EXT. OLD GREENHOUSE, MARTY AND TAMMY'S POV

It stands a bit behind the house itself. A creepy place. Many of the glass panes are broken; some of these - not many - have been blocked with cardboard. The inside is a jungle of plants that have run to riot. In the f.g. is a mucky-looking garden patch where nothing much is growing.

EXT. MARTY AND TAMMY

She is quite deeply troubled.

TAMMY
I've been hearing noises in there.

MARTY
What kind of noises?

TAMMY
Rattling. Rustling.

MARTY
Rats...

TAMMY
And my dad says it's kids. But it's not rats and it's not kids. It's-

EXT. THE STURMFULLER HOUSE, WITH MILT

Oh my suds and body, here is the Great American Alcoholic for sure - the rural version. MILT is wearing a suit of pee-stained thermal underwear. He's wearing a baseball cap with the word "Caterpillar" on the front and has a bottle of beer in one hand (I'm pretty sure that his beer is Rheingold the dry beer). With his other hand he is busily scratching his crotch.

MILT

Tammy, you get on in here and do some dishes!

EXT. THE GREENHOUSE

Sinister...spooky.

TAMMY (O.S.)

I've got to go.

EXT. MARTY AND TAMMY

MARTY

I'd go out and take a look myself, but I think the Bullet'd get stuck in the garden. It looks sorta greasy.

She smiles at him, bends over, and kisses him on the mouth. MARTY is stunned... but happy.

TAMMY

You would, wouldn't you?

MARTY

(Joe Cool)

Sure. No sweat.

TAMMY

Well, it's probably nothing. I'm just spooked since... you know.

MARTY

Yeah... but if you hear any more noises, tell your father. Okay?

TAMMY
Okay. Have you got enough gas to get home,
Marty?

MARTY
(Startled)
Jeez!

EXT. THE WHEELCHAIR "DASHBOARD," MARTY'S POV

There's a gas gauge here, and the needle is almost on "E."

EXT. MARTY AND TAMMY

MARTY
I'm always doing this! I gotta go, Tammy.

MILT (O.S.)
TAMMY!

TAMMY
(calls)
Coming Daddy! (To MARTY) Bye... thanks
again for coming home with me.

She waves and goes biking down the driveway as MARTY motors
back onto the street and turns toward town.

EXT. TAMMY

She brings her bike to a stop by her father.

MILT
'Bout time. Why you want to hang around
that cripple?

TAMMY
I like him.

MILT
Goddamn cripples always end up on welfare.
Ought to electrocute all of 'em. Balance
the fucking budget.

Having delivered this pearl of wisdom, MILT goes inside, now scratching his ass. TAMMY pauses a moment and looks toward THE CAMERA, her face troubled and scared.

EXT. THE DESERTED GREENHOUSE, TAMMY'S VIEW

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MARTY

He's buzzing along toward downtown, which is still some distance away - but at least he's made it back to the sidewalk again.

MARTY
(prayerfully)
Come on, baby-

He looks down at:

EXT. THE WHEELCHAIR GAS GAUGE, MARTY'S POV

Now the needle is lying all the way over on "E."

EXT. VIRGIL'S TEXACO - LATE AFTERNOON

MARTY pulls in. The wheelchair motor starts to pop and lug and misfire. The chair makes it to the first pump on the island closest to the street and then stalls as VIRGIL CUTTS comes over.

VIRGIL
Well, Marty! I see you lucked out again!

MARTY
Yep. Would you fill it up, please, Mr. Cutts?

VIRGIL
Want me to check the oil?

MARTY

Sure!

VIRGIL

Wipe the windshield and check the driver's
bullshit level?

MARTY laughs; VIRGIL starts carefully pumping gas into the
Silver Bullet's small tank.

EXT. THE COSLAW HOUSE - NIGHT

Overhead is the moon, three days past the full.

UNCLE AL (O.S.)

I'll see your Carlton Fiske and raise you
a George Brett... a Dave Kingman... and a
Rod Carew.

INT. THE KITCHEN DOORWAY, WITH NAN COSLAW - NIGHT

She's wiping her hands with a dishtowel and looks like she
just bit into a lemon.

INT. THE DEN, WITH UNCLE AL AND MARTY - NIGHT

UNCLE AL is the family's sheep of a darker color. He's
thirty, good-looking, raffish. He's also drunk. He's got
both whiskey and beer. An ashtray beside him overflows with
butts.

He and MARTY are playing draw poker for MARTY'S baseball
cards. Each has a pile in front of him.

MARTY really loves UNCLE AL... his eyes just glow when he
looks at him.

MARTY

Okay, okay. I call.

He tosses in three baseball cards.

UNCLE AL

Wait a minute, wait a minute!

He grabs one of MARTY'S cards, looks at it, and tosses it back.

UNCLE AL (CONT'D)
Ralph Houk! You can't bet a manager!
Stone the crows!

MARTY
Okay, okay. Dwight Evans.

UNCLE AL
Piss on him. Piss on all the Red Sox.

He swallows whiskey and chases it with beer.

INT. THE DEN, A WIDER ANGLE

NAN comes briskly over. She's seen and heard enough. She favors UNCLE AL with a glare and then looks protectively at MARTY.

NAN
Come on, Marty- bedtime.

She starts to wheel him away.

MARTY
Mom-!

UNCLE AL
Let the boy finish the game, Nan.

He means it, drunk or not. She reluctantly rolls MARTY back to the table.

NAN
Make it quick.

UNCLE AL lays down his hand.

UNCLE AL
Three kings.

MARTY
(delighted)
I got a straight to the queen!

UNCLE AL
Bullshit luck!

NAN
(outraged)
That's enough!

MARTY
(as his mother
wheels him away)
Aww, Mom-!

INT. THE STAIRWELL OF THE COSLAW HOME

MARTY is sitting in a stair chair that rises slowly to the second floor. He looks dejected and glum.

SOUND of NAN hectoring her brother AL. I don't think we can make out all of what's going on, but we've all known women like NAN and I think we can fill in the blanks. "Christian household... you come here drunk and expect... can't even bother to call ahead..." Etc., etc.

A wheelchair stands on the second-floor landing. This one is no Silver Bullet, only the more humble sort that moves by arm power. When the stair chair clicks to a stop, MARTY hoists himself from it into the wheelchair and rolls down the hall toward the bathroom.

Below, NAN'S rant is still going on.

INT. THE DEN, WITH NAN AND UNCLE AL - NIGHT

UNCLE AL is clearing up in a kind of drunken stupor- and I mean he is really drunk. He's smoking one cigarette; another is smoldering away in the heaping ashtray. He drops a pile of baseball cards on the floor and bonks his head on the table bending down to pick them up.

NAN

I don't want you drinking around Marty.
That's too much. If you can't stop it,
you better stay away.

AL straightens up. There is a sort of command force in this man, and here he is partly able to rise above his abysmal drunkenness so we can see it.

UNCLE AL

I come here because Marty needs a friend.

NAN

Yes... you've always been that to him.
But if you can't leave your booze in
whatever dump you call home, you better
just stay away.

She leaves the room, almost crying. UNCLE AL looks after her, and then his attention is drawn to the smoldering ashtray. He pours beer over the mess, putting out the fire but creating something that looks even worse. He begins drunkenly picking up again.

UNCLE AL

(to himself)

Another wonderful time at Sister Nan's
house! Heeyyy!

INT. THE UPSTAIRS COSLAW BATHROOM

MARTY, now in pj's, is brushing his teeth.

JANE comes in- she's wearing a nightie.

MARTY

Mom was really mad at him this time,
wasn't she?

JANE

What do you expect, when he comes in
smelling like a brewery and looking like
an unmade bed?

MARTY

Stop it!

He lunges at her, but JANE steps back easily. MARTY overbalances and falls out of the wheelchair. His toothbrush clatters across the tile.

BOB COSLAW
(sleepy)
Hey! That you, Marty?

JANE
He's okay, Dad!

She looks around swiftly, then bends down.

INT. MARTY AND JANE, A MUCH CLOSER SHOT

One of MARTY'S cheeks is pressed against the floor. His eyes are shut. He's weeping.

JANE
(low)
Marty, are you all right?

MARTY
Yes. Go away.

JANE
Let me help you up.

NAN (O.S.)
Marty?

SOUND of her climbing the stairs.

JANE throws a quick look back over her shoulder and then helps MARTY up in his chair. He helps by pulling on the sink counter. JANE has time to give MARTY one quick look- "Please don't tell on me," it says.

NAN comes in.

NAN
Jane, have you been teasing your brother again?

MARTY

She wasn't, Mom- I dropped my toothbrush
and fell over when I tried to get it. Jane
helped pick me up.

He bats his eyes at her.

MARTY (CONT'D)

(syrupy)

Jane's wunnnderful.

JANE picks up his toothbrush.

JANE

(hands it to him)

Here. Brush them good, Marty. Some of that
shit in your head might leak down into your
mouth and poison you.

NAN

Jane Coslaw!

But JANE stalks off. MARTY is grinning. It was a good put-
down.

EXT. THE STURMFULLER HOUSE - NIGHT

We can see the moon in the sky beyond the ruined
greenhouse.

THE CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD the greenhouse. We begin to
pick up SOUNDS: RATTLING...RUSTLING...and low animal
GRUNTS.

INT. TAMMY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She's deeply asleep.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

"Big-time Wrestling" on the TV. SOUND of a refrigerator
door closing. MILT STURMFULLER comes into the living room
from the kitchen. He's wearing his long johns with the

designer pee stains and has a quart bottle of Rheingold the dry beer in each hand. He sits down, looking at the TV.

MILT
(drunk)
Give him the airplane! Wring his neck!

EXT. THE GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

More noises. There is a beat of silence, and then something- one of those earthen plant pots, I think- falls over and SHATTERS.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WITH MILT

He looks up briefly- he's heard something- but the crowd on the TV is loud and the match is reaching its climax.

MILT
(all eyes again)
Give him the sleeper, you fuckin bugwit!

EXT. THE GREENHOUSE, CLOSER

A LOW SNARL. Plants shake and shiver. Another crash, LOUDER.

INT. MILT, IN THE LIVING ROOM

Looks toward the window. He gets up, goes over, and looks out.

EXT. THE GREENHOUSE, MEDIUM-LONG (MILT'S POV)

SOUND of another crash. Plants move.

INT. THE HALL, WITH MILT

He takes a shotgun from the wall, breaks it, and looks inside.

MILT

Let's see if you want to come back and
break my pots all to shit after I put
some rock salt in your asses!

INT. THE STURMFULLER GREENHOUSE - NIGHT

The door at the end SCREECHES OPEN and MILT, still holding the shotgun at port arms, comes cautiously in. This place is really overgrown.

MILT advances slowly into the jungle of plants, and the director will shoot it as he likes to build the suspense. I'm sure that plants brush his face, and a bug or two- maybe even a big plump spider- will land on him.

He hears a SCUTTERING SOUND and whirls.

MILT

(shouts)

Who's there?

INT. GREENHOUSE FLOOR, MILT'S POV - NIGHT

A mouse goes running across the warped boards (which have pulled apart from each other, showing deep cracks between).

INT. MILT - NIGHT

He relaxes and starts forward again. We keep expecting it to happen, but it keeps not happening.

Then, as MILT is starting back toward the door, two big, hairy arms come up through the floor- bursting through two of those cracks and shoving the splintered boards upward- and grab MILT'S legs at the knees.

SOUNDS: BESTIAL ROARS.

MILT screams and triggers off the shotgun- unfortunately, it is pointing straight up. Glass showers down on him. He is pulled down into the shattered hole- now we can see him only from the knees up.

INT. TAMMY STURMFULLER'S BEDROOM

She sits up in bed.

SOUNDS of ROARS and MILT SCREAMING from the greenhouse.

MRS. STURMFULLER, in a nightgown with her hair done up in rollers, comes into Tammy's room.

MRS. STURMFULLER
Tammy, where's your father?

SOUND: Another SCREAM from the greenhouse.

INT. THE GREENHOUSE, WITH MILT

He's now waist deep in the hole in the floor, surrounded by broken, splintered boards.

SOUNDS: RIPPING FLESH, CRUNCHING BONES. MILT SHRIEKS.

He is abruptly jerked downward again. He is being eaten from the feet up. As he's jerked down, one of the leaning, splintered boards rams into his chest. MILT collapses over it like an old Roman collapsing on his sword.

A hairy arm reaches up and grabs his neck. MILT is jerked all the way into the hole, board and all.

EXT. THE GREENHOUSE, FROM TAMMY'S BEDROOM WINDOW

SOUNDS of SNARLS, GROWLS, GRUNTS.

INT. TAMMY AND MRS. STURMFULLER

They are hugging each other, terrified, by the window.

EXT. THE STURMFULLER PLACE, MEDIUM-LONG - DAY

The police cars are now here. There's also a meat wagon. As we watch, a number of cops- JOE HALLER and PETE SYLVESTER

are among them- approach the wagon. Many are carrying canvas bags.

EXT. THE STURMFULLER YARD, FEATURING PETE SYLVESTER

He drops the blood stained bag he's carrying, runs to the bushes, and noisily blows his groceries.

EXT. TARKER'S MILLS MONTAGE #3 - DUSK

a.) On Oak Street, MRS. THAYER is hurrying toward home, obviously spooked. She keeps looking behind herself and nearly flies up the steps to her house. Then there is the endless business of fumbling with her keys. Finally she lurches inside and slams the door.

b.) On Main Street, at the Holy Family rectory, FATHER O'BANION is closing the shutters...and locking them.

c.) On a residential street, a kid is playing with some plastic trucks outside of a picket fence. Except for him, the street is deserted. His mother comes out and hauls him in.

d.) ANDY FAIRTON, in the sporting-goods store, checks an automatic pistol and then holsters it on his hip. He has a pugnacious, unpleasant look.

e.) BILLY McCLAREN turns the sign on the door of his barber shop from OPEN to CLOSED, looks out warily at the street (to make sure there are no psycho killers out there for trims, I guess), then leaves and locks the door behind him. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS him down a couple of store fronts to Owen's, where he also goes in.

f.) The paper rack in front of Peltzer's Drug/ The "Press-Herald" headline is a sixteen-pointer: MANIAC CLAIMS SECOND VICTIM.

EXT. MARTY AND BRADY KINCAID - MAGIC HOUR

They're flying kites on the common. Some distance in the b.g. is the bandstand. MARTY is of course flying his kite

as he sits in the Silver Bullet. The boys are having a blast.

THE CAMERA SLOWLY MOVES AWAY from the boys, centers on Owen's Pub across the street, and ZOOMS IN.

In the window is a poster. It reads: \$10,000 REWARD FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE CAPTURE OF THE MAN (OR ANIMAL) WHO KILLED STELLA RANDOLPH AND MILTON STURMFULLER. And, at the bottom: TARKER'S MILLS CITIZENS' COMMITTEE.

Along comes ANDY FAIRTON. He goes into the pub.

INT. OWEN'S PUB

At a f.g. table: VIRGIL CUTTS, BOBBY ROBERTSON, ELMER ZINNEMAN, and his brother PORTER ZINNEMAN. Behind them, at the bar, we see PETE SYLVESTER having a beer with BILLY McCLAREN. As we look around the bar, we will also see FATHER LESTER LOWE, sitting at an unobtrusive corner table, nursing a beer and listening closely to the conversation.

ELMER

(to VIRGIL)

Don't tell me an animal can't rip a man
up the way Milt Sturmfuller was ripped up!

VIRGIL

But the woman's bed was ripped right down
the middle, Elmer- it'd take a chainsaw to
do something like that!

PORTER

Damn straight!

