

**Mooselight Serenade:  
Original Screenplays, Teleplays and  
Screen Shorts**

**by Ronald V. Micci**

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## CONTENTS

All the Wolves You Were . . . . .	1
(aka "Moonlight's Little Madness")	
Marilise . . . . .	87
Mooselight Serenade . . . . .	179
Slaughterfest One: Summer Break . . . . .	273
Trueblood & Cochise (TV Pilot). . . . .	351
Dark Snow (short). . . . .	391
Marilise (short). . . . .	407
Shark Watch (short) . . . . .	433

**ALL THE WOLVES YOU WERE**

FADE IN:

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - VICTORIAN ERA - NIGHT (TEASER)

A horse-drawn coach rumbles into view, taking the turn on a dark wooded road. The full moon casts shadows through the trees.

COATES, the driver, snaps the reins, urging the horses onward -- ah!

INT. MOVING COACH

RICHARD HASTINGS, the lone occupant, adjusts his white gloves with a neat little tug. He's a dapper-looking fellow in his 40s dressed in formal evening attire.

WITH COATES

as a MOURNFUL WOLF CRY goes up -- AH-O-O-O-O! YIP-YIP-YIP-YIP-YIP! He turns, fearful, straining to see what's going on behind him.

THE HORSES

sense danger and have begun to panic, going faster and faster, straining against their bridles.

IN THE COACH

Richard is thrown forward in his seat.

RICHARD

Coates!

He moves to the window. Grips the bars. Looks out.

Another WOLF CRY is heard -- AH-O-O-O-O!

The horses surge forward, neighing and grunting, straining harder and harder as the coach races along.

ON THE ROAD

a pack of YELPING and GROWLING wolves has appeared. They're chasing the coach.

IN THE COACH

Richard clings to the window bars.

RICHARD

Coates, for God's sake!

COATES' FACE is a mask of fear. He catches a glimpse of the pursuing wolves. Snaps the reins frantically.

THE COACH rumbles along at a furious clip, wheels churning, horses straining and straining against the bit.

RICHARD struggles to open the door as the coach shifts from side to side, threatening to topple over.

RICHARD

Coates!

The door swings open.

ON THE ROAD

the wolves abandon their pursuit as mysteriously as they appeared. Trail off into the woods.

COATES tugs on the reins.

COATES

Whoa!

IN THE COACH

Richard pitches backward. Manages to catch himself and regain the safety of his seat.

The coach thuds to a stop. Coates quickly climbs down, moves to the door and opens it.

A haggard-looking Richard climbs down.

RICHARD

What was that, Coates?

COATES

Wolves, sir -- wolves, wolves.

RICHARD

No, Coates, no, no.

COATES

Teeth, sir -- growl, growl.

RICHARD

Naughty, Coates, naughty, naughty. Between you, me and the moon up there, we're already late. You want to be more careful.

He tidies his coat.

COATES

A little dust-off, sir?

RICHARD

Please.

Coates produces a clothes brush. Freshens up Richard's topcoat.

COATES

Stunning, sir, stunning.

RICHARD

Don't press your luck, Coates.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRESCOTT ESTATE - NIGHT

The Prescott country home. Large and imposing, with stables and such.

Richard's coach pulls up in front. Coates lets him out.

INT. FOYER - PRESCOTT ESTATE

JAMES, the family servant, greets arriving guests.

Richard enters, removes his coat and gloves. Deposits them cavalierly on James' arm.

RICHARD

I think you might have a little wolf problem.

He proceeds down the hall.

Amiable SIR CEDRIC PRESCOTT, 60s, and his wife, AMELIA, greet guests in the hall leading to the ballroom.

CEDRIC

Richard -- so good to see you.

RICHARD

Cedric, looking as greedy as ever.

They shake hands.

RICHARD

Amelia, may I attack your hand?

He nibbles on her hand.

AMELIA

Richard -- !

RICHARD

Now, tell me a story -- about your son and a princess.

CEDRIC

Well, once upon a time --

Richard puts his hand on Cedric's shoulder.

RICHARD

There was a greedy man whose fortunes were in jeopardy. Shall we?

They start down the hall.

CEDRIC

Royalty established a summer residence nearby --

RICHARD

And you leaped at the chance to get your hands on all that money. Who could blame you? Though you may have overlooked one thing.

CEDRIC

What's that?

RICHARD

The girl harbored a secret. And more than a passing problem with unsightly facial hair.

CEDRIC

Richard -- !

RICHARD

She liked to hunt by night. Had a ferocious temper. And so there were clear and present dangers.

CEDRIC

And yet for money, as you well know, people will do most anything.

They reach the entrance to the ballroom.

RICHARD

Just how broke are you?

CEDRIC

This jacket? It's a loaner. Shall we?

They enter the ballroom.

INT. BALLROOM

The party is in full swing. Well-dressed aristocrats rub elbows sipping champagne.

On the dance floor, couples drift dreamily to WALTZ MUSIC.

Richard and Cedric survey the scene.

RICHARD

Quite a gathering.  
(searching the crowd)  
And that, I presume, is the royal family.



REVEAL a dapper-looking PRINCE FREDERICK VON WOOF WOOF of the principality of Eastern Slobobia and his stunningly attractive wife, PRINCESS FRANCESCA. Fortyish. Chatting in the corner.

CEDRIC

Indeed, Crown Prince Frederick von Woof Woof of the shaggy principality of Eastern Slobobia. And his wife, the lovely and gifted Princess Francesca. And somewhere out there on the dance floor --

RICHARD

Two young lovers, one a monster.

CEDRIC

Shame, shame!

LAWRENCE PRESCOTT and PRINCESS ELIZABETH VON WOOF WOOF indeed drift across the dance floor together.

He: mutton-chopped, handsome, mid-20s. She: younger, dark-haired, fragily beautiful.

As they circle in each other's arms, Elizabeth can't seem to suppress a troubled look.

LAWRENCE

Elizabeth, what's wrong?

She can't hide her dismay.

LAWRENCE

I'm a little clumsy, I know.  
All right, I'm a lot clumsy. . . There is something wrong.

She breaks off, upset. Hurriedly leaves the dance floor.

LAWRENCE

Elizabeth?

He goes after her. Pauses to acknowledge an aristocratic couple with an embarrassed smile.

Starts out again. Pauses in front of a second couple. Sticks out his tongue defiantly. Proceeds to the balcony.

EXT. BALCONY

A distressed Elizabeth has moved to the railing. Lawrence enters.

LAWRENCE

Elizabeth?

He moves to her. She turns, her eyes now strange and bestial. Her features suggestive of a wolf.

LAWRENCE

My, my -- what big eyes you have.

ELIZABETH

All the better to leer at you -- grrrrr. . .

She bares her teeth.

LAWRENCE

And your teeth -- remarkably large and fearfully sharp.  
I was just about to return to the guests.

ELIZABETH

Wait.

LAWRENCE

(whimpering)  
Please don't eat me -- please?

Elizabeth breaks into tears, melts in his arms.

ELIZABETH

Oh Lawrence, I'm so afraid.

He holds her close.

LAWRENCE

*You're* afraid -- are you kidding? Now, now, you sappy old princess, you just wipe away those tears and tell young Master Larry what's wrong.

ELIZABETH

Oh Lawrence. . . This may shock you.  
(a beat)  
Do you really want to know?

LAWRENCE

No.

ELIZABETH

The truth is, I've been keeping a secret. I didn't want to keep a secret from you, but it was simply too monstrous to divulge.

LAWRENCE

Then let's let bygones be bygones. Yes, I think it's time to --

She grabs him and gets rough.

ELIZABETH

I didn't want to tell you. I fought it with every fiber of my being, but now I must. Lawrence, prepare yourself -- for the shocking truth is --

LAWRENCE

You're a werewolf.

She can't believe it.

LAWRENCE

It was the teeth.

But now she gets physical with him again.

ELIZABETH

Lawrence -- do you even know what a werewolf is?

He shakes his head emphatically.

ELIZABETH

They're monsters. They're depraved. They seek out human prey.

LAWRENCE

Things I'm glad I didn't know.

ELIZABETH

They run around on all fours, keep very strange hours, and are murder on guests.

LAWRENCE

This is *not* music to my ears.

Here she comes again.

ELIZABETH

Do you have any idea what it's like living with a werewolf? . . . They have ferocious tempers, wake up in out of the way places, and leave hairballs all over the rugs.

LAWRENCE

The hairball thing, I could have a problem with.

She shakes him.

LAWRENCE

Kidding, just kidding.

A beat.

ELIZABETH

They have abominable table manners, like to run in packs, and howl at the moon.

LAWRENCE

Not altogether appealing attributes, but --

ELIZABETH

You've got to call off the wedding, do you hear me?  
Or would you prefer to have a werewolf for a wife?

LAWRENCE

Now that you mention it. Elizabeth, perhaps what  
you're saying is true. All right, it's terrifying, it's  
baffling, I'm freaked, okay? But you're forgetting one  
thing.

ELIZABETH

What's that?

LAWRENCE

I love you. . .

She bares her teeth -- grrrrr. . .

LAWRENCE

Like a lot?  
(backing off)  
Are kind of fond of?

ELIZABETH

Do as I say, Lawrence, please -- call off the wedding.

LAWRENCE

If I do, you have to answer one question that's really  
been nagging me, okay?

ELIZABETH

All right.

LAWRENCE

Promise you won't get mad?

ELIZABETH

I promise.

LAWRENCE

Promise?

She nods.

LAWRENCE

You've told me many disturbing things about your  
habits tonight, and frankly, they're a little off-putting.  
But there's still something I'm a little uncertain about,  
I mean it's really bothering me, and I have to ask you  
and I hope you won't get mad and will be completely  
honest with me --

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

(ulp!)  
Do werewolves do shirts?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRESCOTT ESTATE - NIGHT

Clouds scud across the sky and an eerie full moon bathes the castle in light.

INT. BEDROOM

Lady Amelia lies quietly asleep in bed.

At the open window, a pajama-clad Sir Cedric gazes out on the mysterious night.

A mysterious WOLF CRY goes up -- AH-O-O-O-O!

CEDRIC

Ah, the rich and mournful cry  
(rich-throated cry?)  
of the werewolf. How it arouses me. I do feel,  
however, that he needs to get that voice checked.  
(a beat)

The moon, how harrowing and eerie it is. Nothing like  
an eerie and harrowing moon to get the juices flowing.

There comes a KNOCK at the door.

CEDRIC

Hark -- what's that I hear?

Cedric moves to answer it, opens the door and finds James staring him in the face.

CEDRIC

Yes, James?

JAMES

Begging your pardon, sir, but Lady von Woof Woof is  
downstairs. Woof-woof!

CEDRIC

Oh good. I'll come immediately.

James exits. Cedric moves to the closet, slips into his robe. Amelia stirs in bed.

AMELIA

Dear?

CEDRIC

You stay in bed like a good wifey.

## INT. DRAWING ROOM

Princess Francesca von Woof Woof, looking as sharply beautiful and sensuous as ever, paces nervously for several beats, and Sir Cedric comes in.

CEDRIC

Princess Francesca --

He moves to her. He takes her in his arms.

CEDRIC

No one must know.

He attempts to kiss her.

FRANCESCA

(pushing him away)

Sir Cedric, please.

CEDRIC

All right, we can tell Amelia. But not until after we've signed the divorce papers. Now, you were saying?

FRANCESCA

She's gone, Sir Cedric. Our princess, your daughter-in-law to be, and everyone's favorite Slobobian showgirl. She's flown the coop.

CEDRIC

No.

FRANCESCA

Yes.

CEDRIC

You don't mind if I steal another kiss, you're simply irresistible.

He tries to steal a kiss. She rebuffs him.

FRANCESCA

Please. . . Yes, the princess has run away. We must go at once and find her or something terrible might happen this night.

CEDRIC

Terrible, of course, having a terrible connotation.

FRANCESCA

You see, there are certain things you don't know about the princess, Sir Cedric. Sordid and unearthly things.

(MORE)

FRANCESCA (cont'd)

(a slight beat)

As a child, while gamboling innocently in the woods -- children love to gambol, you know how it is -- she was bitten by a wolf. And not merely your garden variety wolf, but a werewolf. Do you know what that means?

CEDRIC

She's got hideous bite marks all over her?

FRANCESCA

It means she's one of *them*.

CEDRIC

Oh no. Not one of -- *them*?

FRANCESCA

You see, they're different from us, Sir Cedric, these monsters. If she's allowed to run loose out there, there's no telling what might happen. We've got to find her and bring her back, or the wedding will be ruined.

CEDRIC

Which is another way of saying, there goes that nice dowry of hers that we've been counting on right down the drain. No, we wouldn't want that. You're right, we must go in search of her immediately. I'll have James bring round the hounds. And while we're waiting --

He tries to steal a kiss.

FRANCESCA

Please.

She turns to us.

FRANCESCA

Oh wolfly, wolfly, wolf-plagued night.

CEDRIC

With a woof, and a woof, we shall make it right.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WOODS - LATER THAT NIGHT

Two teenage lads walk briskly along a darkened road -- BRIAN and ROGER.

A WOLF CRY is heard -- AH-O-O-O-O!

They freeze in their tracks.

ROGER

Wait a minute -- did you hear that?

AH-O-O-O-O!

ROGER

There it is again. It's a wolf. And he didn't sound happy.  
Rather than stick around here and get chewed to bits,  
I'm going back to town.

BRIAN

Wait. . . Oh Diana, Diana, joy and light, let us share  
our love tonight. Isn't that precious?

ROGER

Let's twenty-three skiddoo, my friend, before we're  
soft porridge for that beast.

BRIAN

We can't turn back. Not when we've come this far.

ROGER

Correction -- *you* can't turn back. I can do anything I  
want.

BRIAN

Wait. . . Roger -- friends forever?

ROGER

Friends forever.

BRIAN

And friends do for friends?

ROGER

Uh, don't press your luck.

Another WOLF CRY -- AH-O-O-O-O!

ROGER

No, I'd say friends say bye-bye.

BRIAN

Wait. Don't be insensitive. We must forge on. Love  
dictates it.

ROGER

You tell love for me, it's been kicks.

(aside)

Am I stupid enough to do this? Yes, I said, stupidly  
answering my own question.

(to Brian)

All right, lead on.

They detour off the road into the woods.



BRIAN

These woods are full of scary things, but they don't frighten me. Ha!

As a tree branch THWACKS him in the face.

He composes himself.

BRIAN

I'm buoyed by my love.

And presses on, uncertainly.

They come to a clearing. The WELLINGTON ESTATE can be seen at the opposite end of a broad expanse of lawn. A balcony leads to Diana's window.

BRIAN

There it is, and that balcony lies directly beneath her window. Oh my darling Diana, let me hold you in my arms again.

(a beat)

How do I look?

ROGER

Disgusting. But that never stopped you before. Let's get on with it.

They dart swiftly across the lawn. Crouch down at the base of the trellis beneath Diana's window.

Brian looks around. Collects a handful of stones.

BRIAN

Oh Diana, Diana, Diana fair, come to your window beauty rare.

He flings the stones up at her window, and they RATTLE against the glass.

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She stirs in bed, young fair DIANA. Herself a teenager, and ripe with tender softness and beauty.

BACK TO SCENE

BRIAN

Dearest love, Diana mine, come out of your room and in the moonlight shine.

He collects more pebbles and tosses them at the window. There is a pause.

A light goes on in Diana's window. After another pause, the doors to the balcony open and Diana emerges in her nightdress.

BRIAN

Oh darling, darling --

He throws her kisses.

DIANA

Brian? Brian, is that you?

Lights come on in the upstairs windows.

BRIAN

Is she kidding? I'm coming up.

Roger nudges him -- points to the lighted windows. Brian waves him off.

He begins to climb the trellis.

DIANA

Oh Brian, Brian --

Determined hands and feet grope their way up the wall, clinging to that trellis, as inside the house there is a stir of action.

INT. COLONEL WELLINGTON'S BEDROOM

Diana's grandfather and guardian, COLONEL WELLINGTON, a white-haired aristocrat in his 70s, throws on his bathrobe and moves to the door, poking his head out.

IN THE HALL

HASTINGS, the family servant, comes toward him.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Hastings, there's an intruder. Bring my gun.

BACK TO BALCONY

as Diana comes to the rail and looks down, her beloved Brian climbing toward her.

IN THE HALLWAY

Colonel Wellington pads toward Diana's room, shotgun in hand.

ON THE TRELLIS

Brian has almost reached the top, and he reaches out his hand. Diana extends her hand toward him.

She takes his hand and he struggles and manages to climb over the lip of the balcony and they find rapture in each other's arms.

But in no time, the French doors fling wide and Colonel Wellington storms out on the balcony.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Why you --

He raises the gun to fire. Brian breaks free and vaults the wall, starting down the trellis.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

In your room!

DIANA

Grandfather, please?

COLONEL WELLINGTON

In -- your -- room.

He moves to edge of balcony; she tries to stop him. He shakes free.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

That boy is no better than a common werewolf.

(aside)

Did I say werewolf?

He aims the shotgun and FIRES!

Buckshot explodes along the trellis but misses the boy, who hits the ground running.

BOOM! Another shotgun blast. Brian and Roger vamoose into the woods.

ON THE BALCONY

Diana continues to try to reason with her grandfather.

DIANA

Grandfather -- he's not what you think he is.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

All right, maybe he's not a werewolf, but --

DIANA

You don't understand, we love each other.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

You will stay away from him, do you hear me? He's nothing but common trash from the village. Besides, you heard those unearthly cries. Something is amiss this night. If we're smart we'll all hide in our beds.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

Brian and Roger work their way back to the main road.

Another WOLF CRY is heard -- AH-O-O-O-O!

ROGER

That was close -- come on.

They quicken their pace, emerge onto the main road. Pause for a beat to catch their breath.

Up ahead something sweet and pure and innocent stands before them in the moonlight -- none other than Princess Elizabeth. She looks delicately lovely in her nightgown. This stops the lads in their tracks.

BRIAN

Whoa, what have we here?

They approach the princess.

BRIAN

Saw her first.

ROGER

No way.

Brian pushes his friend aside.

BRIAN

Good moonlit night, sweet lady, and what brings you to these woods?

ELIZABETH

Might I trouble you -- it seems I'm lost.

BRIAN

Oh, that's terrible, simply terrible. Perhaps I can steer you in the right direction.

He gazes into her eyes.

BRIAN

I must say, you're very beautiful.

ELIZABETH

You must say.

But he sees something there that unnerves him.

BRIAN

In a slightly peculiar way. Have you seen a good facial surgeon?

A slight pause.

ELIZABETH

Yes, I am beautiful if you look deeply into my eyes, not to say exceedingly hungry -- you?

BRIAN

Me, well, uh, I had a big dinner.  
 (a slight moment)  
 Why don't I escort you back to the village.

ELIZABETH

Oh, would you? I'd feel so much safer.

She takes his arm. But Roger senses danger.

ROGER

Brian?

BRIAN

Goodbye.

ROGER

Brian, something isn't right.

BRIAN

I'm a big boy. Be on your way.

ROGER

Brian?

BRIAN

You can find your way home.  
 (to Elizabeth)  
 Come.

He starts off down the road with the princess.

ELIZABETH

I know a shortcut through the woods.

Brian can't believe his good luck. He's licking his chops.

They start into the woods.

BRIAN

You know, I love the fact that you are very forthright,  
 that you're not shy.

She throws him a hungry, wolf-life look. Ulp.

BRIAN

On the other hand --

She takes his hand, leads him forward.

ELIZABETH

I've always loved the woods. So dark, so mysterious,  
 so terrifying.

Brian is beginning to feel uneasy. They move farther into the woods.

BRIAN

You're the princess.

ELIZABETH

Yes.

BRIAN

I thought you looked familiar. I must say, there's something almost hypnotizing about royal beauty.

Elizabeth looks around for a place to sit.

ELIZABETH

Why don't we sit over there?

They sit on an old log.

Brian gazes into Elizabeth's eyes. Her face betrays a slight touch of wolfishness.

BRIAN

I don't mean this in a bad way, but did anyone ever tell you you bear a slight resemblance to a wolf?

ELIZABETH

Grrrrr.

BRIAN

Only very slight. I didn't really mean anything by it.

ELIZABETH

Kiss me.

BRIAN

If you insist -- ulp.

They kiss.

ELIZABETH

Again.

They kiss, and she's getting rougher.

BRIAN

Hey --

ELIZABETH

Meal time, baby.

She lunges for him, baring ferocious teeth.

BRIAN

Help, help!

He tries to pull away, but she wrestles him furiously to the ground, snarling and snapping.

IN THE BUSHES

an astonished Roger looks on.

Elizabeth comes up for air, teeth and hands dripping blood.

She throws back her head -- a wolf's head. Lets out an unearthly cry -- AH-O-O-O-O!  
And sets upon him savagely.

BRIAN

Help me, help me -- please -- somebody!?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE MOORS - NIGHT

Sir Cedric commands the reins to an eager, yelping pack of bloodhounds. They sniff and bark their way forward. Francesca and Lawrence follow behind.

A WOLF CRY goes up -- AH-O-O-O-O!

FRANCESCA

Oh my God -- it's the princess. That cry is unmistakable.

(off a look)

She always howls in the key of G.

Several beats.

FRANCESCA

She's out there all right, making her nightly rounds in search of food.

Cedric spies something in the dirt.

CEDRIC

Look here.

He crouches down in the dirt. There's an animal track.

CEDRIC

A track --

LAWRENCE

On a trail --

FRANCESCA

In the woods.

A beat.

There once --  
CEDRIC

Was a track --  
FRANCESCA

On a trail.  
LAWRENCE

Another beat.

But the track --  
LAWRENCE

On the trail --  
CEDRIC

Had gone stale.  
FRANCESCA

She frowns.

What shall we do --  
FRANCESCA

You and me, me and you.  
CEDRIC

When the track had gone stale on the trail.  
FRANCESCA

Pause.

We must press on, that's what we must do.  
FRANCESCA

Speak for yourself.  
LAWRENCE

You're not a paltry coward, are you?  
FRANCESCA

A paltry coward, well --  
LAWRENCE

We must find her, don't you see, even at peril to our  
lives.  
FRANCESCA

I just remembered, I have homework to do.  
LAWRENCE

He starts to exit; she brings him up short.



FRANCESCA

Come, time is wasting.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COTTAGE - THE MOORS - NIGHT

A quaint thatched cottage occupied by ROSIE O'SHAUGHNESSY, a widow. Plump, middle-aged. With a short Irish fuse.

The house is fenced in, and there are SHEEP nervously milling about in the pens.

INT. BEDROOM

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, dressed for bed, is combing her hair in front of a full-length mirror.

A WOLF CRY goes up from without -- AH-O-O-O-O!

She moves to the window, looks out. The sheep are BLEATING nervously in their pens.

She quickly CROSSES herself, then moves to her bed where she kneels down and folds her hands in prayer.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Deliver me, oh Lord, from these nightly cries. Watch over the soul of my dear, departed Rupert. And forgive me, I cheated on my tax returns.

Another WOLF CRY goes up.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Be gone, I say, be gone!

She gets up, goes to the door, looks out. The sheep are agitated and frightened.

Out she goes into the yard and pauses at the gate. As she peers intently down at something lifeless on the ground, a look of horror crosses her face.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Oh my God!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VILLAGE CONSTABULARY - NIGHT

Two uniformed constables, GEORGE and ED, face each other across a chessboard that is set up on the duty desk.

George captures one of Ed's pieces and haughtily plucks it from the board.

GEORGE

Ha!

They warily eye each other. Ed contemplates his next move.

GEORGE

What do you make of that Slobobian girl, Ed? Rumor has it she's a monster.

Ed reaches for a chess piece.

ED

Slobobians -- who has any use for them anyway?

He moves the piece. George acknowledges the shrewdness of his move with a nod.

A breathless Mrs. O'Shaughnessy rushes in.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Help, help, my flocks are being attacked by werewolves. You probably didn't hear me -- werewolves? Grrr, grrr -- mew, mew. . . I think we have a problem.

They ignore her.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

You probably didn't --

George's hand goes up, silences her.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Look, I can see you're in the middle of a game, but this is very important. My poor innocent little flocks are being molested. Can I make that any plainer?

George and Ed exchange subtle annoyed looks.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It's that Slobobian girl. She has foul manners. Not to mention she likes to eat people -- gobble, gobble -- and sheep. I demand you take immediate action.

They continue to fret over the chess game.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Don't just sit there.

ED

(re: chess move)

George?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

You are going to listen to me --

GEORGE

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, would you please be still. The game has reached a critical pass. Desist for just one moment until we finish.

He moves chess piece.

ED

Shrewd, George, but --  
(moves piece)  
Checkmate.

George rises to his feet in anger.

GEORGE

(to Mrs. O)

You -- I could strangle you. If you hadn't broken my concentration, I would have won. Now what is all this nonsense about werewolves?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It's not nonsense. That innocent little sweetie masquerading as a princess is none other than a werewolf, and right now she's out there prowling the countryside.

GEORGE

Ridiculous.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

If you stand by and pretend nothing is wrong, my entire flock of sheep will be destroyed. I insist you take action.

GEORGE

I could use a brandy. How about you, Eddie?

ED

Brandies. I'll do the honors.

He moves to cabinet, searches for brandy.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Now, are you going to do something?

ED

It's late. Perhaps your mind is befuddled -- who ever heard of such monsters.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I'm serious. You had better go out there and bring that fiend to justice.

George thinks a beat.

GEORGE

I must be frank with you -- I have precious little experience with werewolves.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

None of us have experience, they're monsters. But surely you have guns, don't you? You can go out there and shoot the beast.

Ed finishes pouring brandy. Hands glasses around.

ED

There.

They sip brandy.

GEORGE

Look, in a few hours the sun will come up. We can forget all about this. Why don't we have a nip and call it a night?

The door flies open and Roger comes running in.

ROGER

Help, help -- my friend's been eaten by a werewolf! You probably think I'm crazy. He's ranting, you say, he doesn't know what he's saying, he's out of his mind. Perhaps I am, but you should have seen this beast.

Puzzled looks all around.

GEORGE

I'm not sure I want to have seen him, lad. And might I suggest -- get control of yourself?

ROGER

Easy for you to make light, constables. Poor Brian, lying there with the life torn out of him. Sure she looked pure and innocent in the moonlight, that's what they want you to think. The Slobobians. It was that princess. She turned into a wolf right there in the moonlight, then set upon him with savage fury. You know what that is, don't you? Savage, unrepentant, tearing at his throat until she had her fill of flesh and blood, then she threw him lifeless to the ground. We've got to go back for him and give him a decent burial.

ED

Here -- drink this.

He hands Roger a glass of brandy. Roger sips brandy.

ED

Well, Georgie, we've got her flocks in distress on the one hand, and the lad's friend appears to have had a bad go of it. What do we do?

GEORGE

You ask me, we go hide under a rock. But I'm not sure that will go over well. You feel brave?

Ed shrugs.

GEORGE

We're going out with our hunting rifles for a walk in the moonlight.

ED

And if we should come across these monsters?

GEORGE

Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes.

(a beat)

I'll go with the lad. You go with Mrs. O'Shaughnessy.

(a beat)

Now, might I propose a toast?

ED

A toast.

Glasses are raised.

GEORGE

To the werewolf!

OTHERS

The werewolf!

They drink.

ED

To the lad's friend!

OTHERS

The lad's friend!

Another gulp.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

What about my sheep?

ED

Sorry. No time for that. Okay, everyone, a-wolfing we go.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GYPSY ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT

YELPING and YAPPING bloodhounds emerge from the mists dragging Cedric, Francesca and Lawrence along with them.

Before them -- a covered wagon, tent and campfire. This is the gypsy encampment.

Cedric tugs the hounds to a halt.

CEDRIC

What have we here? The gypsy encampment. Dare we pick her brain?

(a beat)

Yes.

They move to the tent.

CEDRIC

(calls out)

Hel-lo gypsy?! . . . She's probably sound asleep.

The GYPSY surprises them from behind. She's a shrewd old cookie in kerchief and shawl, stooped with age.

GYPSY WOMAN

Am I, Sir Cedric?

CEDRIC

You startled me.

GYPSY WOMAN

Why do you trespass in the gypsy's encampment at this hour?

CEDRIC

Well, you see, one among us has a bad case of the woof-woofs.

GYPSY WOMAN

And I wonder who that would be. Inside.

INT. TENT

They gather round the gypsy.

GYPSY WOMAN

(to Francesca)

You would be the girl's mother. And this is young Master Lawrence. You want something effective against growlies, I may have just the thing for you.

CEDRIC

I knew you'd come through.

GYPSY WOMAN

Spells and incantations are \$39.95. Potions cost extra. I take cash, credit cards and traveler's checks. Give.

CEDRIC

Naturally, we don't carry a lot of cash with us.

GYPSY WOMAN

I'm waiting.

Cedric takes Francesca aside.

CEDRIC

You must have something?

FRANCESCA

You can't make a deal with this woman, she's a witch.

CEDRIC

You want your daughter to be a hairy monster?

Francesca grudgingly produces a handful of gold farthings.

CEDRIC

What'll three gold farthings buy us?

The Gypsy snatches the money, examines it. Then she rummages in an old chest.

GYPSY WOMAN

Okay, we're doing a brisk business in vampires these days, the werewolf trade is kind of slow. But I think we have just what you're looking for.

CEDRIC

You know, gypsy woman, for a moment there I was really scared. I thought I'd have a werewolf for a daughter-in-law.

GYPSY WOMAN

My son-in-law's a monster -- you get used to it. . . Now, how about this?

She opens her hand and displays two SILVER BULLETS.

CEDRIC

Silver bullets. The Lone Ranger?

A moment.

GYPSY WOMAN

Place them under the girl's pillow for one full cycle of the moon. Voila, she's hair-free.

Happy smiles all around.

CEDRIC

Hey, you know, for a shriveled old crone, you're okay.

GYPSY WOMAN

You better be on your way and get those bullets under the girl's pillow.

CEDRIC

Thanks, gypsy woman.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - THE MOORS - NIGHT

Roger and a shotgun-toting George make their way on foot along the darkened road, returning to the spot where Roger encountered the princess.

The moors are thick with fog at this hour.

ROGER

It was quite a shocking sight, constable, as I believe I've made abundantly clear. My closest friend, who never did harm to anyone, succumbing to the princess' monstrous savagery. . . She made quite a meal out of him, that's for sure.

(several beats)

There -- it's just around that bend.

They turn the bend, come to a halt.

ROGER

It was right here we first encountered her.

A WOLF CRY goes up -- AH-O-O-O-O!

ROGER

And a cry just such as that that should have warned us.

That cry has thrown a chill into George.

GEORGE

That wasn't a friendly cry.

ROGER

(patting him on the back)

Lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

(several beats)

Now it's true, constable, that she was radiantly beautiful in the moonlight. Enough to take one's breath away.

WOLF CRY: AH-O-O-O-O!

ROGER

And no sooner had we made her acquaintance than she led him over there. Come.



They start into the woods. The constable is petrified.

ROGER

Now here -- on this log -- this is where they sat. So innocent, so young, so hungry.

GEORGE

Lad?

ROGER

I tried to warn him. It's always something in the eyes. And then -- grrrrr! She pounced on him.

