

SLEEPWALKERS

Original Screenplay

by

Stephen King

Columbia Pictures
Los Angeles, California

SIXTH DRAFT
March 20, 1991

FADE IN ON:

A CALIFORNIA SEASIDE TOWN - LONG - DAY

A beautiful community nestled against high cliffs rising from the bright blue Pacific; Norman Rockwell, west coast style.

TITLE CARD: BODEGA BAY, CALIFORNIA

A SUBURBAN STREET - HIGH AND LONG - DAY

We can see only the street and the roofs of the Victorian houses; they rise out of the trees like islands out of a green sea. There is a knot of police vehicles in front of one of them; conflicting red and blue lights strobe the air.

THE SIDEWALK - CLOSER

In the f.g. are SIX UNIFORMED POLICEMEN -- State cops, town cops, and a hefty SHERIFF in a gray shirt with sweat-stained armpits. He's boss of this operation.

A gaggle of locals are rubbernecking from behind the yellow POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS tape. One of them is a HOUSEWIFE who weighs about 300 pounds. She's wearing a green wrapper, a red kerchief, and looks like an advertisement for Christmas in hell.

Everyone is staring toward THE CAMERA with fascinated horror.

A DEPUTY SHERIFF with a notebook hurries up.

DEPUTY SHERIFF

Martha and Carl Brodie -- mother and son. No one's seen them since Tuesday.

He looks up uneasily, then looks hurriedly back at his notebook.

DEPUTY

The car's a Trans-Am, blue with yellow pinstriping, California licence 2CLG 592. No one's seen that since Tuesday, either.

The housewife pushes forward against the tape, driven by fear and worry.

HOUSEWIFE

God, I just hope nothing horrible has happened to them! They were so close! So sweet!

The cops work around her. The Deputy is staring at the Brodie house again, with horrified fascination.

(CONTINUED)

DEPUTY
 Sheriff... what do you think
 happened?

SHERIFF
 I dunno... but somebody sure
 doesn't like cats.

THE BRODIE HOUSE - COPS' POV

It's a nice old Victorian which is now decorated in nightmarish style; there are at least a hundred dead cats scattered around. There are cats on the lawn, some caught in traps, some lying on the walk. A line of them have been hung from the porch overhang. There's even one stuck half in and half out of the fanlight over the front door.

COPS AND BYSTANDERS

DEPUTY
 (quiet horror)
 Man!

The housewife pushes forward, trying to suppress her worst fears.

HOUSEWIFE
 They just doted on one another.
 (BEAT) That was one boy who really
loved his mother!

THE BRODIE HOUSE

Dead cats everywhere -- a B. Kliban nightmare. We hold, then

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE MIDWEST - DAY

A stretch of prairie highway. Flat and empty as far as you can see... except for that blue speck, that iota in the distance. Slowly it approaches and becomes the blue Trans-Am, gaining speed as it comes closer until it whips past and races away into the emptiness. And the road is left as barren and forlorn as ever.

(END TITLES)

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. DOWNTOWN TRAVIS, INDIANA - AFTERNOON.

From the Baroque to the banal. Travis, Indiana was America fifty years ago. Hasn't changed much. An idealized, Norman Rockwellesque time-warp... The kind that may never have existed. A dime store, diner, service station: not chain stores or Mac Donald's or Jack-in-the-Box. The movie house is still The Aero.

We follow an old-fashioned POSTMAN as he delivers MAIL to an assortment of perfectly recreated Norman Rockwell TABLEAUX.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - AFTERNOON

And there's the Trans-Am in the driveway. Couldn't mistake that.

A 45 RPM RECORD - CU

It's the original Janus 45, spinning around one of those old-fashioned adapters.

INT. A BEDROOM IN THE BUNGALOW. AFTERNOON.

The good-looking kid lying back on the bed in his shorts is CHARLES. About 18. A studious, earnest face with just enough edge to be interesting. He actually might write poetry and play football. A face adults could trust and girls get dreamy over.

As the music plays, he lays the blade of a small knife over his left bicep. Slowly the point presses deeper and deeper into the skin. And finally breaks it. A trickle of blood. Charles dabs at the blood with a handkerchief, but he keeps cutting. Slowly, carefully, he carves a simple block letter "T" into his left arm. A jailhouse tattoo.

The record player reaches the final aching note and returns to its post. The record drop mechanism engages. Nothing falls. And the arm moves back in place and begins to play "Sleepwalk" again.

Charles stanches the last of the blood seeping from the letter "T". He holds the kerchief on the wound and with his free hand he raises an open HIGH SCHOOL YEARBOOK up where he can see the page.

One picture is circled in red ink. TANYA ROBERTSON was a junior last year. Below the photograph, her activities and accomplishments. National Merit Scholar. Science Fair. President, Photography Club. Gymnastics Team. Cheerleader. Not bad for a seventeen-year-old beauty.

Charles studies the picture carefully, memorizes every curve and shadow of her face. Finally, he gives it a nearly romantic, too-long kiss... which ends with a brisk little nip from his sharp teeth.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES
 (smiling, tender)
 Tanya...

He lays down the yearbook. Sits up, still looking at the photograph, and gets a band-aid from a tin on his night table. He opens it and lays the small plastic strip over the newly-carved letter on his arm. Finally he closes the yearbook and slides it under his bed. But he can still see the picture. In his heart.

"Sleepwalk" repeats on the phonograph, again and again.

EXT. THE BRADY HOUSE. AFTERNOON.

Charles must not mow the lawn much. A cat carefully moves through very high grass, as if SEEKING something... HUNTING. Then the cat stops, head cocked to one side. "Sleepwalk" wafts down from the open window, but it blends with the sounds of a suburban backyard: insects, birds, neighbor kids shouting their way home from school, cars, screen doors, Moms.

We MOVE WITH the cat as if resumes its TREK through the grass jungle. As it stalks forward, THE CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see a loaded trap concealed in the high grass. It's small -- no bear trap -- but it would do a hell of a job on a weasel or a fisher... or a cat. The trap has been loaded with chicken-guts. Flies crawl busily over these, sampling.

The cat approaches slowly and carefully, smelling.

INT. THE BRADY KITCHEN. AFTERNOON.

"Sleepwalk" is fainter here but still a hypnotic presence.

MARY BRADY stands at the window, behind the curtain, as if HIDING from the stalking cat, watching it intently. Mary is pretty in a kind, sweet way. She might --conceivably-- be as much as forty but she looks younger, quite a bit younger. The kitchen is immaculate, all-American.

There's a fresh pumpkin pie still steaming from the oven, a wicker basket brimming with fresh fruit, a chicken roasting in the oven. Why there's even a print of The Praying Hands on the wall.

Charles pushes through a double-hinged kitchen door. He's dressed in faded jeans and a white shirt with a sweater knotted casually at his chest. A cool, slightly old-fashioned guy.

CHARLES
 Hi.

MARY
 Shhh!

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

He can't hear us, Mom.

Mary doesn't turn. She raises a silent beckoning finger. Charles slides in behind her and looks over her shoulder out to the backyard.

EXT. THE CAT AND THE TRAP

It reaches forward with that questing paw again. Touches the bait. The sides of the trap quiver, on the verge of snapping shut and ripping the cat's paw right off its body. Then, it looks up, as if into their eyes.

INT. THE BRADY KITCHEN. DAY.

Now Mary and Charles both look like they're birdwatching... holding their collective breath. Mary tenses with excited anticipation.

RESUME CAT & THE TRAP

The cat holds its reflective stare, looks at the quivering, baited trap... which suddenly SNAPS SHUT! The cat hurriedly trots away.

RESUME KITCHEN

MARY

Shoot!

She withdraws from the window, disgusted.

CHARLES

Come on, Mom, it'll be back. You always get 'em sooner or later. Dance with me.

Charles bows theatrically. But Mary takes a last look out the window and turns away. A frisson shivers her body.

MARY

(petulant)

I don't want to dance.

CHARLES

(charming, cajoling)

Sure you do. You love this one.

Charles sweeps his arm around her waist and begins to sway to the music. Mary resists a little, at first. But she soon relaxes, takes his lead hand in hers and finally curls her other hand around his neck. She melts against him as they move together in rhythm to the melancholy whine of the guitar. Sleepwalk, indeed. Mary's almost purring.

(CONTINUED)

It's sweet and it's sexy.

Charles catches Mary looking over his shoulder out the window again. Mary takes a deep breath. Relax. Charles whirls with her, dips, presses her close. Mary draws back, just far enough to look into Charles' eyes, but not out of the circle of his arms. She almost speaks. But no. Back into the shelter of his body.

CHARLES
What's for dinner?

MARY
Roast chicken with cranberry
dressing. Pumpkin pie for
dessert.

Another turn, a soft bend. Mary leans back again. She runs the blade of her hand down his cheek, a caress.

MARY
Going anywhere tonight?

CHARLES
To the movies, maybe.

MARY
With friends? (insinuating) With
a special friend?

CHARLES
All by my lonesome.

MARY
(pouts)
Don't ask your mother, will you?

CHARLES
(squeezes her)
There's a girl who works there.
I thought I might ask her out.

Mary pulls further away, mock anger.

MARY
Oh, you might?

CHARLES
(nods, cavalier)
Pretty, too.

MARY
What kind of girl is she?

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

Well, I'll find out, won't I?

These two are into something a little weird. That's for sure. Mary continues to dance, but she looks away as if she doesn't care.

CHARLES

Jealous?

MARY

Concerned.

CHARLES

Right. Concerned.

Charles mocks her distant, prim style. Then he whirls her madly from the kitchen through the door into the dining room to the entrance hall where they spin out of each other's arms, out of breath and quite happy.

MARY

Should I be jealous?

Mary leans in and kisses Charles on the neck. A soft, nibbling kiss. Her lips move over his throat towards his mouth.

MARY

Would you like that?

Well he certainly likes this.

CHARLES

Oh, mother...

And they fall into passionate kissing.

MARY

You're going to miss your movie...

CHARLES

What movie?

Charles swings Mary up into his arms. They kiss and lick and nuzzle their way up the stairs.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BRADY HOUSE. EARLY EVENING.

Another cat sits on the sidewalk, washing itself, its dry pebbly little tongue smoothing its fur.

INT. BRADY HOUSE. EARLY EVENING.

The CAMERA FLOATS UP THE STAIRS, finds an open BEDROOM DOOR. We HEAR MOANS and CRIES of PASSION as we drift inside the room.

(CONTINUED)

There's a cheval glass mirror here in which you can only see the rumple of sheets at the foot of the bed. But you can hear the sounds of love-making.

OVEN IN BRADY KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS

We are looking through the glass window. Inside, the chicken is glowing brightly beneath the rosy HEATING COILS. Hot trickles of JUICE sizzle down the bird's taut skin.

FAINT CRIES OF PASSION REACH A CRESCENDO.

The oven-timer's BUZZER goes off with a long, HOARSE CRY.

RESUME BEDROOM

Occasionally in the cheval glass you can see that the room is suffused with a STRANGE GLOW, rather like Kirlian effects. Now what could be causing that?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE BEDROOM. EVENING.

Mary curls on the bed in a glow of satisfaction --a normal glow, not Kirlian-- as Charles gets dressed. He tugs on his Levis, tucks in his white shirt. Charles almost seems to be playing tag with the cheval glass, never quite moving where his image can be caught. He lifts his sleeve, shows Mary his new tattoo.

CHARLES

You like it?

Still not caught in the mirror, Charles turns, grinning.

MARY

(nods, then hopefully)
Will you be late?

CHARLES

Naw. Strictly reconnaissance.

Mary looks away. As if that isn't what she wanted to hear. Charles knots his sweater back across his chest. Checks himself in the cheval glass. Yep, his reflection looks pretty cool. And no problem with mirrors at all. He has a reflection, after all... though it is shot so that we don't see his face in it.

He takes a large stride to the bed. Leans over, gives Mary a parting kiss.

MARY

Now you be careful and if you are going to be late, call.

(CONTINUED)

She gives him a farewell LICK.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAVIS. NIGHT.

Charles walks alone up Travis' main drag. He walks slowly, a casual gait, but his eyes dart here and there with fierce attention. No surprise --his being a teenager-- he's scoping out Travis' young honeys. But he never quite fixes on one. Almost as if he were searching for someone or something particular.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE AERO. NIGHT.

The Aero is Travis' first and last picture show. Has been since the mid-forties. Decently kept up like the rest of the town. Even most of the neon still glows, only a few flickering sections of tube here and there. Stephen King's "Misery" is on the marquee.

The street in front is mostly empty this slow weekday night.

The lobby isn't very busy either. There's one little kid playing "Gauntlet" in the corner, an early 80's concession to video games. There are two theatre staffers. Down the main corridor, that's HOWARD with the carpet sweeper picking up popcorn and candy wrappers. He wears the theatre manager's idea of a uniform. Dark trousers, a white shirt and a red vest. The vest part is the uniform.

There are A COUPLE CUSTOMERS at the concession stand. Can't quite see the concession stand attendant. But it is a girl.

Charles enters the lobby past the unattended ticket box. He tears his own stub and drops it in. But he's still preoccupied scoping out the locals. That blonde there. Nice brunette with an oversized popcorn barrel. He checks out everyone. But in a few seconds, they've all disappeared into the theatre and his eyes come to rest on the concession stand attendant, TANYA ROBERTSON, the girl from the yearbook.

She's busy scooping unsold popcorn from its glass-fronted bin back into a huge yellow plastic bag. Somehow, on her the "uniform" looks great. She's even more beautiful in person than in the yearbook photo. Wholesome but, like Charles, with an edge. No insulin chaser required.

One hand steadies the bag, the other manipulates the over-sized scoop. Not so easy. Little rivers of popcorn spill out at the sides. She looks down. Could be worse. She can round up the strays later. But as she goes for another scoop, a lock of hair escapes the elastic holding it back.

(CONTINUED)

It falls fetchingly over one eye. She can see it, but both hands are occupied. Don'tcha hate it when that happens? She tries to blow the hair back. More popcorn trickles down the scoop and over the sagging side of the bag. The only thing that could make matters worse is a customer..

CHARLES

Excuse me?

Tanya looks up. Charles smiles politely. Raises a hand that says "Watch the popcorn." Too late. The popcorn is out of control. Tanya loses her grip on the bag. From cascade to disaster. The popcorn pools at her feet. She watches helplessly, the scoop hanging at her side.

Finally she looks up, forlorn. Charles still wears the same polite smile.

CHARLES

How much for the extra-large?

Takes Tanya a second to realize he means the huge yellow bag on the floor. That gets a smile. A second more and she realizes Charles is a great-looking guy.

The great-looking guy points past her. Tanya turns to see he's pointing to an industrial broom and wide-mouthed dustpan in the corner. She nods. Good idea. Sighs, turns to get it.

When she turns back, Charles is behind the counter with her. How did he do that? Did he vault the counter? She takes a quick look down the lobby to Howard, but he seems oblivious as he vacuums away.

TANYA

Hey, you're not supposed to be back here...

Charles reaches for the dustpan and hunkers down by the spilled popcorn. Tanya stands staring at him.

CHARLES

Popcorn monster on the loose!
He's getting away!

Tanya sees the popcorn flowing from the bag behind her. Scoops it up, almost like a cat catches a fleeing mouse. She dumps it into the bag.

TANYA

Take that!

Charles nods with mock seriousness as if she had just captured a bank robber, and she crushes it like a superhero.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

I feel a lot safer knowing you're
in charge here, Miss...um...

TANYA

Tanya Robertson.

Tanya begins to sweep the popcorn into the dustpan.

CHARLES

Charles Brady. Your devoted
servant.

Charles mock-bows as if to a Queen, and offers his hand. Tanya takes it. Charles holds her hand a moment longer than necessary. Long enough that now there's a crucial question Tanya needs answered. But she doesn't know quite how to ask...

TANYA

Thanks for the help, Charles.
I can finish now. You'll miss the
movie.

CHARLES

No, ma'am. Not 'til we've cleaned
up Dodge. Behind you.

Tanya sweeps up a huge cluster of popcorn, then turns to him with an entertained smile, not sure how to continue the conversation. She still hasn't zeroed in on how to ask the question. Hmm. How' bout this way:

TANYA

Your girlfriend will wonder if
you died.

She waits for the all-important answer. But Charles looks at her with a warm smile, and it's obvious that he saw right through the question. Tanya is about to get totally embarrassed. But Charles won't let that happen.

CHARLES

No girlfriend. New kid on the
block.

He manages to look soulful, lonely and cool all at the same time. He dumps the load of popcorn in the bag and presents the dustpan for another broomful. Tanya is too flustered to respond for a moment. Charles nudges the broom with his pan.

Tanya takes refuge in the task at hand. She's very quick and thorough now. Charles stands, bunching the neck of the sack. Tanya slaps on a twist tie and takes it.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA

You really do have to get back--

Before she can finish Charles has planted his hands and this time she sees him. He vaults the counter. Nothing an Olympic gymnast couldn't do --with some practice. Then he stands waiting. Tanya still doesn't know what to say.

CHARLES

Now I think you can do a little something for me.

TANYA

I beg your pardon?

CHARLES

(Smiling innocently)
Medium orange, small popcorn?--

Tanya smiles and sighs at her second misstep.

CHARLES

(tentative)
--And let me give you a ride home after work?

That was one too many for Tanya. She casts a cautionary squint his way.

TANYA

You're pretty good at this, Charles. Where'd you say you were from?

CHARLES

I didn't. Paradise Falls, Ohio.

TANYA

Wait a minute. Didn't Mr. Fallows make some dumb joke about Paradise Falls and Paradise Lost?

CHARLES

More than one I'm afraid. So how 'bout that ride home?