ELMER

Shut up, Porter.

(To VIRGIL)

What about the tracks?

ANDY FAIRTON has joined the group. He sits down uninvited.

VIRGIL

That could be something to throw off the
cops. And it ain't animals that try to
confuse the law; it's people do that.

ANDY FAIRTON

Law around here don't need much confusing.

PETE looks around at this. Being the deputy constable and ineffectual by nature, he's pretty sensitive.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(deep disgust)

Joe Haller couldn't find his own ass if someone rammed it full of radium and gave him a Geiger counter.

PETE SYLVESTER

(comes over)

Could be I know a fella who's still PO'd over getting fined two hundred bucks for that little fender bender out on the Ridge Road last year.

ANDY

Could be I know a fat old fella who ought to take care of his mouth before someone comes along and turns it inside out. I pay Joe Haller's salary to keep the people in this town safe, and he ain't doing it.

INT. BILLY McCLAREN, AT THE BAR

He's looking toward the table where the Fairton group sits.

BILLY

(mildly)

Last town report said you was in arrears your taxes, Andy. Guess you must have paid up, huh?

INT. THE FAIRTON TABLE

ANDY

What are you, trying to be smart?

OWEN KNOPFLER comes over.

OWEN

You guys turn down the thermostat or I'm gonna turn you all out. Now who's drinking?

ANDY

(sulks)

Bring me a Schlitz.

EXT. A TREE, WITH BRADY'S SMILE-KITE STUCK IN IT - DUSK

SOUND of panting.

MARTY comes into the frame, pulling himself up by the arms. His arms are very strong, although his legs trail limply behind him (like the tail of a kite). He sits on a branch, untangles the kite and the string, and looks down.

MARTY

(calls)

Here it comes!

EXT. THE FOOT OF THE TREE, WITH BRADY

BRADY

Drop it!

As the kite flutters down, JANE comes biking up.

JANE

Marty Coslaw, you get down out of that tree!

EXT. MARTY, IN THE TREE

He descends, then hangs from the lowest branch.

MARTY

Push the Bullet over, Jane, okay?

EXT. MARTY AND JANE

JANE
(makes no immediate
move to do so)
Supper was an hour ago, Dumbo.

MARTY
(hanging)
Oh, Jeez! I forgot! Is she mad?

JANE
They both are. At me, for not getting you
sooner. I ought to let you fall.

But she pushes the chair over and MARTY drops into it. He
pushes the starter and the Silver Bullet fires up.

EXT. BRADY, FLYING HIS KITE ON THE COMMON - DUSK

MARTY (O.S.)
Hey, Brady! You coming?

BRADY
(looking into the sky)
In a while!

BRADY could give a shit if MARTY'S in trouble. He just
waves vaguely. He's into the kite-flying experience, as the
folks in Marin County might say.

EXT. MARTY AND JANE

He's looking toward the common, frowning and uncertain.

JANE
Come on, Marty.

She starts biking away. MARTY starts after her, pauses, and
looks at:

EXT. BRADY, ON THE COMMON - DUSK

CAMERA PANS SLOWLY UP to the yellow smile-kite in the bluish-purple sky.

INT. OWEN'S PUB - LATE DUSK

The former patrons are still here, with the exceptions of LOWE, BILLY McCLAREN, and BOBBY ROBERTSON. Many others have appeared; this is Happy Hour. Among them we see MR. ASPINALL, the principal, and PELTZER, the druggist. A barmaid, NORMA, circulates with drinks and beers.

Speaking of beer, ANDY FAIRTON has gotten through a fair amount of Schlitz. It hasn't mellowed him, however; he's more belligerent than ever.

ANDY

(holding forth)

This whole investigation has been as efficient as a Polish fire drill! It-

PETE

(bravely)

I've heard enough out of you, Andy. If you don't shut your mouth, I'm going to shut it for you.

INT. THE DOOR OF OWEN'S PLACE

It opens and a man in a business suit- HERB KINCAID- comes in. He is carrying a briefcase and he looks worried.

INT. THE GROUP AT THE FAIRTON TABLE

ANDY

(astounded)

What did you say?

INT. THE BAR, WITH OWEN KNOPFLER

OWEN

Jesus wept.

He reaches under the bar and comes out with a baseball bat. Burned into the side of the bat, so it reads vertically toward the handle, is the word "peacemaker." OWEN hurries around the bar with it.

INT. THE FAIRTON GROUP

PETE is standing in front of ANDY, fists balled up, fat face trembling with determination.

PETE

You heard what I said, motor-mouth.

ANDY gets up, infuriated. There's apparently going to be a brawl. Behind them, HERB KINCAID has approached the table. HERB hasn't even noticed what's going on; he's got problems of his own.

INT. HERB KINCAID

He clears his throat. This is a mild, timid man- he doesn't like to speak in public, particularly not in a bar, but the imperatives of the situation demand it right now.

HERB

(quite loudly)

Has anyone in here seen my son Brady?

INT. THE PUB, A NEW ANGLE

Everyone looks at HERB. Conversation stops. ANDY and PETE freeze with their fists balled up, like little kids playing statues tag. OWEN is caught a little distance from ANDY and PETE, with the "peacemaker" still in his hands.

EXT. THE TOWN COMMON, LONG

Now it is almost completely dark, and a large reddish summer moon is rising over the horizon.

SOUND: A LONG, WAVERING WOLF HOWL... LOUD.

INT. OWEN'S PUB

All conversation has stopped. All have turned toward the door and the windows; all hear the HOWL. Deep fright overlies each face.

NORMA drops her tray. Glasses and bottles shatter.

INT. THE MAIN CORRIDOR OF THE TOWN HALL

JOE HALLER comes out of the constable's office in a hurry, letting the door bang the wall. He's buckling on his gun belt.

EXT. THE BANDSTAND

BRADY'S kite, torn in a couple of places, flutters on the steps leading up to the bandstand. The yellow smile face grins eerily in the darkness. It is streaked with blood.

INT. OWEN'S PUB

HERB

Brady!

He breaks for the door. ANDY FAIRTON grabs him.

HERB (CONT'D)

Get out of my way!

He pushes ANDY aside. HERB is out the door, chased by PETE and several of the others.

EXT. THE BANDSTAND - NIGHT

JOE HALLER

(low voice)

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with
thee. Blessed art thou among women...

He comes out of the shadows, his drawn gun dangling by his side. This man has had an extremely bad shock. The legs of his uniform pants are splashed with blood. He makes it down two steps and then sits heavily by the remains of BRADY'S smiling, bloody kite. He looks straight ahead. He looks at nothing.

HALLER (CONT'D)

(low)

...and blessed is the fruit of Thy womb.
Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for
us sinners now...now...

He looks at the kite, then looks away. He puts a hand over his face and starts to cry.

EXT. THE COMMON, LOOKING BACK TOWARD MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A number of men - not all that were in Owen's but quite a few of them - are running toward the bandstand. HERB KINCAID is in the lead, screaming his son's name over and over.

SOUND: A LONG HOWL, now at some distance.

EXT. THE BANDSTAND, WITH HALLER AND KINCAID

As HERB KINCAID approaches.

HALLER

Stay off the bandstand, Herb.

HERB

Is it my boy? Is it Brady?

HALLER

Don't go up-

HERB
 (lunges past him)
 Brady! Brady!

Disappears into the dark. HALLER looks down at his lap.

HERB (CONT'D)
 Br-(CUTS OFF)

The other men arrive, PETE in the lead. HALLER doesn't look up.

PETE
 Joe, is it-

HALLER
 (not looking up)
 Shhh.

PETE
 Is it the Kicaid b-

HALLER
 (not looking up)
 Shhh, I said.

The men look uneasily at HALLER, at each other. ANDY FAIRTON shoves forward.

ANDY
 What the fuck is going on h-

SOUND: HERB SCREAMS. A pause. HERB screams again. The men flinch back. HALLER doesn't look up. Now, from the darkness on the bandstand, HERB begins to LAUGH. The men shrink back further, looking more uneasy than ever.

HERB (O.S.)
 (laughing)
 We'll bury his shoes.

Now HALLER gets up and joins the other men.

HERB (CONT'D, O.S.)
 (laughing)
 That's what we'll have to do; we'll bury
 (MORE)

HERB (CONT'D, O.S.)
his shoes. Maybe in a couple of Roi-Tan
cigar boxes.

EXT. THE BANDSTAND, MEN'S POV - NIGHT

HERB KINCAID appears. He is laughing. He is smeared with his son's blood. In each hand he holds one of his son's shoes.

HERB
We'll bury his shoes because his feet are
still in them and they're the only part of
him that makes sense anymore.

HERB laughs harder.

HERB (CONT'D)
It's gonna be the cheapest funeral this
town ever saw!

HERB SCREAMS LAUGHTER. THE CAMERA DOLLIES IN TO CLOSE ON
BRADY'S KITE.

EXT. THE MOON, CU

SOUND: HERB SCREAMING.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLY FAMILY CHURCH - DAY

SOUND: An organ is playing that sweet old hymn, "Bringing
In The Sheaves."

There are lots of cars parked in front of the church, but
there's a space left just big enough for UNCLE AL'S MG.
MARTY'S Silver Bullet is strapped to the back.

JANE (V.O.)
My mother and father- my mother in
particular- did not much care for Uncle
Al...

INT. HOLY FAMILY CHURCH - DAY

MARTY'S chair is at the back of the church. Most of the mourners are crying. MRS. BOWIE is playing the organ. BRADY'S coffin is on a bier at the front - closed of course. There are lots of flowers.

JANE (V.O.)
...but when it came to such unpleasant
duties as taking Marty to the funeral
of his best friend...

INT. UNCLE AL, MARTY, TAMMY, AND MRS. STURMFULLER IN A PEW

As we look at them, from left to right: UNCLE AL, MARTY, TAMMY, MRS. STURMFULLER.

UNCLE AL unobtrusively takes a small silver flask from his hip pocket. Engraved on it in Old English letters is the word "rotgut." He spins the cap and takes a quick knock. He pauses and glances at MARTY, who looks deeply stunned.

JANE (V.O.)
...they didn't at all mind drafting him.
As to the sort of comfort Uncle Al may
have been able to offer him...

UNCLE AL hands the flask to MARTY. MARTY looks at him questioningly for a moment, and then drinks. MARTY looks at TAMMY, who looks frankly terrible. Her mother is looking away. MARTY nudges her. She looks around at him. He offers her the flask. Her eyes widen.

JANE (CONT'D, V.O.)
...I now believe that was best kept between
the two of them...

After a brief moment's consideration, TAMMY takes the flask and has a deep swallow. She hands the flask back to MARTY, who hands it quickly back to UNCLE AL as TAMMY coughs. Her mother looks at her... then at MARTY and UNCLE AL. UNCLE AL smiles sympathetically, hiding the flask with one hand, as if to say, "Isn't it a terrible thing?" MRS. STURMFULLER looks distractedly back toward the service.

JANE (CONT'D, V.O.)
...or among the three of them.

UNCLE AL pockets the flask just as the organ stops playing.

INT. THE PODIUM, WITH FATHER LOWE

LOWE
Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid have asked that there be no mass said here this afternoon. There will be a requiem mass for Brady Kincaid this Sunday. They did ask me to say a word of comfort to you, if I could.

He looks out at them.

INT. THE CONGREGATION

They look back at LOWE, hoping for some help in understanding this awful thing.

INT. LOWE, ABOVE THE COFFIN

LOWE
If there is any word of comfort I can give you, it's just this: the face of the beast always becomes known; the time of the beast always passes.

He is struggling with this, trying dreadfully hard.

LOWE (CONT'D)
If there are times when we feel alone and afraid, only small creatures in the dark, then these are the times when we must turn to one another for our comfort and our hope. To our neighbors. To our community. To our love for each other. I alone cannot ease the pain for Herb and Naomi Kincaid, nor can I ease your pain, nor you ease mine. But if I believe anything it's this: we can comfort each other. We can heal each other. We can go on together.

INT. THE CONGREGATION, WITH MARTY AND TAMMY

The kids are crying. MARTY puts an arm around TAMMY and she puts her head on his shoulder.

INT. FATHER LOWE

LOWE

The Bible tells us not to fear the terror
that creepeth by night or that which flieth
by noontday, and yet we do... we do. Because
there is much we don't know, and we feel
very small. But we must not be alone. We must
not allow ourselves to be alone, for there is
the wide gate to the hell of terror. Turn to
each other. Join hands in your sorrow and try
to remember that the face of the beast always
becomes known.

(pause)

The time of the beast always passes.

(pause)

Let us pray.

EXT. THE MOURNERS, WITH MARTY

MARTY and TAMMY look at each other miserably. TAMMY begins to cry- for her father as much as for BRADY, one would think- and she and MARTY embrace.

EXT. UNCLE AL, CU

He looks at the kids with deep sympathy and deep love.

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - AFTERNOON

UNCLE AL'S sports car passes THE CAMERA. He's taking MARTY home.

INT. THE CAR, WITH MARTY AND UNCLE AL

UNCLE AL
You all right, Marty?

MARTY
Yeah.

UNCLE AL
There's a saying- so-and-so was better than
a poke in the eye with a sharp stick. You
ever hear that one?

MARTY
No.

UNCLE AL
Well, I'm not sure that was. Christ! They
better get the guy.

MARTY
Uncle Al, what if it's not a guy?

UNCLE AL
Huh?

MARTY
What if it's some kind of monster?

UNCLE AL
(laughs)
Jesus, Marty! Come off it!

EXT. UNCLE AL'S CAR, ON MAIN STREET

It cruises past Owen's Pub. There are cars parked out
front, but there are also lots of pickup trucks.

INT. THE CAR, WITH MARTY AND UNCLE AL

MARTY
What's going on at Owen's, Uncle Al?

UNCLE AL
A bunch of men getting ready to pretend
they're Clint Eastwood... Marty, didn't
anybody ever tell you that the only monsters

are in comic books and drive-in movies?

EXT. THE COSLAW HOUSE LATE AFTERNOON

UNCLE AL'S car turns in and parks.

INT. THE CAR, WITH MARTY AND UNCLE AL

MARTY

Tammy said she'd been hearing noises in that greenhouse. Growling noises, like a big animal. Her father was killed that night.

UNCLE AL looks at him doubtfully for a moment, as if almost believing. Then he shakes his head.

UNCLE AL

Marty, you have to get this idea out of your head. Psychotics are more active when the moon is full, and this guy is a psycho. He's going to turn out to be as human as you or me.

(pause)

In a manner of speaking. Now let's get you inside.

He opens his door and gets out.

INT. MARTY, CLOSER

He would like to believe UNCLE AL... but he doesn't.

INT. OWEN'S PUB - LATE AFTERNOON

ANDY FAIRTON

Okay, you all know what group you're in and what area you'll be covering, right?

PORTER ZINNEMAN

Damn straight!

ELMER ZINNEMAN

Shut up, Porter.

The men are all dressed in hunting clothes- red-and-black-checked shirts, orange caps, etc. They all have guns. Among their number are a few women as well, looking tough and determined. We see almost everyone we've met up to this point. LOWE is there, looking deeply troubled.

ANDY FAIRTON is standing on the bar. These are his vigilantes; he has organized them. ANDY radiates male macho football-coach confidence. He's mesmerized the crowd: they really believe they are going to go out and Shoot One for the Gipper.

ANDY

Groups one through four are in the woods north of the Sturmfuller place. Five and six west of Carson Creek.

The door at the back opens; HALLER and PETE come in. JOE HALLER is in extremely bad shape. He hasn't come back much from the murder of BRADY. I believe he is having some sort of spiritual crisis, and while it is not our purpose to explore what it might be- this is, after all, a horror movie and not a John Cassavetes film- we can see that it has seriously weakened his authority.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Moonrise at 8:52 p.m.