He mock pounces on the constable.

GEORGE

Lad, please.

ROGER

(matter of fact)

And it was all a furry mess.

(a beat)

Now he was right here before, but now where has he gone?

WOLF CRY: AH-O-O-O-O!

Roger looks around, but there's no sign of Brian.

The constable slips away.

Roger continues to look around.

ROGER

He couldn't have just walked away. Constable? Constable?

(pause)

Brian -- where are you?

IN THE BUSHES

not twenty yards away, a torn and bloodied Brian is attempting to drag himself to his feet.

BRIAN

Help -- help! . . .

He struggles upward with his last ounce of strength and collapses to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DIANA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Diana tosses and turns in bed, unable to sleep. She opens her eyes, bolts upright.

DIANA

Brian?

Quickly, she moves from the bed to the doors leading to the balcony and goes out.

EXT. BALCONY - NIGHT

Diana comes to the railing. Looks longingly in the direction of the woods. Yearns for her beloved.

Hold for several beats, then she retreats to the bedroom.

IN THE BEDROOM

she disappears behind a screen and quickly changes out of her night clothes.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - WELLINGTON ESTATE - NIGHT

Diana slips out the door and hurriedly moves across the wide expanse of lawn, disappearing into the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT GATE - VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE - NIGHT

Cedric, Francesca and Lawrence and the hounds have returned from the moors.

CEDRIC

(to Lawrence)

Take these. I'll see Princess Francesca to the door.

Lawrence leads the hounds off.

CEDRIC

Shall we?

He escorts her through the gate and up the walk. They pause.

Cedric puts a move on her.

CEDRIC

You're much too beautiful to have a werewolf for a daughter.

FRANCESCA

Sir Cedric, please.

Sir Cedric reaches into his pocket, brings up silver bullets.

CEDRIC

You don't want to forget these.

He hands them over.

CEDRIC

Well then, when next we meet, it will occasion the marriage of your lovely daughter to my handsome son.

FRANCESCA

Your handsome son to my lovely daughter.

CEDRIC

Your lovely daughter's handsomely endowed dowry to my handsome son, which in effect means into my bank account, if you'll forgive me. Now, before we part, may I steal a kiss?

She sidesteps him.

FRANCESCA

Good night, Sir Cedric.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS FOYER - VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE - NIGHT

Lady Francesca pauses as she enters, thinks for a beat, then quickly moves up the stairs.

IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

she makes her way to the Princess's bedroom. Goes in.

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM

Light from the full moon streams through the window onto the face of a sleeping ELIZABETH.

Lady Francesca tiptoes quietly in. Moves to the bed where the girl lies sleeping.

FRANCESCA

Oh Elizabeth, my precious monster.

She lifts the corner of the pillow carefully. Places those two silver bullets underneath it.

FRANCESCA

This will whisk away facial hair to give you that fresh, unfettered look.

She kisses Elizabeth gently on the forehead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MRS. O'S COTTAGE - THE MOORS - NIGHT

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy and Ed, the constable, come to the gate. Sheep bleat nervously in the pens.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It was a shameful sight, constable -- not to mention disgusting and unseemly.

(a beat)

You look -- I can't bear the sight of it.

Ed gazes into the pens. Grimaces.

WOLF CRY: AH-O-O-O-O!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

There -- you heard it for yourself. Now, is that unearthly?

ED

Yeah, I'd even go so far as to say it's terrifying.

He hands her his gun.

ED

You want to shoot him, be my guest.

And quickly exits.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Constable?. . . Men, what cowards are they. . . Well, I'm not going to stand for this.

She storms off down the road.

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - NIGHT

Its cobblestone streets and pavements are deserted at this hour. Street lamps flicker.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy stalks in. Pauses in the middle of the town square.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

All right, all of you -- out of your beds. Listen to me, if you care for the safety of this village. Listen to me, because there's a monster out there, a werewolf.

LIGHTS come on in the windows.

VOICE FROM WINDOW

Hey, keep it down!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

You won't laugh when it's your tender and innocent child in the grasp of that fiend.

(gentler, more conspiratorial)

Listen, it's that Slobobian princess. She's a werewolf. I know she's cute as all heck. Daddy's little girl.

(MORE)

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY (cont'd)

But she's out there night after night prowling the moors,  
attacking people. We've got to call her bluff.

(louder now)

So arise, village of fools, before it's too late.

(aside)

Not bad, huh?

A crude looking MAN approaches, taps her on the shoulder.

MAN ON STREET

Isn't it past your bedtime?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I know what you're thinking -- this one's off her nut.

"There are no werewolves in God's creation," says  
you. Then tell me, what's been howling all night?

What tore the throat out of my sheep? Wise up. We've  
got to put a stop to her.

She starts across the square, looks for a familiar door and pounds on it.

A head pops out of an upstairs window. This belongs to MILLIE O'GRADY, Rosie's  
friend.

MILLIE

Who's there?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It's me, Millie, Rosie, open up.

MILLIE

Oh Rosie, go home to bed.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Let me in, Millie, please?

MILLIE

Rosie. . . All right, just a minute.

Millie disappears.

A NEWSBOY appears with a bundle of papers under his arm.

NEWSBOY

Extra, extra, hot early morning edition here. Read all  
about it. Werewolf on the moors. Lady, they think it's  
the princess behind the slew of killings. Get your copy  
right here.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Here.

She hands him a shilling, takes a newspaper. Peruses it.

The downstairs door opens and Millie appears.

MILLIE

You woke me out of a sound sleep, Rosie. Come in.

INT. KITCHEN

It's a cozy place, with a potbellied stove, table and chairs. Millie and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy enter through a narrow hallway.

MILLIE

Now calm yourself, Rosie, and be quiet. I'll get you some tea.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

We don't have time for that. There's a monster prowling those moors.

MILLIE

Sure there is.

Millie moves to the hob.

MILLIE

Go on, sit down.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy seats herself at the table.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It's that Slobobian princess. She's a werewolf, and she's killed one of my sheep.

MILLIE

Shame on her.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I'm serious.

Millie sets down a cup of tea.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

You don't believe me -- look at this.

She hands her the newspaper.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It's that Slobobian princess -- she turns into a wolf.

MILLIE

You don't say.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

It's true, and we've got to stop her, Millie, we've got to.

MILLIE

What, just because she gets a little hairy in the moonlight?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Millie --

MILLIE

All right, a lot hairy. Who's complaining?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

They're monsters, every one of them. You and I are going up to that estate to demand they surrender that girl.

There is a slight beat.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Are you with me?

MILLIE

Rosie?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

As opposed to agin' me?

MILLIE

Uh, Rosie?

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy starts to her feet.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

We're talking werewolves, Millie -- furry, hairy, uncouth. Did I leave something out?

MILLIE

Yeah, they make a terrible ruckus.

A slight pause.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

So -- are you with me?

MILLIE

I don't know.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Come on, say yes.

MILLIE

Sorry, this time I come down on the side of the werewolves. A little joke.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Well, I'm putting a stop to them.

She starts to exit.

MILLIE

Rosie?

EXT. VILLAGE STREET - NIGHT

A determined Rosie O'Shaughnessy moves briskly along the pavement.

EXT. SMILING ROGER'S PUB - NIGHT

Two or three drunks linger in front.

INT. SMILING ROGER'S PUB

The place is plenty clogged even at this late hour. Maids serving drinks. Dingy men leaning over the bar. Cigarette and pipe smoke. Noise.

RICHARDS and BOYD, two crusty old farts, cling to the countertop over sudsy ales.

The Newsboy enters with papers under his arm.

NEWSBOY

Hey, early edition.

(to Richards)

You look like you could use a good read. Read all about the werewolf.

Richards and his friend exchange suspicious looks.

NEWSBOY

Hey, I don't bite. Larger than life, more hideous than the queen herself. A ha'penny and you can read all about it.

(off a look)

What's the matter, you don't believe in werewolves?

Richards grabs him.

RICHARDS

Mind yourself, laddie.

He pulls free, continues to circulate.

NEWSBOY

Hey, early edition. Get your early edition, read all about it.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy hurriedly enters. Moves to the bar.



MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

(to Richards)

All right, you look like a reasonable man. True, you're dressed like a slob, but hear me out. That Slobobian princess? She's a werewolf. She's the one howling all night, making it impossible to sleep. We're not going to stand for it, are we? We're not going to let her get away with it.

(off a hostile look)

Then again, let bygones be bygones. Why create issues over a little barking?

(a beat)

Look, can I count on you?

Richards and his friends exchange looks, shrug.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I know this sounds a little crazy. I know it sounds a lot crazy. . . I know, free drinks. That's it, free drinks for everyone who'll go with me to the castle. We'll show that princess. What do you say?

RICHARDS

You hear that everyone -- free drinks. Sure, lady, we'll go with you.

He winks to his friend.

Now there's a general clamor, as customers crowd the bar.

CUSTOMER

(pounding on the bar)

Free drinks, you heard her.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

We'll show that princess she can't get away with it. Go on, barkeep, fill 'em up. I'm paying.

She throws some coins on the counter.

RICHARDS

I say we toast the lady.

He hoists an ale.

RICHARDS

To your health!

OTHERS

To your health!

RICHARDS

Drink up!

As they slurp their ale, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAWRENCE'S BEDROOM - PRESCOTT ESTATE - NIGHT

Lawrence is preparing for bed as Cedric comes in.

CEDRIC

Well, no wolves in our future. It won't be long before our fortunes will be restored. You just tuck yourself in.

LAWRENCE

I wish you wouldn't place so much emphasis on money.

CEDRIC

If you mean did I overlook their royal status, no, I'd given it some thought.

LAWRENCE

Poor Elizabeth, so hairy around the gills. But I do love her, truly I do. I don't even mind her unseemly growling.

He gets in bed and pulls the covers over him.

CEDRIC

I have to admit -- you have excellent taste in werewolves.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - MOORS - NIGHT

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy stands on a small rise before an angry lynch mob of townsfolk. They bear lighted torches, shotguns and placards.

The placards read: "Say No to Werewolves"; "Slobobian Monsters Go Home"; "Export Grain, Not Werewolves," etc.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

All right, we're going to show those Slobobians they can't foist their monsters on us, aren't we?

OTHERS

Yes!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Before you know it, there'll be werewolves in our schools. I don't want my children associating with werewolves, do you?

OTHERS

No!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

You don't want them dating your daughters, do you?

OTHERS

No!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

In our church choirs, in our work places -- they'll stop at nothing. Before long they'll be on the faculties of our universities. Is that what you want!

OTHERS

No!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I can't hear you.

OTHERS

No!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Today, one or two of them frolicking in the woods. Tomorrow, hoardes of them overrunning the countryside, terrorizing our flocks, stealing our babies from their beds. You don't want furballs everywhere, do you?

OTHERS

No!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Howling in the night?

OTHERS

No!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I can't hear you.

OTHERS

No!!!!!!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Louder!

OTHERS

No!!!!!!!!!!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I can't hear you.

The incensed crowd starts out in the direction of the von Woof Woof estate.

CUT TO:

## INT. BEDROOM - VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE

Frederick and Francesca von Woof Woof lie next to each other in bed fast asleep. The faint SOUNDS of the chanting lynch mob can be heard from without.

## INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM

The sleeping princess, as if sensing the approaching lynch mob, stirs uneasily in bed.

## TWO SILVER BULLETS

shift precariously beneath her pillow, threatening to come loose.

## BACK TO SCENE

Francesca is wakened by the SOUND of the lynch mob. She gently nudges her husband.

FRANCESCA

Frederick?

He stirs drowsily.

FRANCESCA

Frederick, wake up.

FREDERICK

What is it?

A KNOCK at the door, then HENRY, the family servant, comes in.

HENRY

Sir, I'm sorry to trouble you but we might have a problem. There's a lynch mob out there. They don't seem happy, sir.

FREDERICK

A lynch mob? What's this all about?

HENRY

The princess, sir. They seem to be chanting for the princess. You know how it is, sir, when the masses get wind of a monster.

FREDERICK

Get my gun.

Henry goes out.

FREDERICK

Is it such a crime that she gets a little hairy in the moonlight? Don't worry yourself, dear, I'll take care of this.

## EXT. FRONT LAWN - VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE

The angry mob is now congregated there and they are being "conducted" by Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who waves her arms, as they chant -- WEREWOLF, WEREWOLF, WE WANT THE WEREWOLF!

## INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL

Frederick von Woof Woof comes down the stairs in robe and slippers. Henry is waiting for him at the bottom of the stairs with a shotgun.

HENRY

You show 'em, sir.

Frederick takes the shotgun, moves to the door, and opens it, peering out.

## POV SHOT - THE ANGRY MOB

FREDERICK

Hmmmm -- large, unruly, and not altogether pleasant.

Frederick steps out onto the porch with the gun.

## EXT. FRONT LAWN - VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE

As one of the TOWNSFOLK elbows Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and she turns and spies Frederick.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Quiet -- quiet, everyone.

She marches up to the door.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

All right, we want the girl.

FREDERICK

What girl?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Your daughter, who is none other than a werewolf.

FREDERICK

Now wait a minute.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

We want her, and you're going to give her up.

FREDERICK

My daughter is sweet and precious and I'll not have you calling her a werewolf.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

All right then, a monster.

FREDERICK

A monster, well, yeah, maybe, but --

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

And we happen to know she sprouts hair by moonlight,  
and her teeth grow large and savage.

FREDERICK

Well --

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

All of which means, she's a werewolf, and you'd better  
surrender her now or we'll break down the door.

Frederick thinks a beat.

FREDERICK

If she agrees to stop prowling the moors, would that be  
enough?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

No.

FREDERICK

Her teeth -- if we agreed to file them down, would that  
do the trick?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

No.

FREDERICK

I know what's bothering you -- it's all the growling.  
Voice training. All she needs is a little voice training.  
We'll fix that.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

You'll surrender her now and stop stalling, or we'll  
tear the place down.

FREDERICK

Well, in that case -- okay, I'll get her. But you'll see  
how wrong you are, just wait.

He disappears inside the house.

IN THE FOYER

Frederick confronts Henry.

FREDERICK

Get Elizabeth -- now.

HENRY

You're not going to give in to them?

FREDERICK

Get the girl.

ON THE LAWN

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is rubbing her hands together in eager anticipation.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

We'll show him what we do with monsters. They're not going to ruin our neighborhoods.

Frederick reappears.

FREDERICK

All right, get ready now, step back.

The crowd moves back uneasily.

FREDERICK

Here she is, direct to you all the way from Eastern Slobobia, everybody's favorite little showgirl and our own darling princess -- Elizabeth.

A dreamy but tired-looking ELIZABETH emerges from the entrance, dressed in her nightclothes.

FREDERICK

Smile for them, honey, show them you love them.

Elizabeth shows a faint smile.

FREDERICK

Isn't she something? And she can sing and dance, too. Baby?

Elizabeth shakes her head "no."

FREDERICK

Aw, come on, baby, that's your public, give them a little thrill. . . It's all that prowling, she's tired out.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

See!

FREDERICK

Now I ask you, is this not the picture of sweetness and innocence? Does this look to you like a werewolf?

The mob is confused.

FREDERICK

Of course not. So now, all of you, go home to your beds. You've obviously made a big mistake.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Oh no. She's a monster, she's a monster all right.

FREDERICK

Come on, honey, give 'em a little soft shoe. That'll quiet them down. Then we can all go home.

Frederick removes a whistle from his pocket. Blows into it, raising little jazz riffs.

Elizabeth breaks into a TAP-DANCE ROUTINE, feet tapping smoothly, throwing kisses to the crowd.

She finishes up with a neat little CURTSY. The crowd is dazzled and applauds.

FREDERICK

Nice work, baby.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

She's a werewolf, I tell you.

FREDERICK

Good night, everyone, go home.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Show us her teeth!

Elizabeth opens her mouth, displaying normal teeth.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Her hands -- they're monstrous claws.

Elizabeth shows sweet, dainty little hands.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

She's a monster, I tell you.

FREDERICK

Good night, everyone. Thanks for coming to the show. Come on, baby.

He and Elizabeth go inside.

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy turns to the mob, which is dispersing.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Wait -- don't go, she's a monster!

But her calls fall on deaf ears.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Don't listen to him. He's lying. Come back.

But it's no use.



MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Come back, I tell you.

She starts after the departing mob.

INT. FOYER

Elizabeth turns to her father.

ELIZABETH

Did I do good, daddy?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - MOORS - MORNING

At long last, the werewolf-plagued night has given way to day, and a hay wagon pulled by a team of horses makes its way along the road.

The driver of this rig, a fellow named MORTIMER, amiable, forties, albeit unshaven, is all smiles, idling the time away with happy whistling.

He catches sight of something in the road up ahead, and pulls the horses to a stop.

He climbs down and discovers BRIAN, clothes torn, face covered in scratches and blood, no longer able to move and very faintly clinging to life.

MOANS come from Brian's lips.

BRIAN

Ohhhhhhh. . .

MORTIMER

My God, what's happened?

He kneels, examines the wounds.

MORTIMER

Deep wounds --

BRIAN

Ohhhhhhhh. . .

Mortimer's getting a perverse sense of pleasure from this.

MORTIMER

Lacerations --

BRIAN

Help me -- please?

MORTIMER

Painful, are they?

BRIAN

Ohhhhhh. . .

MORTIMER

You just hold still.

He struggles to lift Brian.

MORTIMER

You're a load, lad.

Drags him to the rear of the wagon.

MORTIMER

Up you go.

With great struggle, he lifts Brian's body into the back of the wagon, depositing him in a bed of hay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - LATER

Mortimer's hay wagon continues to bounce along. Up ahead someone has appeared in the road. It's Diana -- yes, Brian's sweetheart. She waves him down.

MORTIMER

Whoa.

He pulls the rig to a halt.

DIANA

Might I trouble you for a ride? I've been walking for hours.

Mortimer gestures. She climbs up beside him.

DIANA

Thanks, you don't know what a help this is.

Mortimer snaps the reins. The wagon rolls forward.

DIANA

You know, for a while there, I wondered whether I'd even make it.

MORTIMER

What do you mean?

DIANA

Those wolf cries? It's kind of dangerous out here at night. . .Boy, those cries can really give you the willies.

Several beats.

DIANA

You headed for town?

MORTIMER

Yup.

DIANA

You hadn't come along, I don't know what I would have done. I mean, my legs are tired and I'm not that familiar with these roads.

There is a pause.

DIANA

Have you ever been in love?

MORTIMER

Yeah.

DIANA

That's why I'm here. My boyfriend lives in the village. I don't think I'd do something crazy like this if I wasn't in love.

MORTIMER

We all do crazy things. And speaking of crazy, you'll never guess what I came across on the road this morning. No, I shouldn't discuss it.

DIANA

Please -- I'm curious.

MORTIMER

Really, it's not suitable for young ears. Though I must say, in my many years of traveling these roads, I've never seen anything like it.

(off a look)

Well, a lad about your age. Lying there bloodied in the road. Well, I couldn't just leave him there, could I? So I stuck him in back. Grizzly, very grizzly.

Diana mulls this for several beats.

DIANA

Would you mind if I had a look at him?

MORTIMER

The lad?

DIANA

Yes.

MORTIMER

Oh, you don't want to look at him.

DIANA

But I do -- and I will pester you until you stop this cart  
and let me see for myself.

MORTIMER

Oh, this is a big mistake.

He pulls the rig to a stop.

MORTIMER

I don't think you're going to like this.

He helps her down. They move to the rear of the cart.

MORTIMER

I'll give you a lift up, and God forgive me.

He helps her into the back of the wagon.

Brian's twisted body lies there in a heap. His bloodied face is turned away.

She kneels to him, cradles his head, gently turns his face.

DIANA

Brian?!!!

And faints dead away.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - WELLINGTON ESTATE - MORNING

Colonel Wellington, Diana's grandfather, sits reading his newspaper at the breakfast table, sipping tea. The remains of his breakfast have not yet been collected from the table.

He's unaware Diana has disappeared.

Several beats, then HASTINGS, his faithful servant, comes in.

HASTINGS

May I take those, sir?

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Please.

Hastings begins to clear the table, placing the items on a tray.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

That was a messy business last night, Hastings, that lad  
from the village showing up beneath Diana's window.  
I don't want her consorting with lower class trash.

HASTINGS

She'll be the death of us, ey, sir?

(off a dirty look)

Just a figure of speech.

(several beats)

Will Mrs. Wellington be joining us for breakfast?

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Yes, I believe so.

(several beats)

Do you believe in werewolves, Hastings? You know -- bark, bark -- growl, growl -- men become wolves, that sort of thing?

HASTINGS

I hadn't given it much thought, sir.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Because it says here that werewolves are out and about on the moors, attacking our sheep. Does that frighten you?

HASTINGS

Oh no, not me, sir. I say live and let live.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Those things are monsters, Hastings. They haven't any scruples.

HASTINGS

Well I know, but --

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Speaking of which -- your habits, Hastings, have been rather peculiar lately. Are you keeping something from me?

HASTINGS

No, sir.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Isn't it a fact you've been keeping late hours?

HASTINGS

Well yes, but we all deserve to have a little fun now and again, sir.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Your living quarters are a mess, with furniture overturned and hairballs all over the rugs. . . Tell me the truth, Hastings, are you one of them?

HASTINGS

Them, sir?

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Werewolves.

HASTINGS

Oh, no, no, no. On the other hand --

A cheery LADY WELLINGTON comes in.

LADY WELLINGTON

Good morning, dear.

She kisses the Colonel on the cheek.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

I was just remarking to Hastings that werewolves have been sighted on the moors.

LADY WELLINGTON

Werewolves?

An embarrassed Hastings wants to beat it out of there fast.

HASTINGS

I'll go for Mrs. Wellington's breakfast, sir.

He exits.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

It seems they've been out there menacing the flocks.

LADY WELLINGTON

Oh dear.

She seats herself at the table.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Unsightly teeth, too much hair, wolf-like features -- but what really disturbs me is, once they were human.  
(pause)

We can't afford to tolerate these beasts in our midst.

Lady Wellington looks around.

LADY WELLINGTON

Where's Diana?

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Isn't she in her room?

LADY WELLINGTON

No.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

She's not here -- maybe you'd better go check on her.

Lady Wellington rises, goes out.

Hastings returns with a tray.

HASTINGS

Madam's breakfast, sir.

He sets it down.

HASTINGS

If I might have a minute of your time, sir. I hate to trouble you, but I truly feel I deserve some sort of consideration in terms of a raise.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

A raise, Hastings, doesn't that strike you as just a trifle impudent?

HASTINGS

No, sir. I feel I'm very deserving and worthy.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

You're greedy and money-grubbing, is what you are. We pay you well here. Feed and clothe you. You should be happy we keep you on.

HASTINGS

Sorry, sir, but I think if you knew all the true particulars about me, you'd be only too willing to change your mind.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

You're an ingrate, Hastings, and there's an end on it.

Hastings' nose begins to twitch. His face contorts slightly. He delivers a low, menacing growl.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Hastings, what's wrong with your throat?

HASTINGS

Nothing, sir. Neither is there anything wrong with my teeth.

He flashes large, sharp wolf teeth, lets out with a GRRRR.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Oh dear.

HASTINGS

You see, sir, I was lying to you, and in fact you were correct. I am one of those things, sir. And a very hungry one of those things at that.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

You mean?

HASTINGS

A werewolf, sir. Grrrrrr.

His face is sprouting hair. His features are turning wolf-like and feral.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

If you'll excuse me.

He makes a dash for the living room.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

the Colonel positions himself behind an armchair. Hastings comes after him. Grabs the front of the armchair and wrestles with it.

HASTINGS

I'll have that raise, sir.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Anything you say, Hastings, old boy. But your fingernails are definitely in need of a trim.

He's off at a run, ducking behind the sofa. Hastings follows after him, looking now like a full-blooded werewolf, whatever that is.

HASTINGS

Come out, come out, wherever you are.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Did I ever tell you what a joy it is to have you in our employ, Hastings, because truly it is. Don't eat me, Hastings, I'm nothing but bone and gristle.

HASTINGS

I know where you are, sir, and I'm coming after you.

He ducks around the back of the couch. Grabs the Colonel by the lapel.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

You monsters are very powerful, but we humans can be elusive.

He stomps on Hastings' foot and slips out of his grasp, dashing for the downstairs hallway.

Hastings chases after him.

HASTINGS

I'm fleet of foot, sir. Monsters always are.



## IN THE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

the Colonel takes refuge behind the banister. Hastings comes in, spots him.

HASTINGS

Time for my morning feeding, sir. What's on the breakfast menu?

He lunges for the Colonel and corners him.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Whatever you want, Hastings, it's yours -- more money, time off, better accommodations. If you want to bring other wolves -- I mean, women -- up to the room, that's fine. Just please, don't devour me.

Mrs. Wellington appears at the top of the stairs.

LADY WELLINGTON

Dear?

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Run, dear, run -- Hastings is a werewolf!

LADY WELLINGTON

(starting down the stairs)

Don't be ridiculous. Diana's disappeared.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

We're going to disappear too, if Hastings has his way. Run for it, now, while you still have a chance.

Hastings turns his attention on Lady Wellington.

HASTINGS

Grrrrr.

LADY WELLINGTON

Hello, Hastings. Goodbye, Hastings.

She turns and makes a run for it as Hastings starts up the stairs after her.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Hastings, oh Hastings?

Hastings halts and turns. The Colonel makes a face at him.

Hastings heads back down the stairs after the Colonel. They grapple with each other.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

I think Colonel Wellington is about to become Beef Wellington.

The Colonel elbows him, breaks free, and scoots up the stairs.

## IN THE UPSTAIRS BEDROOM

Lady Wellington seeks refuge, slamming and locking the door behind her.

## IN THE UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

the Colonel comes hot-footing it down the hall to the bedroom door. He tries the handle.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Open up, dear, please. Hastings is going to eat me.

## IN THE BEDROOM

Lady Wellington is hesitant to open that door.

LADY WELLINGTON

And let that monster in?

COLONEL WELLINGTON (O.S.)

Open the door, please?

Hastings has reached the top of the stairs, and he tilts his head back and lets out a ferocious GROWL.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Dear, I beg of you.

Hastings makes for the Colonel at a run. At the last minute, the door opens and the Colonel ducks inside, slamming it shut behind him.

## IN THE BEDROOM

a relieved Colonel leans against the door, breathing heavily.

LADY WELLINGTON

She's gone. I checked her room, I looked everywhere.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

That boy. I knew it. What are we going to do?

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. LAWRENCE'S BEDROOM - PRESCOTT ESTATE - MORNING

Lawrence stands before a dressing mirror, readying himself for the wedding. As he buttons up his shirt, his right hand begins to twitch.

He holds it up, examines it -- it's shaking, becoming slightly gnarled; he becomes unnerved.

There is a KNOCK at the door.

CEDRIC (O.S.)

Lawrence?

LAWRENCE

Just a minute.

He looks around for his suitcoat, locates it and puts it on, struggling to fit that shaking hand into the sleeve.

Turning to the mirror, that hand is still shaking. He attempts to hide it away -- in his pocket, behind his back, but nothing seems to work. Uneasy now, he exits.

IN THE HALLWAY

Lawrence comes out of his room, comes face to face with his father.

CEDRIC

Something wrong?

LAWRENCE

Something wrong? No, I'm just turning into a werewolf.

(off a look)

She bit me. You know, love play.

CEDRIC

Well, if we're going to make the church on time, we'd better get going.

They head downstairs.

IN THE FOYER

they encounter James, the family servant.

CEDRIC

Ah -- James. Bring the coach 'round, won't you?

James goes out.

CEDRIC

So you're turning into a wolf, are you? You think I'm going to be alarmed by that?

LAWRENCE

No, just terrified.

CEDRIC

Just hold on for a little while longer.

Several beats.

LAWRENCE

Shouldn't we possibly consider calling this off?

CEDRIC

You like sleeping in the street, do you?

Amelia Prescott enters, dressed regally.

AMELIA

Well now, don't both of you look dashing.

She moves to Lawrence, tidies his suitcoat.

AMELIA

Let me just fix you up here. . . Yes, you're going to make quite the impression. But what is it about that hand?

She attempts to tuck it away.

AMELIA

If I didn't know better, I'd think you were a werewolf. Just don't bark too loud when you say "I do."

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Mortimer and Diana have reached town and now stand before an office door with a shingle that reads: DR. FELIX WOLFMEISTER, M.D. -- EYE, EAR, NOSE, THROAT & THE TREATMENT OF LYCANTHROPY.

MORTIMER

Lycanthropy?

They exchange puzzled looks. Mortimer knocks on the door.

There is a pause.

He knocks again -- the door slowly CREAKS open and a hunchback in white lab coat, RUTHERFORD, appears.

RUTHERFORD

Yes?

MORTIMER

We've got a boy who's hurt here -- can we bring him in?

RUTHERFORD

Depends.

He heads for the wagon.

RUTHERFORD

The doctor has what he calls a wound threshold. Only lacerations sufficiently deep warrant his professional consultation. May I?

He climbs into the wagon, examines Brian.

RUTHERFORD

Oh, yes, yes, these are nice deep wounds. The doctor will see him immediately.

They heft Brian's body out of the wagon.

INT. ANTEROOM - DR. WOLFMEISTER'S OFFICE

Rutherford and Mortimer carry Brian in with Diana following behind them. They pause momentarily beneath neatly mounted werewolf trophy heads.

RUTHERFORD

Ever seen a collection like that? The doctor always get his werewolf. Come.

They continue down the hall to the EXAMINING ROOM.

RUTHERFORD

There.

They flop a bloodied Brian on the table.

RUTHERFORD

I'll go for the doctor.

He goes out.

MORTIMER

That hunchback gives me the willies.

Mortimer returns with DR. FELIX WOLFMEISTER, a short, sharp-eyed man with bushy eyebrows, outfitted in lab coat.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I'm Dr. Wolfmeister. Clinically insane, yes, but what the heck. Now, what have you brought me?

He flexes his hands, applies them gingerly to Brian's wounds.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Ah, nice deep wounds. . .

Brian lets out an agonized MOAN. Diana comes to his aid.

DIANA

Oh Brian, Brian. . .

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Easy --

DIANA

What monster could have done something like this?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

In a word -- a werewolf.

DIANA

But -- ?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I'm only the foremost authority on werewolves in the British isles. Not exactly a crowded field, but --  
(turns to Rutherford)

Rutherford -- towel and syringe.

Rutherford goes out.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Yes, this is definitely the work of a werewolf, and a fine and splendid specimen he must be.

Rutherford returns with towels, basin and syringe.

Brian lets out another MOAN.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Don't lose heart, lad, we'll save you. Yes, we'll patch you up just like new, with one possible exception.

DIANA

What's that?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

He'll be a monster for life. But not to worry, they make wonderful pets and house companions. Rutherford -- wet that towel.

Rutherford soaks the towel in the basin, hands it to the doctor.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Here at last is a chance to study one of these beasts in captivity.

(he applies the towel to the wounds)

They're quite handsome, you know, when full-grown. Look here, there's something in his hand.

The doctor pries open Brian's clenched fist -- he's holding a woman's locket.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Will you look at that. There's an inscription -- "To Elizabeth, Our Darling Princess." In point of fact, a monster. It's Princess Elizabeth, and today's the wedding, isn't it?