TANYA

My dad picks me up.

She raises her eyebrows. Like what a pain. But Charles' reaction is entirely different.

CHARLES

Nice dad.

(CONTINUED)

Charles gets a far away look. Tanya sees it and is touched. She pushes the soft drink and popcorn across the counter.

TANYA

Just 'til I get my license. Want some imitation butter slime on that popcorn?

CHARLES

Yeah. Call me insane.

She starts to ring up his purchase, then stops, reconsidering as she looks around conspiratorially.

TANYA

Go ahead.

Charles reacts. Takes up the two cups, breathes deeply.

CHARLES

You mean... free?

TANYA

Shhh!

CHARLES

Well... thanks. (BEAT) Nice meeting you. Tanya.

TANYA

Yeah. You too.

Charles starts to go, then turns back.

CHARLES

What about you? Are you like... going with anybody?

Tanya nods seriously. Yes. A flash of disappointment.

TANYA

(BEAT) His name's Harold Willis. He wrote Essentials of Trigonometry.

Charles grins. And Tanya's pretty pleased at having gotten one off on Charles.

CHARLES

Maybe we could go out sometime?

Charles grins. This is going pretty well.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA
 (sounds good to her)
 Anything but a movie, okay?

Charles raises his orange soda to her. Done deal. Charles heads down the corridor past Howard, the Vacuuming Fool. Tanya watches the door Charles Brady entered. Watches dreamily. Kind of like the way Charles looked at her picture.

EXT. THE AERO. NIGHT.

MR. ROBERTSON, Tanya's dad, is dozing in his Buick. Idling at the curb in front of the movie house, he's a pleasant-looking man with a comfortable middle-aged spread in a comfortable car. Tanya hurries out of the theatre. She slips into the car, leans across to give him a kiss on the cheek.

TANYA
 Hi, Daddy.

MR. ROBERTSON
 (jolts awake, bumps
 head)
 I'm okay! (beat) How's my girl?

TANYA
 Good.

Mr. Robertson pulls away as the neon and all the marquee lights go out leaving the theatre in darkness.

The Buick hums up the street. Charles watches from the shadows of the darkened theatre.

CHARLES
 (tenderly)
 Tanya...

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROBERTSON'S CAR. NIGHT.

TANYA
 I met a really interesting guy
 tonight.

MR. ROBERTSON
 Did you?

TANYA
 Uh-huh. His name's Charles
 Brady-- transfer student from some
 little town in Ohio. And he's so
 quiet in my English class I hardly
 knew he was there.

(CONTINUED)

MR. ROBERTSON
 Sounds like he just might be dull
 enough to meet with my approval.

They share a warm smile.

TANYA
 I wish you were kidding.

MR. ROBERTSON
 Sorry, honey, but--

MR. ROBERTSON & TANYA
 "You're the only one of you I've
 got."

Outside the Town Hall clock BONGS midnight.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRADY HOME. NIGHT.

The SOUND of the striking Town Hall clock is faint. The street is asleep, the dark broken only by the streetlamps which cast circles of light in a double row like something out of the "Twilight Zone" series. Charles walks toward us through these spotlights, WHISTLING softly what was playing on the Robertson car radio, his sweater once more lying on his back with the arms knotted on his chest. He turns into the yard.

Just as Charles turns the corner, A LIGHT hits him flush in the face. He recoils and shields his eyes.

MARY
 It's my son, Officer.

The FLASHLIGHT lowers. Charles' eyes accustom to the dark again and he sees an ANIMAL CONTROL OFFICER holding SOMETHING SQUIRMY in a burlap bag. Mary is on the back porch in a bathrobe, hugging her shoulders with crossed arms.

Charles nods.

CHARLES
 Cat?

The Animal Control Officer nods.

ANIMAL CONTROL
 Havin' himself one hissy, I can
 tell you.

MARY
 I'm sorry, Officer. It's late.
 But this allergy is so severe...

(CONTINUED)

ANIMAL CONTROL

I know. I got one like that.
 Mine's to the I.R.S. (Chuckle)
 You have a nice night.

MARY

Thank you, Officer.

He heads out toward the driveway. Charles watches him go. Turns to Mary.

MARY

It just ignored the trap. It was
 right by the window.

Charles shrugs with a sigh.

CHARLES

He's gone now. I'll set some more
 tomorrow.

He puts his arm around Mary's shoulder and they go back into the kitchen.

INT. THE BRADY KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Once inside, Mary turns into Charles' arms and smiles playfully. Even in a chenille bathrobe, Mary manages to look pretty sexy. Anticipating something, like a child when Daddy gets home from work.

MARY

Did you bring me anything?

CHARLES

Anything special in mind?

Charles knows exactly what she means even if we aren't quite sure yet. She brushes back her hair.

MARY

Am I beautiful again?

CHARLES

You're always beautiful, mom.

They kiss. A long, warm kiss.

MARY

So! Did you ask this mystery girl
 out?

CHARLES

What kind of girl would go out
 with a guy she just met?

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Not a very nice one, I suppose.

Suddenly Mary jerks her head to look past Charles out the window into the backyard.

CHARLES

Another one?

Mary shrugs, not sure.

MARY

(low, tired force)
God damned cats.

CHARLES

(tongue in cheek)
Don't swear, mother.

She gives him a "don't wise off with me, son" look. All this has a comfortable mom-and-son-at-home feel; hopefully we like them.

MARY

Just make sure you ask her out tomorrow. (BEAT) What's her name?

CHARLES

Tanya. Robertson.

MARY

Is she... nice?

CHARLES

She's nice, Mother. I'm sure of it.

MARY

(getting a bit excited)
I'm famished, Charles.

Charles nods. Goes to the fridge and takes out two neat little chicken sandwiches on plastic-wrap covered plates. He grabs a can of soda to go with his and sets the plates on the kitchen counter. He removes the wrap from one of the sandwiches and takes a big bite. A slurp of soda. Mary's sandwich remains untouched. She looks right at him.

MARY

Famished.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAVIS HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

CHARLES
(V.O.)
"...In the end they ran-

INT. MR. FALLOWS' ENGLISH CLASS. DAY.

Charles stands at the head of the class reading aloud from a composition.

CHARLES
"--in the end, Robbie and his mother always had to run. The time of happiness, too brief to be anything but golden, would run out and one night the men would come in their old cars -- men with lights and guns."

The CLASS listens with interest. Tanya seems almost passionately involved in the story.

CHARLES (CONTINUES)
"And to the boy and his mother, their curses and their screams of rage always sounded the same -- like the laughter of cruel gods."

Charles finishes. The hand holding the papers drops to his side. Then the CLASS lets out its collective breath and there is a SPATTER OF APPLAUSE.

Mr. Fallows joins in, but he has a strange, knowing look and his smile is slightly cruel.

MR. FALLOWS
Very good, Charles -- very good.
Your teachers in Ohio must have been sorry to lose such a creative young man.

CHARLES
(wary)
I beg your pardon, Mr. Fallows?

MR. FALLOWS
Isn't that where you transferred from? Ohio?

CHARLES
(looking relieved)
Oh! Yes, sir. It is.

(CONTINUED)

He heads back to his seat. CRAWFORD, a student who looks like he's maybe majoring in Smoking Area, tries to take advantage of this diversion to pass JEANETTE a note. Mr. Fallows sees this. His eyes are sharp, and he sees almost everything.

MR. FALLOWS
Mail delivery, Miss Coughlin?

Jeanette pulls her fingers away from the note as if burned. Crawford tries to make it disappear, but Mr. Fallows is there like magic. He checks it out.

THE NOTE - MR. FALLOWS' POV

It's actually a drawing -- rather amusing, in an adolescent way. It shows a convertible parked in Homeland, the overgrown graveyard that is the local make-out spot. We can see the girl's feet and the guy's butt. The position is... well, let's call it evocative. Printed beneath are the words BE MY VALENTINE.

INT. THE ENGLISH CLASS

Charles has resumed his seat. Tanya is looking at him, although he doesn't seem to notice. Crawford, meanwhile, is looking anxiously at Mr. Fallows, afraid he's going to get in trouble. Fallows lets him twist in the wind for a moment, then crumples the note up and drops it on CRAWFORD'S DESK.

MR. FALLOWS
I'm going to let it pass, Mr. Crawford... this time. I suggest that next time you keep your hands -- and your drawings -- to yourself. They're going to get you in trouble if you don't.

CRAWFORD
(mumbles)
Yeah, right.

MR. FALLOWS
(to the class)
All right; any thoughts on Mr. Brady's "Sleepwalkers?"

TANYA
It was different, and I really liked it. It was sad.

MR. FALLOWS
Sad? Why?

(CONTINUED)

TANYA

Because they were always driven away. Because they were such outsiders.

Charles looks at her, genuinely pleased. Even moved.

MR. FALLOWS

I think Miss Robertson is onto something. We all understand that a story must have a beginning, a middle, and an end, right? But that's like saying a box has four sides --

CHARLES

Actually, Mr. Fallows, a box has six sides.

The class laughs. Tanya turns, gives Charles a friendly, amused little look, and Charles smiles back.

INT./EXT. TRAVIS HIGH SCHOOL LAWN

We're looking out from between two slats of a set of venetian blinds. The lawn is covered with students; class has just let out. We center on Charles. His sweater is looped casually over his shoulders and he looks very handsome.

MR. FALLOWS' CLASSROOM

Only Fallows is here now. He's the one looking out through the venetian blinds, and that cruel expression on his face is more pronounced now.

MR. FALLOWS

I'll show you how many sides a box has, Mister Brady.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. TRAVIS HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY. AFTERNOON.

A BELL RINGS. School's out. Classroom doors open and the students stream out.

Tanya walks with CARRIE and JEANETTE, the two girls near her in Mr. Fallows' class. Carrie and Jeanette chatter in stunned disbelief.

JEANETTE

You've actually talked to him?

TANYA

Yes. He's nice.

(CONTINUED)

JEANETTE

I can see that.

TANYA

I'm serious.

CARRIE

Well what happened? Did he ask you out or anything?

TANYA

(a little cagey)
Nothing specific; just a maybe.
We just talked. At the theatre.

JEANETTE

That's all you would have done anyway.

CARRIE

What a waste.

TANYA

What would you have done, may I ask?

CARRIE

Everything!

Behind Carrie's back, Jeanette lewdly mimes sucking face. Carrie sees, hits her.

TANYA

Maybe I've got some plans of my own. (BEAT) And they just might include "Homeland."

Carrie and Jeanette REACT.

CARRIE & JEANETTE

(in unison)

Ooooh...

Evidently "Homeland" is the local petting zoo.

JEANETTE

Sure. Right. I can just see Miss Dean's List in the back seat at Homeland...

TANYA

(blushing)

Come on, you guys.

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING EXIT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They hit the exit door and head outside only to find that Charles is coming out right behind them.

CHARLES

Hi.

Tanya is mortified. Did he hear? His warm smile suggests not.

TANYA

Hi. Charles, do you know Carrie and Jeanette? This is Charles Brady.

JEANETTE

We are in the same class, Tanya.

Charles inclines his head, a polite nod. But he quickly returns his look to Tanya.

CHARLES

Can I give you a ride home? All of you?

JEANETTE

No, we've got a ride. But why don't you go, Tanya?

Jeanette hasn't left Tanya much choice. Especially not after her "Homeland" bravado. Turned so Charles can't see, Jeanette mimes fellatio, and Tanya turns bright red while Carrie giggles.

TANYA

(BEAT) Sure. See you guys later.

She heads off down the steps with Charles at a quick walk.

CHARLES

I also wanted to say thank you.

TANYA

For what?

CHARLES

For what you said in class. I mean you really nailed it.

TANYA

No, you did. So thank you. (BEAT) But I think I know how they feel, the... um...

CHARLES

Sleepwalkers.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA

Yeah. At least sometimes I feel
that different.

Charles nods, a smile of genuine gratitude at his lips. There's a moment where it almost feels as if he should kiss her. Instead, Charles swings open the door to the Trans-Am. Faced with the reality of her decision to let him drive her home, Tanya hesitates for a second.

TANYA

This is yours?

CHARLES

You like it?

Tanya smiles.

TANYA

Sure...

She decides in an instant and climbs in. Charles bows formally, closes the door and trots to the other side of the car. Then in a single perfect move, he pulls himself up on the roof and slides through the open t-top straight into the driver's seat like a stock car driver. Cool maneuver. Tanya can't quite believe what she just saw.

TANYA

You know, some people use the
door.

CHARLES

Really? Amazing.

He pulls away with only a shade more gas than necessary.

EXT. TRAVIS. AFTERNOON.

In the Trans-Am.

TANYA

That was pretty good. Does Mr.
Brackard know about you yet?

CHARLES

Who's that?

TANYA

Gymnastics coach.

CHARLES

Pass. I was on the team back in
Paradise Falls. Then we moved...

(more)

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES (Cont'd)
 Maybe next year in college. You
 on the team?

TANYA
 Last year.

She holds up her left wrist.

TANYA
 Missed a lay-out on the rings.
 It's fine, but my Dad...

CHARLES
 That leaves Science Club,
 Photography and Cheerleading.

Tanya looks across to him. How does he know that? Charles grins
 back.

CHARLES
 Yearbook. You're prettier than
 the picture.

Tanya looks away, both pleased and embarrassed.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROBERTSON HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Tanya leads Charles up the stairs. On the mantle and walls
 along the stairs are lots of family pictures: Mom, Dad, Tanya...

TANYA
 (calling out)
 Mom?
 (no response)
 She's probably shopping or
 something.

Charles stops halfway up to study A FRAMED RUBBING from an old
 New England church on the wall. There are more all the way up
 and down the stair. Tanya turns. Raises her eyebrows heavenward.

TANYA
 (Embarrassed)
 My mom's. They're called rubbings.
 Like when you were a kid? You put
 a penny under a piece of paper
 and rub your pencil over it.
 These are just king-size versions.

Charles nods, smiles blandly and continues up the stairs after
 Tanya into her bedroom.

INT. TANYA'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON.

A perfect teenage girl's bedroom. The kind of place John Hughes used to plunk Molly Ringwald into all the time. A little bit larger than a real teenager's room. But the exquisite appointments are real for an only child who is adored --nay worshipped-- by her parents.

As Charles looks around the room and out the window, Tanya busies herself clearing away any conceivably embarrassing or incriminating debris from the bed, vanity, shelves and desk.

Charles stops by some photographs on one wall. All black-and-white, all of desolate places --abandoned warehouses, closed-down drive-ins, graves...

CHARLES

These are yours, aren't they?

Tanya looks over. First she sees the photographs then she sees a pair of panties on the dresser right next to where Charles' hand is resting. Presumably he's talking about the photographs. Tanya nods, unconsciously bites her lower lip. Whichever he's referring to, she's uncomfortable.

CHARLES

They're great. Really nice. Makes you want to...

His hand hovers over the panties as he searches for the word. Tanya has maneuvered closer.

TANYA

What?

Charles turns, surprised she's so close. And of course as soon as he does, she reaches casually behind his back and whisks the panties off the dresser. Damn! Almost. Just missed them. The panties slide off the dresser, flutter down and drape gracefully across Charles' shoe.

CHARLES

...Really get a good look (BEAT)
at these kinds of places--

He turns and looks at the photographs again. Tanya tries to nail the panties with the toe of her foot.

CHARLES

--and things we never really see.

He turns and smiles warmly. Tanya nods but her mind is on those damn panties.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA

There's one on the desk you might like.

Charles moves toward it and Tanya, finally, thankfully, nudges the panties with her toe under the dresser.

CHARLES

I don't see it.

Tanya comes over and looks down. No surprise. There isn't one there.

TANYA

(making it up)

Over there. The covered bridge.

CHARLES

(not finding it)

You know... I would love to see how you... see a photograph before you take it. Do you think some time when you go... I mean you don't even know me, but...

They're very close right now. Tanya can almost feel the warmth of Charles' body. Or maybe it's her own. She likes it. She makes an impulsive decision.

TANYA

I was going to shoot over at "Homeland" tomorrow...

CHARLES

"Homeland?"

TANYA

An old graveyard. But it's kind of neat.

CHARLES

I love old graveyards...

Charles looks down at Tanya. She hasn't moved. There is a long BEAT of stillness. Then, inevitably, they begin to lean closer to each other, closer...

That's when Mrs. Robertson slings open the door.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Hi, sweetheart...

Whiplash for Charles and Tanya.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA

Mom!

MRS. ROBERTSON

Oh. I'm sorry. I didn't realize you had company... Helen Robertson.

TANYA

Mom, this is Charles Brady. He's from Ohio.

Mrs. Robertson appraises Charles and likes what she sees. She strips off one of her gardening gloves and holds out her hand.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Hello, Charles. Helen Robertson.

CHARLES

(shakes her hand)

Very nice to meet you, Mrs. Robertson.

Tanya is in no mood for domestic chitchat. She ushers Charles right past her mom.

TANYA

Charles was just on his way. Anyway, great. We'll do that tomorrow.

They're on the stairs by the time Mrs. Robertson comes out and catches them.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Are you two going out tomorrow?

Both Charles and Tanya turn, but it's Charles who smiles warmly and answers.

CHARLES

Yes. Tanya's going to show me--

Tanya is dying. She mouths a prayer: "My God, don't say 'Homeland.' Don't say 'Homeland.' Don't say 'Homeland.'"

CHARLES

--"Homeland."

MRS. ROBERTSON

Oh, really?

Tanya wants to disappear under the carpet. Alas, no room. But Charles plows ahead cheerfully.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

Yes. I do rubbings too. Not as fine as yours but... I figured there must be old slate gravestones...