Some nervous laughter greets this. Meanwhile, HALLER and PETE are working their way to the front, where they end up next to a grim-faced HERB KINCAID.

ANDY (CONT'D)

If he comes out to stroll in the moonlight tonight, we're going to get the sorry sucker.

INT. THE VIGILANTES, WITH ELMER AND PORTER

PORTER

(happily)

Damn straight!

ELMER

Shut up, Porter.

INT. ANDY FAIRTON

ANDY
Just remember, it's the psycho we want, not
each other. So look before you-

INT. THE CROWD, FEATURING HALLER

HALLER
I want all of you folks to go home!

A disgruntled murmur meets this. HALLER moves forward a
bit, and turns to face them.

HALLER (CONT'D)
I can't remember deputizing a single one
of you!

INT. ANDY FAIRTON

ANDY
That's right, Joe- the only deputy you got is
that fat shitbag beside you, and neither one
of you has done a damn thing about solving
this case.

There is a mutter of agreement.

INT. A SLIGHTLY WIDER SHOT, FEATURING ANDY AND HALLER

ANDY hops off the bar to face HALLER directly. In the b.g.
we see HERB KINCAID (KINCAID, by the way, should be wearing
a black armband- he's come directly from his son's
funeral).

HALLER
(without much force)
We'll catch him.

ANDY
You couldn't catch a cold.

HALLER looks at him for a moment, then turns to look at the crowd. They look rather like a lynch mob; on their faces we see an uneasy mix of shame and eager determination. HALLER speaks with a kind of haggard, fading desperation.

HALLER

The law has a name for what you men are planning. It's private justice, and private justice is about a step and a half away from lynch mobs and hang ropes. I'm no J. Edgar Hoover, but I am the law in Tarker's Mills, and I want you men to go home.

They shuffle their feet uneasily; many look down. He is getting to them.

ANDY

Don't let this guy scare you! What's he done since this thing started but hang his face out?

It's not working. Many of the men look disgusted with both ANDY and themselves.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(louder)

He ain't got so much as a fingerprint!

OWEN KNOPFLER

Ah, shut up, Andy.

ANDY

Don't tell me to-

HERB KINCAID steps forward.

HERB

Yes. Correct. Shut up.

ANDY, surprised and bewildered, does. HERB turns and looks grimly at JOE HALLER, who can barely meet his gaze.

HERB (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I just came from my boy's funeral.

HALLER

Herb...I know how upset- how grief-stricken
you must be...but-

HERB

(quietly)

He was torn apart.

Utter silence in OWEN'S place now. The others are staring,
rapt.

HALLER

Yes. Yes, but-

HERB

(still quiet)

Upset, you say. Grief-stricken, you say.
Constable, you don't know what those words
mean. My son was torn to pieces. To pieces!

HERB turns to the others in the pub. Tears stream down his
face.

HERB (CONT'D)

My son was torn to pieces!

(turning back to HALLER)

You come in here and talk to these men
about private justice. You dare to do that.
Constable Haller, why don't you go out to
Harmony Hill and dig up what's left of Brady
and explain to him about private justice.
Would you want to do that?

HALLER makes no reply. He looks down at his feet.

HERB (CONT'D)

No. I thought not.

(to the others)

You folks stay here if you want. I wouldn't
ask anyone to do anything that runs counter
to his conscience. As for me... I'm going out
and hunt up a little private justice.

ANDY FAIRTON has swelled up again. He grins poisonously at
the slumped HALLER. He pushes off after HERB KINCAID. Other
men start to follow.

EXT. OWEN'S PUB

Men are streaming out, getting into station wagons and pickup trucks. Engines roar into life. They begin backing out even as more men come out of the pub. We even hear some high-spirited yells; they are on their way and their blood is up.

INT. OWEN'S PUB

LESTER LOWE, looking more distressed than ever, pushes his way through the men toward the door, and THE CAMERA FOLLOWS. He grabs BILLY McCLAREN.

LOWE

Billy... Billy, this is a bad idea. Joe can...

BILLY

(not looking at LOWE)

Joe's had his chance, Father. Leave me be.

He pushes outside. LOWE looks around wildly; his face says he can't believe this is happening. He grabs PORTER ZINNEMAN, then, as PORTER shoves by him, at a couple of others with mounting desperation.

HALLER makes his way to LOWE through the thinning crowd and draws him aside.

HALLER

Let them go.

LOWE

But-

HALLER

This is that spirit of community you were talking about. Grand, ain't it? Maybe they'll shoot a hitchhiker or something and Andy can mount the head and raffle it off. To benefit the Medcu van, of course.

HALLER laughs.

LOWE

But can't we do anything?

OWEN KNOPFLER hurries past them; he has a rifle over one shoulder in a sling. In his left hand he carries the peacemaker bat.

HALLER

Sure. We can pray to Christ that none of them get killed.

EXT. OUTSIDE OWEN'S

More cars and trucks pull away. There's a big old Ford "woody" wagon still there, with ANDY FAIRTON standing impatiently by the driver's side door. BILLY McCLAREN and BOBBY ROBERTSON are with him, and a big, solid-looking woman named MAGGIE ANDREWS.

OWEN comes out and crosses to the woody.

ANDY

Well, it's about frigging time! They'll have his hide tacked to somebody's barn door before we get out there!

They pile into the car, ANDY behind the wheel. He throws it into gear and backs out onto Main Street.

EXT. MAIN STREET, A NEW ANGLE

We see a parade of cars and pickup trucks headed out of town.

EXT. FATHER LESTER LOWE

He's standing on the curb and watching them leave town in procession, some honking their horns, others yelling cheerfully. The expression on his face is dark and brooding.

EXT. THE FULL MOON, CU - NIGHT

EXT. ELMER AND PORTER ZINNEMAN - NIGHT

ELMER is lying on his belly, stuck halfway under a barbed-wire fence. The seat of his pants is badly snagged. The brothers are on the verge of a wooded area. We can see ground mist creeping around the bottoms of the trees.

ELMER

Help me Porter, goddammit!

PORTER grabs ELMER'S right arm and pulls. There's a RIPPING SOUND. ELMER screams.

ELMER (CONT'D)

Don't pull me! You want to rip the right cheek of my ass right off?

PORTER

Well, Elmer, there are folks that'd say you've been half-assed most of your-

ELMER

Are you going to unhook me or be a wise guy?

PORTER begins to pick the barbed wire out of ELMER'S pants.

EXT. IN THE WOODS, WITH REV. O'BANION AND VIRGIL CUTTS - NIGHT

O'BANION looks rather amusing in his hunting gear- like that priest from "The Exorcist" on safari.

SOUND: A HOWL, FAIRLY LOUD

VIRGIL

Jesus, that was close. Uh, pardon me, Rev'runt.

O'BANION

Come on. Be careful.

They move slowly ahead, O'BANION still a bit in the lead. THE CAMERA FOLLOWS as the reverend pushes into some knee-high brush.

SOUND: A RUSTY METALLIC CLANG, followed by a FLESHY CHOMP.

O'BANION begins to scream and struggle.

VIRGIL
Rev'runt! What is it?

O'BANION
(screaming)
My foot! My foot!

VIRGIL lunges to him and looks down.

EXT. O'BANION'S FOOT, VIRGIL'S POV

A medium-sized trap- something in which one might reasonably catch a wild cat or a coydog, let us say, has its rusty teeth sunk deeply into the reverend's ankle.

EXT. O'BANION AND VIRGIL

O'BANION
(SCREAMING)
Get it off me! Get it off me!

VIRGIL
(flustered)
Sure...okay...

He kneels down.

EXT. VIRGIL

He muscles the trap open, a little at a time.

EXT. O'BANION

Relaxing.

SOUND: THE WOLF HOWLING CLOSE.

EXT. VIRGIL

Startled and unnerved by the HOWL, the trap slips out of his hands and snaps shut on O'BANION'S mangled ankle again.

EXT. REVEREND O'BANION

He screams.

EXT. THE MOON, CU

It slides behind a cloud.

SOUND: THE WOLF HOWLING.

EXT. ANDY FAIRTON'S GROUP

ANDY, BILLY McCLAREN, BOBBY ROBERTSON, OWEN KNOPFLER, and MAGGIE ANDREWS have been joined by two other men- MR. ASPINALL and EDGAR ROUNDS.

They have drawn close together, listening as the HOWL FADES. We can tell by their uneasy faces that some of the joy has gone out of the evening.

They are standing on one side of a ravine. The bottom is filled with a still ground mist. A few bushes poke out of it. There are woods on the far side.

ANDY

(pointing across)

It came from over there.

BOBBY ROBERTSON

As far as I could tell, it could have come from anywhere.

ANDY

We'll spread out in a skirmish line. If the bastard tries to go around us, we'll hear him.

BOBBY

I dunno-

MAGGIE

I think Bobby Robertson here's making lemonade in his pants. That lemonade got ice cubes in it, Bobby?

ANDY FAIRTON and EDGAR ROUNDS laugh. ASPINALL and BILLY McCLAREN smile a little.

OWEN

(quietly)

Let off him, Maggie. I'm scared, too.

BOBBY

(stoutly)

I ain't scared! Let's go!

ANDY

Okay. Spread out on me. Five feet apart.

EXT. ANDY'S GROUP, FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE RAVINE

Reading from right to left: OWEN KNOPFLER (his gun is still over his shoulder; it is the peacemaker baseball bat he is holding), BOBBY ROBERTSON, ASPINALL, ANDY FAIRTON, BILLY McCLAREN, EDGAR ROUNDS and MAGGIE ANDREWS.

They come slowly down toward THE CAMERA, alert and ready for anything- at least, they think so.

EXT. ANDY'S GROUP, ANGLE SHOT

They reach the bottom of the ravine and begin to make their way across it. The mist is waist to chest deep. They push toward the other side. Now they are about halfway.

SOUND: A STEADY, LOW GROWLING, CLOSE.

They all stop, scared.

BILLY McCLAREN

Where's it coming from? Other side?

BOBBY

No- it's behind us. I told you you couldn't trust-

ASPINALL
It isn't on either side.

ANDY
What are you-

ASPINALL is looking around, his eyes widening with fear.

ASPINALL
It's under the fog. It's right in with us.

The GROWLING STOPS. There's a beat of silence. Then:

SOUND: SNARLING...AND A RIPPING CHOMP as dinner is served.

SOUND: A SCREAM.

EXT. EDGAR ROUNDS, CLOSE

He's the one screaming, and if he reminds us of O'BANION, that's okay, because ROUNDS has also been caught in a trap. He tries to run, stumbles, falls into the ground fog. He goes on screaming. We can see his back for a moment, and then it disappears.

SOUNDS OF CRUNCHING AND SCREAMING.

ROUNDS SHRIEKS. His hand and arm come up like the hand of a drowning man. Then it's gone. ROUNDS is gone.

EXT. THE SKIRMISH LINE

They stand there, chest deep in mist, a conspicuous hole in the ranks where EDGAR was.

EXT. BOBBY ROBERTSON, CU

BOBBY
(moaning)
I can't move. Christ Jesus, I can't move!

EXT. THE SKIRMISH LINE IN THE RAVINE, A NEW ANGLE

The GROWLING STARTS AGAIN. THE CAMERA PANS SLOWLY UP THE LINE. The mist swirls, hiding whatever's beneath.

EXT. ASPINALL, CU

ASPINALL

(low)

I think we better start backing up, Andy.
Real slow. Real-

The LOW GROWL rises to a snarl. And from below the mist, snarling and bestial but understandable, mocking ASPINALL'S voice:

WEREWOLF (O.S.)

"Real slow! Real slow! Real slow!"

SOUND: CHOMP!

ASPINALL SHRIEKS and tries to run. He falls into the mist. There is another CHOMP. When he flounders up, half his face is gone.

WEREWOLF (CONT'D, O.S.)

"Real slow! Real slow!"

A hairy arm rises from the mist and yanks ASPINALL down.

EXT. ANDY'S GROUP

They panic and break for it- MAGGIE, BILLY, and ANDY for one side, BOBBY and OWEN for the other.

EXT. OWEN, WEREWOLF'S POV

THE CAMERA IS RUSHING THROUGH THE GROUND MIST- this is like being in an airplane that's skimming the top of a cloud.

WEREWOLF (O.S.)

(laughing)

"Real slow! Real slow! Real slow!"

EXT. OWEN KNOPFLER

He's hit, as an unlucky swimmer might be hit by a shark. He whirls around, raising the peacemaker bat.

OWEN

Come on, then! You want to rock and roll
with me?

EXT. THE GROUND MIST, OWEN'S POV

For a moment there's nothing- and then the werewolf rises out of it, eyes glaring green, muzzle and pelt slimed with gore.

WEREWOLF

"REEEEEL SLOW!"

EXT. MAGGIE AND ANDY

MAGGIE

(shrieking)

Look at it! Holy God, Andy, look at that thing!

ANDY

(groaning with fear)

I don't want to look at it.

He runs, while MAGGIE stares, mesmerized, at:

EXT. OWEN AND THE WEREWOLF

The WEREWOLF closes in on OWEN, who belts it a good one with the peacemaker. The WEREWOLF swipes at him. OWEN ducks and slams it again. The WEREWOLF roars with anger.

OWEN

Come on, come on! You want to do the bop?
I'll bop you, motherfucker! Come on!

The WEREWOLF dives under the ground mist.

Uncertain, OWEN begins to back up, holding the bat in his hands. OWEN is jerked down into the mist. He SCREAMS. The peacemaker rises out of the ground mist and comes down. Bonk! The WEREWOLF roars in pain. CHOMPING SOUND. OWEN shrieks.

OWEN (CONT'D, O.S.)
Come on, you bastard!

The peacemaker rises out of the mist again. The hands holding it are bloody. Blood runs down the bat. It descends. Bonk! The WEREWOLF roars again. There is a GURGLING SCREAM from OWEN... and then a curious SPLINTERING SOUND as the WEREWOLF sinks its fangs into the bat.

EXT. THE RAVINE

THE CAMERA MOVES ABOVE as the WEREWOLF moves below, escaping down the draw.

Pause. SOUND, IN THE B.G.: low but slowly getting louder: a congregation singing "Bringing In the Sheaves" to the accompaniment of a pipe organ.

WEREWOLF
(sing-songy voice)
Bringing in the sheaves... bringing in the
sheaves... we shall come rejoicing... bringing
in the sheaves...

THE WEREWOLF FADES OUT; human voices singing the same hymn overwhelm it and we

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLY FAMILY CATHOLIC CHURCH, PULPIT POV - MORNING

It's an almost exact reprise of #167. Most of the mourners are crying; MRS. BOWIE playing the organ; MARTY'S chair parked at the back. We can see UNCLE AL, MARTY, TAMMY, and MRS. STURMFULLER, exactly as they were at BRADY KINCAID'S funeral; in fact, this seems to be an instant replay of that event. One difference: we can't see BRADY'S coffin. It's below us. The hymn ends.

INT. FATHER LOWE, IN THE PULPIT

LOWE

Mr. and Mrs. Kincaid have asked that there be no mass said here this afternoon. They did ask me to say a word of comfort to you if I could.

INT. THE CONGREGATION, FEATURING HERB KINCAID

He sits in the first pew. In his grief he looks dead.

HERB

There is no comfort, Father. Only private justice.

INT. LOWE, AT THE PULPIT

He's thrown off his stride. Beginning to sweat. He's like an actor trying to remember his lines.