RUTHERFORD

Yes.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

We haven't a moment to lose. Mortimer, my shotgun.

Mortimer disappears.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

We'll put a stop to this!

Mortimer returns with the shotgun.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Quickly.

They start to exit.

DIANA

What about Brian?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Stay with him. If he gives you any trouble, hit him on the head.

EXT. DR. WOLFMEISTER'S

Mortimer, Dr. Wolfmeister and Rutherford, armed with a shotgun, hurriedly emerge from the doctor's office.

MORTIMER

The wagon.

They climb aboard Mortimer's wagon. Dr. Wolfmeister takes the reins. Whips the team into action.

CUT TO:

INT. ELIZABETH'S BEDROOM - DAY

While the Princess is dressing in her bridal gown in an anteroom, a couple of maids -- RACHEL and EMMA -- are whistling happily, going about their business making the girl's bed and tidying up.

The first maid, Rachel, plumps the princess' pillow and two silver bullets roll out from under it, making a CLATTER as they hit the floor.

She leans down, gathers them up.

RACHEL

Emma? Emma, look at this.

Emma comes over.

EMMA

What are they?

RACHEL

What do you think, they're bullets.

Emma is dazzled.

EMMA

They shine, don't they.

RACHEL

They're silver. You know what silver bullets are for, don't you?

EMMA

The Lone Ranger?

RACHEL

No -- werewolves. The princess is a werewolf. That explains why there was so much hair all over her room.

EMMA

And why she had such a bad temper.

RACHEL

Our own little princess, a werewolf. I thought she was just your garden variety slob. Well, I'll just hold on to these for safekeeping.

She pockets the bullets.

EMMA

You really think she's one of -- them?

RACHEL

You're not to say anything about this.

IN THE ADJACENT ROOM

the Princess is being attended by two maids, EILEEN and PRISCILLA, as she stands before a large mirror in her bridal gown.

ELIZABETH

Well?

EILEEN

Not bad, for a werewolf.

This merits a dirty look.

EILEEN

You know, today I'll bet you're really going to tear up the place.

Another dirty look. But this is an Elizabeth fresh with new hope.



## ELIZABETH

You know, last night my whole world was caving in. Unsightly facial hair, furry little hands -- I wouldn't have given myself one tiny iota of a chance to make it through this day. But suddenly I feel renewed. As though I have a whole new lease on life. Facial hair -- gone. Growling and roughhousing -- a thing of the past. No, once again I'm the princess you've come to know and love. And I could just tear the world apart -- grrrrrr.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. PRESCOTT ESTATE - DAY

Sir Cedric and Lawrence come down the steps to the waiting coach. Lawrence's right hand is gnarled and shaking as he fights to control it.

## CEDRIC

Step lively, Master Lawrence, step lively. Soon you will be wed to your princess bride.

## LAWRENCE

Soon I'll be having her for a lunch if I don't get this little problem under control.

Amelia comes toward them.

## AMELIA

Still having trouble, dear?

## LAWRENCE

You might say that.

## AMELIA

Now be a good little werewolf. Soon it will all be over, and the von Woof Woofs and the Prescotts will be one happy family. Won't that be wonderful?

She takes Lawrence's arm.

## AMELIA

Easy --

James approaches.

## JAMES

Your coach, madam.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

Dr. Wolfmeister is at the reins of the hay wagon. It speeds along the cobblestone street, wheels churning, horses puffing and puffing.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Faster!

He whips the reins to the team. They surge forward. As they are about to turn a corner, the figure of a MAN ON HORSEBACK charges suddenly in their path.

MORTIMER

Look out!

THE DOCTOR

pulls frantically on the reins, trying to bring the wagon to a stop.

THE RIDER'S HORSE

rears up on its hindquarters and very nearly throws him.

THE HAY WAGON

swerves to one side, just missing the man on horseback, and is brought to a crunching stop.

There is a pause.

The man on horseback, none other than Colonel Wellington, slowly dismounts. He cleans himself off.

IN THE WAGON

the Doctor and company manage to collect themselves.

Colonel Wellington comes over.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

You'll want to be a little more careful, sir, and watch where you're going.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I know perfectly well where I'm going, and you're spoiling our plans.

(off a look)

The princess is a werewolf.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

No.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Yes. And she's about to marry our own Master Lawrence. Only she never reckoned on this.

He waves a shotgun.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

That's funny -- my own man Hastings turned into one of those monsters today. Brazen little snippets, aren't they?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

They think they're clever, but they'll get what's coming. Now sir, we must be on our way.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Wait. You haven't by any chance seen a girl of about sixteen? Fair hair, so high?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

She's back there in my office.

(off a look)

Not to worry, she's okay. You'll see the name on the door -- Wolfmeister. And now I must bid you good day.

COLONEL WELLINGTON

Good day to you, sir. Godspeed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A quaint little church where the Prescott/von Woof Woof wedding will be held. Coaches pull up in front discharging guests.

INT. VESTRY

In the shadows of his quarters, REVEREND WILLIAM LANCASTER, a distinguished-looking man in his 60s, is changing into clerical garb.

A VOICE accosts him from the shadows.

GYPSY WOMAN

Got a moment, reverend?

REVEREND LANCASTER

You. How dare you show your face around here?

GYPSY WOMAN

You better be nice to me, I may be your last hope.

REVEREND LANCASTER

What are you talking about?

GYPSY WOMAN

The girl, the princess. She might have a little problem.

REVEREND LANCASTER

You think she has a problem -- look at this.

He waves his gnarled hand.

GYPSY WOMAN

Oh my.

REVEREND LANCASTER

I went out for a little stroll in the moonlight last night and lo and behold, I was set upon by wolves. And not just garden variety wolves, but werewolves. Why is it that so often where there are gypsies, there are also wolves? You're nothing but trouble, gypsy woman.

GYPSY WOMAN

You can't blame me for this. It's that girl, that Slobobian princess. She's a werewolf.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Blame the princess, shall we?

GYPSY WOMAN

I gave her a talisman to lift the curse, but something has gone wrong. I can no longer make any guarantees.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Well I'll guarantee something -- wherever you are, there's trouble.

GYPSY WOMAN

Please.

REVEREND LANCASTER

So what then exactly are you trying to tell me?

GYPSY WOMAN

You've got about a fifty percent chance of a werewolf-free wedding.

REVEREND LANCASTER

And the other fifty percent?

GYPSY WOMAN

Duck for flying furballs.

The Reverend wags a finger at her.

REVEREND LANCASTER

A thousand curses and plagues upon you, gypsy woman.

## GYPSY WOMAN

One great big phooey on you, reverend. Good day.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Dr. Wolfmeister flails away at the horses, urging them onward as the hay wagon thunders along the dusty road.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Whoopee!!!

Up ahead, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy is waist deep in a milling flock of sheep stretched across the road.

The doctor pulls back on the reins, brings the horses to a stop. He scrambles down.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Shoo! Shoo!

The sheep bleat nervously.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Out, out, out!

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy comes over.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Will you get those sheep out of here? Shoo! Shoo!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Now, now, be kind to them.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Are you crazy -- get them out of here!

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Don't you yell at me.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I'll yell at you. And I'd like to strangle you. Now get these sheep out of here.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

Good little babies.

The doctor throws up his hands in disgust. Quickly returns to the rig and climbs in.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Hang on.

He detours the wagon to one side. Steers it off the road and into the field, around those milling sheep.

## THE WAGON WHEELS

thump and churn along the rough terrain.

They're picking up speed as they head slightly downhill, but the going is rough.

## ONE OF THE WHEELS

finds a rut and catches there, pitching the wagon on its side, and the passengers thwump to the ground.

Dr. Wolfmeister gets up, dusts himself off. Examines the wheel with chagrin. It's broken.

## DR. WOLFMEISTER

Look at this. We'll have to go on foot. This way.

They start out across the field.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. CHURCH - DAY

The von Woof Woof coach pulls up in front. Henry, the driver, climbs down and opens the coach door.

Frederick, Francesca and Princess Elizabeth emerge.

## FRANCESCA

Henry, I feel beastly. Make inquiries. I'd like to freshen up.

## HENRY

Yes, madam.

He bows. Disappears into the church.

Elizabeth is having a little trouble with her nose -- it's twitching. She has begun to adopt the mannerisms of a wolf.

Francesca parts the veil that covers Elizabeth's face.

## FRANCESCA

Your nose is twitching dear. Don't tell me -- a little case of the wolfies?

Elizabeth is clearly unhappy.

## ELIZABETH

Mother -- I think we should tell the Prescotts the truth.

## FRANCESCA

Oh no, we can't do that -- that would spoil everything.

ELIZABETH

But they have a right to know the truth.

FRANCESCA

I'm not so sure about that. Besides, if they find out we're really peasants, they'll call it off.

ELIZABETH

Well, isn't that their right?

FRANCESCA

And we'll have to go back to our peasant life. We wouldn't want that. No, you just stay focused, dear. And, if you could, please keep the howling to a minimum.

Henry returns.

HENRY

You can freshen up in the parish house, madam. The Prescotts haven't arrived yet.

FRANCESCA

Good.

(to Elizabeth)

All right, dear -- let's pretty up that wolfly snout of yours.

They start out for the parish house.

IN THE CHURCHYARD

a VOICE can be heard among the shadows.

GYPSY WOMAN

Princess?

Elizabeth puzzles for a beat, looks around.

The Gypsy is hiding beneath the trees.

GYPSY WOMAN

Over here.

Elizabeth slips away from Francesca into the shadows.

GYPSY WOMAN

Stall the vows. Delay them as long as you can. Something has gone wrong, but we'll make it right. But you must do as I tell you.

ELIZABETH

I don't understand.

GYPSY WOMAN

Don't take those vows. Stall until I get back.

ELIZABETH

But --?

GYPSY WOMAN (cont'd)

And one more thing -- freshen up. You might be in need of a shave.

The Gypsy disappears.

ELIZABETH

Wait!

But the Gypsy has disappeared. A confused princess looks around.

ELIZABETH

Who was that woman?

She hears a voice.

GYPSY WOMAN

Hi-ho Silver!

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH

The Prescott coach pulls to a stop.

James climbs down and opens the door for Cedric, Lawrence and Amelia.

They move up the steps of the church.

INT. CHURCH VESTIBULE

Prince Frederick is chatting with friends as the Prescotts enter. Lawrence makes an effort to hide his hand.

These lines are spoken in a sort of lilt, with handshakes, bows and curtsies.

CEDRIC

Prince Frederick.

FREDERICK

Sir Cedric. Lady Amelia.

AMELIA

Prince Frederick.

They resume introductions.



CEDRIC

Lady Amelia.

AMELIA

Prince Frederick.

CEDRIC

Prince Frederick.

FREDERICK

Sir Cedric. . .

(a beat)

I couldn't help but notice your son's hand. He wouldn't by any chance be one of them?

CEDRIC

Well, I suppose anything is possible.

FREDERICK

Then again, what difference does it make. No, I'm certainly not one to believe in discriminating against someone on the basis of fur or bad temper.

(to Lawrence)

Even if you're a hideous monster, lad, you're welcome to the family.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOORS - DAY

Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has joined the posse. She nags Dr. Wolfmeister as they make their way across the field.

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

I knew she was one of them, I told them she was one of them, but no one would listen.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Why don't you go back to your sheep?

MRS. O'SHAUGHNESSY

She's going to get what she's got coming this time, just you wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH

There's a sense of anticipation among those assembled for the wedding. Down front, Lawrence, Cedric, Amelia and Francesca nervously await the start of the ceremony.

An apprehensive Reverend Lancaster emerges from the shadow of the pulpit. He extends a gnarled paw.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Sir Cedric.

They awkwardly shake hands. Reverend Lancaster quickly hides his hand again.

REVEREND LANCASTER

(aside)

You didn't tell me the girl was a werewolf. You know I detest wolf's hair.

The Reverend's hand is trembling.

CEDRIC

What's the matter?

REVEREND LANCASTER

Just a little case of the jitters.

IN THE CHURCH VESTIBULE

Elizabeth fidgets with her veil. Tries to conceal a face that has begun the transformation to wolf. Frederick waits at her side.

ELIZABETH

I can't go through with it, I can't.

She bolts. He goes after her.

EXT. CHURCH

Frederick catches up to her.

FREDERICK

Now Elizabeth, if you're turning into a monster, how dare you? No, what I mean is, hide your face, you can do it.

ELIZABETH

And deny them the privilege of gazing upon a true werewolf? Nonsense.

She pulls back the veil. Frederick is taken aback.

ELIZABETH

Father, I really think we should call this off.

FREDERICK

You might have a point. Then again, if we had a pair of pinking shears.

(a beat)

Oh baby, there's nothing to worry about. You'll be fine. And remember, you'll always be my little girl.

They embrace. Her strength is terrific.

FREDERICK

Uh, honey?

He manages to free himself.

ELIZABETH

Grrrrrrr.

FREDERICK

Don't worry, you can feed the moment the vows are over.

(several beats)

Now baby, you just do your best. Say those vows, and let love take care of the rest. Now, come on, the guests are waiting. Be brave.

ELIZABETH

Father?

FREDERICK

No one's gonna hold it against you for being a big bad wolf.

ELIZABETH

I can't.

She bolts down the steps.

FREDERICK

Elizabeth?

He goes after her.

IN THE CHURCHYARD

Frederick halts. Looks around. Elizabeth has disappeared.

FREDERICK

Elizabeth? Elizabeth?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD

The Gypsy's covered wagon rumbles along. The old crone snaps the reins, driving those nags onward.

CUT TO:

## EXT. WOODS

Our ragtag troop of justice-seeking vigilantes, with a shotgun-toting Dr. Wolfmeister leading the way, continues their determined march toward the church.

CUT TO:

## INT. CHURCH

Lawrence adjusts his lapel. His nose has begun to twitch. He rubs it.

## IN THE CHURCHYARD

Frederick continues to search for Elizabeth.

## THE PARISH HOUSE

provides a sanctuary for Elizabeth. She ducks inside. Hears a noise. Turns.

FREDERICK

Elizabeth?

It's too late.

FREDERICK

Honey, I'm sorry if I said something that might have offended you.

ELIZABETH

Like that I'm a monster, and very hairy?

FREDERICK

Yeah. I mean, if I stepped on your paw or something, I'm sorry.

(pause)

Look, baby, this is all just a matter of self control. You take a deep breath, brush the fur back from your face, and say your vows.

ELIZABETH

Yeah. Self control. . .It's, uh, the fur part.

She pulls back the veil. Her face has taken on a decidedly wolfly cast.

FREDERICK

You can do it. Come on, be a good little werewolf. . .

CUT TO:

## EXT. VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE

The Gypsy's wagon rumbles to a halt out front.

She scrambles down.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH

The guests are getting restless. They sense something is amiss.

The Reverend surveys the scene nervously, awaiting the signal from Frederick to start the service.

Cedric doesn't like the look of things.

CEDRIC

What's holding them up?

The door at the rear opens and Frederick pokes his head out, gives the okay signal.

The Reverend cues the organist.

The processional begins.

Prince Frederick enters with Elizabeth on his arm. Her face is concealed by the veil.

They slowly begin down the aisle.

ON ELIZABETH

as her nose twitches.

A wisp of air blows the veil momentarily off her face. Her wolf snout is apparent.

A woman in the audience GASPS.

UP FRONT

Lawrence waits anxiously, face and arm exhibiting an occasional twitch.

CAMERA FOLLOWS Elizabeth and her father as they come down the aisle and stop at the altar.

An apprehensive LAWRENCE looks at Elizabeth. Elizabeth pushes the veil back from her face.

At this point, their hands, ears and noses all betray the subtle characteristics of a wolf.

The Reverend eyes them nervously, fidgeting with his bible.

The guests sense something is wrong, and now there is audible murmuring.

The music comes to an end.

The Reverend, bible in hand, steps forward. He struggles to suppress a facial twitch.

Lawrence shows his teeth.

LAWRENCE

Grrrr.

ELIZABETH

Grrrr.

A nervous Reverend clears his throat.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Well, here we are, gathered together. . .

He swallows hard.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Nice little ducks in a row.

(nervously)

All right then, here we go. Dearly beloved, we are gathered together in the presence of God to witness the union of this man -- er, werewolf --and this woman -- whatever she is, in holy matrimony. I'm terrified.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD

Dr. Wolfmeister and company spy the church spire in the distance.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

There!

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - VON WOOF WOOF ESTATE

The Gypsy goes inside.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL

She looks around. Starts up the stairs.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS

she turns, peers down the hall. There are several doors on the hallway. She tries one. Looks inside. Wrong room.

She moves to the next door. Opens it. This time she's found what she's looking for -- the princess' quarters.

She quickly moves inside and checks under the girl's pillow. Nothing.

She checks under the bed. Ditto.

She's up again, turns. RACHEL is watching her from the doorway.

Rachel bolts. The Gypsy goes after her.

ON THE STAIRS

Rachel scrambles down the staircase with the Gypsy hot on her heels.

Emma blocks her way at the base of the stairs.

RACHEL

Out of my way. . . Emma?

The Gypsy catches up to her.

GYPSY WOMAN

Give me those bullets.

RACHEL

Let go of me.

GYPSY WOMAN

Give them to me!

RACHEL

No -- please?

GYPSY WOMAN

Do you hear me?

RACHEL

All right, all right.

She surrenders them.

RACHEL

Don't hurt me.

The Gypsy eyes the bullets for a beat. Digs into her apron, brings up a gold farthing. Puts it in Rachel's hand.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH

The Reverend struggles to control his hand. It's a hairy wolf's paw. He eyes the proceedings nervously.

Amelia intervenes.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Now, where were we?

AMELIA  
Don't do it.

CEDRIC  
Hurry!

AMELIA  
Stop this, please, I beg of you.

ELIZABETH  
Grrrrr. . .

REVEREND LANCASTER  
A very compelling argument.

CEDRIC  
Go on -- hurry.

REVEREND LANCASTER  
All right -- who gives this werewolf to this man?

FREDERICK  
I do.

REVEREND LANCASTER  
You're really going to give a monster to a --

CEDRIC  
Get on with it!

REVEREND LANCASTER  
Here we go. All right -- do you, Lawrence, take this werewolf to be your lawful wedded wife, in sickness and in health, for richer or for poorer, and forsaking all others agree to be faithful to her as long as you both shall live? Well -- do you, do you?

LAWRENCE  
Grrrrrr. . .

The guests in the pews are growing uneasy.

REVEREND LANCASTER  
Yes, she's a monster, we all know that. Has her little idiosyncrasies -- like running around on all fours, barking at the moon. But surely you could cut her some slack?

LAWRENCE  
Grrrrrr. . .

REVEREND LANCASTER  
I take it back.



More uneasiness in the pews.

REVEREND LANCASTER

And do you, Elizabeth, take this werewolf to be your lawful wedded husband, in sickness and in health, for richer or for poorer, and forsaking all others, agree to be faithful to him as long as you both shall live -- which is probably until the next full moon. Do you? Well? Well?????

ELIZABETH

Grrrrr. . .

REVEREND LANCASTER

That's good enough for me.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - MOORS

The Gypsy's wagon rumbles along. She lashes the horses.

GYPSY WOMAN

HA! HA! . . .

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH

The Reverend continues with the vows.

REVEREND LANCASTER

So, we're agreed that we all take each other for better or worse, in hairiness and poorness, as long as we both shall live -- growl?

Lawrence and Elizabeth begin to close in on the Reverend with hostility in their eyes.

FRANCESCA

I demand you stop this at once!

Guests have begun to desert the church.

CEDRIC

End it -- now!

REVEREND LANCASTER

The ring. Who has the ring?

Cedric moves to Lawrence.

CEDRIC

It's in your pocket.

AMELIA

Cedric, please, don't go on with this, I beg of you.

CEDRIC

What, you don't have a sense of humor?

(to Lawrence)

Hurry.

Lawrence fumbles in his pockets. He finds the ring but his hand is shaking and he loses control and drops it.

CEDRIC

Oh God.

He kneels down, searches for it.

Lawrence growls and snaps at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth does likewise.

CEDRIC

Where is that thing?

(several beats)

I've got it!

He rises. Hands the ring to the Reverend.

REVEREND LANCASTER

All right, put the ring on her hand.

Lawrence somehow manages to get that ring on her finger.

The Reverend is shaking uncontrollably, himself ready to explode.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Repeat after me -- with this ring, I thee -- grrrr -- wed.

LAWRENCE

Something wrong?

CEDRIC

Go on.

LAWRENCE

With this ring, I thee wed.

AMELIA

Stop this!

REVEREND LANCASTER

If there's anyone here who can show just cause why these two monsters should not be joined in holy matrimony, speak now or forever hold your peace -- please?

The rear door BANGS open. Dr. Wolfmeister marches down the aisle waving a shotgun.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I can -- the girl is a werewolf!

REVEREND LANCASTER

That's fairly obvious. Could you be a little more specific?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

All right -- she's a monster, and I'm going to put an end to it.

He raises the shotgun.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Why did I ever agree to this?

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Time to meet your maker, she-monster.

The door BANGS open again. The Gypsy comes storming down the aisle.

GYPSY WOMAN

Wait!

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Where do you think you're going?

GYPSY WOMAN

Out of my way!

She knees him in the groin. Bolts for the altar.

The Gypsy slaps the silver bullets in Elizabeth's hand.

GYPSY WOMAN

Go!

REVEREND LANCASTER

Then by the authority vested in me by the church and the fact that I am absolutely terrified and can't bear this anymore, I now pronounce you man and wolf -- wife. Kiss the bride.

Lawrence and Elizabeth ROAR! Then they kiss.

As their mouths touch, a miraculous GOLDEN HALO surrounds them. They instantly revert to human form.

Gasps go up from the crowd. Then applause.

But as miraculous as this is, now the Reverend has problems. He snaps and growls, beats on his chest. He's a full-fledged werewolf.

Panic breaks out. Church guests scream and shove. Jam the aisles. Fight their way to the exits.

Dr. Wolfmeister struggles forward against the onrushing tide of fleeing bodies.

He plants, steadies his shotgun. Takes aim at the Reverend.

The Reverend growls angrily. Ready to go down on all fours.

The doctor draws a bead and FIRES.

Buckshot flies. He misses the mark.

Guests continue to fight their way out of the church.

The Gypsy slips out the back with Lawrence and Elizabeth.

The Reverend snaps and snarls defiantly, down on all fours, darting to and fro, circling like a caged animal.

Dr. Wolfmeister busily reloads.

He edges forward. Takes aim.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

So long, little doggie.

He FIRES!

Buckshot flies through the air. Splatters against the Reverend's furry chest. It has no effect.

The Reverend roars defiantly. The doctor can't believe his eyes.

He discards the shotgun. Makes a break for it. Heads up the aisle.

The Reverend sets out after him on all fours, snapping and growling.

He manages to maneuver Dr. Wolfmeister into a corner.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Don't mutilate me -- please.

REVEREND LANCASTER

Grrrrr.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I'll give you the number of a good laryngologist. He'll fix you up -- please?. . . Boo!

He's off at a run down the outside aisle.

The Reverend bolts after him.

Cutting through one of the pews, the doctor manages to circle back and heads up the center aisle for the front exit.

He pauses for an instant at the door.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Take two aspirin and don't call me in the morning.

EXT. CHURCH

The Prescotts and von Woof Woofs are strolling in the fresh air, exchanging congratulations.

A terrified Dr. Wolfmeister emerges from the church and goes flying down the steps past them.

The Reverend, a wolf on all fours, comes barreling down the steps after him, snapping and growling.

There are bewildered looks all around. But as the Doctor and Reverend disappear down the road, the mood again brightens.

CEDRIC

Well, Prince Frederick, welcome to the family. It's really exciting to be associated with royalty.

FREDERICK

Not half as exciting as it is to be a part of the Prescotts.

CEDRIC

Shall we get down to cases. Just exactly how rich are you?

Frederick turns out his empty pockets.

FREDERICK

And you?

CEDRIC

Well --

He does likewise.

CEDRIC

I thought --

FREDERICK

We were royalty? Nope, never were. Just country bumpkins dressed up for a good time.

CEDRIC

But -- ?

FREDERICK

Admit it -- we put on a clever act.

Cedric absorbs this.

CEDRIC

What are we going to do for money?

FREDERICK

Don't worry -- the important thing is, we're happy.

CEDRIC

Amelia?

He moves to her.

AMELIA

I know, dear. I suspected all along. But they're nice people.

Cedric turns back to his friend.

CEDRIC

What about the werewolf bit?

FREDERICK

That's real. By the way, you insured for wolf damage?

CEDRIC

Nope.

FREDERICK

Me neither. Still, I think we're going to be happy.

CEDRIC

You know, I think you're right.

He puts his hand on Frederick's shoulder, they start on their way.

CEDRIC

Now come, tell me all about the customs of your country.

FREDERICK

Only my country is *your* country.

CEDRIC

Oh, make something up.

The ladies follow after them.

AMELIA

Does the princess really sprout hair and everything? I mean, that wasn't an illusion?

BACK TO CEDRIC

who can't believe what he's learned.

CEDRIC

You faked the accents and everything?

Frederick nods.

CEDRIC

You'll never guess how we squandered away our wealth.

FREDERICK

You speculated.

CEDRIC

Werewolf futures.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

The Reverend, a full-blown werewolf, has Dr. Wolfmeister pinned against a tree.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Don't eat me, please. I'm a friend to werewolves. . .

REVEREND LANCASTER

Grrrrr. . .

DR. WOLFMEISTER

I'll raise money for the BE KIND TO WEREWOLVES  
FOUNDATION, anything you say.

The Reverend smiles sweetly, sneers.

DR. WOLFMEISTER

Nice wolfy, nice little wolfy.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD

The Gypsy wagon rumbles along the dusty road.

In back, Lawrence and Elizabeth sit with their legs dangling over the side, cozy together, gazing longingly into each other's eyes.

ELIZABETH

Oh Lawrence. . .

LAWRENCE

Oh Elizabeth. . .

ELIZABETH

Oh Lawrence. . .

LAWRENCE

Oh Elizabeth. . .

(beat)

Just think, we can sit around the fire in our old age swapping wolf stories.

ELIZABETH

Yes, and the wolfier the better.

Another pause.

LAWRENCE

Now, you do have the bullets, right?

ELIZABETH

Right.

She feels in her pockets.

ELIZABETH

Oh no.

She frantically roots in her pockets for them. He taps her on the shoulder. Opens his hand. Voila, the bullets.

ELIZABETH

Oh Lawrence.

She throws her arms around him.

ELIZABETH

We're going to be so happy.

LAWRENCE

Yes.

ELIZABETH

So very happy.

She gazes longingly in his eyes.

ELIZABETH

Will we love each other forever and ever?

LAWRENCE

Forever and ever -- or until the wolves come home.  
How about a wolf-sized kiss?

They plunge into each other's arms, kiss and snarl affectionately.



Lawrence sneaks a peek at those bullets in his hand.  
Checks on Elizabeth.

With a wink, he discards the bullets, and they bounce innocently in the road.

A WOLF CRY goes up -- AH-O-O-O-O!

The wagon pulls away, trailing tin cans behind it.  
A "JUST MARRIED" sign is plastered to the back.

Wolves have suddenly appeared on the road, yipping and yapping. They chase the retreating wagon out of sight.

THE END

**MARILISE**

FADE IN:

EXT. DUPRE HOUSE - HARBOR COVE, THE HAMPTONS - DAY

It's an older Victorian-style home much in need of repair. Indeed, it's dilapidated, with old gray siding that's cracked, dormer windows, and a wrap-around porch on which sits an old rocking chair. Weeds overgrow the front yard, and the property is bounded by a picket fence. TRACK SLOWLY around to the back of the house, and MOVE IN on an upper window, as a gentle voice is heard.

MARILISE (V.O.)

I grew up in a small town in the Hamptons with my sister Leigh Ann. Small, but tony. Our parents had money, but they died when we were young, leaving just the two daughters, and an aunt who looked after us. By the age of ten, we realized that we were in love with each other. I mean, more than just the way it is with sisters.

INT. BEDROOM

MARILISE and LEIGH ANN are entwined in each other's arms, two naked bodies on a four-poster, kissing and stroking each other.

Both in their mid- to late 20s, Marilise is fair, delicate, fragile. She is possessed of a childlike innocence and vulnerability. Leigh Ann is dark, slender.

Marilise teases her sister.

MARILISE

(softly)

My name is Marilise.

LEIGH ANN

I'm Leigh Ann.

They laugh, the laugh of two mischievous girls, then roll on top of each other, touching and groping.

MARILISE

You'll always be *my* Leigh Ann.

They continue to laugh and smooch. Then the mood grows more serious.

LEIGH ANN

What will we do?

MARILISE

I don't know.

More kissing and groping.

LEIGH ANN

There's no more money.

MARILISE

I don't want to think about it.

A pause.

LEIGH ANN

We have to. I think we have to be pragmatic.

MARILISE

It's more fun to be sisters.

They laugh, kiss. SOUND OF DOWNSTAIRS DOORBELL. The sisters hold a puzzled look.

The DOORBELL SOUNDS AGAIN. Leigh Ann shakes her head in frustration.

She hurriedly dons a bathrobe.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Leigh Ann opens the front door, confronts the POSTMAN. He hands her a clipboard.

POSTMAN

Sign here.

She signs, takes letter. It's addressed to Marilise. As the Mailman departs, she opens the letter, scrutinizes it.

Marilise comes down the stairs.

MARILISE

What is it?

LEIGH ANN

Would you believe, an invitation to a garden party.

She hands it over.

MARILISE

Alisa Powers. Do we know her?

LEIGH ANN

Nope.

MARILISE

Wait -- I think I recall seeing her name in the papers. Her husband is very rich.

LEIGH ANN

They're all rich around here --  
(MORE)

LEIGH ANN (cont'd)

(touch of disdain)

-- in the oh-so-snooty Hamptons. All but us. What ever happened to the family fortune?

Marilise shrugs.

LEIGH ANN

Oh, that's right, grandpa squandered it. But somehow we managed to keep up appearances. We're broke, Marilise dear. No getting around it. And we had better begin to take it seriously.

MARILISE

I don't want to think about it. I just want to have fun. I'm gonna get all dolled up for the party.

(gestures)

I shall flirt and have fun.

LEIGH ANN

You'll do no such thing.

MARILISE

I'm not going to sit around, stew and worry.

LEIGH ANN

Yes, sister dear, Marilise Dupre, the Hamptons' own Miss Lollipops and Roses. Let's put it off till tomorrow.

MARILISE

Yes, Leigh Ann Dupre, let's worry, worry, . . . We'll get the money. We scraped by before.

LEIGH ANN

That was when Aunt Leah was still alive and living here.

MARILISE

Well, anyway. . .

Leigh Ann reaches for the invitation, scrutinizes it.

LEIGH ANN

What puzzles me is, why would Alisa Powers be sending us an invitation to a garden party in the first place?

MARILISE

Perhaps she has her eye on me. I'm only the hottest item in town.

LEIGH ANN

Right. And I'm the Queen of Sheba. You're mine, Marilise, you'll always be mine. Never forget it.