Now that pricks Mrs. Robertson's curiosity. A young friend of Tanya's claiming to be interested in rubbings. Not bloody likely. Tanya just watches dumbstruck. He didn't say he knew anything about rubbings.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Yes, in the old section near the woods. (BEAT) Do you use powder or stick?

CHARLES

I use stick charcoal. Usually a No. 5.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Really? Don't you find that a little hard?

CHARLES

Yeah, but I'm clumsy. My mom uses powder-and-brush and even on a windy day she walks away without a speck on her. But I always look like I rolled around in a fireplace.

Mrs. Robertson laughs. If there was a test here, it's over.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Where do you live?

CHARLES

66 Wicker Street. Sounds like an address in an old horror movie, doesn't it?

He smiles, knowing he's twitting her by being so precise. Mrs. Robertson is not cowed.

MRS. ROBERTSON

And what does your father do?

CHARLES

He's dead, Mrs. Robertson.

That stops her.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Oh. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES
It was a long time ago.

MRS. ROBERTSON
Well. (To Tanya) You make sure
you're back by five. The Brands
are coming for dinner.

TANYA
Okay. (To Charles) Better pick
me up at two. Is that okay?

Charles salutes both Tanya and Mrs. Robertson smartly.

CHARLES
(salutes)
Yes, ma'am!

Tanya and her mother both laugh. This is Charles at his
sunniest and most charming.

CHARLES
It was nice to meet you, Mrs.
Robertson.

MRS. ROBERTSON
And you, Charles. I hope you enjoy
living in Travis.

CHARLES
So far so good! See you tomorrow.

Charles and Tanya head down the stairs and outside onto the
porch.

EXT. THE ROBERTSON HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Tanya grabs his arm and tugs him to stop a moment.

TANYA
(awed)
How did you know all that stuff?

CHARLES
I learned it a long time ago. From
my mom.

Tanya nods. Whew! Like that really saved them.

CHARLES
See you tomorrow.

He heads back to the car, feeling great. Tanya calls after.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA
Charles?

He turns.

TANYA
How'd you know where I lived?

There is a moment's hesitation where Charles looks unsure, wary. Then Mrs. Robertson steps onto the porch beside Tanya to wave goodbye. Charles smiles.

CHARLES
I asked your friend at lunch.

TANYA
Carrie?

Charles shakes his head no.

TANYA
Jeanette.

CHARLES
(nodding)
Jeanette.

TANYA
She never said a word to me!

CHARLES
(conspiratorially)
I asked her not to.

Charles raises a finger to his lips like now they're all in on it. Tanya and Mrs. Robertson laugh.

CHARLES
See you tomorrow.

Charles laughs too as he vaults into the car and drives away.

MRS. ROBERTSON
You look happy.

Tanya turns from watching Charles. She grins at her mom. Cocks her head to one side and nods.

TANYA
I feel happy.

MRS. ROBERTSON
I'm glad. He seems like a nice kid.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA
Does that mean he passed?

MRS. ROBERTSON
Yes, with flying colors. (BEAT)
And do you know something else?

TANYA
(wary)
What?

MRS. ROBERTSON
He's a stone fox!

They fall into each others' arms, laughing.

EXT. INDIANA COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

The CAMERA is flying high above two-lane blacktop with lots of corn on either side. The road is deserted except for a blue car -- CHARLES' Trans-Am. As we CRUISE DOWN TO GROUND LEVEL, another car pulls up behind it. This is one of those little foreign two-seaters that folks on a budget buy when they've got a bad case of I Gotta Be Joe Cool. MR. FALLOWS is behind the wheel.

INT. CHARLES' CAR

He's listening to Bo Diddly -- "Roadrunner." Really grooving on it, too. Hey, why not? He's had a great day. Then, HONKING from behind him. He looks into the rearview and sees MR. FALLOWS. He's waving Charles over. Charles looks puzzled, then shrugs and hits the soft shoulder.

EXT. BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Charles pulls up; Mr. Fallows pulls up right behind him and is out almost before Charles' car stops. Charles starts to open his door, but before he can, Mr. Fallows is standing by the Trans-Am with his hands on the ledge of the open window. This blocks any easy exit for Charles.

CHARLES
(puzzled, a little nervous)
Mr. Fallows!... Hi!

MR. FALLOWS
Hello, Charles... checking out your new environment? Boring, isn't it? Disneyland for cows, but for human beings...

CHARLES
I kinda like it. It's peaceful.

(CONTINUED)

MR. FALLOWS
Reminds you of Ohio, I suppose?

CHARLES
(uneasy, wary)
Well... you know...

He unlatches his door to get out. Before he can do more than start to open it, Mr. Fallows slams it shut. He bends down, looking in like a cop who wants to see your licence and pink slip.

MR. FALLOWS
Actually, I don't, Charles. I don't know. And neither do you. There is no Paradise Falls in Ohio.

(playing his hand,
superior)
Your transcripts are also fakes. Clever, but fakes. Anything to say?

CHARLES
You're mistaken.

His face, however, says he knows it's no use.

MR. FALLOWS
Oh, no. I'm not. But you are, Charles, if you think you can wiggle out of this. I don't know who you are, but I know you're not who you say you are.

CHARLES
If this is blackmail, you sure picked the wrong kid. This car's the only expensive thing I own, and I'm very sentimental about it. I could never sell it.

Meanwhile, Charles has been checking out the locale. It's pretty deserted. This is probably not such great news for Mr. Fallows. Fallows, meantime, is getting all turned on. Puffing and blowing like Ferdinand the Bull. Charles makes another move to get out of the car. Mr. Fallows slams it shut. Hard. On Charles' wrist. With an ouch! Charles yanks his arm back inside the car. It is bleeding, a bad, painful, watchband cut across the back of his wrist.

MR. FALLOWS
Sit still until I'm done with you!

(CONTINUED)

Charles looks at the bleeding wrist, then looks up with a green glare as Fallows leans right into the window.

MR. FALLOWS

Your generation is so mercenary, Charles... money this and money that. But money is not the only medium of exchange.

Mr. Fallows has reached down through the window. We can't see exactly what he's doing, but then, we don't really need to, do we? All at once, Charles makes a move -- a sudden quick jerk. We can't see what he does, but Mr. Fallows SCREAMS. Blood SPRAYS UP on the inside of the Trans-Am's windshield.

Mr. Fallows pulls backward. His right hand has disappeared. There is a spouting stump where it used to be. Charles remains as cool as cucumber slices on crushed ice. He reaches out very politely and offers Mr. Fallows his hand, which he has ripped clean off.

CHARLES

You were right, Mr. Fallows -- people really should learn to keep their hands to themselves. Here's yours.

In his shock, Fallows actually takes it and stares at it with dumb amazement for a moment before SHRIEKING and dropping it. He turns and breaks into a shambling run.

Charles gets out of his car.

CHARLES

Wait, Mr. Fallows! I don't think we're quite done discussing this yet, do you?

He grins, a handsome, boyish smile... dark as a bottomless pit. He chases Fallows into the corn, and we rush through the stalks with them. We hear a SHRIEK... and a CRUNCH. A horrible SCREAM... a GOUT of BLOOD.

EXT. INDIANA COUNTRYSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

Again, we are high above it. Below, Charles' Trans-Am has resumed its interrupted journey. Bo Diddly has given way to Warren Zevon's "Werewolves of London." -- Aaaaa--ROOOO! We hear Charles singing along, and he sounds good -- eerily good -- on the aaaa-ROOOO parts.

EXT. MR. FALLOWS' LITTLE SPORTS CAR - ON THE SHOULDER

Deserted. THE CAMERA PANS LEFT, and ENTERS THE CORN. Before we go far, we see Mr. Fallows.

(CONTINUED)

He has been wired up like a scarecrow. His hand is sticking nonchalantly out of his shirt pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRADY'S LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Mary Brady pushes aside the front window curtain. Looks at the four cats sitting out on the sidewalk. Lets the curtain fall to. She stares at the curtain, her face no more than a few inches from it. Her only movement is her thumbnail CLICKING against her middle finger nail. CLICK-CLICK-CLICK.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROAD BACK TO TRAVIS. AFTERNOON.

Charles tools along casually, blasting Ted Nugent's "Cat Scratch Fever."

CUT TO:

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - AFTERNOON

A police cruiser -- rather old and battered -- is parked in a partially concealed turnout near a bend in the road. A sort of half-hearted small-town speed trap.

ANDY (V.O.)

Is um daddy's good boy? Is um?
Get it, Cwovis! Sic 'em, boy!

INT. CRUISER - CLOVIS THE ATTACK CAT - CU

CLOVIS is an extremely large, sleek tomcat. Around his burly neck is a green velvet collar. The silver tag attached to it reads: CLOVIS THE ATTACK CAT.

Clovis is sitting on a car seat that's littered with Diet-Energy Bar wrappers, plus all sorts of forms -- traffic violation citations for the most part. We're in one of Travis's three Sheriff's Department cruisers, and in the b.g. the voice of LAURIE, the dispatcher, crackles now and then.

Someone is dangling a fuzzy Kush-ball above Clovis's head. Clovis watches it intently with his big green eyes. Andy is speaking to the cat in the high-pitched, goo-goo-ga-ga voice so many single people seem to use with their pets when they're alone. That voice gives us an image of Andy before we even see him: an effete nutcase.

ANDY (V.O.)

Does ums want it? Does ums
weally? Jump for it, Cwovis!
(more)

(CONTINUED)

ANDY (Cont'd)
 Jump for um's bad guy! Eat 'em
 up for Daddy!

Clovis goes up on his hind legs, pawing at the Kush. Below the hem of his sweater, his tail swishes impatiently back and forth.

INT. THE CRUISER - WITH ANDY & CLOVIS

Instead of an effete nutcase, ANDY is a really huge Sheriff's Deputy -- more like John Goodman than Rick Moranis. He is eating a Diet-Energy Bar with one hand while he dangles the Kush for Clovis with the other. He's got crumbs on his lips, chin, and uniform shirt.

ANDY
 Jump, Cwovis! Jump! Be daddy's
 good boy! Get that motherfucker!

Clovis leaps and gets the Kush between his paws. Andy rewards him with a treat, then pats him the way you'd pat a dog.

ANDY
 (patting him)
 Good boy! Now if we could just
 catch us a real bad guy...

Charles' Trans-Am cruises past the speed trap like an answered prayer. But certainly not speeding.

ANDY
 Well, well, well. "Ask and it
 shall be given," Clovis. Talk
 about your vicious criminals.
 That son-of-a-bitch is driving
 with a damn busted tail-light!

Andy finishes the Diet-Energy Bar in one mouthful. Most of it goes in his mouth. He kicks over the engine and peels out after the Trans-Am, FLASHER and SIREN on. He grabs the radio microphone and hits broadcast.

ANDY
 Unit three callin' home. You in
 there, Laurie? Come on.

LAURIE
 (Voice)
 Andy? Whatcha up to? Bye.

ANDY
 Got ourselves one lawless perp
 goin' east out here on Gray Road.
 Copy.

(CONTINUED)

LAURIE
(Voice)
Copy. Need any help? Bye?

ANDY
Naw, I think I can handle this
one all by myself.

He sets down the mike and gives the cruiser more pedal.

Charles sees the FLASHER in the rear view mirror. And -- Clovis! That makes up his mind. The Trans-Am squeals around a curve and rockets away down the road.

Here comes the Trans-Am and the cruiser isn't even in sight. Charlie's hitting near eighty. Up ahead is a 4-way-stop intersection. The Trans-Am ROARS through it at 60 m.p.h., ignoring it.

INT. THE TRANS-AM. AFTERNOON.

Charles checks the rearview mirror. His face is locked in battle mode.

INT. THE CRUISER. AFTERNOON.

Andy gets back on the horn.

ANDY
Oh, boy. Looks like we might
actually have something here,
Clovis. Unit three, home. Come
on!

LAURIE
(Voice)
I know. You already got him. Bye.

ANDY
Not yet, darlin'. But get a 12-33
ready. This boy's resistin'
arrest.

Andy tears open another Diet-Energy Bar wrapper. It crackles into the mike. Clovis gnaws contentedly on the Kush.

LAURIE
(Voice)
I can hear you eating, Andy. If
you turn in a car full of wrappers
and crumbs again tonight, Ira's
gonna have your hide.

Andy quickly sweeps the seat clear of crumbs.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Now, Laurie, would I--

Charles' Trans-Am ROARS past going the opposite direction! He skids round the curve tires wailing and shoots down the road.

ANDY

Jee-sus! There he goes! It's a make. '66 Trans-Am. Bright Blue. And travelling at Warp Ten. Unit three in pursuit. West on Gray Road. That's west. Copy.

Andy roars after Charles leaving a rooster tail of dust and gravel in his wake.

EXT. THE COUNTRY ROAD. AFTERNOON.

Charles is flying over the two-lane blacktop. Ted Nugent's "Cat Scratch Fever" blasting from the speakers. That atavistic part of him is still in charge. But civilization does intrude. he hears the SIREN, checks his rear-view mirror, sees the Cruiser. Grins and floors it.

Clovis sits up in the back seat, grooving on the chase.

LAURIE

(Voice)

Got a license plate yet, Andy?

ANDY

(Squints)

Working on it, darlin'.

The chase eats up the road at high speed, takes them deeper into the country. Andy pulls close; the Trans-Am pulls away. The Trans-Am comes up behind a slow-moving truck loaded with hay or barrels or some damn thing, swings out and passes on a hill.

Andy follows and almost gets creamed by an approaching big-rig tanker. He manages the swerve and settles back on the road but not without losing some rubber off his tires and a year off his life.

The two cars rip down the side of the hill toward an intersection where A SCHOOL BUS is stopped letting off kids. THE KIDS cross the road presuming the bus's flashing red lights will keep them safe. Not an altogether reasonable presumption under the circumstances.

The Trans-Am bears down on the straggling line of kids.

Andy sees what looks inevitable.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

NO!

Almost as if they heard him scream, the kids look up. They see the two cars. they scatter SCREAMING. ONE LITTLE GIRL stumbles and falls to the pavement.

Charles sees the Little Girl dead ahead, but will he stop? No fuckin' way. Charles is concerned only with survival. No niceties.

ANDY

(Utter horror)

Jesus, no!

The Little Girl can see the approaching car. An instant away.

Suddenly ANOTHER KID grabs her and jerks her out of harm's way. The Trans-Am BULLETS past where the Little Girl was a second ago. It SCRAPES the School Bus with a SCREECH, peeling a layer of yellow paint from the side.

The Trans-Am's draft blows the hair off the kids' foreheads. they stare after it wonderingly.

The Travis Cruiser ROARS past in hot pursuit.

ANDY

You son of a bitch!

LAURIE

(Voice)

Report, Unit Three. Need a location. (BEAT) Talk to me, Andy. Bye.

Andy snatches up the microphone.

ANDY

I'm out on Pond Road, Laurie. Still in pursuit. Bastard almost ran down a little girl. I think he tried to run her down. And I think he's playing with me. Get me some back-up. Bye!

Charles is playing. He looks back, sees the Cruiser losing ground and eases up on the gas.

LAURIE

(Voice)

Got a plate number yet, Andy?

Andy squints as he closes on the Trans-Am. The plate is green... or blue.

(CONTINUED)

Can't quite make it out and the numbers and letters are out of focus.

ANDY

Can't get it, Laurie. Musta smeared it with mud. Fuck it. I'm taking him.

Andy tosses the microphone onto the seat. Clovis peers intently ahead, his tail twitching.

The road is flat and open here. The Cruiser swings out and pulls even with the Trans-Am. They are now rolling side by side at eighty miles an hour.

Andy hits the window button and the shotgun window powers down. He makes a broad sweeping gesture for Charles to pull over.

ANDY

Pull over! (BEAT) PULL OVER, MOTHERFUCKER!

Charles grins and pops his middle finger at Andy. Then his eyes shift a little... and suddenly his grin falters.

It's Clovis. He's still in the back seat and staring hard at Charles with green, knowing eyes. He lays back his ears and HISSES!

Andy looks across at Charles and suddenly Andy's face registers utter astonishment.

Charles is changing. He begins to look like what all Sleepwalkers look like in reality. But whatever the awful face might be, right now it's worse because it is neither that face nor his human mask. He is caught somewhere between, a sort of Francis Bacon world of agonized metamorphosis.

This enraged apparition ROARS across at Clovis. An awful inhuman sound, as unfocused as the face.

ANDY

What the fuck?

Charles floors the gas pedal.

The Trans-Am shoots ahead and quickly opens a gap leaving the startled Andy behind.

Andy stares straight ahead for a few seconds. An upset Clovis snarls and hisses.

(CONTINUED)

LAURIE

(Voice)

What's going on out there, Andy?
Please respond, bye.

ANDY

Not now, Laurie.

He tosses the microphone aside as the Trans-Am disappears over the crest of the hill. Andy hits the accelerator full force.

ANDY

(bewildered)

Christ, Clovis, what's he got in there? A ramjet?

The Cruiser tops the hill and starts down the far side. There's the Trans-Am, quarter of a mile ahead now, banking into a tree-lined curve and out of sight.

ANDY

You can run but you can't hide,
Motherfucker.

The Cruiser roars down the highway.

In a cloud of dust, the Trans-Am pulls off the road onto the shoulder under the trees and slues to a stop.

Inside the Trans-Am, Charles has returned to his human face. But he's scared. He looks over his shoulder up the road but nothing's in sight yet. He closes his eyes, grabs the wheel and concentrates. Hard.

It begins to happen to the Trans-Am, what happened to Charles' face when he saw Clovis. It's beginning to dissolve, to ratchet back and forth between one reality and another and finally it begins to fade and Charles too.