LOWE

Uh, if there's any word of comfort I can give you, it's just this: the face of the beast always becomes known; the time-

He looks down. His eyes widen in fear.

INT. THE COFFINS, LOWE'S POV

Yes, that's coffins- plural. Where BRADY'S coffin was formerly, there are now six coffins, smothered with flowers.

INT. LOWE, IN THE PULPIT

He is badly scared now; sweat is dripping off him.

LOWE

The time... the time of the beast always passes. There are answers... ways... ways to... to cope... if we turn to each other...

HERB
(bestial voice)
Father-

LOWE looks toward:

INT. FIRST ROW PEW, WITH HERB KINCAID, LOWE'S POV

He's looking down at something in his hands. Now he looks up and we see his face has become bestial. His eyes are green. As we look at him, the transformation continues. He's turning into a werewolf.

HERB
(snarling)
It tore out his heart.

And sure enough, HERB KINCAID holds BRADY'S dripping heart up in what were hands but which are now rapidly becoming paws.

INT. LESTER LOWE, AT THE PULPIT

He staggers back, in terror.

LOWE
(shrieks)
No!

INT. THE CONGREGATION, LOWE'S POV

MRS. BOWIE begins bringing in a few more sheaves on the church organ, and the congregation begins to sing.

CONGREGATION
Sowing in the morning/sowing seeds of
kindness/sowing in the noontide/and the
dewy eve...

We pan their faces, stopping on JOE HALLER. Now something is happening to JOE'S face. It is bulging, changing. He looks up from his hymnal and his eyes glare green. The pupils are split. He grins, showing big teeth.

They are all changing. Among the things we see are:

PETE SYLVESTER, who is a church deacon, rushing down the aisle, changing, snarling. He grabs ANDY FAIRTON and the two of them grapple in the aisle.

A YOUNG WOMAN with a baby in her arms turns back the blanket covering the baby's face and we see it's a wolfling; already the YOUNG WOMAN'S own hands are turning into claws.

TAMMY STURMFULLER changing; PELTZER the druggist changing; the ZINNEMAN BROTHERS changing.

At the organ, MRS. BOWIE is now a werewolf clad in tatters of a silk bombazine dress; she/it is still wearing a veiled hat on her head, and she is beating the shit out of the organ keys with her clawed hands. She sounds like Jerry Lee Lewis after swallowing about a dozen bennies. And now the tune changes from the remnants of "Bringing In The Sheaves." It changes into the Rheingold jingle.

CONGREGATION

(snarling chorus)

My beer is Rheingold the dry beer...

Think of Rheingold whenever you buy beer...

INT. LOWE

FATHER LOWE goes stumbling backward, dropping his hymnal. The man is in an extremity of terror.

REV. LOWE

No! No! No!

INT. THE CONGREGATION, LOWE'S POV

Some are tearing their hymnals apart and throwing them at each other. One guy- BILLY McCLAREN, maybe- wings one of them through a stained-glass window. Some of the werewolves- for they are all werewolves now- fight or make love in the aisles. The rest sway back and forth, grinning ferociously, singing.

CONGREGATION
(snarling it out)
It's not bitter, not sweet, it's a real
frosty treat...

INT. LOWE

He looks toward:

INT. THE MRS. BOWIE WEREWOLF, AT THE ORGAN

She grins ferociously up at him, playing the Rheingold jingle on the pipe organ with her claws. Now blood begins to bubble up between the keys.

MRS. STURMFULLER AND ALL
Won't you try, won't you buy...

INT. THE ENTIRE CONGREGATION

The church is a wild shambles of lurching, fighting, singing werewolves. It's like a New Year's Eve party in hell.

CONGREGATION
(big finish)
...Rheingold beer!

Suddenly a clawed hand bursts up through one of the coffins. And ANDY FAIRTON, who now looks as wolf-like as any of them, bites the hand's claw off.

INT. REV. LOWE, ON THE PODIUM

He's seen all he can stand. He whirls for the back, where there is a small door. He pulls it open... and a BRADY KINCAID werewolf, half torn apart but still somehow alive (a zombie werewolf, if you can dig it- George Romero would like it, I think) leaps out and seizes LOWE.

BRADY buries his muzzle in LOWE'S NECK.

INT. LESTER LOWE, ECU

He sits up into THE CAMERA and SCREAMS. Sweat is running down his face. He stares at us for a moment, his eyes buggy and crazed... and then he closes them. There is an expression of huge relief on his face as he does so.

LOWE
(praying)
Let it end, dear Lord. Let it end. Please
let it end.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

An old sedan cruises slowly down the street. ANNE and TAMMY STURMFULLER are in the front seat. It's piled high with possessions and is towing a jackleg trailer with more stuff in it.

EXT. HALLER AND PETE

HALLER
(indifferently)
Anne Sturmfuller and her little girl.

PETE
Yeah... but what are they doing?

HALLER
Putting on my Sherlock Holmes deerstalker
cap, I deduce that they are leaving.

EXT. THE STURMFULLER CAR, THE COPS' POV - DAY

They are headed out of town all right, but the thing which perhaps strikes us the most forcibly is how empty this place is now. Main Street looks like a ghost town.

EXT. JOE HALLER AND PETE SYLVESTER, ON THE SIDEWALK

HALLER
She's not the only one. Lot of people
(MORE)

HALLER (CONT'D)
leaving town. And I guess if we want a
beer, we'll have to drink it at home.

He nods toward:

EXT. OWEN'S PUB, LONG (PETE AND HALLER'S POV)

A CLOSED sign hangs in the door; above it is a big black
wreath.

EXT. HALLER AND PETE

PETE
Joe, what's wrong with you? I ain't
never seen you like this.

HALLER
(thoughtful)
I lost my guts.

PETE
(startled)
Bullshit.

HALLER
It was the Kincaid boy. I looked at him...
and I felt it happen. It was no big deal.
No worse than pissing down your own leg.
You ever do that? Maybe when you were
real scared?

PETE, distressed, does not respond.

HALLER (CONT'D)
One minute I had me some guts- as much as
the next man, anyhow- and then, poof. Gone.

PETE'S looking at him in a kind of terror.

PETE
Joe... you are going to feel better than
this. This... this feeling of yours...
it's gonna pass...

JOE

Is it?

He walks away, back toward the Municipal Building (the sign out front reminds folks to SUPPORT THE MEDCU VAN!) while PETE looks after him, very deeply troubled.

EXT. A FAIRGROUND - DAY

It's deserted. Rides stand still. The midway is deserted.

THE CAMERA PANS slowly to a sign which reads TARKER'S MILLS FAIRGROUNDS GALA FAIR OCTOBER 1 FIREWORKS AT DUSK 10c ON EVERY DOLLAR GOES TO THE MEDCU VAN FUND!

A cheerful enough sign, except for the strip of paper glued diagonally across it: FIREWORKS CANCELED.

MARTY (O.S.)

It's not fair.

INT. THE COSLAW FAMILY STATION WAGON - DAY

It's parked across the road from the sign.

JANE (O.S.)

Look out, world! Marty the Great didn't get something he wanted!

They are distributed just as they were when they arrived at this same fairgrounds earlier. All of them have ice cream cones; they are coming home from a family outing.

NAN COSLAW

Stop it, Jane.

JANE

Well, I don't see why everybody just about breaks down and cries whenever he-

BOB

Stop it, your mother said.

They've just paused for a quick look at the sign; now BOB pulls out onto the road again and heads toward home.

INT. MARTY AND JANE IN THE BACKSEAT

JANE sticks her tongue out at him. MARTY looks away.

EXT. ANGLE ON THE COSLAW GARAGE - DAY

UNCLE AL'S sports car is parked in the driveway. We hear the CLANG of a wrench on the cement inside.

INT. THE GARAGE - DAY

UNCLE AL and MARTY are working on the engine of the Silver Bullet. UNCLE AL has a six-pack of beer that he's working through. He and MARTY sit on the floor. As they talk, UNCLE AL unscrews the last bolt holding the Bullet's carburetor and pulls it off.

MARTY

It isn't enough that the monster killed all those people- that he killed Brady. Now he's got them to cancel the fair.

UNCLE AL

And the fireworks. Hand me that box, Marty.

MARTY hands him a medium-sized carton with the words "Speed Shop" printed on it.

MARTY

Yeah, okay, the fireworks. Jane thinks that's all I'm mad about, but it's not. Them doing that is just a... a...

UNCLE AL

It's just an outward symbol of everything that's inwardly wrong in this town. Not bad, huh? I read Sherwood Anderson in college. I can jive that shit all day.

MARTY

Well... I like it that you always know how to say things, Uncle Al.

UNCLE AL

I'll give you the telephone numbers of my ex-wives, dear boy- they'll be interested to hear that.

MARTY

Don't call me dear boy.

UNCLE AL

But you are, you know- you are my dear boy.

He gives MARTY a kiss and smiles at him. MARTY smiles back.

UNCLE AL (CONT'D)

Look at this.

He pulls out a brand-new carburetor- it's a chrome-plated four-barrel.

UNCLE AL (CONT'D)

(gleeful)

This is gonna turn your wheelchair into a fucking F-14, Marty-

He looks around quickly, guiltily.

UNCLE AL (CONT'D)

Your mom's not around, is she?

MARTY

She and dad are out back lighting the barbecue. Jane's walking around like she's King Shit of Turd Mountain. Like always.

UNCLE AL

Uh-huh. Only in her case I guess it would be Queen Shit of Turd Mountain. Hand me that adjustable.

MARTY does. UNCLE AL slides the carb onto the gasket and starts attaching bolts.

UNCLE AL (CONT'D)

The guy killed your best friend, drove your girl out of town, and stole the second-best holiday in the year. Have I got it right?

MARTY (glum)
You got it right, Uncle Al.

UNCLE AL
Yeah, Winesburg, Ohio, was never like that...
but I got something that just might cheer
you up.

MARTY
What?

UNCLE AL
Wait, dear boy. Just wait. Hand me those pliers.

EXT. UNCLE AL, AT THE SIDE OF THE COSLAW HOUSE - DAY

He peeks into the backyard.

EXT. THE BACK YARD, UNCLE AL'S POV

BOB and NAN are fussing over the barbecue. JANE is hitting
a badminton birdie.

EXT. THE ROAD IN FRONT OF COSLAWS', WITH MARTY

MARTY is sitting in the Silver Bullet.

UNCLE AL comes hurrying back from his look-see.

UNCLE AL
All is cool, Marty-boy. Go for it.

MARTY pushes the starter. The engine starts at once, but
the tone is entirely different. Before, MARTY'S wheelchair
was a poppety-popping pussycat. Now the engine rumbles like
a hood's street rod idling at a traffic light.

MARTY looks startled.

UNCLE AL (CONT'D)
(grinning)
Gun it.

MARTY guns it. The engine roars.

UNCLE AL (CONT'D)
Jesus! Not too much!

MARTY
(awed)
Wow.

UNCLE AL
You got a pilot's license, Marty?

MARTY
Do I need one?

UNCLE AL
We're gonna find out. Take it down the
road a ways and back. Be careful.

MARTY puts the Bullet in gear and pulls away.

EXT. MARTY, IN THE SILVER BULLET

CAMERA TRACKS HIM up the road. He goes slowly at first, but he lets it out a little after a while. He's really moving along- thirty, maybe forty miles an hour. The wind blows the hair off his forehead. He begins to grin. He's enjoying this.

EXT. UNCLE AL, WATCHING

He drinks some beer. He's grinning, happy for MARTY.

EXT. MARTY, IN THE SILVER BULLET

He slows down, turns, stops. He revs the engine. VROOM!
VROOM!

EXT. THE SILVER BULLET'S MOTOR, CU

A lot of changes back here. It looks almost like a motorcycle engine now. That chromed-silver carb predominates.

SOUND: VAROOOOOOOOM!

EXT. MARTY, CU

Grinning. Looking at:

EXT. THE COSLAW HOUSE, MARTY'S POV

It's about a quarter of a mile away.

EXT. MARTY, IN THE SILVER BULLET

He winds the engine up and pops the clutch. The Silver Bullet doesn't so much accelerate as blast off. It tilts back on its wheels. MARTY swivels into a position like that of an astronaut on lift-off. The Silver Bullet looks like a motorcycle popping a wheelie. MARTY has a great big grin on his face.

EXT. THE SILVER BULLET, MEDIUM-LONG

Roaring down the highway at fifty or better, blue smoke jetting from the exhaust. MARTY is plastered back in the seat with the footrest pointing up at an angle. He's laughing like a lunatic.

EXT. UNCLE AL, PEEKING THROUGH HIS FINGERS

UNCLE AL
(to himself)
The kid's dead meat. What have I done?
(shouts)
Put a rock in it, Marty!

EXT. MARTY IN THE BULLET

He uses the hand brakes. SOUND of braking and squealing rubber.

EXT. MARTY AND UNCLE AL

The Silver Bullet comes to a screeching, sluing stop near UNCLE AL. Blue smoke drifts up from the wheels. MARTY guns the engine once and then lets it idle.

UNCLE AL

You gave me a heart attack, Marty. I'm dying. I hope you're happy, because you are looking at a dying man.

MARTY

It really goes fast. Thanks, Uncle Al.

UNCLE AL

It goes fast, all right- and if your mother finds out just how fast, Marty, I will have a new job. Singing soprano with the Vienna Boys' Choir.

MARTY

I don't get you.

UNCLE AL

I know you don't. But I want this to be our secret. You get that, don't you?

MARTY

Sure.

UNCLE AL

Good.

EXT. THE NIGHT SKY, WITH THE MOON

The last bit of daylight is just filtering away.

EXT. THE COSLAW BACKYARD

The barbecue is over. BOB and JANE are putting lawn chairs on the back porch. MARTY, NAN, and UNCLE AL are all in the f.g.

UNCLE AL

I've got to go, Nan- I had a wonderful time.

He kisses her cheek affectionately, and she smiles at him.

NAN

So have I, actually... I wish it could always be like this.

UNCLE AL

See me around to my car, Marty, and make sure I stay out of trouble at least that long.

MARTY

Okay.

He and UNCLE AL go around to the driveway. NAN looks at them with troubled love.

EXT. THE COSLAW DRIVEWAY, WITH MARTY AND UNCLE AL

UNCLE AL

Now I said I had something for you, as I believe you will recall.

MARTY

Yeah! What is it?

AL unlocks the trunk of his car and brings out a paper shopping bag. He places the bag in MARTY'S lap. MARTY opens the bag, but it's really too dark to see inside. He reaches in and brings out a handful of assorted fireworks-crackers, Roman candles, twizzers, smoke bombs, etc.

An expression of sublime delight fills MARTY'S face as he inventories these goodies.

UNCLE AL

You're gonna have the Fourth of July in October, Marty. Just don't blow your head off.

(pause)

And remember that it isn't just the fireworks. It's because no crazy shithead should be able to stop the good guys, if you can dig that.

MARTY
(respectfully)
I can dig it- thank you, Uncle Al! Thank you!

UNCLE AL
Stay near the house, for Christ's sake-
someone's killing people. I have to be out of
my mind to be doing this, you know.

MARTY
Yeah, I know. It's great!

UNCLE AL
One of the reasons I love you, Marty, is that
you're almost as crazy as I am. Please don't
set off anything that goes bang tonight, okay?
Just bright colors. Can you tell the difference?

MARTY
Yeah... sure.

UNCLE AL
Save this one for last.

He brings out a short rocket with stubby vanes on the end.
A fat fuse sticks out behind the head.

MARTY
What is it?

UNCLE AL
A tracer. You'll like it.

MARTY
Thanks a million, Uncle Al!