(MORE)

LEIGH ANN (cont'd)

Two sisters alone in this great big house, but bonded by their love.

MARILISE

(with sarcasm)

Right.

LEIGH ANN

(hint of mischief)

Come on, admit it, you're devoted to me.

MARILISE

In your dreams.

(deflecting)

I'm going to get all dolled up for the occasion and have myself a wonderful time.

LEIGH ANN

That shouldn't be hard. The invitation says "come as you are." You can go as a slob.

MARILISE

You --

Marilise takes a poke at her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Marilise comes out from behind a dressing screen in a sweet little outfit -- blouse and jeans. Leigh Ann appraises her.

MARILISE

Do you like it?

LEIGH ANN

Muchly, very muchly.

(shakes her head)

It's too casual.

MARILISE

What do you mean, too casual?

LEIGH ANN

Honey, you are never gonna catch fish with that kind of bait.

Marilise shakes her head.

MARILISE

It's a garden party. It's supposed to be casual.

LEIGH ANN

Get rid of the jeans. And that pair died and went to heaven long ago.

MARILISE

Come on, why do you have to be so hard on me?

LEIGH ANN

Because I love you.

MARILISE

I wonder.

LEIGH ANN

You wonder?

MARILISE

I think you say that, but it's easy just to say it.

LEIGH ANN

Is it?

She gives Marilise a playful push. Marilise pushes back.

LEIGH ANN

Oh, getting rough.

MARILISE

Now, Leigh Ann.

LEIGH ANN

I'll show you rough.

Marilise makes a break for it, and Leigh Ann chases her around the room, and tackles her on the bed. Before you know it, they are kissing and smooching. After a time --

LEIGH ANN

I don't care what you wear. I just want you to look beautiful. To me, you are beautiful.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - POWERS HOME - HAMPTONS - SATURDAY

A garden party hosted by ALISA and JEFFREY POWERS is in full swing. The rich set. Marilise and Leigh Ann are among the invited guests.

Something catches Marilise's eye -- ALISA. She's about ten to fifteen years older than Marilise. Dark-haired. Masculine. Controlling. Now Marilise and Leigh Ann exchange looks. They know. They sense it. Alisa is one of them.

Marilise nudges her sister --

MARILISE

Come on.

They make their approach.

MARILISE

Hello.

ALISA

Hello.

MARILISE

My name is Marilise. This is my sister, Leigh Ann.

ALISA

The Dupre sisters, I'm so glad you could come.

They shake hands.

A man comes over -- Jeffrey -- Alisa's husband.

ALISA

This is my husband -- Jeffrey.

MARILISE

Hi.

JEFFREY

How do you do.

ALISA

Oh, and for heaven's sake -- I'm Alisa Powers. You're probably wondering, what in the world. I'm so glad you could come.

MARILISE

We're glad too.

ALISA

Jeffrey, these are the Dupre sisters. I believe they live in that large old house at the end of Stockbridge Road.

MARILISE

Yes.

ALISA

From the outside, forgive me, but it seems in need of a bit of repair.

MARILISE

It does need repair.



ALISA

Why don't you come with me into the house, Marilise.  
Help me with the food.

Marilise hesitates.

ALISA

Come on, don't be shy.

Marilise throws a look at Leigh Ann, who shrugs.

Alisa takes Marilise's arm and guides her into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - ALISA'S

Alisa enters with Marilise.

ALISA

I really should give you a grand tour of the house. I think it's a little more swanky than what you might be used to. But that can wait. Help me with the steaks.

She moves to counter. Steaks are piled to one side. Marilise approaches.

ALISA

You're probably wondering why I invited you.

MARILISE

I didn't even think you knew we existed.

ALISA

Of course, there's gossip, always gossip. They say you and your sister are close, very close. I was -- well -- curious. I've seen you from afar, in town. You seem so fragile.

MARILISE

I am fragile. That's what Leigh Ann says. But I have another side as well.

ALISA

I've seen you from afar, and I've been attracted to you. Come here, beside me.

Now they're side by side.

ALISA

Why don't you put the steaks on the plate. Here.

She hands her large fork.

ALISA

Go ahead, they won't bite.

Marilise begins to move steaks onto plate, throws occasional timid looks at Alisa.

Now Alisa leans toward her, gently pushes her hair aside, and softly kisses her on the neck.

MARILISE

Don't.

ALISA

You're very fragile, very beautiful.

MARILISE

No.

She backs away.

ALISA

What's the matter?

MARILISE

You, that's what's the matter.

ALISA

You've never been kissed?

MARILISE

No, it isn't right.

ALISA

You should be flattered.

MARILISE

Maybe I gave you the wrong impression.

ALISA

You need money, don't you?

MARILISE

What difference does that make?

ALISA

Come on, don't be naive. Let's be friends. I want us to be friends.

She moves closer.

ALISA

I can help you, Marilise. I'm very rich.

MARILISE

You --

ALISA

It's all right. I can be patient. I want you to have feelings for me. Don't close the door.

She turns to the side, helps with the steaks.

ALISA

I've heard the talk. I think we have things in common, Marilise. I know about you and your sister.

MARILISE

But your husband -- ?

ALISA

He doesn't know from stock futures. I doubt he cares.

Pause.

ALISA

I know you're devoted to your sister. But that doesn't change my attraction to you, my feelings for you.

MARILISE

But we only just met.

ALISA

No. No, I've seen you from afar, and I feel as though I know you -- intimately. It's a feeling, Marilise. Let your feelings come forth.

They hold a look.

ALISA

Don't make it difficult to love you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALISA'S BEDROOM - LATE THE SAME AFTERNOON

She and Marilise are naked together in bed, kissing each other.

ALISA

I hope you don't expect this kind of treatment all the time. I do it only as a special favor.

Kiss kiss, smooch smooch.

MARILISE

Why must you be cruel?

Several beats as Alisa fondly brushes Marilise's hair back from her face.

ALISA

Why did you come here with me?

MARILISE

We don't have any money.

ALISA

I thought you came from a rich family?

MARILISE

I think that's what they tried to have everyone believe. But we're not rich -- we never were. We need your help.

ALISA

Marilise, my Marilise.

MARILISE

Please?

They stroke each other.

ALISA

(softly)  
Money is not a problem.

Another pause.

MARILISE

You'll help us?

ALISA

Kiss me.

Marilise pulls away.

ALISA

Kiss me, Marilise.

They kiss.

MARILISE

Please, you have to help us.

ALISA

You have the most beautiful eyes.

A moment.

MARILISE

I work in a bookstore, I don't earn much money.

ALISA

You're very beautiful. Almost ethereal, I'd say. Delicate.

She kisses Marilise softly on the forehead.

ALISA

And I want you to be mine.

They gaze into each other's eyes.

ALISA

I wonder if my husband would approve.

MARILISE

Does he -- know?

ALISA

About me? No, no I don't think he does. But we're distant when we're together, I mean, together this way.

MARILISE

Would he be shocked?

ALISA

I wonder. I think he's happy, so long as he has his trophy gentile. That's what I am -- a gentile he can carry on his arm. No, I don't think he knows.

(gazing fondly)

You are delicate and beautiful, and you have come to me asking for help.

MARILISE

Will you help us, Alisa, will you?

ALISA

Don't beg -- you don't have to beg.

MARILISE

Will you help us?

ALISA

I don't want to talk about that. Let's just be in the moment.

They stroke, they kiss.

ALISA

My poor Marilise, alone and wanting for money. Alone except for Leigh Ann, in that big old house. Is it true that you love Leigh Ann?

MARILISE

Yes.

ALISA

The way you love me?

She kisses Marilise softly on the forehead.

ALISA

No, not the way you love me. You love me as you have never loved before, I can feel it. If she knew we were together, would she be mad?

MARILISE

Yes.  
(She knows.)

ALISA

Would she be angry if I took you from her? Yes, she would be very angry. But you are mine, sweet Marilise, I want you and you must be mine.

They kiss.

ALISA

If I help you, will you be mine? Will you be devoted to me?

MARILISE

I shouldn't have come here.

ALISA

I'm glad you did. I can feel our love growing. Kiss me, Marilise, but only if you really want to kiss me.

MARILISE

Oh God.

They kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DUPRE HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

To ESTABLISH.

INT. KITCHEN

The sisters are making dinner.

LEIGH ANN

And so, what did she say?

MARILISE

She'll help.

LEIGH ANN

She really said so?

MARILISE

Yes.

A pause, and then Leigh Ann turns to her sister:

LEIGH ANN  
What went on between the two of you?

MARILISE  
That's private.

LEIGH ANN  
Was it cozy?

MARILISE  
(shrugs; teasing)  
Like French perfume, like chocolate pudding.

LEIGH ANN  
You.

She tosses a flirtatious little pinch of flour in Marilise's face.

LEIGH ANN  
You don't love her?

MARILISE  
(scolding)  
Leigh Ann.

LEIGH ANN  
I mean, I detected something about you when you got home. You seemed unusually upbeat. . . I couldn't stand it if you loved her, you know that. I couldn't even stand the thought of you being with her.

They continue with their preparations.

MARILISE  
If it's any consolation, I don't love her.

The PHONE RINGS. Marilise cleans her hands with a towel, answers phone.

MARILISE  
(into phone)  
Hello?

Alisa is on her cell phone in the parking lot of a country club.

INTERCUT:

ALISA  
(on phone)  
Marilise?

MARILISE  
Yes?

ALISA

I have to see you.

MARILISE

I don't think this is a good time.

ALISA

I have to, please?

MARILISE

What -- what is it?

ALISA

I couldn't look at him, Marilise, not after today. I just couldn't look at him.

MARILISE

Okay.

ALISA

I couldn't look at him, or stand to be with him. I want to see you.

MARILISE

I don't think --

ALISA

Can I see you tonight, please?

MARILISE

Call me later.

ALISA

I love you, Marilise, so very much.

MARILISE

Goodbye.

#### END PHONE CONVERSATION

LEIGH ANN

Oh boy, someone's in trouble. I told you you shouldn't have gone with her.

MARILISE

She's distraught.

LEIGH ANN

I knew she was trouble the moment we laid eyes on her. I shouldn't have allowed you to go with her.

MARILISE

I'm frightened.



LEIGH ANN

Poor Marilise.

She hugs her sister.

MARILISE

I love you, Leigh Ann, you know that?

LEIGH ANN

Yes, I know that.

MARILISE

I'm frightened of this woman, Leigh Ann. I think she's desperate.

LEIGH ANN

I knew there was something wrong. It's all right, Leigh Ann will look after you.

MARILISE

But we needed the money.

LEIGH ANN

We'll get the money, don't worry. We'll find a way. Now, don't be upset, let's make dinner and have some fun.

She tosses a pinch of flour in Marilise's face, and they get into a flour fight, laughing. But deep down, Marilise knows that trouble lies ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUPRE HOUSE - THE FOLLOWING NIGHT

The girls are watching TV and the front doorbell sounds. Looks are exchanged.

Marilise answers the door. It's Alisa.

ALISA

Can I come in?

Marilise throws a nervous look Leigh Ann's way.

ALISA

I have to come in.

She barges in.

ALISA

I'm distraught, I am very distraught. Can we talk?

MARILISE

We were just watching television.

Leigh Ann appears.

LEIGH ANN

Well, look who's here.

ALISA

(coldly)

Hello, Leigh Ann.

LEIGH ANN

What are you doing here?

ALISA

I came to see Marilise.

LEIGH ANN

My, my.

ALISA

I hope you don't resent the intrusion. I'd like to have a minute with her alone.

LEIGH ANN

Only a minute?

ALISA

I am in no mood for games.

(to Marilise)

Is there somewhere we can be alone?

MARILISE

(pointing)

In there.

LEIGH ANN

Wait.

ALISA

What seems to be your problem?

LEIGH ANN

Marilise is my sister. I look out for her.

ALISA

She's a grown woman. She can fend for herself.  
Come.

She steers Marilise into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

Alisa takes Marilise aside, breaks into tears.

ALISA

Oh Marilise.

She throws her arms around Marilise, who is embarrassed and pulls away.

ALISA

I know I was cruel to you this afternoon, I'm so sorry. Sometimes I just get that way and can't help it. I knew at dinner tonight that my marriage was over. I knew that I wanted only you, that I loved you. I knew, and it was painful -- I had to see you, to be with you. You love me, tell me you love me. You love me, you have to love me.

MARILISE

I think you're all wound up.

ALISA

Don't reject me, please.

MARILISE

Alisa --

ALISA

You love her, that's it, isn't it?

MARILISE

I'm not rejecting you.

ALISA

You don't want to hurt her feelings. But you have to make a choice, you have to choose one of us. I won't share you.

MARILISE

Alisa --

ALISA

You want to be with me, don't you?

MARILISE

Of course I want to be with you. But something has happened and you're very upset. You need to get hold of yourself.

ALISA

Marilise?

MARILISE

We can talk about this tomorrow. It's best if we talk about it tomorrow.

ALISA

I can't wait for tomorrow -- I need you now, tonight.

MARILISE

It's not possible.

ALISA

I want to be with you tonight, I have to be with you tonight.

MARILISE

I'll see you tomorrow. You can come by the bookstore, all right?

ALISA

Oh Marilise.

MARILISE

Come by the bookstore in the morning. Now, you need to go and get some rest. .It's going to be okay. Now, come on.

She escorts Alisa to the door.

LEIGH ANN (O.S.)

(calling)

Goodbye, Alisa.

Alisa throws her a sullen look. Goes out. Marilise watches as she disappears down the walk. Leigh Ann has appeared beside Marilise. She gives Marilise a disapproving look.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - THE FOLLOWING DAY (MONDAY)

Marilise is busy stocking shelves. Several beats, then Alisa enters through the front door. Marilise looks up, sees her. Marilise continues to stock shelves as Alisa approaches. Alisa is back in monster mode.

ALISA

Well, the busy worker. Hello, Marilise.

MARILISE

Hello.

ALISA

I thought we might go shopping. I have some things picked out for you.

MARILISE

Shopping?

ALISA

When you're done here. I want to spoil you, is that all right?

MARILISE

I promised Leigh Ann --

ALISA

That you'd come right home. Well, I don't care about Leigh Ann. And from now on, neither do you. You are going to come with me -- I have the perfect outfits picked out for you. I want to spoil you.

The proprietess, MARILYN BALTIMORE, a middle-aged, demure lady, comes over.

MARILYN

Is everything all right?

Marilise nods.

Marilyn gives Alisa a dark look, then moves away.

MARILISE

Alisa, I can't let you buy me things.

ALISA

I want to buy you things. I insist. What time do you get off?

MARILISE

Three o'clock.

ALISA

I'll see you then. Oh, by the way, I was a literature major. I have a very literary bent. French poetry.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

As Marilise and Alisa stand in front of a shop window.

ALISA

Look at that -- it's perfect for you.

They enter the store. Move to the racks. Thumb through. Alisa removes a dress from the rack, holds it up.

ALISA

Here it is in your size. Do you like it?

MARILISE

I don't know.

ALISA

Try it on.

MARILISE

I don't think we should be doing this.

ALISA

I want to pamper you. I want to show my love for you. Now, go on.

Marilise takes the dress, disappears. Alisa looks around.

A SALESLADY comes over.

SALESLADY

Can I help you?

ALISA

(abrupt)  
No, no thank you.

SALESLADY

Was that your daughter?

ALISA

No, no it was not.

Marilise reappears in the new dress.

ALISA

Oh God. Turn around. It's perfect. Turn back. The colors are just right for you. We'll buy it.

MARILISE

Alisa?

ALISA

Now, let's look for some other things.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOVING CAR - ALISA AND MARILISE

Alisa is driving.

ALISA

Next Saturday, I think we should go on a picnic.

MARILISE

A picnic?

ALISA

Yes. I have a couple of bicycles we can use. We'll go up in the country. I'll pack lunch.

MARILISE

I had plans with Leigh Ann.

ALISA

Come on, this will be fun.

MARILISE

I don't want to cause any friction. I wish you could understand that I can't shut Leigh Ann out, I just can't do it. I have feelings for her.

ALISA

Of course you can shut her out, and the sooner the better. I'm going to end my marriage, then we can be together. We'll be so happy. You'll see.

She pulls the car into the driveway of the Dupre house.

ALISA

I'll pick you up at eleven o'clock.

(gestures)

Don't forget your clothes.

She leans over to kiss Marilise, but Marilise slips free. She gets out of the car, opens the back door and takes out several boxes of clothes. She turns to Alisa, exchanges a momentary look, then starts up the walk.

INT. FOYER - DUPRE HOUSE

Marilise is setting down the boxes. Leigh Ann appears.

LEIGH ANN

What's this?

MARILISE

We went shopping.

LEIGH ANN

I expected you an hour ago.

MARILISE

She insisted.

LEIGH ANN

You said you'd put an end to this. Now put an end to it. She must have spent a fortune.

Looks through boxes.

LEIGH ANN

Look at this. This isn't cheap stuff. Marilise.

MARILISE

I did this because we needed money, remember?

LEIGH ANN

I'm beginning to think you did this because you like her. Do you like her?

MARILISE

Maybe.

LEIGH ANN

Were you with her again?

MARILISE

No. Absolutely not.

LEIGH ANN

You're lying. I know you were with her. She bought you expensive clothes, and then you were with her. Or was it the other way around?

MARILISE

Please, Leigh Ann.

LEIGH ANN

You could have been with me, but you chose to be with her. I'm beginning to get the picture.

MARILISE

You're wrong.

LEIGH ANN

Are you in love with her?

MARILISE

How could you say that?

LEIGH ANN

Because you've changed toward me, I can feel it. I think you're in love with her.

MARILISE

Leigh Ann, you know how I feel about you, how I'll always feel about you.

LEIGH ANN

But you also have feelings towards her. Is that possible?

(Marilise shrugs)

I won't allow it -- I won't allow you to be in love with someone else. You can only love one person.

MARILISE

Why -- why can I only love one person?

LEIGH ANN

Because I love you, and you must be devoted to me. I want you to break this off, I don't care about the money.



MARILISE

But what will happen to us?

LEIGH ANN

I don't care. I want you to break this off now.

MARILISE

I promised I'd go cycling with her on Saturday.

LEIGH ANN

Call her and tell her you've changed your mind.

MARILISE

I can't. She'll be so disappointed.

LEIGH ANN

If you don't, I will.

MARILISE

No, please. I'll go with her on Saturday, and I'll tell her that it's over. I promise.

LEIGH ANN

You absolutely swear?

MARILISE

I swear, on my honor. I'm so confused, Leigh Ann. Please hold me.

They embrace.

LEIGH ANN

I love you, Marilise.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SATURDAY

Marilise and Alisa pedal along furiously on their bicycles, laughing, hair streaming in the breeze. Marilise is dressed in a brightly colored dress; Alisa wears dark slacks and a turtleneck.

CLOSE ON legs pumping and pedals turning, as they barrel furiously down the road. Alisa is in the lead, and steers up a side road and into a field. Marilise follows after.

Alisa comes to a halt and dismounts. She waits for Marilise to catch up. They hug each other.

ALISA

I brought a blanket. And sandwiches.

She gets them from the back of the bike. Then she takes Marilise's hand, and they start into the fields.

ALISA

It's so warm and beautiful.

They continue on their way. Alisa comes to a halt.

ALISA

Here.

She spreads out the blanket.

ALISA

Let me hold you.

They lie on the blanket together, and kiss each other. Then they begin to remove their clothes.

MARILISE

Alisa?

ALISA

I love you.

MARILISE

No, you have to listen to me.

ALISA

I won't listen.

MARILISE

I can't love you.

ALISA

Yes, you can.

MARILISE

I can't, Leigh Ann won't allow it.

ALISA

I hate Leigh Ann. I told my husband about us, and I told him I was leaving him. I told him that you and I wanted to spend our lives together.

MARILISE

She won't allow it.

ALISA

It's not up to her to decide. I told him I was leaving him, and you must tell Leigh Ann the same.

MARILISE

But I can't.

ALISA

You have to.

MARILISE

She'll never forgive me.

A slight pause.

ALISA

Marilise, Marilise, I love you, and you love me. You have to choose.

MARILISE

No.

ALISA

Yes. Leigh Ann is the past, and I am the future. We will be so happy together.

MARILISE

No.

ALISA

Marilise, my Marilise.

MARILISE

Oh God.

She starts up. Makes a dash to the bicycle. Gets on and takes off. Alisa gives pursuit.

Marilise heads back in the direction of the main road, pumping furiously. When she reaches it, she turns left and starts back the way they came.

Alisa reaches the main road, catches sight of her.

ALISA

Marilise?

She gives pursuit.

Marilise disappears over the crest of the hill. Alisa pedals after her furiously, trying to catch up.

As she reaches the crest of the hill, the sound of a truck is heard, and only too late does she catch sight of it -- a BAKERY TRUCK -- as it swerves to try and avoid her. It nails her head-on, and there is an enormous crash.

CLOSE ON the front wheel of the upended bike -- bent now, broken and gnarled, as it slowly turns round and round beside the crumpled body on the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DUPRE HOUSE - DAY

A car pulls up out front. A middle-aged, somewhat tough-looking woman, GLORIA, gets out. She moves through the gate and up the steps to the front door.

INT. KITCHEN

LEIGH ANN is occupied as the front DOORBELL sounds. She goes to answer it.

LEIGH ANN  
Yes?

GLORIA  
Is Marilise at home?

LEIGH ANN  
She's, well, she's not feeling very well at the moment.

GLORIA  
My name is Gloria Comstock, I was a friend of Alisa's.

LEIGH ANN  
Oh.

GLORIA  
I was hoping to express my condolences to Marilise.

LEIGH ANN  
That's very nice of you, but I think if you stopped back another time --

A teary-eyed Marilise appears at the top of the stairs.

MARILISE  
Leigh Ann?

LEIGH ANN  
Yes, another time would be better.

MARILISE  
Leigh Ann, who's there?

LEIGH ANN  
Go back to bed.

MARILISE  
I want to see who it is.

She descends the stairs.

LEIGH ANN  
(to Marilise)  
Marilise, you're in no condition --

MARILISE  
Who is it?

LEIGH ANN  
You need to rest.

Gloria interrupts.

GLORIA

My name is Gloria Comstock. I was a friend of Alisa's.  
I know this isn't the best time.

MARILISE

No -- it's okay.

GLORIA

I just wanted to express my condolences.

MARILISE

Thank you.

LEIGH ANN

You really should be up in bed.

MARILISE

I can't stay in bed forever.

Pause.

MARILISE

Would you like to come in?

LEIGH ANN

Marilise?

GLORIA

Yes, I'd like that.

Marilise leads the way to the living room. They seat themselves.

MARILISE

I blame myself, you know -- for what happened to Alisa.  
I shouldn't have run out on her.

LEIGH ANN

You promised not to punish yourself again.

MARILISE

But it was my fault.

LEIGH ANN

It was not your fault. You were being honest with her  
and honest with your feelings. You can't blame yourself  
for that.

MARILISE

If I hadn't run out --

GLORIA

Don't blame yourself. Alisa -- well, she was a very controlling person. She tried to control almost everyone.

MARILISE

She wouldn't accept my feelings for Leigh Ann.

GLORIA

She was possessive, extremely possessive.

LEIGH ANN

You see, Marilise and I are in love. We've always been in love. Alisa tried to come between us, she couldn't accept that.

MARILISE

I still feel guilty.

GLORIA

Don't blame yourself. It was an accident. It could have happened to anyone.

Marilise isn't quite buying this.

GLORIA

If it's any comfort, a number of us feel as though we've been set free.

(off a look)

She tried to possess and control us, all of us. We wonder if you'd like to join us for a drink. Call it a remembrance, call it a celebration of Alisa's life. It's terrible to say, but in some sense, we feel liberated. Do you think you could join us tonight for a drink?

LEIGH ANN

She's not strong enough, I think that's out of the question.

MARILISE

No, no I think I'd like to go. I'm strong enough.

LEIGH ANN

Marilise?

GLORIA

Only if you truly feel up to it.

MARILISE

Yes, I'd like to go. I feel up to it.

LEIGH ANN

Marilise, are you sure this is a good idea?

MARILISE

I think it is.

GLORIA

I'll pick you up at six o'clock -- sound okay?

MARILISE

Yes, that's fine.

She rises.

GLORIA

I love this old house, by the way. It has character.

LEIGH ANN

Character in desperate need of an overhaul. Get out the wrecking ball.

GLORIA

I think you're being a little harsh.

LEIGH ANN

Renovations, alas, take money.

GLORIA

Anyway, nice meeting both of you.

They shake hands. Turns to leave, then looks back.

GLORIA

(to Marilise)

Oh -- we had a nickname for Alisa, Marilise. Forgive me -- we called her the Icewoman. I'm so glad I don't sense anything icy about you.

They hold a look. She goes out.

LEIGH ANN

(re: Marilise and Gloria hooking up)

Don't even think about it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Gloria, Marilise and a number of other women emerge from the restaurant, say their "good nights."

Gloria and Marilise head for Gloria's car.

GLORIA

Enjoy yourself?

MARILISE

Yes.

GLORIA

You didn't realize there were so many others in Alisa's little coterie.

MARILISE

I had no idea.

GLORIA

So many who suffered, I might add, at her hands.

EXT. MOVING CAR - COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Gloria is driving Marilise home.

INT. MOVING CAR

Gloria turns to Marilise.

GLORIA

Would you like to stop off for a few minutes?

MARILISE

Stop off?

GLORIA

My place? Just for a couple of minutes.

MARILISE

It's kind of late.

A moment.

GLORIA

Leigh Ann -- that's it, isn't it?

MARILISE

I do have to consider her feelings.

GLORIA

It's nice to be devoted. It's been awhile since I've had someone to be devoted to.

She throws a hungry look at Marilise. Pause.

MARILISE

Alisa made me realize something. I don't think I love Leigh Ann the way I used to.

Uh-oh.



MARILISE

She's my sister, don't misunderstand, but something has changed between us.

GLORIA

Relationships do evolve, there's no denying it.

(eyes Marilise)

I can see why Alisa was attracted to you. You're very fragile. I mean, emotionally.

(a beat)

You are quite beautiful, Marilise.

They lock eyes. Gloria brakes and pulls to the side of the road.

GLORIA

Quite beautiful.

They kiss passionately.

GLORIA

I want you.

CUT TO:

INT. GLORIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

She and Marilise are making love in bed.

GLORIA

I don't want you to think of me the way you thought of her. I did not invite you out to seduce you.

They smooch.

MARILISE

Why does this keep happening to me?

GLORIA

You're vulnerable. But that isn't a bad thing, it's part of your beauty.

They kiss.

MARILISE

I do still have feelings for Leigh Ann.

GLORIA

You've said that, but I'm not sure you believe it.

MARILISE

I don't want to hurt her, she's already been hurt enough.

A slight moment.

GLORIA

You have your own feelings to consider.

Smooch, smooch.

MARILISE

We're having problems with money. We might lose the house.

GLORIA

Everyone has money problems. Even in a rich place like this.

Smooch, smooch.

MARILISE

Alisa, I can't stop thinking about Alisa.

AT THE WINDOW

ALISA'S GHOST watches. Her face tattered and patched together like some Frankenstein monster. Her clothes old and torn.

EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE

As Gloria and Marilise descend the steps. They halt, kiss. As they start for the car, Alisa's Ghost emerges from the shadows and follows them.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUPRE HOUSE

Lights are still on in the downstairs windows. Gloria's car pulls into the drive.

AT THE UPSTAIRS WINDOW

The silhouette of Leigh Ann can be seen, as she looks out.

INT. CAR

Gloria turns to Marilise.

GLORIA

Good night.

They kiss.

EXT. CAR

Marilise emerges and moves up the walk. In the shadows of the bushes by the porch, ALISA'S GHOST watches her.

ALISA'S GHOST

(whispering)  
Marilise?

Marilise halts in her tracks.

ALISA'S GHOST

Marilise?

MARILISE

What is it, what do you want?

ALISA'S GHOST

You know what I want.

She raises her right hand, which is grasping a huge menacing carving knife.

ALISA'S GHOST

I want to kill you.

Marilise's eyes bulge in horror, and she quickly runs up the steps and into the house, slamming the door behind her.

INT. FOYER - DUPRE ESTATE

Marilise locks the front door. Leigh Ann appears at the head of the stairs.

LEIGH ANN

What the hell is going on? It's after midnight.

She comes part way down the stairs.

LEIGH ANN

You were up to your old tricks. I saw you from the window. I don't know what is happening to you, to us. I don't know how you can hurt and betray me this way. I love you, and you do nothing but betray me. You don't love me anymore, or you couldn't do this.

MARILISE

Leigh Ann?

LEIGH ANN

Why do you keep hurting me?

MARILISE

I don't mean to, Leigh Ann. Honestly, I don't mean to. I just can't help myself. I'm so vulnerable.

They hug each other.

LEIGH ANN

Vulnerability is one thing.  
(MORE)

LEIGH ANN (cont'd)

But you are becoming promiscuous, and you are hurting me deeply. Please say you love me, Marilise, and that you won't see anyone else ever again.

MARILISE

I love you.  
(pause)  
Leigh Ann?

LEIGH ANN

What?

MARILISE

I thought I saw someone out there.

LEIGH ANN

Saw who, what are you talking about?

MARILISE

Don't think I'm crazy, but I thought I saw Alisa. I wasn't imagining it, honestly. I'm frightened.

Another embrace.

LEIGH ANN

Alisa's dead.

MARILISE

No, I saw her, and she wants to kill me.

LEIGH ANN

Oh Marilise, I am worried about you.

MARILISE

She wants to kill me and she's going to kill me, I know it.

LEIGH ANN

She's dead, Marilise, dead and gone, now forget about her. Come to bed. Tomorrow I'm going to call a doctor. I think you should see a psychiatrist.

MARILISE

I'm not crazy, Leigh Ann. I swear, I did not imagine this.

LEIGH ANN

Come on, get yourself ready for bed.

INT. BEDROOM

Marilise is sitting on the side of the four-poster. She's still frightened, in shock. Leigh Ann comes in.

LEIGH ANN

Well go on, get into your pajamas.

MARILISE

I'm frightened.

LEIGH ANN

Stop it. Now come on.

MARILISE

She's going to kill me, Leigh Ann, I know it. She wants revenge. I know she's going to kill me.

EXT. BEDROOM WINDOW

There's a dark figure crouched outside the window, watching the activity inside, at the half-open window. It's Alisa's Ghost.

Several beats, then the lights go out.

INT. BEDROOM

The sisters are now in pajamas with the covers pulled over them.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT (DREAM SEQUENCE)

The window curtains flutter in the breeze.

Marilise turns over, restless. A voice is heard.

ALISA'S GHOST (V.O.)

Marilise?

Marilise slowly opens her eyes.

ALISA'S GHOST (V.O.)

Marilise?

Several beats.

ALISA'S GHOST (V.O.)

Come here, to the window.

MARILISE

Alisa?

ALISA'S GHOST

Come here, where I can see you.

Marilise rises, crosses to the window. In the glass, she can see Alisa's face, a hideous patchwork of mangled flesh.

ALISA'S GHOST  
Downstairs. I'll be waiting.

MARILISE  
No.

ALISA'S GHOST  
Do as I say.