As Andy muscled the Cruiser through the curve, tires SCREECHING... The road ahead is empty. And where Charles' Trans-Am should be parked on the shoulder of the road by the trees, there's nothing. Nothing at all. And there's nothing ahead but a straight stretch of two-lane blacktop a mile and half long.

Andy hits the brakes! The Cruiser fishtails to a stop some twenty feet beyond where the Trans-Am should be. And Andy looks around. Nothing.

ANDY

I lost him. How in the hell did
I do that?

(CONTINUED)

Wait, there's the Trans-Am. Right where it should be. And Charles is behind the wheel watching as Andy gets out of the Cruiser and looks both ways, trying to figure out what the hell happened. Where the car could have gone in this flat landscape of marshy open ground and a few scrub trees.

Andy looks right at the Trans-Am. And sees nothing. He shakes his head in disbelief.

But there in the back seat of the Cruiser, Clovis looks out at the Trans-Am and Charles.

ANGLE - CLOVIS' POV - TRANS-AM & CHARLES

A warped monochromatic view of the car and Charles, flickering between a Twilight Zone state of human and sleepwalker. Charles stares straight at Clovis, his face disfigured with hate and fear. He growls to himself:

CHARLES

Stop looking at me you fucking cat! Stop looking at me!

He opens his mouth. A wordless sound comes out in a hiss.

RESUME CRUISER

Clovis hisses right back at Charles.

The Cruiser SMACKS shut startling Clovis. Andy has gotten back in. He fishes for the radio microphone.

ANDY

Laurie, unit three here, bye?

LAURIE

(Voice)

Finally! Gimme your ten-twenty, unit three. I have two units from Castle Rock ready to join you on Pond Road.

ANDY

Tell 'em to meet at the Ridge. But I don't think the Trans-Am's between us anymore. Musta turned off somewhere. It's a blue Trans-Am with yellow pinstriping. Note that, Laurie, pinstriping, not trim.

LAURIE

(Voice)

10-4 on the color but come again. You lost him?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Damned if I know how or where,
but the son-of-a-bitch is gone.
Bye.

LAURIE

(Voice)
You're going out over the air,
officer. Bye.

ANDY

I don't give a shit. Bye.

Andy slams the microphone back in it's cradle. He turns to Clovis.

ANDY

So where the hell did that bastard
get off to?

Clovis still stares at the invisible Trans-Am right behind the Cruiser. He lays his ears back and HISSES.

ANDY

I know just how you feel.

And Andy pulls away down the road. Charles watches, relieved. Clearly Andy was no problem for him. But the cat certainly was.

Clovis curls in the window and watches as the Cruiser pulls away.

No car in sight, but the SOUND of the car's engine kicking over. Then the invisible car growls over gravel and dirt, moving toward the curve.

And once around the curve, the car begins to fade back in. Only it isn't a Trans-Am any more. It's a classic '66 Mustang convertible. A lovely old beast in mint condition. Blue with yellow trim. It chugs up the road at a quite conservative pace.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE TRAVIS MUNICIPAL BUILDING. NIGHT.

The lights are on in one corner. The rest of the building is dark.

INT. THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE COMMON ROOM. NIGHT.

Clovis sits curled in the IN half of an IN/OUT basket. He cleans his fur and ignores the goings on, except when Andy talks. Then he listens.

(CONTINUED)

Three people surround Andy. There's LAURIE the Dispatcher. Odd to find that officious voice belonging to an attractive woman in her thirties. She wears a uniform because she likes it... not because she has to.

Sitting on the edge of the desk is a narrow drink of water name of HORACE RAEBURN, Travis' other deputy, and a notch down the food chain from Andy.

In charge is IRA, a good-looking guy with a face that's got a lot of miles on it... some of them hard. A Kris Kristofferson face.

Andy feels bad about losing that Trans-Am and reliving the chase in detail compounds his frustration.

ANDY

I didn't get a good look at him, Ira. I was doin' about ninety at the time.

IRA

And nothing between Oxford and Castle Rock?

ANDY

Naw. It's like the damned car disappeared off the face of the earth.

Ira makes a few random notes. Horace scrutinizes Andy carefully as if he had assisted a known felon's escape. Laurie attends to her nails.

Andy shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

ANDY

I'm sorry, Ira. I still can't figure how I lost him.

IRA

Crazy guys like this don't stay lost for long, Andy. You'll find him. (BEAT) You on overtime?

ANDY

Signed out soon as I came in.

IRA

Then go on home.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

I don't mind workin' tonight.
He almost ran down the little
Filer girl! (BEAT) And I lost
him.

IRA

Tell you what. You can do me a
favor. Check the bars over in
The Rock. Shuffle Inn, Mellow
Tiger--

Something in that line gets everyone's attention, Horace and
Laurie and Andy.

IRA

--No I haven't fallen off the
wagon. Just no sense puttin'
myself in harm's way if I don't
need to. You check 'em out. See
if there was anyone drinking up
his paycheck this afternoon,
anybody that sounds like our
friend.

ANDY

Got it. Thanks.

IRA

And um-- clean out the damn
cruiser, Andy. It's a mess. Okay?

Andy nods, chagrinned. He picks up Clovis. Starts toward the
door and then stops. He turns back.

ANDY

Can I tell you something, Ira?
It's kinda weird. But, Horace,
if you laugh, I'll break your jaw.

Horace runs a hand over his prominent Adam's apple.

IRA

What is it?

ANDY

You know, I said I couldn't get
a good look at him 'cause of how
fast we were goin'?

IRA

Yes.

ANDY

Well... That wasn't exactly true.

(CONTINUED)

IRA
How's that?

ANDY
We were both doin' ninety and I pulled right up next to him. Might as well have been standin' still.

IRA
So you did get a good look at him.

ANDY
No, I didn't. (BEAT) 'Cause he didn't have no face.

HORACE
Maybe you better check the bars after all, Ira.

IRA
Horace, shut your pie-hole.
(to Andy)
What do you mean?

ANDY
I mean his face was just... like a blur. Like... shit, I don't know.

IRA
Maybe you got some grit in your eye. Makes 'em water...

ANDY
I guess that could have been it.

He doesn't believe it.

IRA
Do me a favor. If we get this stampeder, leave that part out when you're talking to the County Prosecutor. Okay?

Andy nods again, wishing he hadn't brought it up in the first place. He starts to turn away.

IRA
Anything else, Andy? Anything at all?

Andy's hesitant at first, but Ira's no nonsense attitude allows him to go on.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

(BEAT) There was something. Clovis here got a good look at him. And he didn't like him one little bit.

HORACE

Hell, you and Ira are the only two people that damn cat does like, if you ask me.

ANDY

Nobody asked. And it was the other guy. He didn't like Clovis. Like he was scared of him.

Andy checks his audience for reactions. The silence is not encouraging.

ANDY

I'll check the bars.

He leaves, Clovis in his arms. Ira stares after him thoughtfully. Finally:

IRA

Stinks like a dead catfish.

HORACE

What do you mean?

IRA

When's the last time Andy Simpson lost some joy-ridin' asshole in a fast car?

Long time.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRADY HOUSE. NIGHT.

The Mustang pulls into the driveway. Charles slips out quickly and makes for the back door.

INT. THE KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Mary Brady is waiting. In a negligee, hair down in a soft cascade, an air of warm anticipation, she never looked lovelier. She rushes to Charles' arms, takes his face in her hands and begins to kiss him. Mary jerks away. Her eyes blaze with anger.

MARY

What happened? You didn't get it.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

I...

MARY

Why didn't you get anything?

CHARLES

I just couldn't.

MARY

What about the girl?

CHARLES

It wasn't the right time.
Tomorrow. I can get it tomorrow.

Mary waits a BEAT. Then she SLAPS Charles, hard.

MARY

What are you talking about? I'm
starving, Charles!

She SLAPS him again. Charles cowers away from the attack. Her face begins to change into Sleepwalker, then back to human.

MARY

I need it, Charles! And you have
to get it for me!

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP! Charles retreats to a corner and covers himself with his arms. For the first time Mary sees the wound where Fallows slammed the door on his wrist. There is strange, inhuman skin beneath. She stops. She's horrified. Immediately her face settles into the pained, empathic concern of any mother seeing her son hurt. She takes his arm gently in her hands.

MARY

Oh, my poor baby. I'm sorry. What
happened?

Charles yanks his arm away. He looks up, torn between pain and rage. But the pain isn't physical.

CHARLES

What always happens, Mom? What
always happens? They're going to
drive us away. Again. And again.

MARY

Someone saw you?

CHARLES

The deputy had a cat. Maybe for
a second or two--

(CONTINUED)

MARY

He won't believe what he saw--

CHARLES

No, he probably won't. And no one would believe him if he did. But somebody will find the teacher I dumped in the woods.

(she reacts)

Mom, we just got here and it's already started.

Mary nods, resigned. This has happened so many times before.

MARY

Don't worry.

CHARLES

But I have to feed you.

MARY

(Matter-of-factly)

You'll see her tomorrow, Charles.

CHARLES

But what if something happened to me? What then? (BEAT) Is there anyone else? We haven't even seen another Sleepwalker in--

MARY

(Quietly)

We aren't the last.

CHARLES

You don't know that.

MARY

Yes, I do. I can feel the others.

CHARLES

Even if there are others, you'd starve without me. (BEAT) Or the cats would get you. (BEAT) How can you stand it?

Mary embraces him again. He tries to break free but without conviction now. Gradually she soothes him, calms him... as she always has.

MARY

You'll feed tomorrow. Then you'll feed me and we'll leave. Nothing is going to happen. We just have to take care of each other.

(CONTINUED)

She looks out the kitchen window to the side yard. Charles follows her gaze.

EXT. THE BRADY'S SIDE YARD. NIGHT.

There are three baited traps. A cat sniffs carefully at one of them. Two other cats investigate a second. One reaches toward the bait.

INT. THE KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The SOUND of A TRAP SNAPPING SHUT with a YOWL as Mary and Charles watch.

EXT. THE BRADY'S FRONT YARD. NIGHT.

Half-a-dozen cats come running out of the dark into the glow of the streetlamps.

INT. THE KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Mary turns Charles' face to hers. A look of concern.

MARY

You cannot be in love with this girl, Charles.

This is a simple statement of fact for Mary. Charles holds her stare but betrays no response at all.

MARY

Charles?

CHARLES

I'm not. She's just--

The expression of self-contempt which crosses his face before he hides it by turning to look out the window once more is so strong it's almost a convulsion.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

--lunch.

She puts her hand on his neck and stands on tiptoe. Her eyes look deeply into his. Finally, he returns the stare, and it grows in intensity.

Charles grabs her, wraps her in his arms and holds her tight. Holds her until her fury is finally spent and she relaxes into his arms. He holds her tenderly. And slowly begins to dance to an unheard melody. Until, somehow, up in his bedroom "Sleepwalk" begins to play... and he gently places his lips to her fevered forehead.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRADY HOUSE. NIGHT.

Seven or eight cats now sit on the sidewalk looking at the house. Another cat trots across the empty night dark street to join the vigil.

CUT TO:

INT. MARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark and still. Camera finds Charles' and Mary's clothing in a heap on the floor at the foot of the bed. One long fluid move across the bed, as the room is partly lit by the Kirlian glow of Sleepwalker mating. We see their feet, then slowly travel the length of the bed, gradually revealing the coupled bodies, naked and sheened in light.

But more important is what we see in the cheval mirror behind them, a bit out of focus. We reach and pass the mirror without comment, but what the observant viewer sees reflected are the true shapes of the Sleepwalkers coupling: pale, translucent skin, human bodies with reptilian and feline traits. But never clearly revealed. We pass the distant reflection and end up on their human faces in f.g. as they come to a climax. Their look into one another's eyes is more than loving.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROBERTSON HOUSE. MORNING..

The Robertson kitchen is the same Father Knows Best vintage as The Aero and most of the rest of Travis. But this morning, Tanya does not think Father knows best. And certainly not Mom. They're at loggerheads, Mr. Robertson only halfheartedly, as he would much prefer finishing the sports page with his coffee to find out how The Pacers did last night.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Now remember -- you're to be home by four. Be sure Charles understands that.

TANYA

Yes, Mommy -- and I'll remember to pack extra didies, too.

MR. ROBERTSON

(from behind the paper)
Nobody loves a smartass, Tanya.

MRS. ROBERTSON

That's all right, Don -- she is smart.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

MRS. ROBERTSON (Cont'd)
 And I'm smart enough to know
 this is a first date with the new
 boy in town. We do understand
 each other, don't we, Tans?

TANYA
 (smiles)
 You know, I think we do.

MRS. ROBERTSON
 Four?

TANYA
 Four.

And out the door she goes. Mr. Robertson lowers his paper.

MR. ROBERTSON
 Are we awful?

MRS. ROBERTSON
 Terrible. The worst. God... I've
 become my mother.

They share a smile. Then a flash of concern from Mr. R.

MR. ROBERTSON
 He is okay, this fellow?

Mrs. Robertson smiles and shakes her head confidently.

MRS. ROBERTSON
 He's terrific. Utterly charming.

MR. ROBERTSON
 He sounds like Eddie Haskell.

Mrs. Robertson comes around behind his chair, leans over and
 wraps him up in her arms.

MRS. ROBERTSON
 He's just like you.

MR. ROBERTSON
Now I'm worried.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRADY MASTER BEDROOM - DAY.

Mary and Charles sit on the edge of the bed. She is STITCHING
 UP his WOUND with a NEEDLE and THREAD. Several quiet beats;
 Charles' mind is racing, deep and newly troubled.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES
Does it have to be her?

MARY
You care more for her than you
do for me...

He gives her a look of angry contempt. She just clips the thread with her teeth, and he pulls down his sleeve.

CHARLES
You know better than that -- why
are you being such a bitch?

MARY
Because I'm HUNGRY!

Before he can reply, they are saved by the doorbell.

CHARLES
I'll get it. You stay here.

She looks at him. Her face says, I'll do whatever I need to do, Charles.

CHARLES
(at the door)
I love you, Mom.

MARY
(cool)
Do you?

Charles looks at her a moment longer, uncertain, then goes out.

INT. THE FOYER OF THE BRADY HOME - OFF THE LIVING ROOM

Charles opens the door and is surprised to see the object of the argument he's been having with his mother. Tanya is wearing a blouse and faded jeans. Her camera is slung over her shoulder; there's a gadget bag on her hip. She holds the paper bag with the wine in it in one hand. She's radiant.

TANYA
Hi. I know you were going to pick
me up, but I was nearby, and...

CHARLES
Gosh, Tanya... Um...

TANYA
If this is a bad time --

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Nonsense! I'm so glad you came by.

Tanya and Charles are startled; Mary has crept up quietly. Tanya looks at Charles' mother with curiosity; Mary looks back at her with a smiling interest that's a trifle predatory.

CHARLES

We really ought to go, Mom; the light for Tanya's pictures --

MARY

-- will be just fine for hours yet. Come in, Tanya; I have something for you.

TANYA

You... do?

MARY

Yes. I won't keep you long; I know that young people have to run and play.

Tanya gives Charles a small smile, bewildered but interested, and Charles returns it, although he looks uneasy. It's not out of the realm of possibility that Mary might decide to "do" Tanya herself... and Charles knows it.

Tanya comes in. Mary closes the door between them and the outside world -- the sane world. The house inside seems shadowy. Cold. Dangerous. Unsafe for mortal beings like Tanya.

Charles tries to catch Mary's attention as Tanya moves slightly ahead, scoping out the house. What are you doing? is the message he's trying to send with his eyes. Mary avoids it and him -- on purpose -- and catches up with Tanya. Takes her elbow lightly.

MARY

Charles said you were nice, Tanya, and he was right. He usually is.

TANYA

Charles is pretty nice himself... I love your house, Mrs. Brady... where did you get those lovely figurines?

They're in the living room now. Tanya examines a couple of figurines while Mary goes on watching her with predatory interest.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Oh, they've been in the family
for a long time -- you probably
wouldn't believe how long.

We might, though.

Charles looks up... and in the mirror over the mantle he sees Tanya looking at one of the figurines. The figure hovering at her elbow is not -- at least in the mirror -- human. It is a Sleepwalker surrounded by a vague, transparent human envelope and glimmering with the Kirlian glow. Another Sleepwalker -- Charles -- stands behind the duo in the center of the room.

Charles knows that if Tanya looks up and sees what's in the mirror, she cannot be allowed to leave the Brady home alive.

CHARLES

(a little desperate)
Mom, we really ought to be going--

MARY

Soon, Charles; very soon.

She takes Tanya by the arm and leads her on toward the kitchen. If Tanya looked to the left -- just a little -- she would see herself in the mirror, being led by a monster... but she doesn't.

INT. THE BRADY KITCHEN

MARY

Just one second, dear...

Charles tries again -- frantically -- to catch Mary's eye. No go. She moves to one of the drawers while Tanya looks out the window over the sink into the driveway. She sees the Mustang.

TANYA

Nice car! But where's your
Trans-Am?

CHARLES

(distracted)
In the shop. The Mustang belongs
to...

His eyes widen. He sees Mary taking a pair of long, wickedly sharp scissors from the drawer. Tanya doesn't see it; she's now spotted half a dozen cats in the back yard. She smiles.

CHARLES

(finishes)
... it belongs to my Mother.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

That's right. It belongs to his mother.

And she turns the blades of the scissors toward Tanya.

TANYA

(looking out the window)
Boy, you must love cats! You've sure got enough of th --

She turns, and her eyes widen with fear as she sees the scissors in Mary's hands. The points are less than two feet from her breast. Mary is still smiling her ferociously charming smile.

MARY

They're strays. But we'll get rid of them, won't we, Charles? We're good at getting rid of pests.