UNCLE AL
You're welcome a million, Marty. Stick 'em
in the bushes for now.

MARTY motors over to the side of the garage, where there's
a line of bushes, and conceals the bag in them. UNCLE AL
gets in his car and starts it up. MARTY comes back.

UNCLE AL (CONT'D)

(grinning)

Have a good time, dear boy! And watch out
for the werewolves!

He leaves. MARTY sits in his wheelchair, waving.

EXT. THE REAR OF THE COSLAW HOUSE - NIGHT

There's a downspout outside one of the upstairs windows. Now the window goes up and MARTY leans out. He grasps the downspout and begins working his way down. This should not be too hard for us to believe; we've already seen how strong MARTY'S arms are.

His legs dangle limply, but he's doing just fine. When he reaches the bottom of the drainpipe, they simply crumple under him and he uses his arms to pull himself over to the back porch.

MARTY hoists himself over the porch rail. Here, under a tarp, is the Silver Bullet. MARTY pushes the tarp aside and gets in. He uses his hands on the wheels to get over the porch ramp and rolls silently down it. At the bottom he looks up at:

EXT. AN UPSTAIRS WINDOW, MARTY'S POV - NIGHT

Still a light on up there.

EXT. MARTY, IN THE BULLET

MARTY

(whispers)

Shit!

Thinks a bit, then starts to hand-roll the Bullet toward:

EXT. THE PATH BETWEEN THE HOUSE AND THE GARAGE

MARTY comes slowly up the path. We hear soft grunts of exertion; he's still hand-turning the wheels for the sake of silence, and it's hard work. He stops at the line of

bushes and gets the bag of fireworks. He puts it on his lap and starts moving again.

EXT. THE COSLAW DRIVEWAY, FROM THE ROAD

The driveway has a slight down-slant, and MARTY coasts easily out to the road. He turns right and begins to roll slowly along the verge of the highway, still using his hands. We can see that the light is still on upstairs. MARTY turns back once to verify this himself, then keeps on going. He's not going to be deprived of his treat.

EXT. MARTY

He decides he's far enough away to be safe. He pushes the starter button. The engine cranks, coughs, and cranks some more. MARTY frowns, and pulls out a wire- a rudimentary choke, I suppose. He pushes the starter button again. It cranks, but doesn't start.

MARTY pushes in the wire, looking concerned now, and tries again. This time, after the engine has cranked over a few times, it starts.

MARTY
(softly)
All right!

He puts it in gear and starts off.

EXT. THE ROAD, WITH MARTY, EXTREMELY LONG

What we see is a tiny boy in a tiny wheelchair moving along a dark, empty ribbon of road under a vast dome of stars.

DISTANT SOUND: The Bullet's engine.

EXT. A ROADSIDE TURNOUT - NIGHT

SOUND: Fast-rushing water.

The turnout is packed dirt. There's a grove of trees with picnic tables spotted among them at the back. The sign in

the extreme f.g. reads ROADSIDE REST AREA at the top; AUGER FALLS in the middle; TOWNSHIP OF TARKER'S MILLS at the bottom.

SOUND: The Silver Bullet approaching.

MARTY turns in and rolls to the back of the rest area. He stops by one of the picnic tables and dumps the bag of fireworks out onto the picnic table and takes his time selecting the first- he's like a wine fancier with a whole cellar of rare bottles to choose from. At last he chooses a twizzer. He takes matches from the pocket of his pajama top and lights the fuse.

When it starts to fizz, MARTY tosses it high into the air.

MARTY
(soft)
Here's one for the good guys!

EXT. THE TWIZZER

It flies in an arc over the drop.

EXT. THE TWIZZER, FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE CUT

THE CAMERA TRACKS ITS FALL onto some rocks at the edge of the waterfall's catch pool.

SOUND: Growling.

EXT. THE CREEK, WITH THE WEREWOLF

It has been drinking from the creek. It looks more than half human now- we would be able to recognize it for sure, but its face is in shadow.

It turns from the creek and gets up on its hind legs.

EXT. THE TWIZZER, ON THE ROCKS

It's guttering out. A hand-paw touches it and draws back quickly.

SOUND: Hurt, angry growl.

EXT. MARTY, IN THE REST AREA

He's getting ready to light one of the fountains. He pauses and looks toward the cut. He's heard something- but the waterfall muffles it. He lights the fountain's fuse, sets it on the ground, and rolls the Bullet back a few feet.

The fountain bursts into a shower of light.

MARTY
(delighted)
All right!

EXT. THE SLOPE OF THE CUT, MEDIUM LONG

The waterfall is in the b.g.

The WEREWOLF is climbing the rocky slope.

EXT. THE FOUNTAIN, CU

It goes out.

EXT. MARTY

He rolls over to the picnic table and gets a Roman candle. He plants the stick in the ground and lights the fuse. The Roman candle shoots into the sky.

EXT. THE ROMAN CANDLE

Bursts into colored light.

EXT. THE WEREWOLF, NEAR THE TOP OF THE CUT, MEDIUM LONG

It GROWLS... and shakes its fists at the fading light in the sky.

EXT. MARTY

He's holding another fountain in one hand and his matches in the other. He's looking toward the cut and the waterfall.

MARTY
Is someone there?

EXT. THE WEREWOLF, NEAR THE TOP OF THE CUT

It freezes, GROWLING FAINTLY.

EXT. MARTY

With a little shrug, he lights the fuse on the fountain and sets it on the ground, as before.

EXT. THE BACK OF THE GROVE, AT THE TOP OF THE CUT

Claw-hands settle over the top.

EXT. THE FOUNTAIN, CU

It throws off fiery swirls of sparks, then begins to die down.

EXT. MARTY

He's checking out the stuff on the table for his next choice when he hears a clear SOUND: A SNAPPING, SPLINTERING BRANCH.

EXT. THE GROVE, WITH THE WEREWOLF

It's run into a low-hanging branch. Instead of pushing it aside or ducking under it, it simply rips it off the tree. Although the branch is pretty big, the WEREWOLF does this as easily as a hungry man might rip a drumstick off a

Thanksgiving turkey. It throws the branch aside and advances, hunched over on two legs.

EXT. MARTY

MARTY
(terrified)
Who's there?

EXT. THE GROVE AT THE BACK OF THE REST AREA, MARTY'S POV

The grove is a darkened shadowland.

EXT. MARTY

He punches the Bullet's starter. The motor cranks and cranks. No go, though. MARTY pulls out the choke wire, alternating terrified stares at the grove of trees with terrified stares at his rudimentary dashboard.

EXT. THE GROVE, MARTY'S POV

Here it comes, out of the shadows, closing in.

EXT. MARTY

Working that starter for all it's worth... but the motor only cranks. Still no start.

EXT. CLAWED, FURRY FEET

EXT. MARTY

He gives up on the motor. He looks toward the picnic table where the fireworks are. He grabs up the tracer. He gets the matches out of the breast pocket of his p.j.'s and promptly drops them in his lap. He scrabbles for them.

EXT. THE WEREWOLF, MARTY'S POV

We can't see its face in the dark, but it's closer... much closer.

EXT. MARTY

He tries to hold the tracer and strike a match at the same time.

He can't; to do that he'd need at least one more hand. He puts the tube of the tracer between his teeth and tries again.

EXT. THE MATCHBOOK AND MARTY'S HANDS

He strikes the match... too hard! It bends, the neck broken.

MARTY
(voice; moaning)
Oh, please...

EXT. WEREWOLF CLAWS, OPENING AND CLOSING

EXT. MARTY

He is in an extremity of terror.

EXT. THE MATCHBOOK AND MARTY'S HANDS, CU

He pulls a fresh match from the book and strikes it. It lights.

EXT. THE WEREWOLF

It recoils- we still can't see its face except for a vague shadow.

(NOTE: I keep emphasizing the shadowed face, because this is not a full-moon period. I've been going on the assumption that the guy kind of works his way up to full

wolfiness, toothiness, hairiness, etc., starting with a partial change at about the second quarter. It's a process like the tide coming in. Thus, if we saw MARTY'S attacker clearly at this point, I think we would recognize him.)

EXT. MARTY, IN THE SILVER BULLET

He takes the tracer from his mouth and applies the match to the fuse. It splutters alight.

EXT. MARTY AND THE WEREWOLF, A WIDER SHOT

The WEREWOLF is less than twenty feet away. The tracer flares alight and shoots out of MARTY'S hand, leaving a pink-orange trail of smoke behind it. The missile flies at the WEREWOLF's head.

EXT. THE WEREWOLF

The tracer strikes it in the face, and we see a flash of fire. The WEREWOLF screams and blunders away.

EXT. MARTY, IN THE SILVER BULLET

He punches the starter again. The motor cranks.

EXT. THE MOTOR OF THE SILVER BULLET

The motor coughs and fires; a big blue flame jumps from the fancy carb... and the engine starts to run.

EXT. THE WEREWOLF

It's staggering away, ROARING and HOWLING. The tube of the tracer is sticking out of its face- from its left eye, in fact- like an Indian's arrow. The WEREWOLF smashes branches out of its way.

EXT. MARTY IN THE SILVER BULLET

He wheels the Bullet around and heads for the road, gasping and weeping with fear.

EXT. THE WEREWOLF, IN THE GROVE

It's blundering through the trees. It pulls the tube from its face with an ANIMAL SCREAM and drops it.

EXT. THE TRACER, CU

It lies smoldering on the ground. The end is slick with blood.

EXT. THE ROAD, WITH MARTY

The Bullet is really wheeling. MARTY is panting, out of breath, still deeply frightened.

EXT. THE WOODS, WITH THE WEREWOLF

We see it blundering along, holding its face; blood bubbles through its fingers.

WEREWOLF
(snarling voice)
Bastard Marty! Bastard Marty! Kill you!
Reeeal slow!

EXT. COSLAW DRIVEWAY, WITH MARTY

He powers up it, and along the path to the back. Perhaps he has enough speed to cut the engine and coast.

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM

His bed is by the window. His hands appear on the windowsill, and MARTY pulls himself in. He falls over onto his bed and lies there, spent and exhausted and trembling.

EXT. THE COSLAW HOUSE, VERY EARLY MORNING

SOUND: RINGING TELEPHONE (FILTER)

INT. THE COSLAW LIVING ROOM, WITH MARTY

He's sitting in the "house" wheelchair in the living room, holding the phone tensely to his ear as the RINGING SOUND goes on.

A CLICK as the phone is picked up.

UNCLE AL
(muzzy voice)
'Lo? Go away.

MARTY
It's a werewolf! I saw it! Last night-

INT. UNCLE AL'S BEDROOM

Not a really spiffy place- the decor is Early American Alcoholic. There's a mostly unclad lady asleep on one side of the bed. UNCLE AL is sitting on the other in his skivvies, phone to his ear. There are a lot of bottles and heaped ashtrays around, and UNCLE AL has a big old hangover.

UNCLE AL
You dreamed it, Marty.

MARTY (O.S.)
No! I went out late last night- and-

UNCLE AL
There are no such things as werewolves.
Please, dear boy, have some pity.

He hangs up and falls back into bed.

GIRL
(muzzy voice)
Whowuzzit?

UNCLE AL
Obscene phone caller. Go back to sleep.

EXT. THE BACK PORCH, WITH MARTY

He's sitting on the Silver Bullet, just looking at the yard. JANE comes out.

JANE
Marty? You okay? You've just been sitting here all morning.

MARTY
Where's Mom?

JANE
Went shopping. Why?

MARTY
Jane, I have to talk to you.

JANE
(mistrustfully)
About what?

MARTY looks at her earnestly.

MARTY
I need you to help me. Uncle Al won't believe me, and if you won't help me, I... I...

MARTY has to stop. He's almost crying.

JANE
(concerned)
Marty, what is it?

EXT. MAIN STREET, MEDIUM LONG, WITH JANE

JANE is pushing a supermarket shopping cart with a lot of beer and soda bottles in it. On the side is a sign reading MEDCU BOTTLE AND CAN DRIVE- plus an outline drawing of the Medcu unit.

JANE (V.O.)

He told me something that was clearly unbelievable... and yet, somehow I believed most of it. And I understood one thing with total clarity: Marty himself believed it all.

She turns into a yard and pulls her cart up the walk to the door. She mounts the steps and rings the bell.

EXT. THE PORCH, WITH JANE, A CLOSER SHOT

A sheer curtain at one side of the door is pulled aside and a fearful face- that of MRS. THAYER- looks out. Then we hear bolts being pulled and locks- at least three of them- being unlocked. The lady is taking no chances.

MRS. THAYER

Jane?

JANE

(politely)

I'm collecting returnable bottles and cans for the Medcu Drive, Missus Thayer- I just wondered if you had any.

Her husband comes up the hall.

MR. THAYER

Who is it?

MRS. THAYER

Jane Coslaw.

EXT. JANE

What we see mostly are her eyes- bright, inquiring.

JANE

Hi, Mr. Thayer.

INT. LON THAYER, ECU

What we see mostly are his brown eyes.

MR. THAYER
Hello, Jane.

EXT. THE PORCH, WITH JANE AND MRS. THAYER

MRS. THAYER
Bring your cart around to the back, Jane-
we'll look in the garage.

JANE
Thank you.

She starts down the steps and we

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JANE, ON MAIN STREET DAY

Amazing how deserted Tarker's Mills looks. JANE is pushing her cart. Even more bottles in it now.

JANE (V.O.)
Uncle Al hadn't believed him, but Uncle Al was thirty-five that summer and I was fourteen... at fourteen you can still believe the unbelievable, although even then that ability is growing rusty, is preparing to squeal to a stop.

She is passing the Holy Family rectory. LESTER LOWE is out front, digging in his flower garden. He is shirtless, back to JANE and to us; his black shirt with the turned-around collar hangs informally on a bush.

JANE (CONT'D)
(calls)
Hi, Father Lowe!

LOWE
(without turning)
Top of the morning to you, Jane Coslaw!

JANE
I'm going to bring in a monster load
of bottles in an hour or so!

LOWE
(still digging)
That's great, Jane... I'll be waiting.

EXT. JANE, FARTHER DOWN MAIN STREET

She stops at Robertson's Luncheonette, leaves her cart outside, and goes in. THE CAMERA FLOATS TO THE WINDOW; we see JANE explaining about the bottle campaign to BOBBY while a few men seated at the counter listen.

INT. JANE, ECU

Wide eyes, mostly.

INT. BOBBY ROBERTSON, ECU

Mostly eyes.

INT. ROBERTSON'S, FEATURING JANE

As she turns away, her eyes sweep the men at the counter.

INT. THE MEN, JANE'S POV

Some of them- PELTZER, VIRGIL CUTTS- are familiar. Others are not. THE CAMERA PANS THEIR FACES CLOSELY, FEATURING THEIR EYES.

EXT. OUTSIDE ROBERTSON'S, WITH JANE

She grabs the handle of the cart again and proceeds down Main Street. She goes into the barber shop.

JANE (V.O.)
Marty had seen where the tracer had
(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D, V.O.)
struck home, he said, and I went out
that day doing more than just looking
for returnable cans and bottles- I was
looking for a man- or woman- with only
one eye.

INT. THE BARBER SHOP - DAY

As JANE enters, BILLY McCLAREN is giving one man a trim. Another man is tipped back with his face wrapped in a towel. Two or three other townies are waiting on tonsorial beautification, reading magazines. None, of course, has only one eye. JANE checks them all out carefully.

BILLY
I know what you're after, Jane, and you're
out of luck. Little Toby Whittislaw was in
yesterday, and I gave 'em all to him.

JANE
Oh... okay.

But her eyes have fixed on the towel over the face of the man in the other barber chair. She walks over to him.