EXT. FRONT PORCH

Marilise emerges from the house. She sees a shadow figure in the walk leading up to the door.

ALISA'S GHOST  
Marilise?

MARILISE  
No.

ALISA'S GHOST  
Come here.

MARILISE  
Oh my God.

She starts slowly toward Alisa's Ghost.

ALISA'S GHOST  
Marilise. If I can't have you, no one can.

She raises her hand, displaying the gleaming blade of a huge carving knife.

MARILISE  
No.

ALISA'S GHOST  
Yes.

Marilise steps closer. That huge gleaming blade is raised high now.

ALISA'S GHOST  
You betrayed me.

MARILISE  
I didn't mean to.

ALISA'S GHOST  
You betrayed me, and now you must pay.

MARILISE  
Please?

The huge blade comes slicing down. Marilise cries out!

## END DREAM SEQUENCE

Marilise starts up from bed. She has been dreaming. Leigh Ann awakens.

LEIGH ANN

Marilise?

Marilise's face is drenched in sweat.

LEIGH ANN

Marilise -- it's all right, I'm here beside you. You've been dreaming.

MARILISE

Oh God.

Leigh Ann takes Marilise in her arms.

LEIGH ANN

My Marilise.

## AT THE WINDOW

Alisa's Ghost watches, grins evilly.

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. SHRINK'S OFFICE - DAY

Marilise is positioned on the proverbial analyst's couch. DR. LENZ, a woman psychiatrist, questions her from her desk.

MARILISE

I saw her, I know I did. Alisa's ghost. She wanted to kill me.

DR. LENZ

It's okay.

MARILISE

I know it seems incredible, but it was real.

A moment.

DR. LENZ

Let's change the subject.

MARILISE

I think we need to talk about Alisa.

DR. LENZ

I know you do, but we'll get to that. Tell me about another relationship --your relationship with Leigh Ann.

MARILISE

She's my sister.

DR. LENZ

I know that. How do you feel about her?

MARILISE

I love her, of course.

DR. LENZ

As just a sister?

MARILISE

No, as more than that.

DR. LENZ

How much more is there?

Marilise is flush with embarrassment.

DR. LENZ

Oh, I understand.

MARILISE

Don't look that way -- I'm not ashamed.

DR. LENZ

You shouldn't be.

MARILISE

You think it's wrong for two women to love each other.

DR. LENZ

No.

MARILISE

I know the way people look down on us, our kind of love. I know it, I see it in their faces. But I think our parents knew, at least my mother did. I think she knew, and I don't think she disapproved.

DR. LENZ

So, are you saying you felt shame?

MARILISE

No, no, I was never ashamed.

DR. LENZ

Which is a perfectly natural feeling for a child, even for an adult. Society frowns upon these sorts of feelings between persons of the same sex. So if you felt ashamed, you were only being normal.



MARILISE

I wasn't ashamed.

DR. LENZ

And if you felt scarred, and carried those scars forward into adulthood, as so often we do, I can understand how you might continue to feel.

MARILISE

I am not ashamed.

DR. LENZ

But then, you say you love Leigh Ann, but you were having an affair with Alisa. Is that correct?

MARILISE

Yes, but isn't it possible to love more than one person?

DR. LENZ

Yes. But that usually causes feelings of guilt. There is a morality involved.

(a beat)

Now, what about your recent feelings for Gloria?

MARILISE

How did you know about that?

DR. LENZ

I know Gloria socially.

MARILISE

Is that really any of your business?

DR. LENZ

Now Marilise, calm down.

MARILISE

I'm beginning to wonder about you.

Dr. Lenz fidgets nervously with her hands.

DR. LENZ

Tell me, do you feel about Gloria the way you felt, say, about Alisa, or the way you feel about Leigh Ann?

MARILISE

That isn't any of your business. I came here to talk about Alisa.

DR. LENZ

I know, but don't build a wall, Marilise. I think we should explore the full range of your feelings. I'm a psychiatrist, you can confide in me.

Dr. Lenz rises, moves to Marilise.

DR. LENZ

I'm only trying to help you.

Her hand touches Marilise's shoulder.

MARILISE

I don't feel comfortable about this.

DR. LENZ

About what?

MARILISE

You know what.

DR. LENZ

I think I better refer you to Dr. Rosenberg, a male doctor. I don't think I can be objective, Marilise.

They eye each other. Uh-oh, here we go again.

DR. LENZ

Have I your permission, Marilise?  
(relishing the ambiguity)  
To contact Dr. Rosenberg?

A pause.

DR. LENZ

Have I your permission for something else?

Marilise brings Dr. Lenz down to her, feeling the warmth of another woman, and their mouths come together and they kiss deeply.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FOYER - DUPRE ESTATE - DAY

Gloria enters the downstairs hall.

GLORIA

Anyone home?

LEIGH ANN appears from the kitchen. They eye each other.

LEIGH ANN

She's at the bookstore.

A pause.

GLORIA

I know you don't like me, Leigh Ann, I know you think I'm intruding. I am just trying to help pick up Marilise's spirits.

LEIGH ANN

By sleeping with her?

GLORIA

Leigh Ann --

LEIGH ANN

I know what's going on.

Pause.

LEIGH ANN

She works at the bookstore during the week. She won't be home until after five.

GLORIA

I know that.

They eye each other.

GLORIA

I work for the town, in the mayor's office. Sometimes we sneak out for lunch. I wish you wouldn't resent me, Leigh Ann.

LEIGH ANN

Marilise is my sister, and I love her. I don't want to see her hurt again. She doesn't know how to control her impulses.

Pause.

GLORIA

It's not always easy to control everything -- in life.

LEIGH ANN

I don't want to see her become some sort of emotional prostitute. She's very easily swayed. She has always been very sensitive, very vulnerable. It isn't easy for her to say no, even when she wants to say no.

GLORIA

(extending her hand)

Can't we be friends?

Leigh Ann frowns.

GLORIA

We're adults.

Leigh Ann turns away.

LEIGH ANN  
You'll find her at the bookstore.

GLORIA  
I wish you wouldn't be harsh with me like this.

They eye each other.

LEIGH ANN  
Are you coming on to me?

GLORIA  
(scolding)  
Leigh Ann.  
(glances around)  
I like your little house.

No response.

GLORIA  
I'd love a cup of coffee.

Eyes meet.

GLORIA  
But if you don't have the time, I understand. I'll go.

She turns to go.

LEIGH ANN  
Wait.

They eye each other.

LEIGH ANN  
I didn't mean to be rude. I've been under a lot of stress,  
and I worry about Marilise.

GLORIA  
We all do.

LEIGH ANN  
Come and sit down. We'll have coffee.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DUPRE HOUSE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

As a car pulls up, drops Marilise off. She waves, moves up the walk and enters the house.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL

Marilise calls out.

MARILISE  
Leigh Ann?

She goes into the kitchen, looks around. No Leigh Ann. She returns to the foyer.

MARILISE  
Leigh Ann???

Sounds can be heard from the upstairs bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM

Leigh Ann and Gloria are in bed together making love. Leigh Ann starts up.

LEIGH ANN  
Oh my God, she's home.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS ENTRANCE HALL

Marilise tries the living room.

MARILISE  
Leigh Ann?

INT. BEDROOM

LEIGH ANN and GLORIA quickly dress.

LEIGH ANN  
If she finds us, she'll kill me. Hurry.

Marilise appears in the doorway.

LEIGH ANN  
Marilise -- I was just showing Gloria around the house.

Marilise looks at the bed, whose clothes are still rumpled.

LEIGH ANN  
I can explain.

Marilise knows the score, exits hastily.

LEIGH ANN  
Marilise, wait.

Sound of Marilise fleeing down the stairs, and of a car starting. Leigh Ann races down the stairs, flings wide the front door.

LEIGH ANN  
Marilise? Marilise?!!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUPRE HOUSE - NIGHT

An anxious Leigh Ann is watching television. She checks her watch. The TELEPHONE RINGS.

She gets up, answers it.

LEIGH ANN  
Hello?

INT. PARKED CAR

Across the street from the Dupre house. The driver, whose face we cannot see, is talking on a cell phone. It is Alisa's twin sister, BRENDA.

BRENDA  
I'd like to speak to Marilise.

LEIGH ANN  
She's not here.

BRENDA  
I want you to give her a message for me.

LEIGH ANN  
Who is this?

BRENDA  
Tell her I'm going to get her, I'm going to get her good.

LEIGH ANN  
Who is this?

Pause.

BRENDA  
This is Alisa.

LEIGH ANN  
Alisa?

BRENDA  
This is Alisa, and I'm going to get her for what she did to me.

She ends call.

LEIGH ANN  
Hello? Hello?

Leigh Ann replaces the receiver, hears the front door open. She moves into the entrance hall -- Marilise is there.

LEIGH ANN

Marilise.

(moves to her sister)

Oh God, I was so worried about you. Oh Marilise, my Marilise. I've hurt you and I can never forgive myself.

She embraces Marilise, who seems catatonic.

LEIGH ANN

I worried and worried so about you. I'm sorry if I hurt you, I didn't mean to hurt you. From now on it's going to be the way it was -- just the two of us, before everything got screwed up. I'll be devoted to you, Marilise, you'll see.

She hugs her sister, holds her close.

LEIGH ANN

Oh Marilise, I was so worried. Are you hungry? Have you had anything to eat? Come on, I'll fix you something.

They start for the kitchen. The PHONE RINGS. Leigh Ann picks up.

LEIGH ANN

(into phone)

Yes?

BRENDA

I'd like to speak to Marilise.

LEIGH ANN

Whoever you are, stop with these calls.

BRENDA

She's home, I saw her come home.

Leigh Ann sets down phone, moves to window, parts curtain. Sure enough, there's an unfamiliar car parked across the street. She retreats to phone.

LEIGH ANN

I'm going to call the police.

BRENDA

Tell Marilise I'm going to kill her for what she did to me.

Click!

LEIGH ANN

Hello? Hello?

She replaces phone, moves back to window, watches as that parked car pulls away.

She turns, Marilise is in her face.

MARILISE

What is it?

LEIGH ANN

Some crackpot. Let's get you something to eat.

INT. MOVING CAR - NIGHT

POV SHOT from driver's perspective as it turns the corner of the darkened street, brakes to the curb.

A gloved hand reaches into the glove compartment, brings out a large knife. Holds it up. It catches a gleam from the street light. The blade is razor sharp.

EXT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT

Brenda gets out, but her face is obscured by a large, droopy, black felt hat. She's outfitted in black tights.

She starts out around the block.

INT. KITCHEN

Marilise is seated at the kitchen table, sandwich in hand, a glass of milk nearby. She's still numb.

LEIGH ANN

What's the matter?

MARILISE

I can't eat.

LEIGH ANN

Look, you need to have something in your stomach before you go to bed.

MARILISE

I just don't feel hungry.

LEIGH ANN

Take a few bites -- for me, please?

Marilise takes a bite out of her sandwich.

LEIGH ANN

Have a little milk.

Marilise sips milk.



EXT. STREET

Brenda looks left and right, crosses to Dupre house.

BACK TO SCENE

Marilise is eating her sandwich.

LEIGH ANN

See that, you can eat. I'm going to lock up.

AT THE WINDOW

the eerie face of Brenda watches them.

Leigh Ann exits to downstairs hall.

IN THE DOWNSTAIRS HALL

the door to the foyer is slightly ajar, and it's dark in there, plenty dark.

She's tentative, senses the presence of someone else.

LEIGH ANN

Who is it? Is someone there?

As she steps into the foyer, a hand swings out and catches her by the throat, and a knife sweeps out of the shadows.

Leigh Ann gasps, and the knife blade finds her throat. In an instant, her body slumps to the floor.

IN THE KITCHEN

Marilise finishes her sandwich. That's odd, Leigh Ann has been away for quite some time.

Marilise glances around suspiciously. Rises, goes to investigate.

IN THE DOWNSTAIRS ENTRANCE HALL

the door to the foyer hangs open. Marilise turns the corner and approaches it. Two legs are protruding across the doorsill.

Her face is stricken with fear.

MARILISE

Oh my God.

She leans down -- covers her mouth, screams!

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. LIVING ROOM - DUPRE HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Marilise, in a state of shock, occupies the couch, surrounded by a pair of plainclothes homicide cops, DETECTIVE FIRST GRADE FRANK O'CONNOR and DETECTIVE WILLIAM PACE. A DOCTOR sitting next to her hands her a pill and a glass of water. She takes the pill and washes it down.

DOCTOR

She's in shock. She's going to need to be hospitalized.

Pause.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Miss Dupre -- did your sister have any enemies?

DOCTOR

She's in no state to answer questions.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

This is important.

(to Marilise)

Miss Dupre -- anyone you know of who might have done this?

No answer.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Get an ambulance. Make sure you've got someone at the hospital. I'm not taking chances with something like this.

He steps to one side. Detective Pace joins him.

DETECTIVE PACE

(whispered)

You don't think it's random?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

No.

DETECTIVE PACE

Explanation?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Nothing was stolen. The perp was lying in wait, that's my take. No, this was premeditated.

He whips out cell phone, dials.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

This is O'Connor. Run a background check on Leigh Ann and Marilise Dupre. That's D-U-P-R-E. Yes, Leigh Ann and Marilise.

Gloria has appeared in the doorway.

GLORIA

Marilise?

Marilise looks up.

GLORIA

Oh Marilise, you poor baby.

She starts for couch, but is intercepted.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

You would be -- ?

GLORIA

Gloria. A friend of the family. Oh Marilise, my Marilise.

She sits beside Marilise. Marilise seeks comfort in Gloria's arms.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Did you know the deceased?

GLORIA

Yes.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Did she have enemies?

GLORIA

None that I know of.  
(to Marilise)  
Poor baby.

Marilise is trying to speak.

MARILISE

(softly, abstractedly)

Alisa. . .

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

What?

MARILISE

Alisa. She did this.

O'Connor throws a questioning look at Gloria.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

What is she talking about?

GLORIA

Alisa was a friend of Marilise's. She was killed two months ago in a traffic accident. Marilise blames herself for Alisa's death.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Why would Alisa, assuming she were alive, want to kill Marilise's sister?

GLORIA

She wouldn't. Marilise took Alisa's death very hard, she was in a great deal of shock. She has been tormenting herself, imagining things.

She draws Marilise in for a hug.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

It doesn't make sense. Give me Alisa's last name.

GLORIA

Powers. Alisa Powers.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

(dials out on cell)

This is O'Connor again. Run another check, will you -- this one on a woman named Alisa Powers. Anything you can come up with. Thanks.

(to Gloria)

Go with her, will you, to the hospital. Ambulance should be along any minute.

(to other cop)

Outside.

EXT. DUPRE HOUSE - NIGHT

The cops emerge, pause on the porch.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Is it me, or does this not make any sense?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Gloria moves down the corridor in the direction of Marilise's room, carrying a bouquet of flowers.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

Marilise is awake, sitting up. She still seems shocked. A POLICE OFFICER is reading a newspaper in a chair by the door.

Gloria enters.

GLORIA

I brought these for you.

Marilise smiles.

GLORIA

How are you feeling?

MARILISE

A little better.

GLORIA

I'm going to look after you, Marilise. When you feel stronger, I'm going to stay with you and see you through this.

MARILISE

I'm frightened.

GLORIA

Of course you are. You're still in shock.

MARILISE

It's her, Gloria, I know it is. She took Leigh Ann from me.

GLORIA

It couldn't be her, you know that. It's impossible.

MARILISE

It's her, I know it is.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DUPRE HOUSE - DAY

Gloria finishes tossing a salad and dishes it out on a plate, then moves to the fridge and grabs a bottle of apple juice. She pours some in a glass, then places both the glass and the plate of salad on a tray.

She carries the tray out.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL

Gloria transports the tray up the stairs.

INT. MARILISE'S ROOM

Marilise is in bed, looking less shocked than before. Gloria enters with the tray, sets it down on a TV table.

GLORIA

Listen, I have to go out for a little while. Errands. They shouldn't take long. You look better today.

She kisses Marilise on the forehead.

GLORIA

Be back soon.

She heads downstairs. Moves into the kitchen, locks the back door. Then goes out the front, locking the door behind her.

EXT. DUPRE HOUSE

There's a car parked across the street, in the shadow of the trees. It is familiar.

From the car's POV, we watch Gloria come down the walk and move to the driveway, getting into her own car.

She pulls away from the curb.

INT. PARKED CAR

Once again the mysterious killer, Brenda, is dressed in dark clothes and we cannot make out her face, viewing her from behind. But what she sees we can see -- the house, now vulnerable to attack.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM

Detective O'connor is shuffling paperwork at his desk. Detective Pace approaches.

DETECTIVE PACE

That Dupre murder? Got something interesting here.

He hands over two photographs that appear to be of the same person.

DETECTIVE PACE

Take your pick.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

They look the same.

DETECTIVE PACE

Appearances can deceive. These are not the same person.

(off a startled look)

Alisa Powers has a twin sister.

They make a hasty exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - DUPRE HOUSE

Brenda looks around furtively, then tries the lock. No deal. She heads around back.

AT THE KITCHEN DOOR

she tries the lock. Still no dice.

INT. MARILISE'S ROOM

Marilise settles into the soft bed cushions, closes her eyes, turns over.

AT THE WINDOW

sinister eyes look in. Brenda is holding a knife. She gently tugs at the window sash.

EXT. DUPRE HOUSE

A car swings around the corner and pulls into the driveway. Gloria's car. She gets out.

WITH BRENDA

as she hears the car door slam. She is not visible to Gloria, who is parked on the opposite side of the house. She pulls away from the window.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Gloria turns the key and goes inside.

WITH BRENDA

who watches Gloria enter the bedroom, cross to Marilise.

INT. BEDROOM

Gloria nudges Marilise, whose sleepy eyes open.

GLORIA

I forgot to ask, is there anything special you would like?  
I mean, a favorite dish or something.

Marilise shrugs.

GLORIA

I'm gonna get some ice cream. We'll have hot fudge  
sundaes, would you like that?

Marilise nods.

GLORIA

Lots of whipped cream, cherries, plenty of thick gooey  
syrup. Just like little kids again.

Pause.

GLORIA

You haven't touched your salad.

She brings salad bowl to Marilise.

GLORIA

Come on, a little taste.

She feeds Marilise a chunk of salad.

GLORIA

Good?

Marilise nods.

GLORIA

Here -- keep at it. And have a sip of your juice.

She brings glass of juice from table, Marilise sips it.

GLORIA

Now come on -- munch, munch, munch. Like a little rabbit.

Marilise takes another mouthful of salad. After she has chewed and swallowed it, she says:

MARILISE

Gloria?

GLORIA

Yes?

MARILISE

Thank you.

GLORIA

Oh Marilise, my Marilise. You don't have to thank me. We'll get you through this and you'll be whole again, you'll see. Oh -- the guy from the bank called. What's that about?

MARILISE

Taxes. I owe property taxes.

GLORIA

He insists that you call him.

(several beats)

A lot?

Marilise nods.

MARILISE

What am I going to do?

GLORIA

We'll think of something. Go on, eat.



Marilise picks at her salad.

MARILISE

Gloria, I've been wondering -- don't you have to be at work?

GLORIA

I took a week off.

MARILISE

Can you afford it?

GLORIA

Yup. Vacation, and overdue.

(a beat)

Marilise, Marilise -- I cherish these moments we have together. Can we always be together?

They hold a look. Marilise nods. Gloria puts her hand on Marilise's. Pause, then:

GLORIA

It's stuffy in here.

She moves to the window, jacks the sash open. Outside on the ledge, Brenda is tense.

GLORIA

You know, I think I'll wait till later to make that grocery run.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRENDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING

Garden apartments, two floors. Brenda's apartment is on the top floor. O'Connor and Pace climb the steps. O'Connor hits the door buzzer. No answer.

Another try. Still no answer.

The cops eye each other. O'Connor nods. His partner produces a lock pick and manipulates it. The door springs free.

INT. BRENDA'S APARTMENT

Living room and breakfast nook dead ahead, with a bedroom beyond that. The cops enter, look around, move to nook. O'Connor begins to inspect sink, cupboards. He gestures to his colleague.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Check the back.

His colleague goes to investigate.

O'Connor opens the refrigerator, surveys contents.

Pace returns.

DETECTIVE PACE

Frank?

The first cop follows him to a bathroom along a narrow hall.

IN THE BATHROOM

Pace moves to the sink.

DETECTIVE PACE

Look at this.

There appear to be tiny flecks of dried blood in the bowl.

DETECTIVE PACE

Blood?

O'Connor shrugs. Eyes medicine cabinet. Opens it and locates a Q-tip.

DETECTIVE PACE

It won't be admissible without a warrant.

Detective O'Connor flashes a warrant.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

I think of everything. Get me a bag.

Pace exits. O'Connor examines the medicine chest and shower stall. His colleague returns with a small plastic sandwich bag.

O'Connor collects a sample of the blood with the Q-tip, stashes it in the bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRENDA'S APARTMENT HOUSE

The cops come down the stairs. No sooner do they turn for their cars than Brenda comes up the stairs from the opposite direction. She has missed seeing them by mere seconds.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - DUPRE HOUSE - NIGHT

Marilise is seated at the table over dinner. Wine has been poured. She's working on a salad. Gloria comes in bearing a tray with steaks on it.

GLORIA

I hope you like them.

Marilise throws her a pale smile.

GLORIA

Medium rare -- I hope.

She seats herself.

MARILISE

Gloria?

GLORIA

Hmmm?

MARILISE

I'm worried about the tax thing. I don't want to get thrown out.

GLORIA

They're not going to throw you out.

MARILISE

They do, you know. They padlock the door and evict you.

GLORIA

(re: steak)

Go on, taste it.

MARILISE

And then where am I going to live?

GLORIA

Come on, have a bite before it gets cold.

They both indulge, their knives sawing off juicy little pieces.

MARILISE

It's good.

Gloria nods.

MARILISE

I don't want to be thrown out.

GLORIA

Don't you have any relatives who could help you?

MARILISE

I have an uncle, but I don't think he'll help. And a bunch of rich cousins, but I seldom hear from them.

GLORIA

You could always come live with me.

They continue to eat.

MARILISE

That's how I got involved with Alisa.

(off a look)

I mean, she promised to help with the money.

Pause.

GLORIA

Would you like that -- would you like to come live with me?

(off a coy look)

Marilise? Come on, be honest.

MARILISE

Yes.

GLORIA

(teasing her)

You're not just saying that?

MARILISE

No.

GLORIA

Good. There will be so many ways to spoil you.

More chomping.

MARILISE

Gloria -- did you love Leigh Ann?

GLORIA

Not the way I love you, Marilise. I was fond of Leigh Ann.

MARILISE

But you -- ?

GLORIA

It was a mistake.

They continue chomping.

GLORIA

Good, huh?

The front DOORBELL SOUNDS.

GLORIA

Should I ignore it?

Marilise nods. The DOORBELL SOUNDS again. Gloria shrugs, answers it.

## IN THE FOYER

Gloria opens the door. O'Connor and Pace are there.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

We need to talk to you.

GLORIA

We're having dinner.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

You'll want to hear this.

She gestures. They enter the downstairs hall.

GLORIA

This way.

They move to dining room.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Smells good.

(turns to Marilise)

Turns out you might not have been imagining things after all.

(off a surprised look)

You thought you saw Alisa?

MARILISE

Yes. I know it was her.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Wrong.

MARILISE

But I saw her.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

You saw her. But what you saw wasn't Alisa, even though it looked exactly like her. It was her twin sister.

MARILISE

What?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Alisa has a twin sister, Brenda Powers. We think that's the person you saw, and we also believe she's responsible for the death of Leigh Ann.

Pause, as Marilise absorbs this terrifying fact.

MARILISE

Why Leigh Ann?

DETECTIVE PACE

Probably as a way to throw fear into you.

MARILISE

But it was me she was after.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

It was you.

MARILISE

Then?

DETECTIVE PACE

We think she's still going to try to make a play.

Ulp.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

We think it's best that you move to a safe place until we get enough evidence to arrest her.

MARILISE

You want me to move?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Until we tie things up.

MARILISE

For how long?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

That depends.

MARILISE

But this is my home.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

You can't stay here, you're not safe.

MARILISE

Even if Gloria is here with me?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

She'll keep trying, and this is a big house. We did a psych check on this Brenda -- she has deep emotional problems. She's been hospitalized for psychotic episodes. Obviously she snapped.

Gloria turns to Marilise.

GLORIA

Marilise -- you could stay with me.

(MORE)

GLORIA (cont'd)

(to cops)

Would that be all right? I have a one bedroom apartment, but there's plenty of room. It wouldn't be any trouble.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Marilise?

MARILISE

Yes, I'd like that.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

(to Gloria)

You've gotta keep an eye on her.

GLORIA

I will.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Finish up, pack a few things, we'll meet you out front.

They go out. Marilise is unnerved by the revelation about Alisa's sister, and it shows.

GLORIA

Don't worry, they'll get her.

EXT. DUPRE HOUSE

The cops are milling around outside their car.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

I've got an idea. We move her out, right, but the perp doesn't know that. So we hide inside, keep the lights on in the windows, and when the killer makes her move, wham, we grab her. What do you think?

Second cop thinks a beat.

DETECTIVE PACE

Might work.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

I'm liking it more and more. You stay here while I escort them.

(a little joke)

Oh, we're Motel 6 -- don't forget to leave the light on.

DETECTIVE PACE

Ha-ha.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Better stash the car out of sight.

Gloria and Marilise emerge from the house. Gloria has a suitcase in her hand. They move to Gloria's car.

The cops join them.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

All set?

GLORIA

Yup. Here's my contact information.

Hands him a slip of paper.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

(to Marilise)

Do you have an extra key to the house?

She roots in her purse, produces the key, hands it over.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

I'll follow you to your place, just to be on the safe side.  
Lead the way.

He returns to his unmarked car, follows Gloria as she pulls out. Second cop starts up the walk to the house.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - GLORIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marilise is removing things from her suitcase on the bed. Gloria stands beside the clothes closet.

GLORIA

You can hang all of those right in here.

MARILISE

(inspecting nightie)

I think my wardrobe could use a makeover.

Gloria moves to her.

GLORIA

We'll get you all sorts of new things. We're gonna have such fun.

She kisses Marilise softly on the cheek.

GLORIA

I love you, Marilise, and I'm going to take good care of you.

Detective o'connor calls from the other room.



DETECTIVE O'CONNOR  
Everything okay?

GLORIA  
Fine.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR  
I'm leaving.

GLORIA  
Okay.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR  
Don't forget to lock the door. I'll check up on you tomorrow.

Sound of door closing as O'Connor departs.

GLORIA  
You can finish unpacking later.

She takes Marilise in her arms for a full, passionate kiss.

EXT. GLORIA'S APARTMENT COMPLEX

O'Connor gets into his car, drives off.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DINER

O'Connor's car pulls in.

INT. DINER

He enters, moves to counter.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR  
Two coffees to go.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DUPRE HOUSE

Detective Pace switches on the lights. Turns, heads downstairs.

EXT. BUSHES - DUPRE HOUSE

The bushes on the bedroom side of the house are rustling, but we cannot see what is causing it.

IN THE DOWNSTAIRS PARLOR

Detective Pace sits, stretches his legs. Looks around, picks up a newspaper from the coffee table.

## IN THE BUSHES

a dark figure emerges. Armed. Familiar. The light in the bedroom window draws her attention.

Brenda pushes her way through the bushes leading to the front porch of the house.

## HER FEET

as they one by one mount the steps to the porch.

## IN THE PARLOR

Detective Pace looks up from his newspaper, senses something.

## A KNIFE

is tucked in Brenda's hand. She watches the cop, keeping herself to the side of the window frame.

## THE COP

Gets up, goes into the kitchen, as tension builds.

## BRENDA

moves in the direction of the front door.

## IN THE KITCHEN

Pace pours himself a glass of juice. Sips it. Thinks he hears something outside, pauses. He exits to downstairs hall, pauses as he seems to hear something in the foyer, then continues on to the parlor.

A CREAKING SOUND comes from the darkened foyer. Pace hears it, gets up. Draws his piece. He moves to one side of the foyer entrance. It's dark in there. The scene of the crime. He's tense now, rigid as a board, very much attuned to the possibility of danger. Several beats, then he simultaneously snaps on the foyer light and flings open the door.

He peers inside. Looks left and right. Nothing. He turns back in the direction of the parlor, takes several steps, and feels a hand on his shoulder. Oh Christ! He whirls, and Detective O'Connor looks him square in the face.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Hey, take it easy.

A moment.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

What's going on?

DETECTIVE PACE

I thought I heard something.

He tucks away his piece.

DETECTIVE PACE

I had this feeling before, you know, that somebody was out there. I don't know, this whole thing is weird. I mean, this thing with these women, you know. I mean, not just the murder, but this thing they have with each other.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Whatever floats your boat.

DETECTIVE PACE

I don't think my boat will be docking in that kind of marina any time soon.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Hey, I brought you some coffee.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - HARBOR COVE - DAY

It's a bright and beautiful morning. Marilise and Gloria move along the sidewalk.

MARILISE

I need to stop in the bookstore.  
(off a look)  
I hope I still have a job.

They enter bookstore where Marilise worked. Marilyn, the proprietess, is ringing up a sale at the register.

MARILYN

There you are. Next?

Marilise steps up.

MARILYN

Well, well. Long time no see.

MARILISE

I'm back, sort of.

MARILYN

I was beginning to wonder. Let me get a look at you.  
(gives her the once over)  
You look good. Feeling better?

MARILISE

Much.

MARILYN

I heard about your sister -- I'm sorry. I'd say you're due for a little good luck one of these days.

MARILISE

Yeah.

PROPRIETESS

Who's your friend?

GLORIA

Gloria.

PROPRIETESS

Marilyn Baltimore.

They shake on it.

PROPRIETESS

Nice to meet you.

(to Marilise)

You know, I thought I was hallucinating this morning. About an hour ago someone came in looking for you. It was that woman that was in here before.

MARILISE

What do you mean?

PROPRIETESS

Just before the accident, there was a woman in here to see you, I think her name was Alisa. I thought she was killed in that accident.

MARILISE

She was.

PROPRIETESS

Then how could she have been in here this morning?

MARILISE

She couldn't. That was her sister, her twin sister. What did she want?

PROPRIETESS

She wanted to know where you were living. I assumed you were right where you always are. Was I wrong?

MARILISE

No. That's what you told her?

PROPRIETESS

Yup. Something wrong?

MARILISE

No.

MARILYN

You're sure. You look frightened.

MARILISE

I'm sure.

(a couple of beats)

Mrs. Baltimore, I wanted to ask you --

MARILYN

Marilyn. You can call me Marilyn, dear.

MARILISE

Marilyn -- could I have my old job back? I mean, if the hours are still available.

MARILYN

The hours are available, the sales aren't. Business is slow. In order to stay afloat, I've decided to sell books on the Internet. New, used. In fact, we got a large shipment of used books in last week. How are you at cataloging?

MARILISE

I don't know.

MARILYN

Give me a call next week. We'll see if we can work something out. Maybe you can help me with the cataloging.

MARILISE

Thanks.

MARILYN

Marilise, I'm so relieved you're better. You don't deserve all of this. You're a good person.