She moves toward Tanya with the scissors... and then past her. On the kitchen table there is a heavy cut-glass vase full of roses (we'll see this vase again before long). Mary plucks one from the vase and turns to Tanya, who is just getting over her fright -- silly me! her face says. To think this nice lady would stab me with the kitchen shears!

Mary clips most of the stem from the rose, lays the scissors on the table, and slips the rose into Tanya's hair, behind one ear.

MARY

There! It finishes you, somehow--

Tanya is completely won over; this is surely the world's most romantic lady.

TANYA

Thank you, Mrs. Brady! What a sweet thing to give me.

MARY

Sweets to the sweet, I always say... right, Charles?

And her eyes send Charles a message: Scared you, didn't I?

MARY

Go on, now, you two; you'll lose the light...

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMELAND CEMETERY - AFTERNOON.

This is a beautiful abandoned little country graveyard circled by rock walls long since crumbled and broken. The surrounding woods have overgrown most of the back so there is no way to tell where Homeland ends and the woods begin.

The word "Homeland" in rusted ornamental ironwork arches over the front gate, which stands open. The blue Mustang is parked just inside the front gate. Tanya and Charles head inside. Tanya and Charles are walking away from it. Charles has got the bottle of wine.

CHARLES

It's beautiful here. And so are you, Tanya.

She smiles at him with genuine affection.

TANYA

Thank you, Charles.

For a moment they look at each other and it seems that something must happen. Instead, Charles grabs a stick of charcoal from his pocket, and when he heads deeper into Homeland, he might almost be running away from her.

CHARLES

Better get this out of the way right off. Your mom's probably gonna want to know some rubbing went on out here.

TANYA

(Sotto voce)
Me too, Charles.

Charles turns.

CHARLES

Hmm?

Tanya quickly pulls up her camera, covering her obvious romantic advance.

TANYA

That's it. Hold it.

Seeing the camera, Charles' smile fades for an instant. But even before Tanya can shoot, the smile is firmly back in place. He waits for her to lower the camera and nod. Then he heads further along the path.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES
 (smiles)
Cheese-burgers!

She snaps his picture. As soon as they're out of sight of the Mustang, it fades for a moment and ratchets into another form exactly as Charles' face did. Except the Mustang doesn't look agonized, merely weird. When the shape change is over it isn't a Mustang anymore. It's the Trans-Am again.

EXT. HOMELAND CEMETERY. AFTERNOON.

The graveyard has long since grown over with wild roses, weeds and grass and vines.

CHARLES
 Wow! Looks like an old monster
 movie!
 (ominous, imitating
 "Night of the Living
 Dead")
 They're coming to get you,
 Barbara...

Tanya giggles and follows along, but she clearly is not interested in photography today. She's looking for something else. Charles isn't exactly focused on Homeland either. But by force of will he concentrates on it to avoid any other possibilities.

Charles is still a few steps ahead of her.

TANYA
 Charles?

Charles stops.

TANYA
 Can I have a Coke?

Charles checks inside the bag. Grabs one out, pops the top and offers it over his arm as if he were a wine steward with a bottle of '45 Lafite. A French wine steward:

CHARLES
S'il vous plait, mademoiselle.

Tanya takes the soda and sits on a low wall.

TANYA
Je vous remercie milles fois, mon
 tres gentil monsieur.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

Vous parlez Francais? (BEAT) Je
suis comme le roi d'un pay
pluvieux, Riche, mais impuissant,
jeune et pourtant tres-vieux...

TANYA

I didn't get that. But your French
is so good--

CHARLES

It's Baudelaire. "I am like the
king of a rainy country, rich but
powerless, young yet very old..."

Tanya looks at Charles with undisguised longing. This guy is too good to be true. How right you are, Tanya. Charles continues through the grass looking for a suitable slate, obviously keeping distance between them for some reason.

Tanya watches him for a moment, then she sets the can down, grabs a little compact mirror out of her gadget bag and looks at herself. Pretty damn good. What's his problem? Must be shy. Tanya claps the compact shut, slips it back in the bag and heads after Charles.

CUT TO:

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD NEAR HOMELAND CEMETERY. AFTERNOON.

Here comes a Sheriff's cruiser on this lazy, sunny Saturday afternoon.

Tail curled about his paws, Clovis sits beside Andy watching the road ahead alertly. Unit Three is a little cleaner than before though there are crumbs from Andy's seventh Diet Energy Bar of the day.

LAURIE

(Voice)

Unit three, Arthur Ward wants to know if you're coming to see the broken window in his chicken house today or sometime next Spring.
Bye.

ANDY

Ha-ha! That's pretty funny, sweet thang. Why don't you just give Arthur a call and tell him where he can stick those coops... bye?

LAURIE (V.O)

Is it that time of month, Andy?
Bye.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY
 (to himself)
 Jesus.
 (pushes transmit button)
 I'm on my way, Laurie. Out.

He sets the mike back in its prong and speeds up.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMELAND CEMETERY. AFTERNOON.

Charles kneels by a slate, reading the inscription. He looks up over the gravestone to see Tanya taking photos in the gold afternoon sunlight, oblivious to him. He watches her with a mix of emotions: genuine attraction, growing fondness, need and ancient HUNGER. A plethora of LUSTS.

Tanya focuses and shoots. CLICK. Charles looks up, smiles. Then back to the stone. CLICK! Tanya moves closer. CLICK. She's almost attacking, closer and closer, a rapid-fire montage until Charles has backed up against the slate and Tanya has nowhere else to go but into his arms.

And she does. They tumble backward onto a patch of grass, the picnic lunch in the brown bag spilling out and scattering. Sandwiches, chips, a bottle of wine, the corkscrew. A lovely picnic luncheon. Their laughter joins the chirp of crickets, the hum of bees. Then silence.

A quiet BEAT. What's Charles going to do? A moment of choice. Then A KISS. Hard to say who moved forward first. (BEAT) But it's definitely Charles who breaks away.

CHARLES
 I'm sorry, I--

TANYA
 (shy but forward)
 No sorries...

They look at one another for a long BEAT before Tanya finally kisses him again. Charles keeps his response as much in check as he can. But it ain't easy. He kisses her back, tries not to give in to what rages within in.

TANYA
 Do you really feel... you know...
alone? Like the characters in your
 short story?
 (he just looks at her,
 holding back, his eyes
 reflecting her)
 'Cause I do.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES
(understanding)
I know.

Tanya looks deep into his eyes. Kisses him. Has to.

TANYA
It's so wonderful to feel --even
for just a few seconds-- to feel
that you're really with someone.

He nods. Growing passion. More kisses, nuzzles... even bites. Growing intimacy, heightened passion. We begin to fear that Tanya herself is forcing the issue, unknowingly opening Pandora's Box.

TANYA
Together. Do you understand?

CHARLES
I think we better--

TANYA
Shh.

CHARLES
Tanya, you don't know me.

TANYA
I know. But I want to.

Charles pulls back for a moment. Tanya looks into his eyes. She's not letting this one get away. Charles reaches out, touches her gently along the cheek, then cups her chin and brings her mouth close to his. And then he kisses her. A hard, harsh kiss. Tanya pulls back, manages a smile, as if she were the teacher.

TANYA
A little slower.

But she's pushed too hard. The ancient desire within Charles overwhelms the loving young man without: Charles' smile has the slightest edge of cruelty.

CHARLES
But I thought we understood each other...

He kisses her again and after moments of physical passion unleashed... something more. He fastens his mouth over hers and begins to inhale. And something passes between them. Just a trace of that strange Kirlian glow that passed between Mary and Charles for a few seconds. But this is more than a few seconds and it's INTENSE.

(CONTINUED)

Tanya rips away. Her eyes wide with fear. She doesn't know what he just did. But she knows she doesn't like it.

TANYA

Charles,.. I couldn't breathe..

CHARLES

(frighteningly ironic)
Oh, gee... I'm sorry.

And he takes her into his arms, holding her tightly as she begins to STRUGGLE.

TANYA

Charles! You're hurting me!

CHARLES

Yes? Isn't this the excitement you were talking about?

Tanya pushes him away and stands. Charles reaches out as Tanya tries to run past him. Charles wins. He grabs her. He's DANGEROUS.

Tanya SCREAMS. She struggles. Her camera slides down her arm and tumbles in the grass. Charles' power is ineluctable.

CHARLES

If I'm sorry for anything it's that I can't be sorry. The problem is simple! I just don't have a choice.

The only perceptible change --and not one Tanya has the presence of mind to notice-- is Charles' fingernails which have grown out just a tad. And sharpened. Rather like a cat's. As she struggles, her blouse rips.

She screams again and tries to fight out of his embrace. But he yanks her back to him. She scratches at his face and gets her nails into it. Furious, he slashes out at her, hard, and she slips backward to the ground, her nose and lips bleeding.

But she won't stop fighting. She scrambles away. Charles grabs after her. His nails tear at the waist of her jeans.

CHARLES

You're right. We do understand each other. I love it when you play hard to get.

Tanya sobs with pain and terror but she doesn't stop struggling. And she's strong and fast. As she gets to her feet and races away, Charles is left with shredded denim dragging from his claws.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

This is just how we live, Tanya...
It's nothing personal.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEAR HOMELAND CEMETERY. AFTERNOON.

Andy's Cruiser approaches Homeland. Clovis' ears are laid back. Does he sense danger? No. Andy's just singing an affordable -- probably public domain -- song. And it's not a bit pretty.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMELAND CEMETERY. AFTERNOON.

Charles has dragged her down back where they were first in each other's arms, near the picnic lunch. He looms over Tanya's terrified, sobbing figure.

CHARLES

Tanya, it doesn't have to hurt.

His clawlike hands grasp her shoulders and shake her, pulling her right up to his face, twisted with rage. In his fury of lust his face has changed. His eyes are green... something ancient and evil within him alters his features. There is something monstrous in his visage.

CHARLES

(panting)

Don't you get it, Tanya? I need you.

(sudden fury)

I need you to live.

TANYA

(petrified)

Okay. Yes. Whatever you want. Only just don't kill me. Please don't kill me!

There's only a trace of human emotion left in Charles. Then, abandoning his humanity for good, his eyes blaze green. His lips are poised above her mouth and when she opens her mouth to cry out, he inhales. And slowly the Kirlian aura begins to flow from her mouth to his. A life force, an essence. He inhales with greedy pleasure.

Tanya reaches out. The camera is just out of her grasp. She struggles blindly for the strap. Just beyond her fingertips.

She struggles up, screaming. His reaction is swift. He slaps her back down. Spit and blood spatter from her mouth. But she's gained a little distance.

(CONTINUED)

Charles looks as if they've had a dispute over some minor rule of etiquette.

CHARLES

Tanya, you aren't entering into the spirit of this. Think of yourself as... as lunch!

Tanya stares into his eyes in disbelief. But her hand scrabbles for the camera strap... Almost... almost... Now! She's got it! And as Charles leans back in to feed, Tanya swings the camera with all her might.

The camera smashes straight into the center of Charles' forehead. Blood spurts from the huge gash. Charles claps his hands to the gouting wound. He rolls off her onto the grass, thrashing for a moment and then he's still. Dead?

Tanya is poised to run... But she doesn't. Even beyond horrified fascination with this bizarre and awful thing is the very human desire to help a fellow creature in pain. She bends over the body... touches him...

He sits bolt upright! His face is a hideous mask of blood, but his eyes are wide open. And he's grinning.

CHARLES

Peek-a-baby!

His hand pistons out and seizes her. She screams and struggles. Charles' grin fades.

CHARLES

I lied. It does have to hurt.

He throws her down on the ground, face first. He puts his knee into the small of her back and sets his hands at her neck. He's going to rip her apart to feed.

Tanya jerks her head back and forth. She's trying to get away, but in her struggle, she sees the corkscrew that spilled out of the bag. She grabs at it. Tries to shake off the cap over the screw. And it finally sails free. With a last tremendous effort, Tanya manages to twist away from under Charles' knee and strike out with the corkscrew.

And she manages to bury it in Charles' eye.

This time Charles' ROAR of surprise and pain is real. He claps his hands to his eye. Blood pours between his fingers.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES
 (mock dismay)
 Just look at this shirt! Not even
 Tide will get these stubborn
 stains out! My mom's gonna kill
 me!

Tanya scrambles away.

Charles ROARS WITH RAGE. His other eye clouds with the spurting blood. He can barely see through the red, rippling haze.

She slashes again with the corkscrew. It drags across his face. Catches on his jaw and jerks out of her hand, stuck in his face. Blood gushes from the wound.

TANYA
 Stay away from me! Stay away!

Charles is unfazed by any of the violence visited on him by cameras or corkscrews.

CHARLES
 When exactly did I lose your
 trust?

But the blood has dimmed his sight and as he lunges toward her shadowy shape, he trips over the low wall and falls, heavy and graceless. His head smashes with fearful force on the sharp concrete edge of the wall.

Tanya races away.

Charles struggles to his knees. Puffy, bloody eye, gore-streaked face. Whatever pain he feels, what dominates is twisted, malignant rage.

CHARLES
 Okay, Tanya, that's it.
 Playtime's over.

He gains his feet and with a ROAR staggers after Tanya.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDY'S CRUISER. AFTERNOON.

Andy might not even see the car parked over there by the gate to the Homeland.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY
(unfortunately still
singing)

He's a one-ball man And he's off
to the row-dee-oh! Ohhh...alamand
left and alamand right... Come
on, you fuckin' dummy--

He breaks off suddenly. He's passing the open gate of the cemetery, and from within he sees a flash of sun on metal.

ANDY
Hold the phone. Just hold the
phone.

He swerves over and pulls to a stop right behind the blue Trans-Am.

ANDY
Alright!

He starts to reach for the mike when Tanya's voice interrupts.

TANYA
(O.C.)
Help! Help me! Jesus! Somebody!
Help!

Tanya appears from out of the trees lining the entrance to the cemetery. Her face is bloody, her clothes in rags and tatters.

Andy tosses the microphone aside and swings out of the car. Clovis tries to follow, but Andy slams the door, shutting him in the car.

ANDY
No!

Tanya sees the large, comforting form of Andy step out of his car and she throws herself into his arms sobbing.

TANYA
Get me out of here! He's crazy.
And he isn't... human--

She can't even begin to get herself under control. She's clutching and pulling and trying to get Andy back inside the car. She casts fearful looks over her shoulder. But there's no sign of Charles.

Deputy Simpson unstraps his service revolver.

ANDY
You just calm down and tell me
what happened...

(CONTINUED)

TANYA

He tried to... Oh God!

ANDY

It's okay now. Don't worry, we'll get him. We'll get him.

TANYA

You don't understand--

ANDY

One thing at a time, sweetheart. This fella have a name?

TANYA

Brady. Charles Brady. His face was awful. Charles Brady. It just... changed... I'm scared. I'm scared.

Andy puts his arm around her shoulder and guides her to the car door. He's alert. His gun is drawn.

Inside the cruiser Clovis is up on his hind legs, fore paws pressed against the glass.

Andy opens the back door of the Cruiser for Tanya.

ANDY

Get in. And lock it.

Tanya doesn't move to get in. She shakes her head no. Clutched at Andy's shirt and pulls him nearer. She stares into his eyes with terrible earnestness. She makes a tremendous effort to be calm and coherent as she speaks.

TANYA

Please. We both have to get out of here. He's not human.

ANDY

Everything's gonna be all r-

Charles leaps from the bushes, HOWLING and rushes toward them. His face streams with blood. He carries the sharpened No. 5 charcoal stick in his raised fist. And he buries it in Andy's ear.

CHARLES

Cop-ka-bob!

Tanya screams. Andy grabs blindly at the charcoal protruding from the side of his head, his mouth gaping open, his eyes bulging.

(CONTINUED)

Impatiently, Charles shoves the big cop aside and reaches for Tanya. He manages a handful of hair as she dives forward into the back seat of the Cruiser. Charles is yanked forward, still grasping the hank of hair.

Tanya leans back out, grabs the door and slams it right on Charles arm. Charles is more enraged than hurt. He bellows, but at the same time, tugs Tanya forward by her hair. Her head crashes into the Cruiser door. The door starts to swing open, but she jerks it shut a second time. He still won't let go.

Outside Andy gets slowly to his feet, the charcoal still sticking from his ear. His service revolver is in his hand and now he brings it up... but slowly, as if it weighed a thousand pounds.

Charles clutches the door handle from the outside with his free hand and swings it out sharply. The door flies open and Tanya who has been hanging onto the door for dear life is thrown clear of the car. She hits the ground and sprawls there sobbing.

Andy aims straight at Charles and FIRES!

A flower of blood blooms on Charles' back. But he doesn't go down. He turns on Andy with a crazed grin.

CHARLES

I don't believe you ever fired
a warning shot, Officer.

Charles rips the gun from Andy's hand. Turns it around, jams it into Andy's belly and FIRES! Andy is blown backward by the force of the blast, a huge hole on the front of his uniform shirt. The edges smolder. He dies, bewildered.

Dazed and sobbing, Tanya tries to get up. But Charles is right over her. Then, amazingly, Charles offers her his clawed hand. An almost courtly gesture. Shortlived. He grabs her and jerks her upright.

CHARLES

Now... where were we?

His mouth opens hungrily and he begins to lower his face toward hers.

A SUDDEN, RISING SCOWL: The Battle-Cry of Clovis The Attack-Cat.

He stands in the car door, fur bushed out, ears laid flat to his skull, eyes blazing. He SLASHES at Charles.

Clovis' claws slice into Charles' face. Charles SCREECHES in agony, the corkscrew and the gun may have hurt him, but Clovis has wounded him, really wounded him.