INT. JANE AND THE TOWELED MAN, CLOSER ON

JANE
That you, Mr. Fairton?

ANDY FAIRTON
(muffled)
No- it's Ronald McDonald. I came in for
a shave and a burger.

The men laugh. JANE smiles politely. And pulls the hot towel away from his eyes. His two eyes.

JANE
(sweetly)
Got any bottles, Mr. Fairton?

ANDY
No!

JANE
(just as sweet)
Oh... okay.

She puts the towel back and THE CAMERA FOLLOWS as she returns to the door.

JANE (CONT'D)
'Bye, Mr. McClaren.

BILLY
(amused)
'Bye, Jane.

ANDY
(muffled)
Jesus!

JANE goes out.

EXT. JANE, AT THE RECTORY

She pushes the shopping cart up to the gate, opens it, and goes up the walk to the foot of LOWE'S porch steps. She leaves it there and climbs to the porch.

EXT. JANE, ON THE PORCH

The screen door is shut, the inner wooden door open.

INT. THE RECTORY HALLWAY, JANE'S POV

Dark and empty. SOUNDS in the kitchen. EATING SOUNDS, maybe- or maybe we can't tell.

EXT. JANE, ON THE PORCH

She knocks on the screen door.

JANE
Father Lowe! I'm ready to turn in my
bottles and cans!

INT. THE KITCHEN

LOWE is standing by the refrigerator door. He's holding a raw leg of lamb and tearing at it with his teeth. Lamb blood smears his face and runs down his arms. He is as human as you or me (in a manner of speaking, as UNCLE AL would say), but when JANE speaks, his head snaps up and his eye flares- his one eye. The other is covered by a patch.

JANE (O.S.)

Father?

LOWE

Take your cart around to the garage and unload, Jane! Then bring me your tally sheet!

EXT. JANE, ON THE PORCH

JANE

Okay!

EXT. JANE, A WIDER SHOT

She goes down the steps and starts to push the cart around the house.

INT. THE KITCHEN, WITH LOWE

He crosses to the window over the kitchen sink, the bloody chunk of meat still in his hands, and looks out.

EXT. JANE, LOWE'S POV

She pushes the cart along a path toward a combination garage and utility shed at the back.

INT. THE KITCHEN, WITH LOWE

Still watching JANE, he begins to gnaw ravenously at the meat again.

EXT. JANE, AT THE SHED-GARAGE

She opens the door and slowly pushes her cart inside.

INT. THE UTILITY SHED-GARAGE, WITH JANE

This is a creepy little place, now filled with bottles and cans that have been crammed in helter-skelter, every which way. JANE obviously doesn't like it. She begins to unload her cart rapidly, mumbling numbers to herself.

SOUND: SQUEAKING.

JANE looks down.

INT. THE UTILITY SHED-GARAGE FLOOR, JANE'S POV

A good-sized mouse comes out from between a pile of stacked bottles and runs across JANE'S shoe.

INT. JANE

She utters a little scream and shrinks back against the wall, bumping it quite hard. Hard enough to knock something off an overhead shelf. It falls into the bottles, SHATTERING several. JANE screams again- not terribly loud- and then slowly bends toward the object and picks it up.

JANE holds it, both puzzled and scared.

EXT. THE BACK DOOR OF THE RECTORY

JANE approaches it, holding a piece of paper in her hand- her tally sheet. She knocks. Waits. There is no answer. She knocks again. Waits. No answer. She tries the door. It opens.

JANE
Father Lowe?

No answer. After a moment of interior debate, JANE enters the kitchen.

INT. JANE, IN THE RECTORY KITCHEN

She looks around. No one here. But there is a bloody spot on the counter- LOWE must have set his grisly luncheon down here for a moment. She walks slowly across the kitchen and into the dark hall.

JANE

Father Lowe?... I've got my tally sheet...

Farther into the hall. A hand drops onto her shoulder.

LOWE (O.S.)

Very good, Jane!

She jumps, and so do we. She turns around and looks up at:

INT. FATHER LOWE, ECU

Featuring his eyes- his eye, rather. The left is covered with a black eye-patch.

LOWE

(grins)

Good, Jane. Very... very good.

He holds his hand out, and JANE puts the tally sheet in it like one in a dream. She can't take her eyes off that black patch, which tells her everything.

INT. THE HALLWAY, WITH JANE AND LOWE

LOWE

(concerned)

Jane! You're trembling!

JANE

I... I don't feel so well, I guess
maybe I got too much sun.

LOWE

Would you like to come in the parlor and
(MORE)

LOWE (CONT'D)
lie down for a bit? Or have a cold drink?
I have some soda-

JANE
No!
(softer)
That is, I have to get home and help
my mom with lunch.

LOWE
I'll give you a ride!

JANE is retreating down the hall toward the front door.

JANE
No- she... she was going to meet me at the
market. I'll be fine.

INT. LOWE, CU

How much does he know? How much has he guessed? Hard to
tell from his face, which now seems sinister, with its eye-
patch.

LOWE
Give my best to your brother, Jane.

INT. JANE, AT THE PORCH END OF THE HALLWAY

JANE
I will.

She bolts.

INT. LOWE, IN THE HALLWAY

CAMERA HOLDS ON HIM, standing silent and enigmatic.

LOWE
(soft)
Real slow.

EXT. THE COSLAW BACKYARD, WITH MARTY

His eyes are wide. He's leaning forward in his wheelchair.

MARTY
(almost moaning)
Oh, Jeez! What did you do then?

EXT. JANE AND MARTY

She's changed into shorts and a blouse.

JANE
I ran faster than I ever ran in my life-
what do you think, dummo? By the time I
got back here, I really thought I was
going to faint.
(pause)
What are we going to do, Marty? If we
tried to tell anybody-grown-ups, I mean-
they'd laugh. What are we going to do?

MARTY
(thoughtfully)
I think I know.

INT. A SHEET OF RULED SCHOOL NOTEBOOK PAPER, CU

A hand- MARTY'S- comes into the frame and prints: I KNOW
WHO YOU ARE, AND I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE.

INT. MARTY'S ROOM, WITH MARTY

He's sitting at his desk, a pool of light from the lamp
focused on the sheet of paper before him. He thinks a
moment, then begins to write again.

INT. THE NOTEBOOK PAD, CU

He is adding: WHY DON'T YOU KILL YOURSELF?

INT. MARTY, AT HIS DESK

He studies this for a second, and seems satisfied. He opens a drawer, brings out an envelope, and folds his letter into it.

EXT. JANE, ON MAIN STREET

She has the letter in her hand. She approaches the mailbox, opens the mailbox door, and then glances at the envelope again.

EXT. THE ENVELOPE, JANE'S POV

Addressed in pencil, it says: FATHER LESTER LOWE/HOLY FAMILY RECTORY; 149 MAIN STREET/TARKER'S MILLS, MAINE.

EXT. JANE, AT THE MAILBOX

She drops the letter in with the air of a girl lighting the fuse on a packet of high explosives. She turns away toward home.

INT. THE RECTORY LIVING ROOM, WITH LESTER LOWE

He's standing at the window and looking out. The torn-open envelope is on an end table beside him. He's holding the lined sheet of paper in his hand. An expression of bitter hate twists his features, and he slowly crumples the paper in his fist.

EXT. JANE, AT THE MAIN STREET MAILBOX

She drops in another letter and walks away.

JANE (V.O.)

I mailed another letter for Marty the next day... a third the day after that. Then, on Saturday...

EXT. THE TARKER'S MILLS COMMON, LONG

Parked at the curb is UNCLE AL'S sports car.

JANE (V.O.)
...we told Uncle Al what we'd been up to.
(pause)
His reaction was less than serene.

EXT. UNCLE AL, JANE, AND MARTY, ON THE COMMON

UNCLE AL
Holy-jumped-up-baldheaded-Jesus-CHRIST!

JANE
Uncle Al-

UNCLE AL
(to JANE)
From him I'd expect it. I sometimes think
his common sense got paralyzed along with
his legs. But you, Jane! You! Little
Polly Practical!

JANE
(quiet)
You don't understand.

UNCLE AL
(wildly)
Oh, I understand plenty! I understand that
my niece and nephew are sending the local
Catholic priest little love notes suggesting
that he gargle with a broken light bulb or
eat a rat-poison omelet!

MARTY
It came for me! I shot it in the eye! Now he's
wearing an eye-patch!

UNCLE AL
I called Peltzer on my way over here,
Marty! Father Lowe came into the drugstore
two days ago for a bottle of otic solution.
That's a fancy way of saying eyewash. He's

got a corneal inflammation.

MARTY

Was it a prescription?

UNCLE AL

What the hell does that matter?

MARTY

It wasn't- I'll bet you it wasn't. Because to get a prescription he'd have to see a doctor.

UNCLE AL

Marty, Marty, you should hear yourself!

MARTY

Well... was it a prescription?

UNCLE AL

I don't know. But I know you didn't see any werewolf the other night, Marty. You had a dream, that's all. An extremely realistic nightmare brought on by what's been happening in this town.

MARTY

What about the baseball bat Jane saw in his shed? You know who used to have a baseball bat like that? Mr. Knopfler! He was so proud of it he used to carry it in the Fourth of July parade! Jane said it looked like the Green Giant used it for a toothpick!

UNCLE AL

You want to know what I think?

MARTY

No- we just got you out here so we could admire your pretty face.

UNCLE AL

Watch it, dear boy. I think it was a hallucination. Probably a broomstick, or something.

JANE

(indignant)

It was not! You want me to show you! Come on! I'm not afraid! I'll show you right now!

UNCLE AL

No thank you, Jane. I'm a little old for palying the Hardy Boys Meet the Catholic Werewolf.

JANE stamps her foot, furious with UNCLE AL.

MARTY

Never mind, Jane. He'll have gotten rid of it by now anyway.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF ROBERTSON'S LUNCHEONETTE

The Silver Bullet stands outside. The door opens and UNCLE AL, JANE, and MARTY come out. UNCLE AL is carrying MARTY piggyback. MARTY has an ice cream cone. JANE is holding two.

UNCLE AL squats, depositing MARTY in the Bullet. MARTY starts the engine as JANE hands UNCLE AL his ice cream cone. The three of them start up the street and THE CAMERA TRACKS THEM.

JANE

If Father Lowe is an innocent little lamb, why hasn't he picked up the telephone and called Constable Haller to tell him Marty's sending poison-pen letters?

UNCLE AL

I don't accept the idea that he knows who his letter writer is, Jane. Because I don't accept the idea that there was a big bad wolf who saw Marty in his wheelchair.

JANE

Why hasn't he picked up the phone and told Constable Haller that someone is sending him poison-pen letters?

UNCLE AL stops. He hasn't thought of this. He looks toward:

EXT. THE CATHOLIC RECTORY, LONG - UNCLE AL'S POV

LESTER LOWE is mowing the lawn, eye-patch and all.

EXT. MAIN STREET, WITH UNCLE AL, MARTY, AND JANE

UNCLE AL

(a bit perplexed)

Well... he probably did. I mean, he could make a complaint without taking an ad out in the paper, couldn't he?

MARTY

I'll bet you a quarter that eyewash stuff was nonprescription. And I'll bet you another quarter he hasn't said anything to Mr. Haller.

UNCLE AL

Marty, do you see your suspect?

EXT. THE RECTORY LAWN, WITH LESTER LOWE

Keeps on moving. MR. ASPINALL drives by and waves. LOWE waves back.

EXT. MAIN STREET, WITH UNCLE AL, MARTY, AND JANE

MARTY

(grim)

Yes, I see him.

UNCLE AL

Do you really think that a man who took a rocket in the eye three nights ago could be out mowing his lawn? He'd either be in the hospital... or dead.

MARTY

I didn't shoot him when he was a man. I shot him when he was-

UNCLE AL

When he was a werewolf. Yes. Right. Jesus. Jane, you don't really believe this madness, do you?

JANE

I don't know exactly what I believe. But I know that what I saw was a baseball bat and not a broomstick. I know there was something strange about the way the house smelled that day. It smelled like an animal's den. And I believe in Marty. I mean- there are times when he makes me so mad I could kill him, but I still believe in him.

(pause)

You used to believe in him, too, Uncle Al.

UNCLE AL looks momentarily ashamed of himself. Then he throws his hands up in disgust.

UNCLE AL

Kids!

He walks ahead of them. MARTY bats his eyes sweetly at JANE.

She walks on, miffed. MARTY gooses the Silver Bullet to catch up.

EXT. A FIELD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN DAY

It's midafternoon. A bunch of kids are playing baseball. In the extreme f.g. we see one small boy- MARTY- sitting back to us in his wheelchair, watching.

EXT. AN OLD COUPE

It draws slowly along a tree-lined lane and stops. LESTER LOWE is behind the wheel.

SOUNDS OF THE BASEBALL GAME CONTINUE.

EXT. THE BASEBALL FIELD, AND MARTY, LOWE'S POV
THE CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN ON MARTY'S BACK.

EXT. LESTER LOWE

LOWE
(quietly)
Little bastard.

EXT. A FLY BALL

EXT. THE FIELD, A WIDER SHOT

The field team heads in. Kids start streaming back toward town.

EXT. MARTY

The OUTFIELDER who caught the fly trots past, and glances his way.

OUTFIELDER
You comin' down to Robertson's for a
soda, Marty?

MARTY
No- I guess I'll go home.

I think that here we are seeing a rare moment of depression in MARTY- they can run and play ball. He can't.

OUTFIELDER
Okay- seeya!

MARTY
Yeah... seeya.

He fires up the Bullet and starts away alone.

EXT. LOWE'S COUPE

He starts it up.

EXT. MARTY, LOWE'S POV

He bumps up a grassy slope to a tarred road. The last of the other kids are headed back the other way. MARTY is alone.

EXT. LOWE'S COUPE

It turns out of the lane where it was parked and onto the road.

EXT. MARTY'S WHEELCHAIR, LOWE'S POV

MARTY'S back is to us. The wheelchair draws rapidly closer to THE CAMERA as LOWE bears down on it.

INT. LOWE, BEHIND THE COUPE'S WHEEL

He leans over the wheel, grinning sadistically.

LOWE
(whispers)
Bastard.

EXT. MARTY, IN THE SILVER BULLET

He's daydreaming his way along- maybe, inside his head, he's playing center field for the Dodgers.

SOUND: Winding roar of a car engine. MARTY turns around.

EXT. LOWE'S COUPE, MARTY'S POV, ROARING AT THE CAMERA

EXT. MARTY AND LOWE'S COUPE

MARTY opens the throttle wide and the Bullet swerves across the road. The coupe's bumper actually clips it on the way by, jolting MARTY and almost overturning the Bullet.

LOWE'S coupe veers over the embankment and partway down into the ditch.

INT. LOWE, BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE COUPE

LOWE
Oh, you bastard!

He floors the engine.

EXT. THE COUPE'S REAR WHEELS

Spinning helplessly in the dirt.

EXT. MARTY, IN THE SILVER BULLET

He speeds past the coupe, and thumbs his nose.

INT. LOWE, IN THE COUPE

He's in a teeth-grinding fury. He jams the gear-shift lever into reverse and floors the gas pedal again.

EXT. THE COUPE

It roars backward in a cloud of ditch dust and bounces onto the road. Then it screams out after the rapidly disappearing Silver Bullet.

EXT. THE SILVER BULLET, WITH MARTY

He hears the GROWLING SOUND of LESTER LOWE'S coupe. He looks behind.

EXT. THE COUPE

Roars toward THE CAMERA.

EXT. MARTY, IN THE SILVER BULLET

He twists the throttle and the Silver Bullet responds.