Someone has entered the store.

MARILYN

Customer.

(to Gloria)

Nice to have met you.

EXT. BOOKSTORE

Marilise and Gloria emerge.

MARILISE

She'll find me, I know it. What am I going to do?

GLORIA

Well, we're going to tell the police. But I doubt she knows where you are. And you're safe with me, Marilise. I'll look after you, you know that.

MARILISE

But she's a maniac. I wish they would arrest her.

GLORIA

They will. Now, let's concentrate on all the shopping we have to do. Let's get down to some serious shopping.

She puts her arm around Marilise. They turn the corner.

In the shadows, floppy hat covering her eyes, the malevolent Brenda watches them. HOLD on her, then --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - HARBOR COVE - DAY

Marilise and Gloria emerge from a clothing store with armloads of goodies. They head for Gloria's car.

Gloria opens the trunk of her car, and they place the packages there. They get in the car.

The car pulls out. Behind it, another car swings out of its parking spot and follows the first car. Brenda is behind the wheel.

INT. MOVING CAR - GLORIA AND MARILISE

Gloria turns the corner and the main drag recedes.

GLORIA

Fun, huh?

Marilise nods.

GLORIA

Next thing we're going to do is go to the beach. I plan to spoil you and spoil you good. You're my precious Marilise.

She gently brushes hair away from Marilise's forehead.

Pause. She cuts the wheel, they ease into another turn.

MARILISE

I love the ocean.

GLORIA

I do too. And after that, we're going to go on a picnic. I just want to do so many things with you.

(MORE)

GLORIA (cont'd)

I'm happy, Marilise, in a way I've never been happy before. It's ironic that out of tragedy so much happiness can come. But the important thing is that you are happy. Are you happy?

MARILISE

Yes.

GLORIA

I want you to be happy. I want you to feel loved the way you felt with Leigh Ann. That's all there is in this world, to be happy in the moment. That's all there needs to be. Oh Marilise, my Marilise, bright as the fields of yellow and blue. That's all there has to be is the happiness of the quiet at night, of two people who love each other together, that's all there has to be.

Pause. She gazes into the rearview.

GLORIA

That car in back of us?

Marilise turns, looks.

MARILISE

Yeah?

GLORIA

I think it's following us.

She hits the gas, and the car shoots forward. She is able to open up space between the two cars, then cuts a left at the next corner, floors it again, and cuts a sharp right at the end of the block.

GLORIA

That's better.

(a beat)

Do you want to go down to the beach, I mean, right now? I have a friend who has a house there. We could drive right out.

MARILISE

Isn't it a little late?

GLORIA

No, there's still plenty of daylight. We'll stay over, have a blast.

MARILISE

Do you think she would mind?

GLORIA

She's only there on the weekends. I have an extra key to the place. She wouldn't mind at all.

Several beats.

MARILISE

Gloria?

(off a look)

Do you think -- she'd -- find us there?

GLORIA

I told you I was going to protect you, no matter what, so stop worrying.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

O'Connor has his head propped in his elbows on his desk, deep in thought. Pace enters quickly.

DETECTIVE PACE

Frank? I think we've got a serious problem.

(off a look)

That woman Gloria, who's babysitting Marilise? Her background is clean, but then I did a check on her phone records. There was a call made between her and the perp.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

What?

DETECTIVE PACE

Last night.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

How stupid could I have been.

DETECTIVE PACE

Setup?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Could be.

He reaches into his pocket, locates a slip of paper with phone numbers on it. He reaches for phone, dials out. The buzz and click can be heard at the other end of the line.

INT. LIVING ROOM - GLORIA'S APARTMENT

The phone on the end table RINGS.



BACK TO SCENE

O'Connor hangs up. Tries a second number from the phone list -- Gloria's cell number.

INT. MOVING CAR - GLORIA AND MARILISE

Gloria's cell phone rings. She answers it.

INTERCUT:

GLORIA

Hello?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

This is Detective O'Connor.

GLORIA

Yes?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

I need you both in here immediately.

GLORIA

I'm afraid that won't be possible, we're on our way to the beach.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Turn around and come back.

GLORIA

I don't think we can do that.

Her eyes swing to Marilise.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

You can, and you better. If anything happens to that girl, you will fry, do you understand me?

GLORIA

Completely. Have a nice day, detective.

INT. MOVING CAR - GLORIA AND MARILISE

A look of concern is on Marilise's face.

MARILISE

What was that all about?

GLORIA

You know the cops -- questions, talk. Why spoil our afternoon?

MARILISE

Was it important?

GLORIA

No.

MARILISE

It was important, wasn't it? Maybe we should go back.

GLORIA

It's not important. Trust me. What is important is our happiness.

Several beats.

MARILISE

Aren't we going to stop back at your place to pick up some things?

GLORIA

No, we'll go right through.

MARILISE

Won't we need things?

GLORIA

We can pick up whatever we need in town.

EXT. HIGHWAY

Gloria's car races along in the direction of Montauk Point. Patches of ocean are becoming visible.

INT. MOVING CAR - GLORIA AND MARILISE

Gloria turns to Marilise.

GLORIA

You're going to love this place, it's beautiful. It's out by the end of the point.

Marilise's cell phone RINGS. She answers it.

MARILISE

(into phone)  
Hello?

INT. MOVING CAR - BRENDA

She's at the other end of the conversation, behind the wheel, following Gloria's car.

INTERCUT:

BRENDA

Will you slow down, you're losing me.

GLORIA

That's the idea.

BRENDA

What are you talking about?

GLORIA

Change of plans.

BRENDA

If you try to pull something, I'll get you.

GLORIA

Please don't call again.

She ends call.

MARILISE

What's going on, Gloria?

GLORIA

Nothing.

MARILISE

It was her, wasn't it? Turn the car around, please, turn it around now.

GLORIA

No.

MARILISE

You were in this together, weren't you?

GLORIA

No.

MARILISE

I thought you loved me.

GLORIA

I do love you.

MARILISE

Then why would you betray me?

GLORIA

I haven't betrayed you, I swear.

MARILISE

You set me up. You knew she was following us. Now what are you going to do?

GLORIA

Marilise, listen to me. I love you, I wouldn't do anything like that.

MARILISE

You would.

GLORIA

I would not. I'm here to protect you.

MARILISE

Only your idea of protection is smothering me. I should have suspected all along. Please, Gloria, let's go home -- for me?

GLORIA

We will go home. I just want to spend some time with you at the beach. Is that too much to ask?

MARILISE

If you're telling the truth, it's not. I don't think you're telling the truth.

GLORIA

I'm telling the truth.

She turns into a gas station.

INT. MOVING CAR - BRENDA

She watches as Gloria's car swings into the filling station. Continues on the highway, cuts the first available left, and circles the block.

She pulls up to the curb next to the gas station. Her hand finds its way to the purse resting on the seat beside her. Gropes around in there and brings forth a gun. She checks on it, drops it back where it came from.

INT. PARKED CAR - GAS STATION - GLORIA AND MARILISE

Gloria has pulled up to the pump. Marilise bolts, or tries to.

GLORIA

Where are you going?

MARILISE

To the ladies' room.

Gloria throws her a suspicious look.

GLORIA

No you're not, you're going to make a phone call. Please trust me, Marilise.

MARILISE

I trust you, okay. Now you trust me.

Gloria doesn't stop her.

EXT. GAS STATION

Marilise goes around the side of the building. Meanwhile, the filling ATTENDANT comes to the car.

GLORIA

Regular. Fill it.

ATTENDANT

Cash?

GLORIA

Yes.

INT. LADIES' REST ROOM

Marilise enters, closes the door. Pauses, hands coming to her face. She's stricken, terrified. She whips out her cell phone. Dials.

MARILISE

(into phone)

Detective O'Connor?

A hand swipes the cell phone away. Marilise turns, finds Gloria in her face. Gloria takes the phone out of her hand, negates call.

GLORIA

Trust?

MARILISE

Why are you doing this to me?

GLORIA

Doing what? We're going to the beach, for God's sake.

MARILISE

Let's go home. I'll only trust you if you take me home.

GLORIA

We're only a couple of miles away.

MARILISE

Please, Gloria, if you love me and care for me, take me home.

Gloria hands back the cell phone.

GLORIA

If you love and trust me, you have nothing to be afraid of.

She exits.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE SQUAD ROOM

O'Connor is talking on the phone.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

(into phone)

Ruth, Frank. The call that just came in. See if you can trace it. Thanks.

He hangs up. Gets up, crosses to Detective Pace's desk.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Road time.

He heads back to his desk, Pace following.

O'Connor's phone rings. He picks up.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

(into phone)

Yeah? No, huh? Okay.

He ends call, dials.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

I need an all-points on a '99 Buick -- plate number --

(searches through his paper)

Victor-George-Robert 48-William, for Montauk Point.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION

Gloria's car pulls out.

BRENDA'S CAR

swings out in pursuit, but keeps a safe distance to avoid detection.

GLORIA'S CAR

continues for a time, makes a turnoff. It pulls into the drive of an oceanfront Cape Cod-style home. The two-story house is set back from the road on a small rise that overlooks the ocean. There's a screened porch in front and a sun deck in back.

## EXT. DRIVEWAY - MONTAUK HOUSE

Gloria and Marilise get out of the car. Gloria stretches.

GLORIA

Smell that fresh sea air. Oh Marilise, Marilise. Come on, I'll show you the place.

She takes Marilise's hand. Leads her up the walk to the house.

## INT. PORCH - MONTAUK HOUSE

Gloria searches for the key in her purse, opens the front door, they go through.

## IN THE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Gloria points.

GLORIA

Kitchen. Living room. Two bedrooms up there. Come on.

They move through the kitchen to the sun deck in back.

## ON THE SUN DECK

Gloria gestures with her hand --

GLORIA

View of the ocean. C'mon.

She takes Marilise's hand, they head down the porch steps and across the sandy beach.

## ACROSS THE ROAD

Brenda's car pulls up. She watches and waits.

## ON THE BEACH

the wind blows through Gloria's hair, and she and Marilise quicken their pace, reaching water's edge.

Gloria removes her shoes. Gestures. Marilise does the same. They wade into the shallow water, as the breakers unfurl and rush their toes. Surely this is heaven.

Gloria moves a little farther out, though her clothes are going to get a bit wet. She gestures, and Marilise goes to her.

Now Gloria leans down, cups a bit of ocean water in her hands, and playfully splashes it on Marilise, who retaliates in kind. Happy now, these two.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING COP CAR

O'Connor is under the wheel. He grabs radio mike:

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR  
L56 to dispatch, anything come in on that Buick APB?

POLICE DISPATCHER'S VOICE  
No, L56. Sorry. Over.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - GLORIA AND MARILISE

They are both fairly drenched from splashing each other. Marilise flirtatiously splashes one last time and friskily retreats from the water. Pauses, out of breath. Gloria comes after her.

GLORIA  
Oh Marilise, my Marilise.

She takes Marilise in her arms.

GLORIA  
Warmed by the sun, swept by the sea. My own precious Marilise.

They kiss. Gloria takes Marilise's hand, leads her several paces away from the edge of the water, and they park themselves in the wet sand.

Gloria's arm slips around Marilise's shoulders.

GLORIA  
We'll make a fire tonight, sit out here and listen to the ocean. Oh Marilise, are you happy, are you happy?

MARILISE  
I'm happy, but I'm still concerned. Gloria, be honest with me -- did you talk to Brenda?

GLORIA  
Yes. She called my place. I didn't want to upset you.

MARILISE  
What did she say?

GLORIA  
She wanted to use me to get to you, and I refused. I was furious. Then, I had a thought.  
(off a look)  
I thought that if I could lure her out into the open, we could finally catch her. But today, when she called, I changed my mind. It seemed too dangerous. The police will get her. I just want to be with you and to be happy.



Marilise's head nuzzles up against Gloria's shoulder.

MARILISE  
She won't know we're here, right?

GLORIA  
Right.

Pause.

GLORIA  
What would like you for dinner? We can make some  
steaks. We'll cook them outside. Would you like that?

This hardly registers with Marilise, who seems swept on a soft wave of peace.

GLORIA  
We'll roast marshmallows. I love a roasted  
marshmallow. And I love you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET CHECKOUT REGISTER - GLORIA AND MARILISE

As the CASHIER swipes big, juicy steaks across the scanner. Eyes the two women,  
sensing there's something unusual  
Between them.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MONTAUK HOUSE

Gloria's car pulls in. She and Marilise get out of the car with an armful of groceries.  
There is still plenty of daylight left.

An unmarked COP CAR cruises past the house, turns around, comes back, and pulls in  
behind Gloria's car.

Cops get out.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR  
Just in time for dinner.

He gestures. Gloria leads the way.

INT. KITCHEN - MONTAUK HOUSE

Gloria puts grocery bag on table.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR  
Want to tell me what's going on?

GLORIA  
We were about to have a cookout. Care to join us?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Don't get cute.

DETECTIVE PACE

We know there were phone conversations between you and the perp.

GLORIA

One conversation.

DETECTIVE PACE

That you neglected to tell us about.

GLORIA

I was going to. But I had an idea, I wanted to work on it.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

You had an idea?

GLORIA

Yes.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

So you decided to play cute, and endanger Marilise's life?

GLORIA

Look, Brenda was trying to use me to get to Marilise. You can imagine where I told her she could go. But then I thought -- what if I could pretend to cooperate, lure her out into the open, and nab her?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

And charge her with what?

GLORIA

I don't know, attempted murder?

O'Connor shakes his head in disbelief.

MARILISE

You were going to use me as a pawn?

GLORIA

I would have protected you.

MARILISE

Gloria, how could you?

GLORIA

Marilise, you know I love you.

(MORE)

GLORIA (cont'd)

Maybe I wasn't being sensible, but I just wanted to see this thing with Brenda end. I want her to be arrested, and I want us to get on with our lives.

The detectives eye each other.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

(to Marilise)

I think you better come along with us.

GLORIA

No. Don't take her away.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Come on.

GLORIA

You have no right to take her.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

You have a right to endanger her?

GLORIA

You can't do this. I'll come with you. Marilise?

Silence.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

(to Marilise)

Anything you need to pack up?

Marilise shakes her head.

GLORIA

Marilise, don't go.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

(to Gloria)

Check in with us when you get back to town.

The cops lead Marilise out. A despondent Gloria follows them, stands watching in the doorway.

SOUND OF DOORS SLAMMING, and a CAR DRIVING AWAY.

Gloria is numb. She goes into the living room, eases herself down onto sofa. Stares blankly into space.

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. LIVING ROOM - MONTAUK HOUSE - NIGHT

Indeed, night has fallen, yet we find Gloria basically where we left her, stretched out now on the sofa, and asleep.

Only faint wisps of light from the porch show through the screened windows.

There is a SOUND -- brief, momentary -- like the opening of a door, that seems to have come from the porch.

She opens her eyes, looks around.

GLORIA

Who is it --  
(rising)  
Is someone there?

And then we can almost HEAR feet moving quickly up the stairs.

Suspicious and tense now, Gloria cautiously moves forward, out into the downstairs hallway, and looks around.

GLORIA

Is someone there?

A light shuffling SOUND comes from the top of the stairs. She turns quickly and appears to catch sight of someone turning the corner at the head of the stairs.

Pause. She takes a deep breath. Goes into the kitchen to get her purse. It's there, all right. And when she reaches it, her hand rummages and she finds her gun.

Back into the hall she goes. Pauses, scrutinizes the scene. Then she starts softly up the stairs, gun at the ready.

One foot, then the other, slowly she mounts those stairs, and pauses when she reaches the top.

Darkness. Two bedrooms, one to her left, one to her right. She opts for left.

Moves slowly, gun pointed, into the darkness.

GLORIA

Is someone here?

Silence.

She moves toward the clothes closet. Pauses. There's no one there.

She turns, crosses back to the opposite bedroom.

GLORIA

Is anyone here? Hello?

Darkness. Several steps forward, and a brief search of the closet. Nothing.

She turns, starts back the way she came.

IN THE DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

she pauses. Decides to check the screened porch, and moves forward, reaching for the door handle to the inside door.

The gun is poised again. The handle is firm in her grasp, and she twists it open. She steps forward onto the porch. Looks left, looks right.

With sudden fury, a hand sweeps out of the darkness from behind her and covers her mouth, and she is pulled forcefully back, and a gun thrust in her face.

BRENDA

Where is she?

Gloria's eyes register terror. The gun drops from her hand.

BRENDA

Where is she?

Gloria shakes her head, signaling she doesn't know.

BRENDA

Get in there.

She turns Gloria, and shoves her back into the house. She drags her into the living room, and releases her onto the couch.

BRENDA

Where is Marilise? I won't ask another time.

GLORIA

She's not here.

BRENDA

You're lying.

GLORIA

She left.

BRENDA

Where is she?

GLORIA

She went back to town.

BRENDA

She's here, I know it. If you don't tell me, I'll kill you.

GLORIA

I am telling you, she is not here.

The sound of a CAR DOOR is heard slamming outside. Then footsteps. Marilise appears in the doorway.

GLORIA

Marilise, run!

Brenda aims and FIRES! Marilise flees.

WITH MARILISE

as she darts through the hallway, into the kitchen and out the back door.

Brenda hesitates a beat, then gives chase.

Marilise flees along the beach. As Brenda reaches the sun deck, she aims and FIRES! Again, she misses.

She's off and running along the beach, pursuing Marilise.

WITH MARILISE

who is running, straining hard, out of breath. She pauses, looks back. Brenda is gaining on her.

WITH GLORIA

As she dials out on her cell phone, calling the police.

GLORIA

This is a police emergency. Please send someone here immediately.

WITH MARILISE

Who is gasping for breath, too exhausted to go on. Brenda has gained on her. What to do?

Brenda pauses, raises her gun and takes aim. Marilise is petrified. BAM! -- another miss.

Marilise looks toward the ocean. It may be the only way to safety. She makes for the water.

Brenda, meantime, scrambles after her and is gaining more ground.

At the water's edge, Marilise turns, and now Brenda is well within firing range. It's hopeless for Marilise. She  
Knows it.

Now Brenda smiles, knows she's finally going to end this. Raises that gun.

There's an EXPLOSION, but it's not from Brenda's gun, and Brenda crumples to the ground.

In the b.g., Marilise can make out a figure, a figure with a gun. The figure starts toward her.

It's Gloria. The explosion was a shot from her gun, and she has struck Brenda.

She moves to Brenda, bends down, examines her.

Marilise approaches, relieved.

GLORIA

She's dead.

SOUNDS OF POLICE SIRENS WAILING!

GLORIA

Marilise.

She takes Marilise in her arms, comforts her.

GLORIA

Oh my Marilise.

Flashlight beams and the silhouettes of figures scurrying toward them from the house can be seen.

Those flashlights belong to Detectives O'Connor and Pace, who now join them.

O'Connor examines Brenda. Looks up. He and Gloria lock eyes, as she continues to nurse Marilise.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - DUPRE HOUSE - DAY

Marilise is seated at the table, which has been set for four. Mashed potatoes, peas and carrots, and all the trimmings of a turkey dinner have been set out.

She calls out to Gloria, who is busy in the kitchen.

MARILISE

What -- did -- you -- make???

GLORIA (O.S.)

I'm -- not -- telling.

MARILISE

I know what it is, have known all along, and I can smell it, and it smells like turkey.

The DOORBELL SOUNDS.

GLORIA (O.S.)

If you can smell it, you can answer the door.

Marilise answers the door. Detectives O'Connor and Pace are standing there.

MARILISE

You're just in time. Come on.

They enter the hallway. She gestures, and they cross to the dining room and take seats.

MARILISE

We're about to be surprised. Well, sort of.

GLORIA (O.S.)

Ready?

MARILISE

Ready.

She enters carrying a huge roast turkey on a tray.

GLORIA

Ta-dahhhhh!

Eyes light up. Applause all around.

GLORIA

Feast.

Looks are exchanged.

GLORIA

Would one of you gentleman do the honors?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Got it.

He rises, attends to the chore of carving the bird.

The DOORBELL SOUNDS.

Gloria and Marilise exchange bewildered looks.

GLORIA

I'll get it.

She answers the door. It's Marilyn Baltimore, proprietess of the bookstore.

MARILYN

Hi. I was in the neighborhood, thought I'd check up on Marilise.

GLORIA

Come on in.

They join the others in the dining room.



MARILYN

My goodness, what is this?

GLORIA

It's a feast. And you're going to be part of it.

MARILYN

I couldn't.

GLORIA

Yes, you could. Now, sit down and dig in.

MARILYN

Oh, I don't know.

GLORIA

Come on, the turkey is very sensitive and will never forgive you. I'll get you knives and forks.

Marilyn sits next to Marilise.

MARILYN

This is something. How are you doing?

MARILISE

I'm doing fine.

MARILYN

You're going to do that cataloging you promised, right?

MARILISE

Just as soon as I finish stuffing myself.

MARILYN

Marilise, it's so wonderful seeing you happy.

Marilise beams a smile.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Okay everyone, just slip your plates over, and give me your orders. White or dark? Don't be shy.

DETECTIVE PACE

Are we supposed to be eating like this while we're on duty?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

This is lunch break. Official celebration. Come on, mangia. Oh my God, I forgot something.

(to Pace)

It's on the front seat of the car, could you get it?

Pace gets up, exits.

MARILISE

Ooooh, what could it be?

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

It's cold, it's drinkable, it should go well with turkey, and it's perfect for a toast. Marilise -- I think it only fitting that you get the first portion. What's your fancy?

MARILISE

Oh, give me a little of everything.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Everything coming right up.

O'Connor piles turkey on her plate, hands it back.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Come on, people, let's not be shy.

Pace returns with wine. There are already glasses on the table.

GLORIA

There's a corkscrew on the kitchen counter.

Pace disappears, reappears with corkscrew.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

Get that thing open, and we'll make a toast.

Wine is poured.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

May I?

He lofts his glass.

DETECTIVE O'CONNOR

To a once-and-for-all, safe and sound Marilise.

GLORIA

To Marilise!

All toast -- hear-hear!

MARILISE

And to Gloria, whom I can never thank enough for everything.

All toast -- hear-hear!

MARILISE

And Marilyn, for being so supportive.

A look of concern spreads over Marilise's face.

MARILISE

But we still don't know what we're going to do about money.

GLORIA

Must you always worry?

MARILISE

I just have to be a little pragmatic, you know.

GLORIA

Not today you don't. Besides, there's a letter on the hutch, I think you better take a look at it.

MARILISE

This is one of your tricks.

GLORIA

I wouldn't trick you.  
(she winks to others)  
Go on, look at it.

MARILISE

She loves to do this.

GLORIA

Don't look at it. But I think you might be happy with what you see.

Marilise gets up, crosses to hutch. There's a letter there. She peruses the envelope, which has been opened.

MARILISE

It's from my cousin.  
(a beat)  
You opened it?

GLORIA

Yes, I did.

Marilise reads the letter.

MARILISE

It's from my cousin. He says he's willing to help out if there's any problem with money. He's very rich. I mean, seriously rich.  
(to Gloria)  
You should have said something.

GLORIA

I would have. You're sometimes a little lazy about getting to your mail. Now come on, sit down and have your meal.

Marilise returns to her seat.

MARILISE

Are there any more surprises you're keeping from me?

Gloria throws her a look, with a hint of frustration.

GLORIA

No.

MARILISE

You sure?

GLORIA

Yeah -- except me.

She winks. Marilise blushes and smiles, as we --

FADE OUT.

THE END



**MOOSELIGHT SERENADE**

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NORTHEAST - MORNING

July. Plenty of heat. And two teenage brothers on the move hefting backpacks -- PETE and JARVIS HEFFERNAN -- en route to summer school.

Past grassy lawns. Under leafy trees.

Jarvis has a laptop computer tucked under his arm.

TRUMPET FANFARE: WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE

JARVIS (V.O.)

It all began, not so innocently, with this teacher, who was a real hottie.

A hot car zooms up beside them. A Corvette. With damaged pop-up lights and SALSA MUSIC BLARING from the radio. The driver is an awesomely built, voluptuous woman in her 30s -- MISS RODRIGUEZ. This year's designated summer school proctor.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Hiya, babies.

She nails it and the Vette SCREECHES out of sight.

JARVIS (V.O.)

A computer gone haywire --

The LAPTOP under his arm begins to SHAKE, CRACKLE and shoot off weird SPARKS. He juggles this hot potato, manages to subdue it.

JARVIS (V.O.)

And an older brother who questioned the feasibility of divine intervention.

He and Pete exchange suspicious looks.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Armageddon. The big bad apocalypse. Or, as I had come to call it -- the Big Event. Just your typical end to Western civilization as we know it.

He throws us an exaggerated smile. They continue on their way.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Not exactly what you might expect on the first day of summer school, but then isn't that what we're all really hoping for -- something larger than life, something that will change the whole equation?

They pass two of their schoolmates, TED WILLIS and PERRY KING, who are lounging decadently in lawn chairs sipping mint juleps.

TED

Hey, look at Jarvis. Hey Jarvis?

He flips him the proverbial bird. Laughs derisively.

JARVIS

I need this?

(a beat)

Hey Punkoid?

He pops him the bird.

JARVIS

And, of course, there were the usual temptations.

A pair of teenage sweeties, LUCY and ANDREA, are clinging to the front stoop, somewhat seductive in their aimlessness.

LUCY

(waving)

Hiya, Jarvis.

She slides her tongue salaciously over her lips.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Anyway, that's what we were hoping for on this torrid July morning -- something that would upset the apple cart, overturn the status quo and deliver us from this terrible fate. And we were about to get it, oh yeah. We were about to get it in spades. One thing you could most assuredly say -- big bad Armageddon was on the way.

His computer acts up again -- SPUTTERS, throws off sparks.

JARVIS

Shit.

He struggles to control it. Turns to Pete.

JARVIS

It's been doing this since yesterday. I don't know what's going on, but it's beginning to freak me.

The computer has fallen silent.

PETE

Let me take a look at it.

He appropriates the computer. Pauses a careful beat. Looks inside. ZAP! SPUTTER! WHAM! The thing's going crazy again, and there's a LARGE, DARK, OMINOUS CLOUD on the screen. He wants no part of it, snaps it shut. Throws a look at Jarvis. Hands it back.



A moment.

JARVIS

So come on, what does it mean?

PETE

Don't look at me.

JARVIS

Computers don't just explode. You saw that dark wave.

PETE

Yeah. And some things maybe it's better we don't know. Come on, let's get going.

They start on their way.

JARVIS

On the other hand, this might be something good. I mean, in a perverse way. Consider this could well be the long-awaited big event. Some sort of cataclysm.

PETE

And that's good?

JARVIS

For screw-ups like us, this could be our big chance. You know, something that levels the playing field.

Pete is skeptical.

JARVIS

You're not buying it?

There is a slight pause.

JARVIS

You'll see.

They've reached the intersection. Across the way is the modern brick edifice known as SOMERVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.

A familiar white Corvette takes the corner and THUNDERS to a stop directly in front of them, cutting off their path.

Out pops Miss Rodriguez, ample breasts bouncing, briefcase in hand.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Hiya, babies.

She throws them a hot little wink, starts up the walk. Meanwhile, a bunch of other guys gathered on the lawn catch sight of her and go heavy on the CATCALLS.

She gives them provocative winks, working every ample inch of hips and thighs, and she disappears inside the place.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY

A burly looking SECURITY COP is stationed at a desk inside the entranceway next to a metal detector. Kids are jostling for position on line to pass through.

SECURITY COP

Hey, no pushing.

Jarvis and Pete appear, eye the proceedings.

The Cop addresses the first guy in line.

SECURITY COP

Dump it out.

He empties his backpack on the table. The Cop quickly goes through it, nods. Waves the kid through. Then hands him the backpack once he has cleared the metal detector.

Jarvis and Pete step forward.

SECURITY COP

All right -- let's go.

As Jarvis deposits the contents of the backpack, he slips a BUCK ROGERS PLASTIC LASER GUN out of it and hides it behind his back.

The Cop sorts through the debris. Waves him through.

SECURITY COP

Okay.

With laser gun hidden, Jarvis clears the metal detector. The Cop hands him his backpack.

SECURITY COP

Next.

Jarvis and Pete high-five it down the hall, as Jarvis stashes the laser gun in the backpack.

INT. THE CLASSROOM

About a dozen disgruntled kids, most of them guys, stream in, bang around, stake out seats. Pete and Jarvis are among them.

PETE

Back there.

They take their seats.

PETE

Hey?

He points. Up front, Miss Rodriguez is fooling with a cheap plastic TRANSISTOR RADIO she has removed from her briefcase. Those breasts are abundantly on display.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

All right, babies, Miss Rodriguez says it's get-down time.

She snaps on the radio and FIERY SALSA MUSIC explodes from it. She gets into it, hips swaying, breasts bobbing, doing a provocative little dance.

Jarvis opens his laptop.

JARVIS (V.O.)

Yeah, things were getting pretty crazy, and suddenly there was an urgent message beaming in on my computer screen.

COMPUTER SCREEN: ATTENTION GUYS! HELP. HURRY. MEET BY THE LAKE. HEAD HONCHO ARMED AND DANGEROUS. COME QUICKLY. MOOSE LAKE. SWEET SIXTEEN AND ACHING TO BE KISSED -- ADDIE AND JADE -- THE GIRLS OF CAMP WACHUMEE

JARVIS (V.O.)

And I was starting to put two and two together. A call for help from a couple of camp cuties somewhere in the wilds.

The laptop RUMBLES. That familiar DARK WAVE appears on the screen. Marches toward the email message, threatening to engulf it.

JARVIS (V.O.)

An ominous dark cloud bearing down on them. It was all making sense, all right. And there was only one thing to do. It was come-to-the-rescue, breakout time, babies.

He seizes his backpack. Roots around inside it. Finds his trusty laser gun.

JARVIS

Yoo-hoo, teach -- question?

Miss Rodriguez lowers the volume on the radio.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Yes, baby?

JARVIS

What did the camshaft say to the out-of-control drive train?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

I don't know.

He takes aim at the overhead fluorescents --

JARVIS

Gimme a -- break!

And FIRES! The laser beam sizzles through the air. Nails those vulnerable overheads -- SMASH! -- and a blinding shower of glass sprays everywhere.

Kids break wildly for the exits.

The light fixtures have begun to rock back and forth, threatening to break loose.

And they do, pulling away from the ceiling, crashing down on the fleeing kids.

An astonished Miss Rodriguez looks on helplessly.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Babies, babies????

But a certain pair of mischievous babies have already beat it out of there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HEFFERNAN HOUSE - DAY

Two COPS ring the front doorbell. Pause. The door opens, and GINGER HEFFERNAN, fortyish mother to Jarvis and Pete, greets them.

COP #1

Yeah -- this the Heffernan residence?

GINGER

That's right.

COP #1

Nice place. That the doc's office over there?

Ginger doesn't like the sound of this.

GINGER

What is it you want?

COP #2

Nice guy, the doc. I've heard only good things about him.

(to Cop #2)

You?

COP #2 nods.

COP #1

But, about the two boys, I don't know.

This is rubbing Ginger the wrong way.

GINGER  
What is this?

COP #2  
They home?

GINGER  
No, they haven't come back from school.