(CONTINUED)

The diagonal slash-marks SMOKE! And then they catch FIRE and BURN! Charles stumbles back, SHRIEKING. Clovis leaps to the attack. He jumps at Charles, slashing and scraping at him, starting a dozen little fires.

Tanya scrambles into the back of the Cruiser and SLAMS the door. Locks it. Sees the other side is already locked.

LAURIE

(Voice)

Unit three, Unit three: State your twenty. Come on. (BEAT) Andy, get with the program! Bye!

Tanya leans into the front seat and grabs the radio microphone lying on the seat.

Outside, Charles rips Clovis from his face and flings him aside. Charles' face is slashed and bloody and smoking.

Clovis HISSES at Charles. Charles GROWLS back at him. But Charles has had enough. He runs for his car.

Clovis takes chase. But he leaps and hits the Trans-Am door just after Charles has slammed it shut. Clovis claws at the door, HISSING and spitting, pumped and ready to fight.

INSIDE THE CRUISER

Tanya can hear the Trans-Am start and rev. She screams into the mike.

TANYA

Help me! Somebody help me, please!

LAURIE

(Voice)

Andy, where the heck are you? Bye?

Finally Tanya pushes the TRANSMIT button on the side of the mike. Up ahead she can see the Trans-Am roar down the main path.

TANYA

Help me! Please! I'm at Homeland.
He killed the policeman! Help me!
Hurry!

The Trans-Am fishtails into a 180, wheeling around in a large bouncing circle. Charles steers back around the low walls and benches and heads back toward the gate.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHERIFF'S STATION. AFTERNOON.

LAURIE

(Voice)

Please. Slow down. I can't--

Ira comes out of his office, hearing rather more racket from the radio than is common in Travis.

IRA

What's going on?

LAURIE

(Frightened)

A girl. She's hysterical. But there was something about "killed a cop."

IRA

Where's Andy?

From the RADIO: Tanya's SCREAM and the SOUND of an ENGINE REVVING.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMELAND CEMETERY. AFTERNOON.

The Trans-Am barrels straight ahead.

Tanya throws herself on the front seat.

Charles muscles the wheel to avoid the head-on, but he SIDESWIPES the Cruiser. SCREAM OF METAL ON METAL. The Trans-Am careens off the stone posts that support the entrance arch to Homeland. Then he settles onto the road back to town.

Tanya peers over the dashboard. Sees the Trans-Am disappear around a curve and out-of-sight. She holds the mike close and sobs softly into it.

TANYA

I'm at Homeland. Please come.
Please... hurry...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHERIFF'S STATION. AFTERNOON.

Ira leaps the steps and hits the sidewalk running. In a second he's inside his cruiser. He burns rubber backing out. The SIREN and FLASHER go on as he fishtails down the main drag of Travis.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMELAND CEMETERY. AFTERNOON.

Tanya is a mess. Not as bad as Charles, but bad. She checks the ignition, but Andy took the keys. She sits in the Cruiser crying helplessly. Out the window she sees Clovis approach his dead master. He sniffs, waows mournfully.

Tanya carefully opens the door. Looks out. Listens. Then gets out of the Cruiser and walks over to Clovis. She looks with grief and horror at the slain patrolman. A hand tenderly strokes Clovis back. Clovis accepts the gesture.

TANYA

You were the one, weren't you?
You made him go away.

She buries her face in his fur sobbing. Clovis bears this with good grace, but his eyes never leave Andy.

TANYA

You. You were the one.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRADY HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

Eight, ten cats stand sentry in front of the house as Charles' car squeals around the corner, up the driveway and into the open garage.

INT. THE BRADY KITCHEN. LATE AFTERNOON.

Mary is busy fixing dinner in the kitchen. Once again a mood of quiet domestic bliss. At the SOUND OF A CAR in the driveway, her eyes light up with happiness and anticipation.

She rinses her hands under the tap quickly and grabs a towel to dry them, practically licking her lips. As she moves toward the back door, she dries her hands. She can hear approaching footsteps as she goes.

MARY

I didn't expect you for another-

She opens the door and her happy expression is transformed to one of horror. Charles stands swaying back and forth on the back step, his face a smoking ruin. He is holding onto a single thread of consciousness with sheer willpower.

MARY

Charles!

The thread snaps. Will fails. Charles collapses into her arms. His voice is frail, distant.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES

Mommy, my face is so hot...

Charles passes out in her arms. He is dying.

EXT. THE BACKYARD. LATE AFTERNOON.

Three cats are clustered around a baited trap, but their eyes are on Mary as she strains to drag Charles into the kitchen. She kicks the door shut with her foot.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMELAND CEMETERY. LATE AFTERNOON.

This isn't limited to Travis any more. The county and the state are involved. A DOZEN POLICE CARS are parked all around the entrance to Homeland, some on the grass, some in the lane, some up against the stone wall.

A STATE FORENSIC VAN sits across from the main gate. YELLOW PLASTIC "CRIME SCENE" TAPE surrounds the entire area. FORENSIC SPECIALISTS comb the grounds for paint scrapings, threads of clothing, anything that might harbor a latent print.

Ira's Cruiser functions as a temporary headquarters. Tanya sits facing out on the edge of the back seat. She's wrapped in a blanket she clutches around her shoulders all the way to her throat. Horace and Ira both take notes.

IRA

Okay. His name is Charles Brady, formerly of Paradise Falls, and he lives at 66 Wicker Street. The rest of it, including the make and color of the car--

Tanya is not only exhausted, terrified and confused, she's incredibly frustrated.

TANYA

It was an old car. Really nice one. And it was blue. But it wasn't a Trans-Am. He took me home in the Trans-Am. And this wasn't it.

IRA

But it was blue. The same blue.

TANYA

Yes, but it wasn't--

IRA

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA

No. You're missing the point. I know it sounds crazy, but he isn't-

POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER

Excuse me, Miss. Sheriff? I have to document... those bruises. Could you turn your head, Miss?

As Tanya turns, she instinctively moves to brush back her hair.

POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER

Please don't do that, Miss.

The Photo Technician takes a profile shot while Ira goes over his notes and sneaks a very careful look at Tanya.

TECHNICIAN WITH CAMERA

Turn your head the other way, please.

She does. And a sudden memory dawns on her face.

TANYA

Where's my camera? I took his picture!

She looks for it. A lab man holds up a Nikon in a Zip-Loc baggie and looks at her questioningly.

TANYA

(triumphantly)
Yes! Develop that film, and you'll have the son of a bitch's portrait!

Ira points an authoritative finger at the Photo Tech.

IRA

Get on that A.S.A.P.

He nods to Horace, who closes his steno pad.

IRA

(gently, to Tanya)
This is Officer Raeburn. He'll run you home. I'll have to come over and ask you a few more questions tonight... okay?

TANYA

Y-yes.

(CONTINUED)

IRA

You're sure he said Jeanette Stevens was the one who told him where you lived?

TANYA

That's what he said.

IRA

Do you think he was telling the truth?

TANYA

I don't know. He was...

She's done a great job of holding on so far, but now she begins to lose it.

TANYA

... very charming.

Ira puts an arm around her and hugs her.

IRA

(to Horace)
Take her home.

HORACE

(self-importantly)
Do her parents know that a Class One assault did not occur?

IRA

Do they know she managed to avoid being raped by the bastard? Yes.

HORACE

(embarrassed)
Okay.

IRA

Don't let her out of your sight.

Horace nods emphatically. He opens the door for Tanya. She's about to slide in when Clovis' miaow distracts her. She turns to see him sitting in Ira's Cruiser.

TANYA

Sheriff, when you come tonight, can you bring him, the deputy's cat?

IRA

What for?

(CONTINUED)

TANYA
I'll feel safer.

Ira's forehead furrows with concern. But now Tanya isn't bothered. She looks at him defiantly.

TANYA
Charles Brady isn't human,
Sheriff. The cat saved my life.
I'll see you this evening.

She slides into the Cruiser. Horace looks carefully at Ira.

HORACE
You gonna be okay?

IRA
You mean am I gonna get dead drunk
for the first time in six years,
Horace?

HORACE
Naw, it's just-- Well, it wouldn't
be a very good time for that,
y'know.

IRA
Let's say we collar this Charles
Brady character first and then
I'll decide.

That sets Horace's mind at ease. He salutes and climbs into the Cruiser. Horace pulls away as Ira turns and looks back at the blanket covering his fallen friend.

IRA
(To himself)
If I can wait that long.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BRADY'S LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Mary has worked on the house since Charles left. Some of the windows have been boarded up from the inside behind the drawn drapes.

Charles lies on the couch. His body shudders involuntarily. He's filmed with sweat. His skin is slashed and burned. He's lost an eye.

Mary kneels beside him, her face an agony of worry, pain and fear. She applies a medicinal green ointment from an unmarked white jar to Charles' wounds. But no matter how tenderly she works, the pain wracks Charles' body.

(CONTINUED)

The green salve bubbles and steams when it touches cut flesh.

CHARLES

I'm sorry... I tried, Mom. I really tried. It was the cat... Before I could feed... You were right, we've only got each other...

MARY

(brushes his hair)
Shhh, Charles, it doesn't matter. Save your strength.

CHARLES

How bad is it?

MARY

Not so bad; you'll be all right, honey.

CHARLES

(half-delirious)
You'll... starve...

MARY

No. You're going to be okay and then you'll feed me. (BEAT) But I'm afraid they'll be coming for us. Soon.

As if for punctuation, a kamikaze cat throws himself against one of the windows with a thump. But he doesn't break through and shuffles away nursing a badly bruised shoulder.

CHARLES

We can go... I'll be okay.

MARY

No, sweetheart. We have to stay here until you're stronger. (BEAT) But I want you to help me. Try to make yourself dim. Will you try that for me, Charles?

Charles is so enveloped with pain he can barely comprehend what she's saying.

MARY

Go on... Try.

Charles concentrates. For a moment he seems to shimmer. But he doesn't fade. And then he solidifies. His eyes gleam with panic.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLES
I can't! I can't do it.

MARY
(trying not to betray
her worry)
That's alright. I'll just have
to do it for both of us.

CHARLES
But there are the traps and the
car and--

MARY
Shhh. Rest. I'll do it. I'll take
care of you.

Mary takes his hands. Kisses them tenderly. Then lays them gently at his side. She gets up. Charles reaches out for a moment, but his hand slides limply back down. Mary goes to the kitchen leaving Charles still burning with frustrated fury, scorched, slashed.

INT. THE BRADY KITCHEN. AFTERNOON.

Mary closes the kitchen door. Hidden away from Charles, her mask of calm serenity fails. She's tormented with fear, confusion and anger. Her son's life, her life hang in the balance. She paces trying to clear her mind. Her fists clench, fly open then snatch closed again.

She slams her fist into the refrigerator. It goes right through like an armored projectile. Her strength is a match for Charles'.

CHARLES
(O.C.)
Mom?

MARY
Right there, sweetheart.

She draws a glass of water from the sink. As she stands by the window she can see the backyard.

EXT. THE BACKYARD. LATE AFTERNOON.

There are a dozen cats by now. Some traps are sprung. Most are not. The all sit and stare at the house.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON.

Charles can barely sip at the glass of water Mary has brought for him. She is once again, calm, comforting... Mom.

(CONTINUED)

MARY

Drink some of this nice cold water. It'll make you feel better.

She helps him sit up and feeds him sips of water. Most of it runs down his face and neck. He coughs weakly.

CHARLES

(very quiet)

I'm... dying.

MARY

(terror)

No! No, Charles, no!

CHARLES

Yes. Dying. It feels like I'm burning alive.

MARY

(screams)

MY BOY IS NOT GOING TO DIE! NOT EVER!

She throws the water glass across the room. It shatters. Suddenly a moment of calm washes over Mary. She takes a deep breath. An idea. But outside A SIREN. She rushes to the window.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BRADY HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

The front lawn is crowded with cats, must be fifty by now.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON.

Mary closes her eyes for a moment. Concentrates fiercely.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BRADY HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

The cats are all still there, waiting.

Now, at the end of the block, the first of a parade of POLICE CARS, bubble- and bar-lights flashing.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON.

Mary rushes back to Charles. Yellowish white froth pops and sighs at the corners of his mouth. A pitiable sight for any creature.

MARY

They're coming.

He doesn't respond. Mary shakes him.

(CONTINUED)

MARY
I'm going to make us dim. I can
do it, but you have to stay
perfectly quiet. Do you
understand?

CHARLES
(weak)
... love you...

He reaches to touch her cheek. Mary's control breaks; she
embraces him.

MARY
(weeping)
Just be quiet, Charles. It can
still be all right. If we're
brave and lucky, it will be all
right.

Outside the window: flashing blue lights.

CHARLES
I'm scared...

MARY
Don't be afraid... Mommy's right
here.

IRA
(O.C.)
CHARLES BRADY! IF YOU'RE INSIDE,
COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS OPEN AND
EMPTY.

CHARLES
So scared...

MARY
I know. Shhh.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE BRADY HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

The parade of cop cars has drawn up in front of 66 Wicker
Street. Ira, with a battery-powered bullhorn, stands on the
walk with Horace on one side and STATE POLICE CAPTAIN SOAMES
on the other.

SOAMES
Whoever they are, they're long
gone, Sheriff. That place is
empty.

Other cops approach, hands on holstered guns.

(CONTINUED)

IRA

Maybe.

HORACE

What's with the cats?

That is a very good question. There are at least twenty of them, and those are just the ones we can see.

IRA

Cats isn't all.

He steps carefully into the high grass and slides his nightstick from his belt. Two or three cats run from his approach. Metal gleams in the grass. Ira prods it with his stick. There's a SNAP. When he raises the stick for Soames's inspection, a trap is clamped to it like a set of oversized false teeth.

IRA

Are you sure the Bradys are long gone, Captain Soames?

Soames looks at a loss and angry to be that way. He's a pompous, opinionated prick.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM. LATE AFTERNOON.

Mary kneels beside Charles.

MARY

I have to do us, Charles. Keep still.

Mary closes her eyes and renews her concentration, still clinging to Charles.

MARY

(whispers)

Dim...

Mary and Charles begin to shimmer and glow, much more smoothly than when Charles dimmed the Trans-Am. Soon they begin to FADE... And then they simply DISAPPEAR. The house is deserted, a place hurriedly abandoned.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE BRADY HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

CAPTAIN SOAMES

May I suggest --

IRA

With all due respect, Captain Soames, you may not.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

IRA (Cont'd)

This is my town, my case and my officer on a slab over in Oxford Hills. Now I'm going up the walk to take a look around. I want you to take charge of these others. Circle the house. Got it?

CAPTAIN SOAMES

(patronizing)

We're on the same side here, Ira. Mind if I take the back door?

IRA

Just wait on my signal before you come in. And tell your men to watch for those traps.

Soames waves his men to circle the back. He heads up the driveway. Ira moves to the front door. Everyone moves slowly and cautiously. No matter what the house looks like.

EXT. THE FRONT DOOR. LATER AFTERNOON.

Service revolver drawn, covered by serious riflery, Ira hammers on the door with his fist.

IRA

.Open up! Police!

No response. He hammers again.

IRA

Open it, Brady! I'm in no mood to be polite!

EXT. THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

THREE POLICEMEN advance down the driveway. But not as cautiously as they should. They are fascinated by the cats. They're everywhere, running, leaping, skittering past.

COP #1

Jesus! What's goin' on here?

COP #2

Lotta cats.

COP #1

I can see that, dickhead.

The CAMERA centers on COP #2 and PANS SLOWLY DOWN HIS LEGS as he walks. Dead ahead, but almost completely concealed in the grass, is another trap. COP #2 walks right into it, and it SNAPS SHUT on his ankle. Cop #2 SCREAMS!

EXT. THE FRONT DOOR. LATE AFTERNOON.

Ira hears the agonized bellow of Cop #1. He calls over his shoulder:

IRA
Back me up! I'm goin' in!

Ira smashes the door in with his shoulder. The door bursts off its hinges and smashes down on the floor.

Ira steps in, gun ready, pumped... And sees nothing.

INT. THE KITCHEN.

The rear door crashes in. Soames enters, service revolver drawn and ready.

CAPTAIN SOAMES
Police! Police! Hands up--

Nothing here either. Soames takes a quick look around and heads to the living room.

CAPTAIN SOAMES
Ira? Soames! Nothin' in the kitchen! I'm coming to you.

As Ira and Soames first spot each other in the hallway, they both have to overcome the urge to fire first and ask questions later. Ira lowers his pistol in disgust.

IRA
I told you to wait my word.

CAPTAIN SOAMES
I thought you gave it.

Soames holsters his gun.

CAPTAIN SOAMES
Told you the damn place was empty.
(BEAT) Want to check upstairs while we're in here?

Ira looks out a side window.

EXT. THE SIDE LAWN.

Cop #1 pulls the trap open from around Cop #2's ankle. His leg is drenched with blood. Other cops and locals rubberneck.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM.

Soames looks over Ira's shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN SOAMES
 Aw shit! What a Polish fire drill.
 (shouting through
 window)
Get outta there. Get back in the
 damn car! NOW! MOVE! MOVE! MOVE!

Cop #2 winces at the rough treatment, but they MOVE!

Ira shakes his head and turns away from Soames. As he passes the space where the couch was, Ira stops, shivers.

CAPTAIN SOAMES
 What?

IRA
 Cold draught.

CAPTAIN SOAMES
 Use one right now, could you?

Soames smiles acidly. Just letting the troops know who's really in charge. Then he moves past Ira headed upstairs.

EXT. THE BRADY HOUSE. LATE AFTERNOON.

The Animal Control Officer arrives on the scene with his van and TWO MORE OFFICERS. They climb out, look around. They've got pet carriers and loop-snubbers to snare the cats. All three of them just stand and stare at all the cats for a minute.