EXT. CHASE MONTAGE

The director will shoot it as he likes- the basis is simple: LOWE is chasing MARTY's hopped-up wheelchair along a country road at speeds approaching fifty MPH. MARTY should have a couple of near misses, and perhaps we could actually have him pass one car. At one point we should have a REVERSE ANGLE on LESTER LOWE'S coupe, featuring two bumper stickers: ATTEND AND SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL CHURCH and HONK IF YOU LOVE JESUS!

As the chase goes on it becomes apparent that LOWE is gaining. MARTY looks increasingly desperate. And now he looks down at:

EXT. THE SILVER BULLET'S GAS GAUGE, MARTY'S POV

The needle is all the way over on "E."

EXT. MARTY

He groans. SOUND of the coupe's engine GROWS LOUDER.

EXT. THE COUPE AND THE SILVER BULLET

LOWE charges, rapidly closing the distance. MARTY swerves from one side of the road to the other, escaping LOWE for the moment but almost overturning in the process.

They are now running beside a river- the Auger River, in fact.

EXT. THE BULLET'S GAS GAUGE

Now the needle is actually past "E."

EXT. MARTY

MARTY
Come on, baby... come on...

His face registers hope as he sees:

EXT. ROADSIDE SIGN, MARTY'S POV

AUGER RIVER COVERED BRIDGE 2000 FEET AHEAD AUTOMOBILES
PROHIBITED!

EXT. MARTY, IN THE BULLET

He twists the throttle as far as it will turn- he's going for broke. The coupe chases him- and now the Silver Bullet's motor COUGHS.

EXT. THE BRIDGE, MARTY'S POV

It's pretty ramshackle. A big orange sign beside it reads:
BRIDGE UNSAFE! TRUCKS AND AUTOS ABSOLUTELY PROHIBITED!

EXT. THE SILVER BULLET

MARTY brakes, hits the shoulder of the road, and somehow makes the turn. We see him holding on for dear life as the Silver Bullet bounces and jounces down the dirt road to the mouth of the covered bridge.

EXT. LOWE'S COUPE

It overshoots the right turn MARTY just took, screeches to a halt, backs up, and turns onto the lane.

EXT. THE SILVER BULLET

It bounces up the incline to the bridge, MOTOR COUGHING AND SPLUTTERING.

EXT. THE COUPE

It comes to a sliding, dirt-digging stop.

INT. LOWE, BEHIND THE WHEEL

His face is so full of frustrated hate that it has become the face of a gargoyle.

EXT. THE SIGN PROHIBITING MOTOR TRAFFIC, LOWE'S POV

EXT./INT. THE COVERED BRIDGE, WITH THE BULLET

It's dim and spooky in here. Cracks between the boards of the side walls allow dusty fingers of daylight to shine through. More light rays up from the cracks in the floor. The floorboards are warped and uneven; MARTY'S wheelchair sways drunkenly from side to side. The total inside passage is about seventy feet.

About halfway across, the Silver Bullet coughs its last cough and splutters its last splutter. It rolls along silently, going on its dying momentum.

EXT. THE FAR END OF THE BRIDGE, MARTY'S POV

Drawing closer. We hear the SOUNDS of boards rumbling under the Silver Bullet's tires and the Auger River beneath.

EXT. MARTY, REVERSE

Rolling ever more slowly, the Silver Bullet approaches THE CAMERA... and stops. MARTY is covered with sweat. His hair is in a wild tangle. He's panting. He looks at:

EXT. THE LANE LEADING AWAY FROM THE BRIDGE, MARTY'S POV

This is an extremely rustic lane. Pretty, but hardly the sort of place in which one would want to find oneself when one has a part-time werewolf and a full-time homicidal maniac close behind.

EXT. MARTY, AT THE MOUTH OF THE BRIDGE

LOWE
(soft voice)
Marty...

MARTY'S head whips around.

EXT. THE FAR END OF THE BRIDGE, MARTY'S POV

We see a brilliant square of light. In it stands LOWE'S silhouette. The silhouette begins to move. SOUND of footfalls on the loose floorboards of the covered bridge.

INT. LOWE'S SHOES

Sensible black Oxfords.

LOWE
I'm very sorry about this. I don't know if you believe that or not, but it's true. I would never willingly hurt a child. You should have left me alone, Marty.

SOUND of footfalls resumes.

EXT. MARTY

He's nearly paralyzed with terror- even if he wasn't, he wouldn't get far in a powerless Silver Bullet.

INT. LOWE, IN THE SHADOWS

LOWE

(soft; soothing)

I can't kill myself, Marty. You see, our religion teaches that suicide is the greatest sin a man or a woman can commit. Stella Randolph was going to commit suicide; if she had done so, she would be burning in hell right now. By killing her I took her physical life but saved her life eternal. You see, Marty? You see how all things serve the will and the mind of God? You see, you meddling little shit!

He begins to walk forward again.

EXT. LOWE, MARTY'S POV

He's halfway across the bridge now, walking slowly, not hurrying.

LOWE

You're going to have a terrible accident, Marty. You're going to fall into the river.

SOUND: TRACTOR ENGINE. LOWE stops, alert to possible danger.

EXT. MARTY

TRACTOR SOUND IS LOUDER.

MARTY'S face fills with hope. He looks from LOWE toward:

EXT. THE LANE, MARTY'S POV

THE TRACTOR SOUND gets louder still, and here comes ELMER ZINNEMAN on a John Deere. The tractor is hauling a manure spreader which is mostly empty.

EXT. MARTY

MARTY
(waving madly)
Mr. Zinneman! Mr. Zinneman!

INT. THE COVERED BRIDGE, WITH LOWE

He draws back a little, and his face is sharp with animal cunning- inside his head he's running a four-minute mile. Stay and try to bluff it out, or beat it?

EXT. ELMER AND MARTY

ELMER draws the tractor up close to MARTY and swings it around. MARTY looks back at:

INT. THE COVERED BRIDGE, MARTY'S POV

Empty.

SOUND OF A CAR STARTING, FAINT.

EXT. MARTY AND ELMER

MARTY looks back at ELMER.

MARTY
I ran out of gas.

ELMER
Spooky in there, ennit?

MARTY
(with feeling)
It sure is!

He looks back once more toward:

EXT./INT. THE COVERED BRIDGE, MARTY'S POV

Brooding, shadowy. CAMERA HOLDS AND WE

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE COSLAW BACKYARD - DAY

MARTY is talking to UNCLE AL. JANE is behind them, knocking croquet balls through the wickets on the back lawn.

MARTY is looking at his Uncle anxiously as JANE strolls over.

UNCLE AL

Well... it's a lot easier to swallow
without the hair and the foaming jaws.
Also, I checked on the otic solution.
It was counter brand. No prescription
needed.

MARTY

I told you!

UNCLE AL

Shut up, dear boy- no gloating allowed.

JANE

(sits down)

Did you talk to the constable?

UNCLE AL

After Marty called me with his latest
Thrilling Tale of Wonder, I did.

(pause)

He's had no poison-pen complaints lodged
at all.

MARTY

I told you!

JANE
Shut up, Marty.

UNCLE AL
(reluctantly)
There's something else.

MARTY
What is it?

JANE
What other thing?

UNCLE AL
I probably shouldn't tell you- you're
both hysterical on the subject. I'm
starting to feel like a guy handing
out free Arthur Murray coupons to
victims of the dancing sickness.

MARTY
Uncle Al, if you don't tell me-

He makes strangling gestures.

UNCLE AL
(reluctant)
I went out to that rest area.

MARTY
(triumph)
You found the tracer?

UNCLE AL
No... but I found some blood, smeared on
a tree trunk in that grove.

MARTY
There! You see!

UNCLE AL
It could have been anything, Marty.

MARTY
What about Father Lowe chasing me in his
car and trying to run me down? You don't
think that was a dream, do you?

UNCLE AL

No.

UNCLE AL comes over to JANE'S side of the Silver Bullet. He looks down at:

EXT. THE FRAME OF THE BULLET

There's a scrape and a dent where LOWE'S coupe dented it. There is also a fleck of paint.

EXT. UNCLE AL AND JANE, CU

UNCLE AL

Lowe's car-?

JANE

Blue. This blue.

UNCLE AL

Jesus.

EXT. THE NIGHT SKY, WITH THE MOON

Three-quarters full.

THE CAMERA PANS DOWN to the Tarker's Mills town hall. UNCLE AL'S sports car is parked out front.

INT. THE CONSTABLE'S OFFICE, WITH HALLER AND UNCLE AL

HALLER is behind his desk, rocked back in his chair, hands laced together behind his head. He's looking at UNCLE AL. There's a silence that draws out for quite some time. In it, UNCLE AL becomes steadily more uncomfortable.

HALLER

That's just about the craziest damn story I've ever heard, Al.

UNCLE AL

I know. I could have edited out all of the
(MORE)

UNCLE AL (CONT'D)
completely crazy stuff, but I thought you
deserved to hear it with the bark on.

HALLER
I appreciate that. Now, the next question:
Do you believe any of this? You do, don't you?

UNCLE AL
Let's just say I believe Lester Lowe should
be checked out.

HALLER rises.

HALLER
That can be arranged.

They shake hands.

EXT. THE RECTORY NIGHT

A Chevrolet with TARKER'S MILLS CONSTABLE painted on the
side in gold leaf pulls up. JOE HALLER gets out, and as he
does there's a business of pulling his pants legs down over
his boots- nice stitched cowboy boots, not black cop's
shoes. We want the audience to notice these boots, remember
them- probably HALLER should wear them all through the
picture. He goes up the walk.

HALLER rings the doorbell.

No one comes. HALLER rings the bell again. Waits. No one
comes. He leans down and looks through a side window.

INT. THE RECTORY HALL AND SITTING ROOM, HALLER'S POV

No one there.

EXT. HALLER

He goes down the steps, stands on the path for a moment,
and then goes over to the shed-garage. He opens the door
and looks in.

EXT./INT. THE GARAGE, HALLER'S POV

LOWE'S coupe is in there. There's just room for it amid the shadowy piles of bottles and cans.

INT. THE GARAGE, WITH HALLER

He goes around to the front of LOWE'S coupe and squats down. In the b.g.: a heaped mountain of aluminum beer and soda cans.

HALLER feels in his breast pocket and brings out a Zippo. He lights it and looks at:

INT. THE COUPE, CU

One of the turn-signal lamps is broken. There's a scratch in the paint and a dent in the bumper. HALLER'S fingers come into the frame and touch the scratch. They stop, and THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN to a small streak of silvery paint. As MARTY has a scrape of blue car paint on his wheelchair, so does LOWE have a scrape of silver wheelchair paint on his car.

INT. HALLER

His eyes widen.

SOUND: SHATTERING ROAR and the CLINK AND TUMBLE of about nine thousand cans as LOWE erupts from under the aluminum scrap heap behind HALLER. He is a mixture of man and werewolf, and quite clearly a bestial version of LOWE. In one hand he holds the remains of OWEN KNOPFLER'S peacemaker.

HALLER starts to turn; LOWE strikes him with the bat. CAMERA CLOSES IN ON LOWE as the bat rises and falls... rises and falls. We can't see HALLER, and that is probably a mercy, but we can hear the THUD of the bat as it strikes again and again and again.

EXT. THE REST AREA AT AUGER FALLS, WITH MARTY, AL, JANE -
DAY

UNCLE AL has taken the Coslaw family station wagon today.
The three of them are sitting in the grove of trees.

MARTY

Mr. Haller said he'd check him out, and
guess what? No one sees him again!

UNCLE AL

And what do you suggest I do about it,
dear boy?

MARTY slips off his St. Christopher's medallion and hands
it to UNCLE AL.

MARTY

I want you to turn this into a silver
bullet.

UNCLE AL

You're not going to let it go, are you?

MARTY

I saw what I saw.

UNCLE AL

Marty, the moon wasn't even full!

JANE

(quietly)

In the made-up stories, the guy who's the
werewolf only changes when the moon is full.
But maybe he's really that way almost all
the time, only as the moon gets fuller...

MARTY

(finishes)

...the guy gets wolfier.

JANE (hands AL her crucifix)

Here. Take mine, too.

MARTY

Jane... you don't have to do that.

JANE

Don't tell me what I have to do and what I don't, booger-brains.

MARTY

Will you marry me, Jane?

UNCLE AL

Would you kids mind telling me how this guy Lowe became a werewolf to begin with?

JANE

I don't know. Maybe he doesn't know, either.

MARTY

No one knows how cancer begins, either- or exactly what it is- but people still believe in it.

UNCLE AL

The kid is eleven years old and already he sounds like a Jesuit. A French Jesuit.

MARTY

I think he's going to come for me. Not just because I know who he is, but because I hurt him. Only I don't think he'll try again as Lowe.

UNCLE AL

Dear boy, you have gone right out of your mind.

MARTY

Will you do it?

UNCLE AL only looks at him, confused and unsure.

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD, WITH THE COSLAW STATION WAGON - DAY

UNCLE AL is taking the kids home- THE CAMERA TRACKS the wagon for a moment, and then we are looking up the short lane and into a gravel pit.

THE CAMERA ZOOMS IN, FAST, on the sandy rear wall. We can see one cowboy boot sticking out of a wall of sand. It's bloody and chewed.

EXT. THE COSLAW DRIVEWAY DAY

The wagon pulls in.

INT. THE CAR, WITH MARTY, JANE, AND UNCLE AL

MARTY
Please, Uncle Al.

JANE
Will you?

The St. Cristopher's medal and the crucifix are hanging from the rearview on a fine silver chain. UNCLE AL takes down the medal and looks at it.

UNCLE AL
All right. I give up. Yes.

MARTY
All right! Thanks!

JANE
Thank you, Uncle Al!

UNCLE AL
If either of you ever tells anyone I even bought a piece of this story, werewolves will be the least of your problems.

EXT./INT. SILVER BULLET MONTAGE

a.) UNCLE AL pulls up to a city store front with a sign reading MAC'S GUNS AND AMMO. He takes out the St. Cristopher's medal, looks at it, and shakes his head, as if still ruing his own credulity and stupidity. He goes inside.

JANE (V.O.)
Uncle Al's friend Mac was more than a gunsmith; he was, Uncle Al said, an old-world craftsman, a sort of wizard of weapons.

b.) In the gun shop interior, we see UNCLE AL talking to MAC, who really should look like an elderly white wizard- a kind of Gandalf figure. In the b.g. window we see a paper skeleton and paper jack-o'-lanterns: our first clue that All Hallow's Eve is nearing. UNCLE AL is speaking animatedly, using his hands a lot; we don't know exactly what the tale is, but it must be a whopper. In the course of it, he hands the medal and the crucifix to MAC, who tents the silver chains over his fingers and looks at them.

JANE (CONT'D, V.O.)

God knows what sort of story my uncle told him, but I think that for men who have been married as often as Uncle Al, invention on short notice becomes something of a specialty.

c.) In his workroom, we see MAC spilling boron over the medal and looking closely at the stain.

JANE (CONT'D, V.O.)

The gunsmith confirmed the high-grade silver content of my crucifix and Marty's medallion...

d.) In a dim shot which makes MAC look more like a sorcerer than ever, we see him light an acetylene torch and begin melting the medal and the crucifix in the crucible. THE CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY IN as JANE'S contribution and MARTY'S melt together; they are becoming on and indissoluble.

JANE (CONT'D, V.O.)

...melted them down...

e.) We see MAC pouring molten silver into a bullet mold.

JANE (CONT'D, V.O.)

...and molded them into a silver bullet.