COP #1  
Speaking of which, you hear what happened? They really broke up the place.

GINGER  
What are you talking about?

COP #2  
A little glass flying everywhere. Oh, this time they did a real job. Those kids of yours.  
(several beats)  
So when they get back, we want to hear from you -- real fast. Got it?

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL - HEFFERNAN HOUSE

Ginger is miffed. Knows the kids have screwed up again. She angrily stomps down the hall to a door marked PRIVATE. BANGS on it.

GINGER  
Open up, Fred!

She slips into an adjacent LINEN CLOSET. Peers through a secret PEEPHOLE she's created there that gives her a view of one of the examining rooms.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM

DR. FRED HEFFERNAN, fair-haired, fortyish, prepares to wrap a pressure gauge around MRS. FIGUEROA's arm. His cute office nurse, SUSAN, is standing by.

FRED  
What's new, Mrs. Figueroa?

MRS. FIGUEROA  
Oh, I'm a wreck, I'm a wreck.

BANG! BANG! On the wall. Susan picks up on the banging.

SUSAN  
Freddie?

FRED  
It's okay. Hold still, Mrs. Figueroa.

He wraps cuff around her arm, pumps it up.

BANG! BANG!

MRS. FIGUEROA

Someone's banging on the wall.

FRED

I know. Just ignore it.

MRS. FIGUEROA

My sister had that same problem. You know what it turned out to be? Mice.

BANG! BANG!

SUSAN

Heavy-handed little mice.

She and Fred share a sneer.

MRS. FIGUEROA

(to Fred)

So?

FRED

Your blood pressure's a little high. As in, it gets any higher, you'll need radar to track it. Ha-ha-ha!

BANG, BANG, BANG on the wall.

SUSAN

Fred?

FRED

(to Miss Rodriguez)

Don't go anywhere.

He motions Susan to one side.

FRED

(re: Ginger)

Let's give her a treat.

He slides his hand around Susan's derriere, gives it a sweet little pat. She does likewise.

This brings FURIOUS POUNDING from Ginger.

Susan and Fred hold a smile.

BACK TO GINGER

who stomps down the hall, through the living room and out of the house.

EXT. HEFFERNAN HOUSE

A fuming Ginger cuts across the lawn heading for Fred's office headquarters.

INT. WAITING ROOM

A handful of OLD FOGIES are sitting around, thumbing through magazines, adjusting their pacemakers. Ginger comes storming in. Fred emerges from the office and meets her halfway.

FRED

Now, I can explain.

GINGER

I haven't even said anything.

FRED

You'll find something, I know --

GINGER

I should say you found something -- I saw it, I saw what you groped.

Fred smiles, a wicked little smile.

GINGER

But that's only the least of it. The kids screwed up again. I'm really furious. I need something -- what can I throw?

She picks up magazine from table.

FRED

Ginger, please --

GINGER

I am furious, positively furious.

FRED

Take it easy.

GINGER

I need someone to strangle. Oh, you're right here.

FRED

Now, come on. You know what the doctor said --  
(aside)

A little joke.

(back to Ginger)

Now you remember what I told you when you hyperventilate -- walk it off, walk it off.

She circles, fuming.

FRED

Couldn't we deal with this problem later?

GINGER

No. I've got witnesses. Our boys screwed up, they royally screwed up. How many times do they have to screw up before you take the bull by the horns?

(a beat)

The police were here. We all know it's not Halloween and they were not collecting for UNICEF. The boys demolished a classroom and they're in trouble, and when they're in trouble --

FRED

I know -- I'm in trouble.

(to patients)

We really should apologize for this -- I know how embarrassing it must be.

Ginger grabs him by the collar.

GINGER

Bottom line -- you are going to have it out with them. And another thing -- that little cutie in there -- hands off, do you read me?

(to patients)

Little nursie has her eye on the doc. She better watch her step. Goodbye, everyone.

She starts to exit, pauses to adjust an old-timer's hearing aid. Throws a sarcastic smile, and stomps out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEWSPAPER STORE - MAIN STREET - DAY

Little green awnings and tabloid display racks decorate the exterior. A familiar Corvette zooms up to the curb and Miss Rodriguez slides out. She turns to us, winks.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Hiya, babies.

Only it isn't us she's winking at, it's two familiar kids in hiding behind some bushes in the park across the street. A pair of BINOCULARS takes in her arrival.

PETE

You'll never guess who just pulled up.

Jarvis is preoccupied with his laptop, which has begun to SNAP CRACKLE.

JARVIS

Shit.



PETE

You're not gonna believe it.

JARVIS

Damn it!

The laptop is too hot to handle -- he drops it. Pauses a beat. Picks it up. Opens the lid -- it's charred inside.

JARVIS

Great.

He discards it.

PETE

You gotta see this.

JARVIS

We've gotta reach those girls.

PETE

(motions)

Hey?

Jarvis shrugs. Joins his brother in the bushes.

Takes the binoculars. Peers through them in time to catch sight of Miss Rodriguez's provocative rear end as she disappears into the store.

JARVIS

Nice.

INT. NEWSPAPER STORE

Miss Rodriguez's butt protrudes as she leans over the newspaper stacks, making her selection. The COUNTERMAN takes in the glorious view.

She turns, hands him a dollar.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

That's for the paper.

She slaps his face.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

That's for your dirty thoughts.

She slides her tongue salaciously along her lips.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Bye.

She winks, goes out.



KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK at the door.

JARVIS

Yeah?

PETE (O.S.)

Open up.

Jarvis moves to the door, opens it. Pete comes in.

Jarvis returns to the monitor. Punches in an email message.

COMPUTER SCREEN: WACHUMEE. WE READ YOU. WILL COME IMMEDIATELY. NEED YOUR COORDINATES.

He hits the send button.

Then he feverishly keys WACHUMEE into the search engine.

The computer begins to RUMBLE.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

JARVIS

Bingo! -- Camp Wachumee, a coed's delight on the shores of friendly Moose Lake in the wilds of Maine.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

JARVIS

Just a minute.  
(to Pete)  
What do I do?

Pete shrugs. Jarvis thinks for a beat. Moves to the door, opens it.

JARVIS

Hi, Mom.

She enters the room. Circles. Murder in her eyes.

JARVIS

Sorry, the room's a little messy.

GINGER

You screwed up.

JARVIS

Look, I can explain.

GINGER

(to Pete)  
And you screwed up.

PETE

(weak smile)

Two of a kind.

JARVIS

Mom, I know you're pissed off. It was an accident. The thing slipped out of my hand. Let's put it behind us, please, 'cause we need your help.

GINGER

You want my help?

JARVIS

Dad can smooth it over. But now, we have really important things to attend to.

GINGER

You do, huh?

(spies computer)

Well, what have we here?

JARVIS

(blocking her view)

What we're trying to say is, we've got to get up to Moose Lake. And get there fast. You gotta lean on Dad, tell him we need a vacation.

GINGER

On what pretext?

JARVIS

It'll give us all a chance to clear the air. Family bonding. We've gotta get to Moose Lake, there are people in danger there. This is our chance to do something good and noble for a change. You want good and noble, right?

GINGER

What I wouldn't give for good and noble.

JARVIS

Then tell Dad -- we're driving up to the lake tomorrow. Some fresh air, some family fun. The earlier, the better. We'll take care of the rest.

Ginger mulls this over.

GINGER

What lake?

JARVIS

Mom, please? Moose Lake.

PETE

(pushing her toward the door)

In the wonderful wilds of Maine. Thanks, Mom, we knew we could count on you.

GINGER

Hey?

He pushes her into the hallway, closes the door.

PETE

Phew.

They park down in front of the computer.

ON THE MONITOR

a group of cute Camp Wachumee coeds smiles for the camera.

JARVIS

Wow -- look at that. . .

He turns to Pete.

JARVIS

By the shores of Camp Wachumee --

PETE

By the shining deep sea waters.

JARVIS

Lived a maiden fair and winsome.

PETE

Two.

The computer BEEPS. Jarvis switches seats with Pete, clicks on the email prompt.

COMPUTER SCREEN: MOOSE LAKE -- MAINE, DUMMIES. COME QUICKLY. WE'RE INCREDIBLY CUTE AND FUN TO BE WITH. ADDIE AND JADE. THE GIRLS OF CAMP WACHUMEE

JARVIS

Wachumee, Wachumee!

They slap high fives.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HEFFERNAN HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Lights can be seen in an upstairs window.

## INT. BATHROOM

Fred is busy at work brushing his teeth.

KNOCK, KNOCK at the door.

He rinses, spits out. The door pushes open. Jarvis is standing there.

JARVIS

Let's get an early start, okay?

Fred shuts the door on him. It opens again.

JARVIS

You know, the earlier we get started, the more fun we'll have.

Again that door is pushed shut, but not for long. Jarvis appears again, smiles one of those self-satisfied smiles.

## INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

A calculating Jarvis pads down the hall to the bedroom and finds Pete standing in the doorway. Jarvis thinks for a minute, then shushes his pal and quietly tiptoes downstairs.

## INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL

Thumbing through the family phone book, he finds what he's looking for and dials out.

JARVIS

(into phone)

This is Dr. Heffernan's answering service. I'll be out of town for a few days, so Dr. Ramarian will be covering for me. Have a nice day.

CLICK -- he sets down the receiver.

## INT. UPSTAIRS HALL

Another CLICK can be heard, the click of an eavesdropping FRED as he picks up the phone. He dials out.

FRED

(into phone)

Dr. Heffernan here. Scotch the earlier message. I will have office hours both today and tomorrow. Repeat, no vacation for me.

He smiles and replaces the phone.

## INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALL

But Jarvis gets the last laugh, with an even bigger smile spreading across his face. He dials out.

JARVIS

(into phone)

This is the doc again. Change of heart. I'm gonna take that long overdue vacation after all. Moose Lake in Maine. Give my regards to Dr. Ramarian -- and good luck for the rest of your life.

INT. BEDROOM

Ginger is sitting in bed dressed in her night clothes reading a book. Fred enters, crawls in beside her.

FRED

Whatcha reading?

She shows him book. A beat.

GINGER

Fred?

FRED

You're not going to change my mind. Don't even start.

Ginger lets it ride a beat.

GINGER

I know how you feel. But it would be sort of nice to get away. And it's been ages since we had a vacation.

FRED

Yes. But you know this is me. Disgustingly, relentlessly dedicated. You know I don't take vacations.

GINGER

True, but --

FRED

They bribed you, didn't they?

GINGER

Oh Fred.

FRED

What did they promise?

She goes back to her book.

FRED

I hate the outdoors. I am not driving hundreds of miles to Maine. I have a patient list as long as your arm. And I'm going to sleep.

He slips down under the covers.

FRED

Besides, I sense an ulterior motive in this.

Ginger decides to try another tack.

GINGER

(sweetly)

Freddie boy?

FRED

I hate fresh air. I hate those kids. I will not be manipulated. I'm going to say it over and over.

GINGER

Freddie????

FRED

No amount of sweet talk will change my mind.

Ginger sets down the book, moves to him. Cuddles him.

FRED

My resolve is like cement.

She slips her hand under his pajamas. His resolve is slipping.

FRED

Wet cement?

GINGER

Freddie?

FRED

Oh God. No. . . I will not under any circumstances --  
(but he's weakening)  
No way, absolutely will not succumb to your  
blandishments or their devious schemes and drive you  
guys to Maine in the morning.

She's on top of him now, kissing and caressing him.

FRED

No, no, no.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOVING MINIVAN - THRUWAY - DAY

The Heffernans and their belongings are jammed into their minivan, which weaves in and out of traffic.

Fred and Ginger are up front, Jarvis and Pete in back. Jarvis is fooling with his slingshot.



FRED

I hate this, I hate this. You took advantage of me.

GINGER

I did not.

FRED

You should have seen her -- hands all over me. I'm such an innocent, I didn't stand a chance.

(to Jarvis)

I was seduced into this, but you're not gonna get away with it. I know there is an ulterior motive here. Now come on, level -- what's on Moose Lake? You didn't coerce me up here just to take in the scenery.

JARVIS

But Dad?

FRED

I know there's something out there, and I am going to keep my eye on you. Another screw-up and I will personally strangle you.

CHIRP! CHIRP! His portable cell phone is ringing.

FRED

Oh no.

CHIRP! CHIRP!

GINGER

Oh yes. I wonder who it could be.

CHIRP! CHIRP!

GINGER

Aren't you going to answer it?

FRED

No. And you know why.

GINGER

You bet I do.

CHIRP! CHIRP!

FRED

(answers phone)

Hello?

SUSAN'S VOICE

Hello, Freddie?

FRED  
Goodbye.

He quickly hangs up.

GINGER  
Give me that phone.

FRED  
Now, come on.

GINGER  
I know who it is. And let her just try it again. The phone, Fred.

Fred reluctantly hands it over.

FRED  
(an appeal to Susan)  
Please don't call, please don't call.

CHIRP! CHIRP! CHIRP!

GINGER  
(into phone)  
Hello, philandering little skunk.

SUSAN'S VOICE  
Who is this?

Fred grabs phone.

FRED  
It's nobody, we're not here, don't call back. Goodbye.

He hangs up. CHIRP! CHIRP!

Fred is resigned. Hands the phone to Ginger.

GINGER  
(into phone)  
Yes?

SUSAN'S VOICE  
I want to know who you are.

GINGER  
You do, huh? You little --

The phone line BUZZES with STATIC.

SUSAN'S VOICE  
Freddie? Freddie???

It goes DEAD.

SUSAN'S VOICE

Hello? Hello? Freddie? Oh Freddie?

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT

Susan slams down the phone in frustration. Grabs her pocketbook. Exits.

EXT. CONDO PARKING LOT

Susan's car spins out of the lot and thunders down the road.

BACK TO SCENE

GINGER

You are in big trouble.

FRED

She said, after I sacrificed myself and tooled up the road through the wilds of Maine very much against my better judgment. Come on, haven't I made a sacrifice?

JARVIS

Dad?

FRED

No.

JARVIS

Quick.

The glint of sunlight off the water can be seen through the trees. It's out there all right -- Moose Lake.

JARVIS

Pull over.

FRED

No.

JARVIS

Come on, hurry up!  
(elbows Pete)  
That's it -- that's Moose Lake.

EXT. THRUWAY

The minivan works its way through the flow of traffic into the right lane and pulls off on the shoulder of the road.

IN THE MINIVAN

Jarvis already has his hand on the door handle and pushes it open.

## AT THE GUARDRAIL

the boys hop over and scurry down the embankment.

## EXT. SHORELINE - MOOSE LAKE

The kids come scrambling down the hill and emerge by the lake. And what a lake it is -- wide and still and pristine, with tall majestic trees on all sides.

JARVIS

Wow.

Pete grabs a fistful of stones and flings them into the water, sending little ripples across the lake.

PETE

Awesome.

But Jarvis hasn't lost his sense of the urgency of time.

JARVIS

The map?

Jarvis hunts in his pocket, produces map.

JARVIS

Okay.

(studies map)

This is Camp Wachumee. Where are we?

Pete points on map.

PETE

Here.

JARVIS

We've gotta get all the way across the lake. We can't do it on foot.

Pete looks around. There's an old rowboat tethered to a dock up the way.

PETE

Hey?

He points. They set out at a run for the dock. Pile into the boat.

JARVIS

Wachumee! Wachumee!

The boat owner, an old-timer named GEORGE PEYSER, appears suddenly out of nowhere.

GEORGE

Hey?

PETE

Oh shit. Hurry up, get the oars.

Jarvis grabs the oars as Pete casts off the line.

They push off, head out onto the lake.

BACK TO FRED AND GINGER

Fred is pacing beside the car.

FRED

How did I let them out of my sight?

Checks his watch.

FRED

Come on.

They hop the guardrail and head down the embankment.

As they emerge again beside the lake, they catch sight of Pete and Jarvis.

FRED

There they go. Come on.

They're off at a run for the landing, where they confront the Old Man.

GEORGE

That's my boat.

FRED

You got another boat?

GEORGE

It took me five years to save up for that.

FRED

I'm sorry, okay. But we need another boat -- fast.

GEORGE

I'm gonna trust you?

FRED

I'm a doctor. Look.

He reaches for his wallet. Takes out a wad of cash.

FRED

Here.

George eyes the cash.

FRED

And there's plenty more, just please get us the boat.

George eyes him suspiciously.

FRED

Hurry!

GEORGE

Gimme a minute.

George starts off. Fred turns to Ginger.

FRED

Okay -- where are they headed?

GINGER

Fred --

FRED

No games, tell me.

GINGER

I promised.

FRED

You break it. Are you going to take their side or mine?

GINGER

There's a camp out there -- a girls' camp.

FRED

Oh God.

He goes down on one knee, folds his hands.

FRED

Please, don't let terrible things happen to me.

EXT. BOAT - MOOSE LAKE

The shoreline has begun to recede, and Pete and Jarvis are slowly being enveloped by the surrounding peace and tranquility of the lake.

Pete waves to Fred from the back of the boat.

PETE

Goodbye, Freddie, see you around. Poor Freddie.

(several beats)

And now, we turn our attention to the lake.

He surveys the opposite shore. Smoke drifts up from the trees above Camp Wachumee.

PETE

Up there -- there's something on the hill up there.  
There's smoke.

(beat)

You know what they say -- where there's smoke, there's  
fire.

They slap high fives.

JARVIS

Wachumee!

PETE

Wachumee!

BACK TO THE LANDING

Fred paces nervously.

On the lake, a creaky old wooden ROWBOAT powered by a tiny outboard motor COUGHS  
and WHEEZES its way around the bend and pulls up to the dock.

Fred helps the old-timer out of the boat. He climbs in, extends his hand to Ginger.

FRED

Hurry.

GINGER

Fred, I don't like the looks of this.

FRED

(to old-timer)

This thing seaworthy?

GEORGE

(sadistic grin)

Of course.

GINGER

I just have this sense of disaster.

FRED

I'll give you a hand.

Fred reaches out his hand; she takes it. The boat is shifting uneasily side to side.

FRED

Easy --

As she plants her foot, she throws too much weight on it, and the boat pitches suddenly to  
one side, tossing her into the drink.

FRED

Great.

He leaps into the water after her.

EXT. BOAT - PETE AND JARVIS

Jarvis catches sight of Fred and Ginger floundering in the water.

JARVIS

Hey?

PETE

Way to go Fred.

He turns his attention to shoreline.

PETE

That's Camp Wachumee -- I'd bet on it. I don't quite get the smoke.

MUSICAL CUE: INDIAN DRUMBEAT AND WAR MUSIC

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on the far shoreline and holds on WACHUMEE POLE, a carved totem pole overlooking the main compound of Camp Wachumee.

GRADUALLY TRACK UPWARD and over the mountain, so that we can see dust coming up from a distant valley.

TRUMPET FANFARE: WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE

CLOSE SHOT -- moose stampeding down the mountain. Hundreds and hundreds of them. Mean. Determined. Relentless.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARADE GROUND - CAMP WACHUMEE

About 100 Wachumee coeds, the entire camp population, is arrayed in exercise formation under the hot sun, dressed in Wachumee tees and shorts.

DORIS STEVENS, chunky camp director, 40s, barks through a BULLHORN, while her second in command, massive Aryan swim instructor HERMANN WERKBINDER, looks on, giant upper torso poured into tiny swimtrunks.

DORIS

It's the Wachumee exercise hour, babies -- it's get down time!

ADDIE and JADE, a pair of coeds, are in disbelief.

Doris begins to sway her hips provocatively, if such could be said about this rather clunky beast.

DORIS

Get down, get down, rock it around, get down, get down, rock it around. Come on now.



The none too happy campers follow suit.

DORIS

Get down, get down, rock it around, get down, get  
down, rock it around.

She throws a lustful little look at massive Hermann.

DORIS

(as if mesmerized by her own  
voice, beginning to wander)

I'm saying get down, get down, rock it around, get  
down, get down, rock it around.

She continues to wander, oblivious to the fact that the girls have stopped mimicking her  
and are simply taking this spectacle in.

Doris plays up to Hermann, with more "get down" jive. She realizes she no longer has a  
following.

DORIS

Something the matter, babies? Come on, you don't  
want to get down?

ADDIE

If I may speak for the entire camp population, no, we  
don't want to get down. It's six hundred degrees out  
here, and what is this girlie girlie stuff?

DORIS

Bad, bad, bad.

ADDIE

You're right -- I've crossed the mighty Doris Stephens.  
What are we going to do about that, girls?  
(she throws a cynical look at  
Jade, begins to chant)  
Wachumee! Wachumee! Wachumee!

The others chant -- Wachumee! Watchumee! Watchumee!

Addie motions to them, and begins to exit the parade grounds, the others following.

DORIS

Just a minute.

They halt.

DORIS

Exercise hour is not over. I give the orders around  
here.

(to Addie)

You, are in trouble.

(MORE)

DORIS (cont'd)

(generally)

Someone among us has been sending out disparaging emails with respect to a certain member of camp management. That person probably didn't think she was being monitored.

(glares at Addie)

Ergo, effective immediately, all camp email privileges will be revoked.

ADDIE

You can't suspend our emails.

DORIS

Wrong.

ADDIE

That's our lifeline to the outside world. Come on, give us a break.

DORIS

You should have thought of that before you started sending out your derisive little messages.

ADDIE

What's the matter, you can't take a little ribbing? Get real.

This elicits a dirty look.

ADDIE

Oh, I forgot, you enjoy oppressing people.

DORIS

You watch your mouth. I'm warning you. All right, girls, lunch break. Dismissed.

The girls disband. Addie isn't letting this drop.

ADDIE

We paid to come here. You can't take our privileges away.

DORIS

Rule breakers must pay.

ADDIE

You want to cut us off from the outside world?

DORIS

I want to make it tough to communicate with your white knights.

ADDIE

Look, one of the reasons I reached out was because something is wrong here, there's just this terrible sense of foreboding. I think we're in danger. I don't know why, but I think we are all in danger, and my instincts are usually good.

DORIS

I am so not sympathetic. And there's always the telephone.

ADDIE

Listen -- this morning, in the middle of the camp compound, I saw a moose. When was the last time you saw a moose around here?

DORIS

Uh, yesterday.

ADDIE

Not in the woods -- in the camp compound. Something isn't right. If anything happens to us because you've cut us off from the world, remember who's responsible.

DORIS

Addie -- please. Go and enjoy your lunch.

She turns, moves to Hermann. Hungrily nibbles on the golden hairs that sprout from his massive chest.

ADDIE

Disgusting.

She turns to her friend JADE, an Asian girl.

ADDIE

Now we're really cooked.

(to Jade)

Come on.

She and Jade start off.

ADDIE

Maybe, just maybe, there's still a chance.

They head out in the direction of the recreation hall.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - RECREATION HALL

Half a dozen kiosks with PCs. Addie and Jade enter and make a beeline for the nearest PC.

Park down. Boot up. The monitor flickers to life.

Addie works the keys, tries to access her email, but an ACCESS DENIED sign pops up.

ADDIE

Damn.

The computer begins to RUMBLE. A DARK WAVE appears on the screen and begins a sinister march through cyberspace.

ADDIE

It-t-t-t's ba-a-a-ck.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIRE TOWER - DAY

A forestry observation tower is perched in the treetops above Moose Lake.

INT. TOWER

A couple of rangers, ED BOSTICK and PETE FOWLER, call this station home. But it's sparsely furnished -- a couple of desks, a telephone, a computer.

PETE -- fair, thirtyish -- is surveying the scene through binoculars. ED, the older of the two, is seated at his desk working a crossword puzzle.

ED

Okay, nine letters -- someone who takes the blame. . .

PETE

Eddie?

ED

(shakes his head)

No. . .

PETE

Eddie, come here. . . Eddie?

Pete crosses to his friend.

PETE

Hey, you think I'm calling you for my own amusement?  
You gotta look at this.

They cross back to window. Pete hands him the binoculars.

PETE

What does that look like?

Eddie scopes the scene below.

ED

Fire?

PETE

Smoke. But Billy would have called us, wouldn't he?

He moves to the phone. Dials out.

PETE

(into phone)

Billy? We're seeing smoke down there. What do you mean it's not a fire? What the hell is it? . . . What? That can't be. Yeah, we're going to check it out.

He hangs up.

PETE

Scapegoat. That's it.

(off a puzzled look)

Someone who takes the blame.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

The forestry JEEP rumbles down the hill. Ed's at the wheel; Pete's next to him.

ED

I don't know if I ever shared this with you, but you know one of the great sadnesses of my life was I didn't make Eagle Scout. No, I made First Class but then I lost the damn card, and it's one of the great regrets of my life. You never make up for a missed opportunity like that, you know.

The jeep reaches a stop sign at the bottom of the hill.

PETE

I never got into that stuff.

Ed swings the jeep into the turn.

SUSAN'S ESCORT

is coming from the opposite direction and has strayed too far into the left-hand lane.

PETE

Look out!

Ed cuts the wheel to avoid her and both vehicles swerve off to their respective shoulders of the road, come to a stop.

Ed quickly turns the jeep around, pulls up alongside the Escort. He and Pete jump out.

Susan is unharmed, dazed behind the wheel. Ed opens the door.

SUSAN  
Anyone know the way to Moose Lake?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DINER - DAY

Susan's Escort turns off the road into the parking lot.

INT. DINER

A typical diner with Formica lunch counter, tables and chairs, greasy booths. The place is empty except for one or two customers.

MACKIE O'GRADY, a scruffy, nervous little Irishman in his fifties, is wiping down plates behind the counter.

Susan enters, heaves a sigh, then crosses to the counter and parks herself down.

She looks around. Several beats. Mackie comes over.

MACKIE  
What can I get you?

SUSAN  
Coffee.

He deftly pours her a cup of coffee, sets it down. He slides a menu in front of her.

MACKIE  
You might want to consider the chicken pot pie. That's my own special recipe.

Susan studies the menu for a beat.

SUSAN  
You ever have one of those days? You know, where you thought you had a good idea, and before you know it, everything just sort of blew up in your face? That's the kind of day I'm having. I mean, like, I don't know where the hell in creation I am. Make me a hamburger.

Mackie heads for the grill.

The front door opens and who should come in but Miss Rodriguez. She's holding the transistor radio in her hand, and it's BLARING LOUD MUSIC.

Mackie turns, eyes her. Looks at Susan.

Miss Rodriguez makes for the counter.

MISS RODRIGUEZ  
Hiya, babies.

She sits down.

Susan gives the radio a dirty look.

Miss Rodriguez lowers the volume on it.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

(to Susan)

Hiya, baby.

(to Mackie)

You like to dance, baby?

MACKIE

Me?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Sure you do. Come on.

She moves around behind the counter.

MACKIE

No, no -- I got work to do.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Baby?

She takes his hand, leads him out behind the counter.

Pauses. Goes back and turns up the volume on the radio. They move together into the middle of the room.

They dance together to hot SALSA MUSIC, grinding their hips, matching move for move.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

Moose are thundering across the road and down the mountain in a veritable torrent, kicking up a cloud of dust. This to strains of the WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE.

Ed's forestry jeep rumbles into view.

PETE

Eddie, pull over.

Ed pulls the jeep to a halt.

PETE

What in the name of -- ?

They get out of the jeep. Move closer. Take in the spectacle.

PETE

Billy was right. It's not a fire, it's like a stampede.  
(several beats)  
Better call Sakes.

He starts back to jeep. Ed follows him.

ED

You know, this is just like what that guy Nostradamus predicted. He said there was going to be a big cataclysm and then the end of the world.

PETE

Which really isn't helpful right now.

He grabs jeep mike.

PETE

(into phone)  
5-Pete-44 to Lloyd. Lloyd, do you read me?

ED

What Nostradamus said was, and I think I'm quoting exactly -- "There will be a pestilence of antlers on the land." Do you believe it?

He nudges his friend.

ED

Hey -- there's a girls' camp down there.

WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE strains up and under.

Moose continue to thunder down the mountain.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - SUSAN, MACKIE, MISS RODRIGUEZ

Susan is behind the counter cooking a hamburger on the grill.

Miss Rodriguez and Mackie continue to dance with wild abandon to the SALSA MUSIC.

Susan works the burger with a spatula, giving it one last squoosh, then scoops it up and deposits it on a roll. Puts it on a plate and sets the plate down on the counter.

BACK TO DANCE FLOOR

Miss Rodriguez checks her watch.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Baby, I gotta go. I promised my niece.

She moves to the counter, reclaims the radio. Mackie follows her.



MISS RODRIGUEZ

What's the matter, you disappointed, baby?

She stuffs the radio in her pocketbook.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Next time.

Susan takes a bite of her hamburger.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Ooooooh, that looks good.

SUSAN

It is good.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

If I weren't in such a hurry.

She starts to exit.

SUSAN

Hey, wait. You know your way around up here?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

A little.

SUSAN

You mind?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Come on.

Susan digs in her purse for cash.

SUSAN

(to Mackie)

I'll take it with me.

She follows Miss Rodriguez, who waves a sexy little goodbye to Mackie.

EXT. DINER - PARKING LOT

Susan and Miss Rodriguez emerge from the diner.

SUSAN

I'm not exactly sure where I'm going.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

You come with me.

They get in the Corvette. The Corvette zooms out of the parking lot, heads down the road.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD

A POLICE CRUISER speeds along.

INT. POLICE CRUISER

A young cop, DOUG BRADY, is on the radio mic.

BRADY  
5-Brady-41, 5-Brady-41, calling 1-Lloyd-50.

Static.

BRADY  
Come on, central.

More crackling.

BRADY  
Piece of shit.

He slams down phone. Surveys the road. Spies Mackie's diner.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DINER

Brady's cruiser pulls into the lot. He gets out.

INT. DINER

Brady is in a rush. He enters, moves to the counter.

BRADY  
Mackie, you got a cell phone? Mine's broken.

MACKIE  
What's the matter?

BRADY  
Just give me the phone.

Mackie hands over his cell phone. Brady makes a call.

BRADY  
Come on, Sakes.

Several beats.

BRADY  
This is Brady, Lloyd. We got an emergency. Call me  
as soon as you get this.

He hands back phone. Moves back to lunch counter.

MACKIE

What's going on?

BRADY

There's a shitload of moose coming down Hunter Mountain -- I mean, a virtual stampede. You know anyone who lives between Hunter and that girls' camp, you have them get the hell out of there, you hear me? I don't know what the hell's up with Sakes.

He starts to leave.

MACKIE

Brady, wait a minute. You've gotta be kidding -- a stampede of moose?

Brady imitates a moose with his hands for antlers.

BRADY

M-O-O-O-O!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOAT - FRED AND GINGER

Fred is working the small outboard motor while Ginger sits up front. He's got a smile on his face.

FRED

Now we'll see who's so smart.  
(waving to Pete and Jarvis)  
Yoo-hoo.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT - PETE AND JARVIS

Jarvis continues to labor at the oars. Pete watches from the rear of the boat.

PETE

Shit.

BACK TO FRED AND GINGER

FRED

I know you and the kids think I do nothing but work, work, work all the time and could care less about other things. But you're wrong. Okay, I succumbed to your little con job about a vacation and clearing the air. But I'll catch them, just wait. And when I do, they're in for their little moment of reckoning.