ANIMAL CONTROL
 Wow.

INT. THE BRADY'S BEDROOM.

Deserted. Soames spots something over in the corner: an old 45 rpm record. "Sleepwalk." He tosses it back in the corner.

IRA
 I'd like to set up a couple
 checkpoints in and outta town.

CAPTAIN SOAMES
 The perp's history by now, Ira.

IRA
 (steely)
 He killed one of my men. We'll
 use all means.

Soames starts to move around Ira. But Ira plants himself firmly in the way.

(CONTINUED)

CAPTAIN SOAMES

Look all we've got is one hysterical girl with a very vivid imagination. I understand she's seeing everything but werewolves.

IRA

What about the cats?

CAPTAIN SOAMES

What about 'em, Ira? (BEAT) Listen-- that little girl needs a good smack on the butt. And if her mama and daddy won't do it, I'll happily volunteer.

Soames brushes past Ira and heads downstairs.

IRA

(too late)

Stay away from her, Soames.

EXT. THE BRADY HOUSE. SUNDOWN.

Only four police cars and the animal control van are left.

The Animal Control Officers come from the far side of the house. Their pet carriers are full, two cats each. Ira comes out on the steps as they come around.

IRA

Jesus.

ANIMAL CONTROL

These are just the last. We got sixteen. There was maybe twenty others that got away.

IRA

The traps?

ANIMAL CONTROL

All sprung. We think. Still... wouldn't want my kids playin' in the yard. Who set 'em, Sheriff?

IRA

We don't know. But what got the cats here in the first place?

ANIMAL CONTROL

Must be food of some kind, but I don't know what it could be. Nothin' here. Still weird.

(CONTINUED)

IRA

What?

ANIMAL CONTROL

Never seen this kind of feline pack behavior. Just ain't what they do.

From somewhere in the growing purple gloom: MIAOW. They look at one another.

CUT TO:

INT. THE LIVING ROOM.

Mary and Charles reappear.

MARY

Charles? Charles!

She shakes him. Charles responds with a guttural noise, then silence. The sick yellow and white foam continues to ooze from the corners of his mouth. Mary hugs him gently, but her face betrays iron-willed determination.

MARY

Charles, I'm going to bring her to you...

She hugs him much more fiercely. We see the weakness overtaking her, but she hides it from Charles. We remember that she too must be fed.

Charles manages to open his one good eye for a moment, as close to a nod as he can manage. Mary lays his head gently back down and gets up. She clenches her fist in front of her chest.

MARY

I'll bring her back, Charles, and you'll feed and grow strong. We'll feed. Just hang on. Hang on.

Blood begins to drip from between her clenched fingers where the nails have bitten into the palm.

MARY

Either way, she dies, my darling. I promise you that.

CUT TO:

INT. IRA'S CRUISER. SUNDOWN.

Clovis sits looking out the back window. His eyes are wide and interested.

IRA

Give me a call if you figure it out.

Animal Control slings his pet carrier into the van.

Soames comes up with TWO STATE OFFICERS.

CAPTAIN SOAMES

I can spare you two officers. Diehl and Stenta. (BEAT) You sure you want to waste 'em here?

IRA

In case Brady comes back.

CAPTAIN SOAMES

If Charles Brady was ever here. Come on, Ira. Don't you think this is overkill?

IRA

No.

Ira climbs into his Cruiser and leaves. Soames does the same. DIEHL and STENTA relax against the hood of their cruisers and light up.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ROBERTSON HOUSE. NIGHT.

Horace sops the remains of a plate full of food with a piece of bread as Mrs. Robertson busies herself cleaning up at the sink.

HORACE

Best meal I've had since the wife passed on. (BEAT) Boy, if Ira found out, he'd kill me.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Nonsense, Deputy Raeburn. The steak was thawed and the corn was husked. Speaking of corn, there's one more ear...

HORACE

Well...

(CONTINUED)

As Mrs. Robertson takes his plate to the pot on the stove, Mr. Robertson, strained and unhappy, comes into the kitchen.

MR. ROBERTSON
She's been up there a long time,
Helen. Think you ought to...?

Mrs. Robertson tongs the last ear of corn onto the plate.

MRS. ROBERTSON
She's taking a nice, hot bath.
Just getting clean.

The controlled ferocity in her voice unnerves both men. When she puts the corn in front of Horace now, he smiles and nods his thanks but isn't really hungry any more. Mr. Robertson quickly retires back into his den.

INT. THE UPSTAIRS BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Tanya lies back in a tub full of warm soapy water. Her hair is pulled up and back. She draws lazy circles in the water with a washcloth, then leaning her head back she closes her eyes and drapes the cloth over her face.

Long BEAT. Then.... Tanya isn't alone. A SHADOW looms over her. She whips the cloth off as CHARLES bends over the tub toward her, his face a slashed, burned, smoky ruin. His eyes blaze with hatred.

CHARLES
Just do me a favor, and don't
mistake this for love.

His mouth opens to reveal razor sharp fangs.

FLASH CUT:

Tanya snatches off the washcloth. She sits up, eyes alert with terror, arms slapping at her fantasies, splashing bath water everywhere. She's alone in the bathroom. And when she realizes that she's relieved. And then there's a KNOCK at the door that scares the hell out of her. Tough day.

MR. ROBERTSON
(O.C.)
Honey? Everything okay?

Tanya flips the drain lever.

TANYA
Yes, I'm getting out now.

INT. THE UPSTAIRS HALL.

Mr. Robertson is relieved to hear her voice, but his face betrays his sorrow and helplessness.

MR. ROBERTSON

Your mother's keeping supper warm
for you.

(pause)

Honey?

INT. THE BATHROOM.

Tanya tucks in the top of a bathsheet wrapped protectively around her.

TANYA

(fighting to sound fine)

Thanks, Daddy, but I thought I
might lie down for awhile. (BEAT)
Will you call me when the sheriff
gets here with the cat?

INT. THE HALL.

Mr. Robertson nods, resigned. His eyes well up as he hears her struggling for control.

MR. ROBERTSON

Yeah, I will. (BEAT) I love you,
honey.

When there is no reply, he sighs and heads back down the stairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT.

A State Police Checkpoint. The cruiser is parked across the road. Soames' Cruiser approaches and slows to a stop. He gets out and meets the TWO STATE OFFICERS walking toward him.

CAPTAIN SOAMES

Seen anything?

FIRST COP looks up and down the road for any last minute news. Shakes his head.

FIRST COP

Not even a drunk driver.

CAPTAIN SOAMES

Guess that means Sheriff Numbnuts
hasn't been by.

(CONTINUED)

Soames nods. Yeah, sure. Soames ain't buyin'. He comes to his own decision.

CAPTAIN SOAMES

Why don't you boys follow me back to Travis? I want that girl in "protective" custody. And I sure as hell don't want some damn drunk questioning her all by his one-some.

FIRST COP

What about the checkpoint?

CAPTAIN SOAMES

Fuck the checkpoint. Let's go.

He gets back in his car and takes off followed by the other cruiser. No sirens, but the barlights are flashing.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BRADY HOUSE. NIGHT.

The State Police unit is parked in front of the house. Inside Officers Diehl and Stenta appear only as two cigarette embers like fireflies in the dark.

The front door of the house OPENS and CLOSES, apparently by itself. Footsteps cross the wooden porch. Down the steps, the CLICK of heels on sidewalk. And SOMEONE, someone unseen, begins to WHISTLE. The tune is "Sleepwalk."

INT. THE CRUISER. NIGHT.

Diehl and Stenta, startled, squint into the dark, then at each other. They're out of the car fast.

EXT. ON THE SIDEWALK. NIGHT.

DIEHL

You see anything?

Stenta shakes his head. Looks all around.

STENTA

Who's there? Identify yourself.
Police officers!

The WHISTLING stops. The cops look at each other nervously, then move toward the house.

DIEHL

Maybe it was wind.

(CONTINUED)

STENTA

It was not the fucking wind.

As they inch carefully closer to the house, they do not see Mary Brady behind them. Curled in one arm is a thick cut-glass vase filled with fresh blooming roses. Mary is dressed for company. She looks young and sexy and dangerous.

She carefully sets the vase on the sidewalk. Stenta may have heard the sound, but too late in any event. Mary steps up behind them and seizes a neck in each hand. Her fingers sink in as if their necks were wet papier-mache. She swings their heads together. There is a sickening CRUNCH. She yanks them apart and smashes them together again. And then she does it one more time. Blood splatters everywhere. Now she flings opens her arms and the cops, dead, fly off like dolls.

MARY

You're right. It was not the
fucking wind.

She picks up the vase and calm as you please slides into the front seat of the State Police Cruiser. The engine kicks over, the bubble-light goes on and the car pulls away.

CUT TO:

INT. TANYA'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Tanya's in panties, pulling an oversized t-shirt over her head. She considers her reflection in the mirror. Her eyes are puffy and red from all the crying. There are red patches on her shoulders and arms and legs which will be bruises by tomorrow. She sighs unhappily. Tries to shrug it off. She falls slowly backward onto the bed, arms at her sides. She stares at the ceiling. Her eyes fill with silent tears.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROBERTSON HOUSE - NIGHT.

A State Police Cruiser pulls up in front of the house. Mary Brady gets out as if she were making a pleasant social call, the vase of roses, a little house-warming gift. She RINGS the doorbell.

INT. THE KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Mrs. Robertson, rinsing dishes for the dishwasher, starts at the sound. Horace looks up from finishing off the last of the corn on the cob.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Who could that be?

(CONTINUED)

Horace scooches away from the kitchen table and checks out the side window as Mr. Robertson stands in the kitchen doorway.

HORACE

State Police. Probably Soames.
Hope he doesn't think he's gonna
question her before Ira gets
here...

The DOORBELL again.

MR. ROBERTSON

I'll get it.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM.

Mr. Robertson crosses to the door and opens it. He's expecting a State Trooper. Who is this slim, attractive woman carrying a vase of flowers? She certainly has a warm, sweet smile.

MARY

Hello. I'm Mary Brady. Charles'
mother.

Mr. Robertson is stunned, speechless. Mary, sweet smile in place, continues blithely on.

MARY

Charles couldn't come himself...

Mrs. Robertson and Horace come to the kitchen doorway. They were expecting Soames too.

MRS. ROBERTSON

Donald? Who--

Suddenly the strangeness gets through to Mr. Robertson. He waves his wife back to the kitchen.

MR. ROBERTSON

I'll take care of it, Helen. Get
back in the kitchen. Look, Mrs.
Brady, I think you better--

MARY

But I know he wanted you to have
these flowers.

Mr. Robertson starts to shake his head no and close the door. But Mary stiff arms the door open. Then with a harrowing SNARL of rage, she swings the vase at Robertson with all her might. The vase SHATTERS AGAINST HIS FACE. Mr. Robertson CRIES OUT, staggering backward.

INT. TANYA'S BEDROOM.

Tanya was drifting off to sleep. But the SCREAM rouses her. She swings her legs off the bed and sits up.

TANYA

Daddy? Daddy!

She waits only a second before racing to the door.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM.

Mr. Robertson staggers backward, hands to his face. Blood pours between his fingers. Mrs. Robertson SHRIEKS and runs toward him. He strikes the arm of a chair and crashes onto the stone hearth of the fireplace narrowly missing the stand of ornamental fireplace tools.

HORACE

Hold it!

TANYA

(O.C.)

Daddy? What's happening?

HORACE

Tanya! Stay upstairs!

Mary, curiously calm, even smiling, drops the last shard of vase in her hand and steps over the litter of glass and roses in the doorway.

MARY

You have a lovely home, Mrs. Robertson. I've had lovely homes too. Many lovely homes. We never stay long of course. We won't be staying long here either...

Mrs. Robertson is kneeling by her husband, sobbing and screaming. She hears none of this madness as Mary comes toward her.

Horace has his gun drawn and aimed. But he's scared to death.

HORACE

You stay away from them!

But Mary isn't interested in Mrs. Robertson. She wants Tanya. She looks around the room.

MARY

If you'll just call your daughter for me...

(CONTINUED)

Now Mrs. Robertson turns.

MRS. ROBERTSON

What?

MARY

You have to understand. My son
is badly hurt. He may be dying.

(sudden fury)

Your daughter tried to kill my
Charles!

Mrs. Robertson's horror is displaced by rage. She grabs the poker from the fireplace and attacks, screaming.

MRS. ROBERTSON

GOOD! I HOPE HE DOES DIE! I HOPE
YOU BOTH DIE AND ROT IN HELL!

Mary charges to meet her, spitting and snarling. Horace fires his service revolver: BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The bullets hit Mary in the side and back. Blood flows. And all that does is distract her. As she turns to see Horace, Mrs. Robertson swings the poker with all the strength in her.

Mary raises her hand and catches the poker as if it were a rolled up newspaper. She rips it from Mrs. Robertson's grasp.

INT. THE UPSTAIRS LANDING.

TANYA

Mommy? Daddy?

INT. THE LIVING ROOM.

Mrs. Robertson turns toward Tanya's voice. Mary grabs her at the waist and lifts her like a rag-doll.

MARY

My son! Don't any of you
understand? We're talking about
my ONLY SON!

Mary heaves Mrs. Robertson across the room. She explodes through the picture window and crashes out onto the front lawn, bloody and covered with glass. But alive. She struggles to her feet, but can't maintain the effort. She pitches back to the ground.

Mary turns in time to catch Horace's last three bullets. They don't even slow her down. Horace has seen enough. He races for the kitchen.

Mary takes a step toward him when Tanya in her over-size T-shirt runs into the living room from the stairs. She's fixed on her father lying in a pool of blood by the fireplace.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA

DADDY!

Mary ignores Horace. She bolts across the room and grabs Tanya.

TANYA

What are you doing? What have you
done to my mom and dad?

Mary doesn't answer. She simply drags the panicked girl on her hip to the door. Tanya rakes her nails down Mary's cheek tearing the flesh, drawing blood. But Mary is unfazed.

MARY

Stop it! Haven't you done enough?
You almost killed my baby--

But Tanya struggles madly, scratching, kicking, screaming. It's almost impossible for Mary to hold her. So she slams Tanya onto her feet and hammers a left hook on her chin. It's a short vicious blow and Tanya crumples. Mary gathers her up easily now.

INT. THE KITCHEN.

Horace is on the phone waiting for someone to pick up somewhere. He keeps glancing over his shoulder at the kitchen door. And trying to reload his revolver.

HORACE

Come on! Come on!

INT. THE SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT.

Ira and Laurie and the PHOTO LAB TECHNICIAN look at the PHOTOGRAPHS from Tanya's camera. The PHONE JANGLES wildly in Ira's office. But right now they're fascinated with the photos. The camera has captured Charles in his metamorphic state. There are no clear features of his exposed flesh -- face, neck, hands. It's all an anguished blur suggestive of something human but not human. The fuzzy, unfocused face of a Sleepwalker.

IRA

This is how they came out of the camera?

LAB TECH

That's it.

IRA

So was the camera moving? Would you get that damn thing, Laurie?

Laurie trundles off to answer the phone.

(CONTINUED)

LAB TECH
No. Look. The clothes and
background are clear.

Ira stares at the photographs.

INT. IRA'S OFFICE.

Laurie comes in grabs the phone.

LAURIE
Hello, Travis Sheriff's De--

INT. THE ROBERTSON KITCHEN. NIGHT

HORACE
Where's Ira??

LAURIE
(Voice)
Horace? What's--

HORACE
There's a woman here! Says she's
the Brady kid's mother and I
think she just killed Don
Robertson!

A hand reaches down to Horace's plate and grasps the last ear
of corn -- the one Horace couldn't quite finish.

REVEAL: Mary Brady is in the kitchen carrying Tanya. Horace
is too busy screaming hysterically into the phone to notice her
there.

LAURIE
(Voice)
Slow down, Horace. I can't--

HORACE
There's BLOOD EVERYWHERE!

Mary steps up behind him, the ear of corn in her free hand.

MARY
You didn't finish your dinner.

He turns his head, but too late. She rams the corncob into his
back.

MARY
No vegetables, no dessert. Those
are the rules.

(CONTINUED)

Horace hangs onto the phone cord like a lifeline as his knees buckle and sink beneath him. A terrible GURGLING issues from his throat. The corn cob sticks out of his back like a blunt dagger.

INT. IRA'S OFFICE.

Laurie stands paralyzed with terror listening to GURGLING SOUND. She can hear Ira coming in.

IRA
What's goin' on?

He sees Laurie's fear. Something's terribly wrong.

LAURIE
Horace? Horace!

Ira races to the desk and seizes the phone.

IRA
Hello? Horace?

INT. THE KITCHEN.

Horace lies expiring in the pool of his own blood. The phone twists and untwists just above his head. If he could still hear, he would hear Ira's faint filtered voice from the phone.

IRA
(O.C.)
Come on, Horace! Where are you?

The back door SLAMS shut. Mary is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SIDEWALK. NIGHT.

In the purple night, a shadow among shadows detaches itself, pads a few steps, pauses. MIAOWS. It's Clovis. He scampers down the street. (BEAT) Nothing. (BEAT) Then THREE MORE CATS, probably strays, follow after him.

A WOMAN sits in the circle of soft yellow light reading on the porch. A CAT is curled in her lap. It suddenly looks up. Instantly in a flurry of claws and paws, the cat leaps out of her lap and bolts across the lawn.

The woman drops her book. She stands looking at her arm scratched in several places.

WOMAN
Tony! You clawed me.

(CONTINUED)

Down the street races Clovis and his growing band --half-a-dozen cats by now. Tony falls right in with them.

WOMAN

To-neeel!

EXT. THE ROBERTSON HOUSE. NIGHT.