INT. MAC'S GUN SHOP, WITH MAC AND UNCLE AL - DAY

MAC comes out of the back with a small inlaid wooden box. He puts it down on the glass counter top.

MAC

Here it is.

INT. THE BOX, CU

MAC'S hands open it, disclosing a single bullet resting on dark velvet plush. It is a .22 short round, and it gleams a pure silver. It would be great to hype this bullet optically- not much, just a little- to make it look absolutely magical. Almost holy.

INT. MAC AND UNCLE AL

UNCLE AL picks up the bullet almost reverently, holds it to the light.

MAC

Nicest piece of work I ever did, I think.
It's got a low-grain load so it won't
tumble. Should be pretty accurate.

UNCLE AL

It's just a gag, that's all. What would
you shoot a silver .22 bullet at, anyway?

MAC

(joking)

How about a werewolf?

(pause)

Happy Halloween, Al.

EXT. THE FULL MOON, CLOSE NIGHT

It nearly fills the screen, swimming mysteriously in the warm summer air.

JANE (V.O.)

By the time Marty's silver bullet was done,
it was Halloween... and the full moon had
come around again. Earlier that afternoon,
my grandfather, who had been dying of cancer
for over seven years, finally finished the job.

THE CAMERA PANS DOWN to the COSLAW house. There's a carved jack in the window and a corsage of Indian corn on the door. UNCLE AL'S MG is in the driveway. The COSLAW station wagon is just backing out. UNCLE AL and JANE stand in the doorway; MARTY is slightly behind them in the Silver Bullet.

NAN leans out of the car. She's wearing black, and she has obviously been crying.

NAN
Remember, Al... we'll be at the Ritz-Carlton in Boston tomorrow night! Or at the funeral parlor. It's Stickney and-

UNCLE AL
-and Babcock, I remember. Now go on!

The station wagon backs farther and NAN leans out again.

NAN
And don't open the door for any trick or treaters even if they come!

UNCLE AL
We won't!

The station wagon backs out into the road and NAN pops out again.

NAN
You kids go to bed on time! You've got school tomorrow!

UNCLE AL
If you keep doing that, you're going to bump your head, sissy. Give my love to Mama- tell her I'll see her Thursday.

NAN
I will- be good, kids.

MARTY
'Bye, mom! Bye, dad!

JANE
We will! 'Bye!

The station wagon accelerates away.

UNCLE AL

Can I tell you kids something?

JANE

Sure, Uncle Al.

UNCLE AL

When me and sissy were kids, we were just like you two.

MARTY

Yeah? Really?

UNCLE AL

Yeah. Really. The bitch of it is, we still are. Learn from your elders, dearies.

He ushers them inside and closes the door.

INT. THE STATION WAGON, WITH BOB AND NAN

BOB

I can't believe that you'd agree to leave the kids with him. A year ago I would have laughed at the idea. You used to almost breathe fire when Al came in the house.

NAN

He's changed. Just this summer. Or something's changed him. Marty, maybe. And the drinking- I think it's almost stopped. Whatever it is, it's wonderful. And they'll be safe with him. I'm sure of it.

BOB

I know they'll be safe with him... but will he get them both into bed by nine-thirty?

NAN

(firmly)

If I told him to, he will.

INT. THE WALL CLOCK IN THE COSLAW LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It reads 1:00.

SOUND: The National Anthem.

INT. THE TV, CU

The anthem finishes up. We go to a station ID card.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE
This concludes WDML's broadcast day.

The TV goes to snow.

INT. JANE ON THE COUCH

She's mostly asleep in one corner.

INT. MARTY, IN THE SILVER BULLET

He's also dozing.

INT. UNCLE AL, IN BOB'S EASY CHAIR IN FRONT OF THE TV

He is also dozing. There are three or four empty beer cans in front of him, and a cigarette with a long ash is smoldering between his fingers. There's a .22 pistol in his lap.

EXT. THE COSLAW HOUSE, FROM ONE SIDE

The WEREWOLF breaks from the woods and runs across the side yard to a line of high bushes that runs along the side of the house (this is the opposite side from MARTY'S bedroom).

EXT. IN THE BUSHES, WITH THE WEREWOLF

There is a space in here between the house and the bushes-it's like an animal's run. The WEREWOLF creeps along this, its one eye flaring.

DIM SOUND OF TV SNOW.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WITH MARTY, JANE, AND UNCLE AL

UNCLE AL jumps up and cries out as the cigarette burns up to his fingers. The .22 falls onto the rug.

MARTY and JANE also wake up, startled.

EXT. IN THE BUSHES, WITH THE WEREWOLF

It recoils, eyes gleaming. Foam begins to drip from its jaws. It creeps slowly along toward a window. TV SNOW SOUNDS GROW LOUDER.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WITH AL, JANE, MARTY

UNCLE AL is shaking his burned hand; he picks the cigarette out of his lap and puts it out.

JANE

(sleepy)

You'll burn yourself up sometime doing that, Uncle Al.

UNCLE AL

I suppose so. You kids ought to go up to bed.

MARTY

But Uncle Al! You said-

UNCLE AL

I know what I said, Marty- but it's ten past one. He's not coming.

JANE

The moon's not down yet...

UNCLE AL

Damn near. Now I'll sit up with this stupid gun in my lap because I promised, but you two are going to bed. Go on, now, scoot.

JANE gets up and starts toward the stairs.

MARTY

What if I say no?

UNCLE AL

Then I'd have to kick your ass, dear boy.
(more kindly)

Go on, now.

MARTY begins to roll the Silver Bullet toward the stairs, where the stair chair awaits. JANE is waiting for him at the living-room doorway. MARTY sees the gun on the floor and stops.

MARTY

If that'd gone off, it would have been the
end of our silver bullet.

INT. UNCLE AL

He prickles a bit at the unstated criticism. He bends down and picks up the pistol. He opens the cylinder. Five chambers are empty; in one there's a bright silver circle.

INT. UNCLE AL

He pushes the cylinder plunger, dropping the silver bullet into his hand.

UNCLE AL

See, dear boy? Totally unimpaired.

Behind him, the WEREWOLF'S head appears in the window, its green eye flaring.

INT. BY THE LIVING ROOM DOORWAY, WITH MARTY AND JANE

MARTY, looking toward UNCLE AL, sees nothing. JANE is looking toward the window and she SCREAMS.

JANE
(shrieking)
It's him! It's the werewolf! I see him!
IT'S THE WEREWOLF!

She's pointing at the window.

INT. UNCLE AL

He jumps up and looks around at the window- at this point AL has the .22 with its cylinder open in one hand and the silver bullet loosely held in the other.

Nothing in the window but darkness. UNCLE AL turns back to the kids.

UNCLE AL
(sharply)
You see it, Marty!

INT. MARTY

MARTY
(shakes his head)
I was looking at you...

INT. UNCLE AL

His shoulders slump a little with relief- now that the scare is over, his relief is tempered with irritation. They're just a couple of hysterical kids after all, and JANE is actually worse than MARTY. Polly Practical indeed!

UNCLE AL
A very familiar feeling is beginning to creep over me.

INT. MARTY AND JANE, BY THE DOORWAY

JANE is crying.

MARTY
What's that, Uncle Al?

INT. UNCLE AL

UNCLE AL
I feel like a horse's ass.

INT. MARTY AND JANE, BY THE DOORWAY

JANE
(weeping)
I saw it, Uncle Al! I did!

MARTY rolls a little closer to her and attempts to put a comforting arm around her shoulder.

JANE
Don't you touch me, snotbrains!

MARTY
Jane-

INT. UNCLE AL

UNCLE AL
Would you kids go to bed? My head's
starting to ache.

EXT. THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE, ECU

We see a clawed, hairy hand reach into the frame and close around a thick wire.

WEREWOLF (O.S.)
Reeeal slow...

It yanks.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WIDE

The lights go out.

JANE SHRIEKS.

MARTY
It's here! It's outside!

INT. UNCLE AL

UNCLE AL
Jane, it's just a power fai-

He's starting toward her. At that moment most of the wall- not just the window it was looking through before but the whole wall- crashes inward as the WEREWOLF bulls its way through, roaring.

UNCLE AL whirls, raising the pistol automatically to fire- but the cylinder is rolled out and all the chambers are empty. He has time to register surprise before the WEREWOLF smashes him aside.

INT. UNCLE AL, A NEW ANGLE

He goes flying backward. The pistol goes one way, the silver bullet another.

INT. THE GUN

It spins into a living-room corner.

INT. THE SILVER BULLET, SLOW MOTION

We see it rise in the air, turning over and over. It comes down, hits the floor, and rolls.

INT. THE HALLWAY FLOOR, WITH THE BULLET, SLOW MOTION

In the extreme f.g. is a heating vent. The bullet is rolling toward it.

INT. MARTY AND JANE

MARTY
Get the gun!

He uses his hands to propel the ungainly Silver Bullet into the hall.

INT. THE BULLET (THE REAL BULLET) AND MARTY, SLOW MOTION

The silver bullet rolls slowly toward the heating vent. In the b.g. we see a frantic MARTY in his wheelchair.

He heaves himself out of it and falls full-length, grabbing.

His fingers touch the bullet, but that's all. It falls in the heating vent.

INT. THE WEREWOLF, CU

It's roaring, furious, its one eye flaring.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WIDE

UNCLE AL lies senseless against one wall, the front of his shirt bloody. JANE runs into the corner and grabs the pistol.

The WEREWOLF picks up the easy chair and throws it through the hole it made coming in. It picks up an end table and hurls it through the TV. Then it sees JANE and starts toward her.

INT. JANE, COWERING IN THE CORNER

INT. THE WEREWOLF, CU

Comes toward her.

INT. JANE IN THE CORNER

She makes as if to run one way.

INT. JANE AND THE WEREWOLF

It's only a couple of feet from her now, but again, it is toying with her- it's making this reeeal slow.

INT. THE FIREPLACE TOOLS, CU

A bloodstained hand grabs a poker.

INT. THE WEREWOLF AND JANE

As it tenses down to leap at her, UNCLE AL leaps at it and strikes it across the back. It turns, ROARING.

UNCLE AL hits it between the legs.

It BELLOWS and grabs the poker. It bends it and tosses it aside. The glaring, savage expression on its face says that now it will bend UNCLE AL and toss him aside.

INT. JANE

She breaks out of the corner and runs across the room toward the door. Most of the way there she trips and falls.

INT. THE WEREWOLF, CU

Its head whips around.

INT. MARTY, IN THE HALL

He's lying full-length. He's got the heater vent's grille off. One arm is down inside.

MARTY

(scream)

Janey! The gun! THE GUN!

INT. JANE

She tosses it awkwardly.

INT. THE GUN, SLOW MOTION

It slides down the hall floor to MARTY like some strange, awkward shuffleboard disc, its cylinder still open.

INT. THE WEREWOLF

WEREWOLF
(snarls)
Maa-aaa-rty...

It begins walking slowly across the living room, smashing things out of its way.

INT. MARTY, IN THE HALL

The gun slides into his hand. Now he reaches into the heating duct again...

INT. IN THE HEATING DUCT, ECU

There's an elbow bend just below MARTY'S twisting, grasping fingers- the silver bullet lies here. It's less than half an inch out of reach.

INT. THE WEREWOLF, CU

WEREWOLF
(foaming)
Maaa-aaa-rty...

INT. JANE, ON THE FLOOR

JANE
(sobbing)
Don't you hurt him! Don't you hurt my brother!

She bites one of the WEREWOLF'S hairy ankles as it passes.

INT. JANE AND THE WEREWOLF

It roars with pain and kicks her aside. Then it looks back into the hall. It is grinning. I believe it is thinking this is going to be better than a Thanksgiving dinner you don't have to pay for.

WEREWOLF

Reeeal slow, Maa-aaarty-

INT. MARTY, CU

He's reaching desperately into the duct and staring at the approaching WEREWOLF.

INT. IN THE HEATING DUCT, ECU

MARTY'S fingers brush the bullet once... again... seize it.

INT. MARTY, IN THE HALL

He rolls over on his back and sticks the silver bullet blindly into one chamber of the cylinder and slams the cylinder closed.

INT. THE WEREWOLF, CU

WEREWOLF

Bastard Marty!

INT. MARTY

He points the gun and pulls the trigger. There's only a click. An expression of dismay on his face.

INT. THE WEREWOLF, CU

WEREWOLF

Kill you...

INT. MARTY

He drags himself so he's half propped against the hall wall. He pulls the trigger again. Click! Dismay becomes fear.

INT. THE WEREWOLF

It's reached the Silver Bullet. It smashes it aside. The Bullet hits the wall.

INT. MARTY

Holding the gun in both hands now, he pulls the trigger a third time. Click!

The WEREWOLF'S shadow falls over him.

INT. WEREWOLF, ECU

WEREWOLF
Bastard Marty!

It bends down, reaching.

INT. MARTY, ECU

Craning back as if to drive himself into the wall, he pulls the trigger again.

INT. THE BARREL OF THE .22 MAXI-CLOSE

The bullet flies from the barrel, gleaming silver.

INT. THE WEREWOLF

The silver bullet strikes him in his one remaining eye. He flies backward, hands clapped to his gushing face... and crashes into MARTY'S Silver Bullet wheelchair. It sits there, roaring... and then it begins to change.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM, WITH JANE

She lies there, sobbing.

UNCLE AL (O.S.)
You okay, Janey?

INT. UNCLE AL AND JANE

UNCLE AL is bloody and staggering but on his feet. He helps JANE up.

JANE
I'm all right... but Marty! Ma-

SOUND: SHATTERING ROAR.

INT. THE WEREWOLF, ECU

Its hands drop from its face. It is now blind in both eyes; it is half WEREWOLF and half LOWE.

It BELLOWS again, convulses... and dies.

INT. MARTY, ON THE FLOOR

MARTY
(calls)
I'm all right. He's dead.

INT. UNCLE AL AND JANE

Here's a creature that is mostly FATHER LOWE collapsed in the remains of MARTY'S wheelchair; beyond it, MARTY is lying on the floor. UNCLE AL goes by the corpse. JANE starts by... and LOWE sits bolt upright for a moment, grasping blindly at her.

She shrieks and darts aside. LOWE falls back, now really dead. I think. Until the sequel.

INT. THE HALL, WITH UNCLE AL, JANE, AND MARTY

UNCLE AL puts a comforting arm around JANE, who is sobbing again- hell, I'd be sobbing after that last one, myself- and draws her down beside himself and MARTY.

UNCLE AL

(to MARTY)

There. I told you there weren't any such things as werewolves.

They smile at each other with love.

JANE

(nervous)

Are you sure it's dead? Or him? Or whatever it is?

UNCLE AL

If it isn't now, it will be after I pound one of your mother's silver candlesticks through its heart.

JANE

(grimaces)

Oh Uncle Al, no!

UNCLE AL

(grim)

Oh yes, Janey. When I believe something, I believe it all the way.

He gets up and leaves.

JANE

Are you all right, Marty?

MARTY

All except my legs... I don't think I can walk.

JANE

You're a real booger, you know it?

MARTY

(smiles)

I love you, Jane.

EXT. TARKER'S MILLS, LONG - NIGHT

Quiet. Sleeping.

JANE (V.O.)

It wasn't always easy for me to answer
that... but I could answer it that night,
and I find I can say it now that the
terrible events of that fall have receded
to memories which seem little more than
dreams in my mind.

INT. THE HALLWAY, WITH MARTY AND JANE

JANE

(hugging him)

I love you, Marty.

EXT. TARKER'S MILLS, LONG

JANE (V.O.)

(no more than a whisper)

I love you, Marty... good night.

THE CAMERA PANS UP to the full moon.

FADE OUT.