Mary crosses the lawn to the waiting cruiser. She's got Tanya pitched over her shoulder.

TWO POLICE CARS pull up: Soames and the Two Deputies he pulled off the checkpoint.

Mary stops for a moment to watch as they screech to a stop and clamber out of their cars.

Nobody seems to bother with Mrs. Robertson. With a tremendous effort of will she has managed to draw herself upright. She staggers toward Mary, arms outstretched. Her face is spattered with blood and little shards of glass sparkle in her hair.

Soames directs the cops to flank Mary.

CAPTAIN SOAMES

Let me handle this, Deputy. Get that woman over there to safety.

One of the deputies intercepts Mrs. Robertson. Soames plants himself directly in Mary's path. He lays his hand significantly on the butt of his gun, but he doesn't bother to unsnap the holster.

CAPTAIN SOAMES

Hold it right there. Put her down. Put...the girl... down!

MRS. ROBERTSON

(weak)
Give me back my daughter you bitch! Give her to me!

Soames takes a step forward and reaches out toward Mary.

CAPTAIN SOAMES

Put her down...

Mary grabs Soames' outstretched hand. She yanks it into her mouth and bites off three fingers. Soames doesn't even scream for a moment. He just looks at where his fingers used to be, now useless bloody stumps. Then he SCREAMS.

He tries to get to his gun as Mary spits out the finger stubs. She grabs his other hand. She gives it a sharp twist. The SNAP is like a gunshot. She doesn't stop twisting.

(CONTINUED)

SNAP his arm breaks. TWIST! His shoulder breaks. A final TWIST. And Soames' neck breaks. He crumples at her feet. All this in an instant.

She bends down and yanks Soames' gun from its holster.

The Two State Cops have their guns ready, but they can't fire. They might hit Tanya. They take cover behind one of the Cruisers.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Ira races down the hall. He's got a pump shotgun in his hand. Laurie stands frozen with fear in the doorway.

IRA
Get Soames. Every man he has.
Castle Rock, too!

Before Laurie can even ask a question, Ira's gone.

EXT. THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Ira's cruiser tears ass, full siren and flashers.

CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE ROBERTSON HOUSE. NIGHT.

Mary Brady aims the pistol not toward the Cruiser the Troopers use for cover, but Soames' cruiser. She aims carefully, her arm rock steady. BAM! She fires a round directly into the rear quarter panel, hits the gas tank: FOOM! The cruiser explodes in a FIREBALL.

As she swings around, the Two State Cops know what's coming and they dive away from "the safety" of the cruiser. Mary PUMPS THREE ROUNDS into the other Cruiser. FOOM! FIREBALL. She dumps Tanya into the remaining cruiser, the one she came in. Tanya GROANS, returning slowly to consciousness. Mary slams the door shut and races around the car.

The State Cops know it's now or never and they OPEN FIRE! In the hail of bullets, certainly some must hit their mark, but nothing slows Mary Brady. She climbs into the cruiser and heads out.

There's an ARRIVING CRUISER swerving round the corner as she heads up the street. But Mary fires through her own windshield. It crystallizes in a shower of glass. Simultaneously, the arriving cruiser explodes in a FIREBALL.

CUT TO:

INT. IRA'S CRUISER. NIGHT.

Ira's hell-bent at high speed with the mike in his hand.

IRA
What have we got, Laurie?

LAURIE (V.O.)
Sheriff Pangborn in Castle Rock.

IRA
And?

LAURIE (V.O.)
Can't raise anybody else. It's
Saturday night.

IRA
Shit. What about the cops at the
Brady house?

LAURIE (V.O.)
(distressed)
They don't answer, either!

Suddenly Ira takes his foot off the gas. The car slows.

LAURIE (V.O.)
Come back, Ira. I don't want to
lose you, too. Bye!

IRA
(into the mike)
I'm here, Laurie -- be quiet a
minute and let me think. (BEAT)
Horace said the Brady kid's mother
was there?

LAURIE (V.O.)
That's what he said...

IRA
And no answer from the units at
the Brady house?

LAURIE (V.O.)
I'll try 'em again--

IRA
Better check for myself. We keep
showin' up with too little too
late on this one. Tell Pangborn
to meet me on Wicker.

EXT. ANOTHER SUBURBAN STREET. NIGHT.

Nobody's getting much sleep in Travis tonight. Here comes Mary in the cruiser with full flasher and siren.

INT. THE CRUISER.

Mary barrels along at top speed with grim concentration. She has been hurt. She's in pain. Beside her on the front seat, Tanya finally rouses. She moans. Opens her eyes. Sees Mary.

MARY

Hello, dear.

TANYA

What are you doing? Where are you taking me?

MARY

(it's obvious)

To see Charles, dear.

TANYA

I don't want to see Charles.

MARY

But he wants to see you. In fact, he has to see you. He's been hurt very badly.

TANYA

But what am I supposed to do?

MARY

Feed him.

Tanya has heard quite enough, thank you. She makes a desperate bid for freedom. No matter that the car careens over the road doing seventy, Tanya wrenches open the door and tries to throw herself from the car.

Mary leans across and grabs her by the back of her oversize T-shirt.

Mary loses control of the wheel. The car weaves across the street. The tires SHRIEK and SQUEAL. Mary hangs on tenaciously. The car hits the curb, two tires go up on the sidewalk, two stay in the street. Mary jerks the car off the curb and it swerves back toward the other curb.

INT. IRA'S CRUISER. NIGHT.

He's moving along at a more thoughtful pace now. He turns a corner without the tires aching.

INT. THE HIJACKED CRUISER. NIGHT.

Tanya gives her torso a tremendous yank. The T-shirt starts to tear. She's only a few threads from freedom! Mary lets go of the shirt. Tanya is free. But only an instant. Mary seizes her hair and TWISTS. Tanya SCREAMS both from pain and the terror of the ONCOMING HEADLIGHTS that fill the car.

Ira's cruiser is headed straight at them.

Ira sees the hijacked cruiser. Sees Mary, a pale, snarling creature with reptilian skin now, struggling with Tanya Robertson.

Ira jerks the wheel hard and swerves out of the path of the juggernaut cruiser. He shoots onto a lawn leaving deep ruts in the grass.

MARY

Get in here you BITCH!

With a mighty tug from Mary, Tanya slams back onto the seat. Mary muscled the steering wheel; the car lurches; the door SLAMS shut. Mary parts her lips in animal rage and GROWLS at Tanya. A terrible sound. And a powerful recommendation that Tanya chill out.

Ira tears up the lawn getting back on the street. The HOMEOWNER has come out and yells in rage at this maniac. Ira spits divots from his rear tires and takes up the chase.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE BRADY HOUSE - NIGHT.

Deserted, gloomy. SILENCE for a moment. Then MIAOW! It's Clovis. His intelligent, merciless face stares straight ahead. And behind him, REVEALED SLOWLY: He's leading an ARMY OF CATS. They fill the street. Hundreds of them, Clovis in front. He heads across the Brady's lawn.

INT. THE HIJACKED CRUISER.

Tanya, beaten, huddles on the seat.

MARY

It's really kind of a privilege...

Suddenly Mary stops. Her face fills with amazement and fear. She brings the car to a screeching full stop.

From somewhere: The SOUND of Ira's approaching SIREN.

Mary is stiff with shock now. Tanya looks to see what Mary sees. And she too registers shock and surprise.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA

My God!

The Brady House is surrounded by cats. Every cat in Travis and probably a few from Castle Rock. They're everywhere. On the front lawn, in the driveway, on the sidewalk. There are even cats on the roof.

Clovis sits, masterfully, inscrutably, in the middle of the sidewalk between the curb and the house.

Ira's cruiser pulls to a stop not twenty yards from the hijacked cruiser. Ira gets out, RIOT GUN in hand.

Neighbors are pressed to their windows to watch; the curious and brave even come out onto their lawns.

Mary's balked fury returns. She FLOORS the accelerator. Aims straight up the driveway, SLAMS on the brakes. The tires SCREECH! The cruiser SMASHES through the garage door and the car CRUNCHES to a full stop against the rear wall.

Mary grabs Tanya by the hair again and kicks open the cruiser door. She lunges out, dragging Tanya behind. Tanya screams with pain. Clovis lays his ears back and HISSES. All the cats behind him do the same. It's an amazing racket.

Mary drags Tanya around the car to the door into the house. Only ONE CAT makes it to her as she wrenches the door open. And that one leaps for Mary's throat.

But Mary's reflexes are equal to the challenge. She catches the cat mid-air and with a squeeze cuts it in half. She flings the cat at a phalanx of attacking felines and disappears into the house, the door slamming shut behind her.

Clovis HISSES. And as if on command, all the cats HISS too.

Ira stares nonplussed. He cannot believe what he's seeing. He starts toward the house then stops. He looks around at all the cats. Then focuses on just one because he isn't sure what to do.

IRA

Clovis?

Clovis looks at Ira a moment. Was that a nod? Then Clovis runs toward the breezeway that connects the garage to the house. Ira starts cautiously up the driveway.

INT. THE BRADY'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Mary lugs Tanya into the room. It is the same pleasant living room as ever... except there is something terrible on the couch. What used to be Charles Brady.

(CONTINUED)

He looks dead. A bulging eye white shows through a puffy slitted socket, one socket where an eye used to be glued shut with sticky matter, foam dried hard and cracked around the mouth and onto the sofa cushions.

Charles' chest is flat and still. Mary does not seem to realize -- perhaps cannot realize-- what may have already happened.

MARY

My son. My beautiful Charles...
Mommy's home.

Mary pulls Tanya over to the sofa.

MARY

Here, my baby. See what Mommy brought you?

TANYA

My God! Look at him! Can't you see he's dead? He's dead!

Mary becomes very still. She looks at Charles with dawning comprehension... Then her face closes up. She cannot, will not see. Charles looks quite different, as the control of his humanity has lapsed. We see traces of his REAL appearance we've only glimpsed before: green, almost feline eye, thin reptilian skin, an animal appearance of bipedal elegance and terror... dead or dying.

MARY

No! Charles is NOT dead. He's sleeping. Can't you see? He's sleeping, that's all. Time to get up, Charles... Know what I bet he'd love to do?

Tanya shakes her head. Frightened. Hasn't a clue.

MARY

You'd like to dance, wouldn't you, darling?

Charles doesn't move. Mary looks upstairs and for a moment concentrates.

INT. CHARLES ROOM.

The record that Soames flipped into the corner is back on the turntable. It begins to rotate, and "Sleepwalk" begins to play.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

MARY

That's his favorite song. Did you know that?

Tanya stares horrified at Charles on the sofa.

MARY

I said Did you know that??

Tanya snaps out of her terror. She tries to calm this lunatic woman... or whatever she is.

TANYA

No, I didn't.

MARY

Yes. He's a wonderful dancer.

Tanya nods. You bet. Whatever you say.

MARY

But don't take my word for it. You can see for yourself.

Tanya doesn't quite understand what Mary could mean. She looks around nervously for some clue.

MARY

Is the music loud enough?

Tanya NODS nervously, not knowing what to expect.

MARY

Good. Then...

TANYA

What?

MARY

Dance with him.

TANYA

Dance with...?

MARY

With Charles. Dance with my son.

Tanya looks to Charles inert on the sofa. Then she looks at Mary. What's she expecting Tanya to do?

But Mary is concentrating on Charles. Just as she concentrated on the record player upstairs. And like the old Webcor, Charles begins to move and just as mechanically.

(CONTINUED)

He sits up at a jerk; his head lolls; his arms spasm wildly. Mary's turned her son into a hideous lifesize puppet.

Tanya suddenly realizes what Mary has in mind. She bolts. But Mary catches her easily.

MARY

Relax. He's a wonderful dancer.
He'll lead.

Charles' body jerks to its feet and comes snapping and jerking toward Tanya, arms flailing, Mary's brain in command.

EXT. THE BREEZEWAY.

Clovis scampers up a post on the run. From there he scrambles onto the roof of the house. Passing a line of sentry cats, he pads across and up the shingles to a projecting dormer window.

EXT. THE SIDE DOOR.

Ira tries the door. Locked. He hefts his shoulder against it. No luck. He pounds with the riot gun butt at the lock.

INT. CHARLES ROOM.

The dormer window bursts open in a crisp spray of glass as Clovis bursts through. He skitters across the floor to a stop, then bolts to the door.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM.

Charles' arms are thrown over Tanya's cowering shoulders. His glazed eyes fall open, his forehead knocks against hers.

Tanya SCREAMS hysterically.

MARY

There! That's it! Dance! Dance!

Charles' manipulated body drags the screaming girl around the living room to the slow, dreamy beat of "Sleepwalk." As physical contact continues, the transformation is complete. The animal Sleepwalker is fully revealed: horribly beautiful, an evolution that may have begun with cat but developed in an entirely different direction. Hairless, sleek, intended by nature, not corrupted.

MARY

Yes! Now, Charles! Now...

Tanya cannot move. She's pressed right up next to Charles' face. Almost kissing him. It's hideous.

(CONTINUED)

TANYA

He's dead! Can't you see? HE'S
D--

Charles' one eye BLINKS OPEN! His hand comes up and slides FIRMLY around Tanya's neck. He's ALIVE! Her terror gives her nearly enough strength to pull away. But not quite. His face twists into a terrible grin or is it a grimace.

CHARLES

Youuuu...broughhhhttt...herrr!

Mary is ecstatic!

MARY

Yes, Charles! Yes! For you! Take her!

Tanya battles to get away, but Charles holds her tight. He pulls her close to his ravaged face and INHALES. That Kirlian essence begins to flow from Tanya into Charles.

Mary watches joyously as Tanya begins to pale, to bleach.

MARY

Good! Good, Charles. Feed and grow strong! Suck her dry!

But then Charles stops. He pulls back. looks at Tanya almost tenderly for a moment. Has he had a change of heart?

Naw. He dives back on with renewed vigor. He's going to drain the bitch. And Charles is definitely looking better. Well, stronger. Fully a Sleepwalker now, as Tanya grows weaker and weaker...

But she makes one last desperate gesture. She jams her fingers straight into Charles' yellow-matter-custard empty socket and his remaining eye which pops like jelly.

TANYA

Noooooooo!

The Kirlian glow fades. Completely blinded, Charles tries to pull away, but Tanya hangs on, her fingers sunk in his eye sockets as if his head were a bowling ball.

MARY

Stop it! You're killing him!

Mary rushes to drag Tanya off her son. But Tanya is pumped. She's got her own hysterical strength now as she drags Charles' flopping body across the room. But Mary catches her now and prepares to rip her to shreds.

(CONTINUED)

On the stairs above, Clovis, ears flat, eyes flared, is perched precariously on the balustrade. But not for long.

Before Mary can tear Tanya's throat out, she hears the ANGRY YOWL OF CLOVIS THE ATTACK CAT! Clovis LEAPS! Mary turns. Too late. He lands on her back, claws dug in. Her back begins to smoke. She screams and heaves Tanya aside.

EXT. THE SIDE DOOR.

To hell with it. Ira BLASTS the lock away with the riot gun. He rushes into the living room. The scene is unbelievable.

There's Mary Brady, her back alive with licking small flames and spewing smoke. She thrashes with all her might and sends Clovis sailing across the room.

Tanya Robertson draws her fingers out of Charles eye sockets and tries to get away, but now Charles grabs her and won't let go.

And a hundred cats pour into the living room through the side door. As others hurl themselves at the windows. Until they even smash down the plywood barricades Mary had put up. The cats tear Charles and Mary to pieces.

Ira grabs Tanya, pulls her away from Charles and propels her toward the front door.

Mary struggles in her new living fur coat to get to her blind, screaming, dying son. Everything his smoldering body touches catches fire.

Ira looses a BLAST from his riot gun. But it only tears more smoking flesh from Mary's back.

As Charles gets up, Ira BLASTS him too. It tears up his chest but he doesn't stop.

Ira decides he's had enough of these particular hallucinations. He races out the front door after Tanya.

EXT. THE FRONT YARD.

Tanya stumbles and falls half way down the sidewalk. And here comes Mary Brady, hell in her eyes. She shoves Ira aside. Two more steps and she will have Tanya in her clutches.

If it weren't for the cats. Clovis races out the door and he SCROWLS. The cats attack. Mary is caught, staggered, rent and ravaged. The cats tear at her with murderous paws and vicious teeth.

Charles appears on the steps. Staggering, blind. He HOWLS, a battle cry! He wades fearlessly into the fray.

(CONTINUED)

But he's helpless against the avenging felines.

They turn Mary and Charles both into shredded ruins. Splayed needle-sharp claws tear open their faces and leave bloody smoking pulp in their wake.

Through it all "Sleepwalk" continues to play. Ira wades through the chaos of cats to Tanya.

Charles battles on until he reaches Mary and one by one throws off the marauding cats. And at last he takes Mary in his arms, the two of them ancient destroyed creatures, burning alive on the pyre of their own bodies. Slowly, like tallow, they begin to melt and fuse together.

And together they HOWL their final note, A LONG, ULULATING CRY that is as old as their race on earth. It echoes and fades with the only dignity this cursed kind knows.

Tanya watches from the shelter of Ira's fatherly arm. She watches Charles disintegrate.

TANYA

Let them sleep together. Forever.

Is she relieved of the horror or does she remember the pilgrim soul she loved for a moment?

Suddenly she pulls out of Ira's arms and rushes forward. Is she going to Charles?

Hell no, just to pick up Clovis who watches solemnly from the sidewalk.

INT. CHARLES BEDROOM.

"Sleepwalk" will end soon; that last guitar whine will come. The room and the old record player begin to SHIMMER as the old Janus 45 spins out its final aching note.

FADE OUT:

THE END.