GINGER

Take it easy, Fred.

FRED

I can't wait to get my hands on those little monsters.

GINGER

I think maybe we should try to give them the benefit of the doubt.

FRED

Are you kidding?

GINGER

They said they had something to prove, and that when they did, you would be proud of them.

FRED

They want to prove they can outsmart me again and create another catastrophe, that's what they want to prove. But we'll just see about that.

The outboard SPUTTERS. Fred throws it a nervous look.

GINGER

What's the matter?

FRED

I don't know.

SPUTTER. SPUTTER.

GINGER

On a brighter note, Fred, wanna hear my moose calls? Oh boy. These are great. Here -- first, the traditional moose call at sunset.

(cups her hands)

M-O-O-O-O!

The outboard motor continues to SPUTTER.

GINGER

The wild bull moose mournfully calling to its mate -- M-O-O-O-O! M-O-O-O-O!

(a beat)

Moose on the run -- M-O-O-O-O! Moose having fun -- M-O-O-O-O! Big moose, small moose, anything at all moose.

FRED

Dear?

GINGER

And my all-time favorite -- Moose appealing to a higher authority.

The motor dies -- THWUNK.

FRED

Uh, I think we might have a problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT - PETE AND JARVIS

Fred's misfortune hasn't gone unnoticed.

PETE

Hey -- hey look.

Jarvis looks up.

PETE

They're slowing down. Way to go, Freddie.

(he waves)

Bye-bye. And so two intrepid explorers continued their trek through the wilderness in pursuit of the wild Wachumee.

(slaps high fives)

Wachumee, Wachumee!

He surveys the shoreline.

PETE

I still see smoke coming from up there. Gotta be Wachumee. That dark cloud on the computer screen, you don't think -- ?

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - MOOSE LAKE - DAY

Brady's police cruiser comes down the street and pulls up in front of the sheriff's office. He gets out.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

It's wood-paneled, with a couple of large desks and chairs, and gun cabinets stocked to the hilt.

The man in charge here is sheriff LLOYD SAKES, a hot-headed, chunky little hombre in his fifties.

At the moment, he's in a crouch, sighting down an AK-47 assault rifle, on his knees behind the desk. Brady rushes in.

BRADY

Chief?

SAKES

Hold it.

This momentarily freezes Brady.

BRADY

What the hell are you doing?

Sakes is up from his crouch.

SAKES

Scared the crap out of you.

BRADY

Lloyd, I don't know if you're aware of this but there are about fifty thousand moose blowing down Hunter Mountain and they are going to crush everything in their way.

SAKES

Don't get excited -- I got the heads-up.

BRADY

Well, you better do something about it.

SAKES

Take this.

Sakes hands him the AK-47.

BRADY

Lloyd --

SAKES

Admit that has a nice feel.

BRADY

This could be a disaster.

SAKES

I got a whole crate of them in back, and we are gonna have a hot time.

Brady hands back gun.

BRADY

I don't think you're taking this seriously. You better alert the people on the lake. And there's a girls' camp down there.

SAKES

I know.

BRADY

Well, did you call them?

SAKES

Yup. No answer.

BRADY

Better try again.

SAKES

Brady, these are works of art.

Brady ignores him, moves to phone, dials out.

BRADY

I don't like this crazy gun stuff, Lloyd. You're getting bored again, and that's very dangerous.

(a beat)

Number for Camp Wachumee? . . . Thank you.

(to Sakes)

By the way, those are hot, you know.

SAKES

You know, I really don't think you really appreciate the beauty of a gun.

BRADY

You need a long vacation, Lloyd, preferably in a nuthouse.

He dials number. Listens.

SAKES

You and I are going try these out, Brady, against those moose.

BRADY

Isn't there a broad in charge up there?

SAKES

Doris Stevens. You don't want to mess with her.

BRADY

Why isn't she answering?

Sakes paces.

SAKES

Tell you what we're gonna do. You go out, round up some recruits, we'll load up the guns and go moose hunting.

BRADY

You're nuts.

SAKES

They say it's really fun this time of year.

BRADY

You're gonna face off with a stampede of moose -- that's insane.

SAKES

You want that promotion?

BRADY

You can't blackmail me, so forget it.

SAKES

You'll get it. But you gotta throw in with me on this one. Now, go round up those men and meet me out front. We're gonna take a stand for Old Glory.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM - CAMP WACHUMEE RECREATION HALL

On a cot in Doris' room, DORIS and HERMANN are passionately rolling in each other's arms -- kissing and moaning and groping each other.

DORIS

Oh Hermann, Hermann. . .

PULL BACK to reveal two figures in hiding in an adjacent alcove -- Addie and Jade -- who delight in taking this all in.

The telephone in the alcove has begun RINGING, but Doris and Hermann are oblivious to it.

Addie shushes Jade and slips back to answer it.

ADDIE

Yes? Yeah, this is Wachumee. No, she can't come to the phone right now. Well, I can't explain, it's just not a good time. Yes, I will. Urgent? Yes. Okay. Goodbye.

She replaces the phone, crosses back to Jade.

ADDIE

Trouble.

Jade throws her a questioning look. Addie shrugs.

CAMERA PANS to Doris and Hermann rolling on the cot making passionate love, oblivious to the rampaging moose, as we bring up strains of WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE.

INTERCUT:

1) RAGING MOOSE STAMPEDE



2) DORIS' LOVEMAKING

3) FRED LABORING AT THE OARS

CUT TO:

INT. SAKES' OFFICE

Brady is leaning in disgust against the desk.

BRADY

I'm not gonna do it.

SAKES

Hey, come on.

BRADY

Are you crazy? You think I'm gonna risk my neck for a bunch of moose?

SAKES

Look, all you gotta do is round up a few good men. Eddie'll be backing us up all the way.

BRADY

That's reassuring.

Sakes takes Brady aside.

SAKES

He's got a helicopter gunship. Boom, boom! His nephew's in the Guard.

BRADY

You can't just walk in there and start shooting.

SAKES

Where's your sense of adventure? All we need is a few good men. Come on. Tell them we'll give them a hundred bucks a piece. And we can go to war.

BRADY

Sakes, you're out of your mind.

SAKES

Or would you rather not get that promotion I promised you?

Brady has a sinking feeling.

SAKES

I knew you'd see it my way.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MAIN STREET - DAY

The street outside Sakes' office is cluttered with cars and pickups. These belong to Brady's RECRUITS, an emaciated, decrepit bunch of old-timers, who now gather in front of the place.

Brady comes up the steps to join Sakes on the porch.

BRADY

This is the best I could come up with. And they weren't happy, so you better come up with that money.

SAKES

I will.

BRADY

What about the girls' camp?

SAKES

Nothing.

Brady disappears inside.

Sakes clears his throat, confronts his men.

SAKES

All right men, form up. Come on.

The old-timers struggle into feeble formation.

SAKES

We're on a mission, men, a crusade, never forget it. Our intent: to demolish a bunch of frenzied moose who have gotten entirely too big for their britches. I've got guns back there, plenty of guns. All you gotta do is supply the gumption. Are you up to it? Can you handle it? . . . That's right. Now, I want everyone to stand at attention.

The old-timers snap to attention, weak knees trembling.

Sakes goes among this feeble lot, sizes them up. First stop, a gray-haired geezer named JESSE STEWART.

SAKES

Jesse Stewart. You fought in the Great War, didn't you? Sure you did. And there's no way you're gonna kowtow to a bunch of moose. You're proud.

He thwacks the old-timer in the gut; Jesse doubles over with a grunt.

His next candidate, PAPPY JONES, is also white-haired and feeble looking.

## SAKES

Pappy Jones. Loving grandfather of four. World War II vet. You've seen a thing or two in your time, and you're not going to let a bunch of moose intimidate you. No, you're going to march right up there and give those moose what for. And I respect you for that.

## FIRST VOICE IN THE CROWD

Question -- do you really feel you stand a snowball's chance in hell against such a fierce and marauding contingent of moose?

## SAKES

You bet I do.

## SECOND VOICE IN THE CROWD

Question -- given the potential for bloodshed here, wouldn't it be wiser to strive to achieve your goal by peaceful means?

## SAKES

Negotiate with a bunch of moose? Are you crazy?

## THIRD VOICE IN THE CROWD

They have antlers, you know.

## FOURTH VOICE IN THE CROWD

And very bad tempers.

## SAKES

Well, we've got guts and determination. And we've got something else, my friends. A secret weapon.

## FOURTH VOICE IN THE CROWD

You care to share that with us?

## SAKES

You'll see.

(beat)

All right now, men -- I want you all to form up behind the hardware store on the double. Let's go.

## INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Sakes makes his way through the office to a loading dock out back. Brady's on the phone trying to reach the camp.

## EXT. LOADING DOCK

There's a large crate packed with AK-47s. Sakes takes one from the pile, sights with it.

Brady comes out.

SAKES

You remember the Boy Scout motto -- be prepared.

He flips Brady an AK-47.

SAKES

Admit it -- that feels great.

(several beats)

Pull the truck around.

BRADY

Lloyd, you know this is going to end disastrously. It always does. This is just going to blow up in your face.

SAKES

We're wasting time.

BRADY

I am appealing to your sense of reason. Please don't go through with this.

SAKES

More and more I'm getting the message -- you are a coward.

He flips on his walkie-talkie.

SAKES

(into walkie-talkie)

This is Sakes to Eddie, Sakes to Eddie -- do you read me, Eddie?

INT. ATTACK HELICOPTER

Forestry Ed works the controls with a reluctant Pete riding shotgun as they cruise the skies over Moose Lake. He grabs the radio phone.

ED

Yeah, I read you, Lloyd.

SAKES

So, what are we looking at?

ED

We're looking at moose -- lots and lots of moose.

SAKES

And what are you making in terms of time of arrival?

ED

I'd say you got about 45 minutes, all things being equal.

SAKES

That doesn't give us much time. How you fixed for armaments?

ED

Hard and heavy, Lloyd, hard and heavy.

SAKES

I knew I could count on you, Eddie. Keep me posted. Over and out.

He hangs up.

BRADY

Why don't you just have him go in there and warn the girls to get out?

SAKES

That would spoil everything.

BRADY

You don't want to get them out of there. You just want to get your jollies shooting those guns.

ED

Now, Brady.

(with a sneaky little look)

And where does it say we can't have a little fun?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BOAT - FRED AND GINGER

Fred has abandoned his attempts to restart the engine and taken up the oars. The strain of it shows in his sweat-drenched face.

GINGER

You can do it, Freddie, you can do it.

FRED

(in agony)

Ohhhh. . .

GINGER

You can do it, I know you can.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACHFRONT - CAMP WACHUMEE

The air is filled with the glee of the girls of Wachumee cavorting in the water or gossiping on beach blankets. This is their daily free swim recreation period.

Most of the activity is taking place in the water, between two docks separated by a couple of hundred feet.

All of this busy activity is presided over by Hermann perched atop a lifeguard chair. Naturally, Doris hovers nearby.

Hermann scans the horizon through a pair of binoculars.

EXT. BOAT - PETE AND JARVIS

Pete's is standing up in the front of the boat.

PETE

Hey, get a load of this. There they are.

(waving)

Hiya girlies. . .

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LANDING - MOOSE LAKE

The vast shoreline of Moose Lake conceals some oddities, and right now one of them -- a round METALLIC SUBMERSIBLE -- is preparing to push off from its berth, a wooden landing hidden in the crook of a small cove.

This is a floating research laboratory manned by a couple of Cornell grad students in their 20s -- JEFF KLEIN and DANNY MELTZER, identifiable by their Cornell tee-shirts.

They cast off the ropes to the submersible, and one by one slither through a hatchway into the heart of the ship.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE

It's a netherworld of glowing instrument panels, computer monitors, sonar equipment. There are racks of labeled test tubes containing water samples.

The guys take their seats at computer consoles, and Jeff flicks a switch, heaves a sigh.

The submersible's engine HUMS to life.

EXT. SUBMERSIBLE

Propeller blades in the rear spin and spit water and the craft moves out into the lake.

BACK TO SCENE

There's a portal above the main console, and water rises above that portal as the submersible descends into the murky depths of Moose Lake.

JEFF

What some people won't do for a Ph.D.

He punches a button -- the SONAR SCREEN glows, its beam of light sweeping round and round.

JEFF

Why is it that thing goes round and round and nothing ever shows up on the screen?

DANNY

You're asking me?

Jeff shrugs.

JEFF

Why should today be any different?

DANNY

What I want to know is, why are we wasting our summer this way? I mean, what do they expect to find in these water samples anyway?

The SONAR begins to BEEP.

JEFF

Wait a minute. We got something.

DANNY

Right. Flying saucers.

The beeps get faster and faster.

JEFF

No, there's something there. All right.

He punches in data.

JEFF

Animal, vegetable or mineral?

COMPUTER SCREEN: ANIMAL

JEFF

The Loch Ness monster or just your garden variety sunfish?

COMPUTER SCREEN: MOOSE

JEFF

Don't get cute. There are no moose down here.

COMPUTER SCREEN: NOT DOWN HERE, STUPID!

JEFF

All right. Up there -- wherever. What are we talking here?

COMPUTER SCREEN: MAJOR STAMPEDE!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REAR LOT - HARDWARE STORE

Sakes' truck pulls up to the loading bay piled high with sandbags. Other cars and trucks have gathered there.

He and Brady scoot down from the cab.

SAKES

All right, help them get these loaded up. I'll square up with Charlie.

He goes inside.

INT. HARDWARE STORE

The proprietor of the place, CHARLIE FUCHS, is demonstrating something to a CUSTOMER at the front counter as Sakes comes in.

SAKES

Charlie, we're loading up. Wish us luck, huh?

Charlie flashes an OK sign. Sakes goes out.

Charlie turns to customer.

CHARLIE

Total nut.

EXT. REAR LOT - HARDWARE STORE

Sakes emerges from the store and crosses to the truck, where Brady is helping the old-timers load the last of the sandbags into the back.

BRADY

These are heavy, Lloyd.

SAKES

Just hurry it up.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Sakes climbs in behind the wheel. Brady joins him.

SAKES

Ready? Okay, we're off to war.

He throws it in gear.

DISSOLVE TO:



EXT. HUNTER MOUNTAIN - DAY

The stampeding moose continue to tear down the mountain to raging strains of the WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE.

INTERCUT: THUNDERING HOOVES of rampaging moose and the ROLLING WHEELS of Sakes' convoy.

The convoy rumbles down the road. Smack dab ahead of them is Miss Rodriguez's stalled Corvette with the hood up. The radiator is shooting steam.

INT. TRUCK CAB - SAKES AND BRADY

Sakes can't believe his eyes.

SAKES

Shit.

He nails the brake. He and Brady get out.

EXT. STALLED CORVETTE

Miss Rodriguez and Susan look helpless. Sakes and Brady approach.

SAKES

You picked a bad time for a breakdown.

He checks under the hood.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

We were driving along, baby, just minding our own business, and suddenly -- poof!

SAKES

Radiator leak. Brady, give me a hand.

He moves to driver's side of Corvette, gets in.

SAKES

All right.

Brady leans in, pushes the car off the road. Sakes gets out.

SAKES

We'll call a towtruck. It shouldn't be long.

He starts back to truck.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

We don't want to be towed, baby, we want to go with you.

SAKES

No.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Come on, baby, take us with you, please?

SAKES

We're about to engage in battle. You don't want any part of that.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Oh, but we do.

SAKES

Sorry.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Please, baby, please? And by the way, where are you going?

SAKES

None of your business.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Please, baby?

SAKES

We're going to Camp Wachumee, what do you think of that?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

That's where I'm going. My niece is there, baby.

SAKES

I'm happy for her. Now, step aside.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Baby, please -- I can be very convincing.

SAKES

Yes, I'll bet you can. All right -- hurry up and get in.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Oh thank you, baby -- thank you, thank you.

She goes around to the other side of the truck. Climbs in. Brady climbs in after her. Susan realizes she's odd man out.

SUSAN

Hey, what about me?

BRADY

You'll have to ride in the back.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Miss Rodriguez gets comfortable beside Sakes.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Cozy, huh, baby?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACHFRONT - CAMP WACHUMEE

At the base of the lifeguard chair, a flirtatious Doris Stevens tries to get Hermann's attention, tickling his toes.

DORIS

(calling sweetly)

Hermann????

He throws her a smile.

She feels a tug on her arm. Turns. Is confronted by Addie and Jade.

ADDIE

Miss Stevens? I feel duty-bound to convey an important message. The police called.

DORIS

The police? What did they want?

ADDIE

They wouldn't tell me. They just said it's urgent and you should call them back.

DORIS

Message conveyed.

ADDIE

And Miss Stevens -- I want to say I'm sorry. I'm sorry for those emails, and to show you how bad I feel, I want to ask you to bury the hatchet.

DORIS

You want to make up with me?

ADDIE

That is correct.

DORIS

As long as you realize and take responsibility for what you did.

ADDIE

Of course. Can we shake on it?

Addie extends a handshake. Doris reaches out, and Addie retracts her hand, gives her the "sucker" sign.

ADDIE

Sucker.

She and Jade turn and head back down the beach.

ADDIE

Ain't I adorable?

But they don't get very far. JESSICA, a friend, comes running toward them.

JESSICA

Addie -- come quick!

They dash toward the water.

JESSICA

Look at that.

IN THE BOAT

Pete and Jarvis wave to the girls.

Addie and company wave back frantically.

A PAIR OF BINOCULARS

takes in this exchange of pleasantries. They belong to Hermann. Who scrambles down from his lookout.

HERMANN

Fraulein?

He points. Passes the binoculars to Doris. She looks for herself.

DORIS

The gun, Hermann, quick.

Hermann deftly moves that huge frame around back of the lifeguard chair and comes up with a shotgun.

DORIS

We like to give our male visitors a warm Wachumee welcome, don't we?

Addie spots her, horrified.

ADDIE

No!

And bolts from the water.

Doris starts down the landing. Halts. Raises the gun to fire.

DORIS

Thank you for choosing Camp Wachumee. We hope you enjoy your stay.

IN THE BOAT

Pete spots the gun.

PETE

Get down!

He pulls Jarvis down. A SHOTGUN BLAST rends the air.

Pellets EXPLODE in a shower against the side of the boat.

Addie confronts Doris, trying to wrestle the gun away from her.

ADDIE

Stop it!

Hermann comes between them, snatches the gun away.

DORIS

Hermann?

He backs away.

DORIS

Give me that gun.

ADDIE

Don't do it, Hermann.

DORIS

Hermann?

Hermann shakes his head.

ADDIE

Good boy, Hermann.

DORIS

The gun.

ADDIE

Don't let her have it.

DORIS

Hermann?

ADDIE

(to Hermann)

You show her.

Doris lunges for the gun, grapples with Hermann.

MEANWHILE -- IN THE BOAT

Pete and Jarvis are huddled together on the floor.

JARVIS

Not exactly a pleasant welcome.

There is a pause as they catch their breath.

PETE

Now what do we do?

Jarvis thinks for a moment. Pokes his head up. Looks around. Then drops back down.

PETE

Well?

JARVIS

I think we can do an end-around.

PETE

I don't know.

JARVIS

We didn't come this far to bail out now.

(extends high five)

Wachumee forever?

PETE

Wachumee forever.

Jarvis pokes his head up again. The coast is clear.

He cautiously resumes his rowing duties, maneuvering the boat out of harm's way.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOAT - FRED AND GINGER

Fred continues to lean into his rowing chores.

GINGER

Fred, did I or did I not just hear a gunshot?

FRED

I don't know, I don't care. I'm exhausted, I can't row anymore.

At that moment a metal SNOUT has appeared in the water off the port side. In fact, it's the nose of a PERISCOPE from the Cornell submersible.

Fred? GINGER

No, please? FRED

Fred, there is something in the water. GINGER

Don't -- please? FRED

We'll see about that. GINGER

She stands up in the boat.

No, please? FRED

Give me that oar. GINGER

No. FRED

They think they can spy on us. Give me the oar! GINGER

Ginger -- please, I beg of you. FRED

She reaches for it. He realizes it's no use fighting it. Surrenders it.

Now they'll see how spies get treated. GINGER

She lifts the oar over her head.

No dear, please? It's just going to make things worse. FRED

The SNOUT suddenly disappears below the surface.

Very cute. GINGER

She looks around. The scope has resurfaced on the other side of the boat.

Aha! . . . Now, just hold still. GINGER

She shifts her weight to the other side of the boat.

FRED

Oh God, don't do this.

Ginger raises the oar over her head.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE

Jeff takes in the scene through the periscope.

GINGER'S OAR IS POISED TO STRIKE

JEFF

Look at that, will you? They want to get tough? Prepare to surface.

He throws a switch. The submersible begins to rise.

BACK TO SCENE

GINGER

Come and get it, baby.

She brings the oar down with a SWOOSH on that mettlesome snout, only the boat suddenly LURCHES to one side.

The SUBMERSIBLE begins to rise like some giant behemoth out of the water.

A stunned Fred and Ginger are helpless against the forces of this mighty behemoth, which rises out of the water bearing their tiny boat on its back.

The boat flips over and deposits Fred and Ginger in the drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WACHUMEE POLE - DAY

Addie and Jade have positioned themselves at the base of this enormous carved eighth wonder of the world. With hands folded in prayer, they seek its counsel.

ADDIE

Wachumee Pole, sacred Indian symbol of the spirit of Camp Wachumee, we kneel before you in our hour of need. Or crouch, or something. You've always been there for us, Wachumee Pole, when we were in a tight spot. Don't let us down now.

(to Jade)

Pretty good, huh?

(turns back to Wachumee pole)

Bad things are starting to happen, Wachumee pole, real bad things. So if it's all the same to you, save us harmless, Wachumee Pole, could you? And as a token of our appreciation, I give you my necklace.

She removes a gold necklace from around her neck and carefully drapes it on the pole.



ADDIE

There's our offering. And hey, thanks, Wachumee Pole.

They head off in the direction of the beach.

No sooner have they vacated their spot than there are RUSTLINGS in the bushes and an OLD BULL MOOSE trots out.

He takes in the scene, then lets out a LOUD MOOSE CALL, signaling the others -- M-O-O-O-O!

IN THE WOODS

another MOOSE picks up the call, turns and relays it ahead to the troops -- M-O-O-O-O!

ON THE MOUNTAINTOP

the LEAD MOOSE turns to the vast troops below him and lets out a M-O-O-O-O!, and with this the stampeding moose come to a HALT.

There is a terrific silence.

THE FIRST MOOSE

sniffs around the Wachumee Pole, appropriates Addie's necklace, and retreats into the woods.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TRUCK CONVOY

Sakes' armed convoy rumbles down the road in the direction of Camp Wachumee.

INT. TRUCK CAB

Miss Rodriguez is trying to make herself real cozy with Sakes.

His radio mike BEEPS! He picks up.

SAKES

Yeah?

INT. MOVING HELICOPTER

Ed on the phone.

ED

Lloyd, we might have a problem.

SAKES

And what would that be?

ED

The moose -- they've stopped.

SAKES

You want to run that by me again?

ED

The moose that once were stampeding have come to a dead stop. They're just sort of standing around.

SAKES

Well what in the world is that about?

ED

I don't know. But there's a sense they might be waiting for something.

SAKES

What would they be waiting for? . . . It might be some sort of a trick. Well, we're not going for it. We move forward as planned, got it?

ED

Got it.

SAKES

You just keep on keeping on, Eddie, and keep us informed. Over.

BACK TO SCENE

BRADY

So, the enemy had a change of heart.

SAKES

The enemy is shrewd. But they don't fool me.

BRADY

Always the big build-up, always the fizzle out. Face it, Lloyd, you're cursed.

Sakes goes back to his driving chores for several beats.  
A hand reaches for his.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Don't worry, baby.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - CAMP WACHUMEE

Sakes' convoy rumbles through the front gate into the parking lot. Car doors slam, men assemble.

SAKES

Okay, Brady's in charge. Get those bags in the compound.

(to Brady)

You see they get bunkered up. I'll try to find that broad.

He starts off, AK-47 in hand. Miss Rodriguez is close on his heels.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Baby?

SAKES

This is not the time.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

I want to go with you, baby. Besides, my niece is here.

SAKES

You stay here. There's no telling what we might find.  
Good girl.

EXT. RECREATION HALL

The main lodge and central hub of Camp Wachumee. A moose is sniffing around the screen door.

He hears a RUSTLING SOUND and retreats around the side of the building.

Sakes appears -- tense, rifle in hand. Surveys the scene. All's quiet.

He makes his move, darting for the screen door and pressing himself against it, rifle poised. He sniffs the air.

The moose sniffs the air.

Slowly, deliberately they move toward each other. Sakes takes a step; the moose takes a step.

They both make a sudden move, come face to face, and Sakes beats a panicked retreat into the rec hall.

THE RECREATION HALL

is a dank, musty place with cathedral-like rafters, ping-pong tables.

Sakes hides behind a pillar, breathing heavily, gun at the ready.

SOUNDS from without. He tenses. The screen door CREAKS open. In walks -- Brady.

BRADY

Lloyd, what are you doing?

Sakes heaves a sigh of relief.

SAKES

I thought you were one of the moose.

BRADY

I think this thing is making you crazy.

SAKES

They're out there. I saw one of them.

Brady surveys the scene.

BRADY

Where is everybody? I'll look around.

He starts off to check the various rooms. Moves deeper into the lodge, looks left, looks right.

Pauses at the entrance to computer room, briefly sticks his head in. Shrugs.

He rejoins Sakes. Shakes his head.

BRADY

Maybe they evacuated.

SAKES

I'm going to try the beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. COVE - MOOSE LAKE

The boys' rowboat pulls into the shallows. They hop out. Addie and Jade are taking this in from the bushes.

ADDIE

What do you think?

JADE

I don't know.

ADDIE

I'm getting cold feet.

JADE

What if they're dorks?

ADDIE

I've got an idea. C'mon.

CUT TO:

EXT. WACHUMEE POLE

Once again, Addie and Jade find themselves in the presence of this sacred icon.

ADDIE

Wachumee Pole, once again we prostrate ourselves before you. We beseech you and throw ourselves on your mercy. If this is a dumb question, forgive me. Those two guys who just came ashore? Thumbs up or down?

Silence.

ADDIE

Failure to respond could mean you need further inducement.

JADE

No, it probably means they're dorks.

Addie hunts in her pockets.

ADDIE

I don't know if I have anything left.

But something has come to Jade's attention.

JADE

Addie -- wait a minute. Your necklace, it's gone.

Addie looks around.

ADDIE

Greedy little Wachumee Pole.

JADE

It just up and disappeared. What the heck's going on?

She looks around, spies moose tracks in the dirt.

JADE

Look -- tracks.

ADDIE

Let's see where they lead.

They follow the moose track into the woods. But it is lost when come upon a patch of undergrowth.

ADDIE

I'm gonna play a hunch. Whatever is behind all of this is at the top of that mountain. Are you with me?

They start out through the woods that lead up the mountain.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - ADDIE AND JADE

They continue their trek up the mountain. Thread their way through trees and rocks and underbrush.

FARTHER UP THE MOUNTAIN

they're beginning to slow, sweating hard. The terrain is getting rockier.

Jade is falling behind, struggling to keep up. She twists her ankle, stumbles, lets out a GRUNT.

JADE

Addie?

She comes to a halt.

ADDIE

What's the matter?

JADE

I think I twisted it.

ADDIE

Over there.

She helps her friend to a seat on a log.

ADDIE

I didn't think it would be this rough. Look, you stay here. I'll go check it out. I'll come back for you.

JADE

Addie?

ADDIE

Don't be frightened. It's gonna be okay.

Addie resumes her journey.

The terrain is steeper now, and rocky. Addie claws her way forward, sensing the nearness of the summit.

She pauses, takes a deep breath, then pushes on. With one last powerful surge, she bursts forth from the woods into the clearing at the top of the mountain.

What she beholds is a vast carpet of moose blanketing the valley below her. Their LEADER, poised not more than seventy-five feet away, eyes her warily.

They hold a look for a long, tense moment, and then the moose lifts his head and lets out with a monster rallying cry -- M-O-O-O-O!!

Addie freaks, beats it out of there.

## HER LEGS

pump furiously, as she scrambles back down the hill.

And returns to the spot where she left Jade.

ADDIE

Jade -- get up.

She attempts to help Jade up.

JADE

What?

ADDIE

We've gotta get out of here.

JADE

I don't think I can.

ADDIE

You've got to. Come on.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. COMPOUND

Sakes' truck is parked in the middle of the compound. The men are offloading the last of the sandbags and depositing them in the horseshoe shape of a makeshift bunker.

CHARLIE PHIPPS, one of the more able-bodied types, slides a sandbag off the truck, hefts it to the bunker and flops it down.

CHARLIE

Where's Brady?

He starts up the compound, encounters Brady.

CHARLIE

I've had enough of this. Gimme my money, I want out.

BRADY

You're sticking until Sakes gives the word.

CHARLIE

The hell I am.

BRADY

(to himself)  
What am I saying?

He spies Sakes.

CHARLIE

Sakes -- I want my money.

SAKES

Later.

CHARLIE

Now. This whole thing is a charade. There aren't going to be any moose.

SAKES

Charlie, now take it easy.

CHARLIE

(to Brady)

I don't know why I listened to you. Well, I'm telling both of you -- if there are moose, which is doubtful, and they do show up, I'm outta here. Got it?

He moves off.

SAKES

(to Brady)

I'll check the beach. You button this up.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

Pete and Jarvis crunch along through the darkness and emerge into daylight at the edge of the compound.

They behold the imposing presence of the Wachumee Pole across the way.

JARVIS

Hey, look.

(a beat)

Come on.

They dart across the compound, pause at the foot of the Wachumee Pole.

PETE

Whoa.

Jarvis looks around, glimpses the GIRLS' DORM through the trees.

JARVIS

Hey?

They set off at a run.

INT. DORM

It's dark. An open bay of bunks and footlockers and wood rafters.



The guys enter. There's NOISE from without.

They scamper down the aisle and take refuge behind the bunks. Who should appear in the doorway but Miss Rodriguez.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

(sweetly)  
Oh babies????

In the shadows, the guys exchange incredulous looks. They size up the scene -- there's no escape route out the back.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

I know you're in here.

Several beats as the tension builds. What the heck are they gonna do?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Come out, come out, you can't fool me, babies.

She starts forward.

Jarvis looks around, spies a woman's purse on the bunk across the aisle. He also spies a bra hanging from a wall peg. He crouches, moves quietly through the darkness to the other bunk.

Digs in the purse. Comes up with a beaded necklace.

He removes the bra from the wall. As Miss Rodriguez comes down the aisle getting ever closer, Jarvis breaks the beaded necklace. He stuffs a fistful of beads into the bra.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Momma's gonna get you, babies. You might as well surrender. . . Ha, I see you!

But perhaps a beat too late. Jarvis takes aim. Pulls back on the elastic, and lets fly!

Beads SIZZLE through the air. Miss Rodriguez tries to duck, but can't elude the fusillade.

And the boys skedaddle up the aisle and out of there.

EXT. DORM

The boys look around for a quick instant, head for the safety of the woods.

They're on the move again through the darkness, heading parallel to the compound toward the beach.

The sound of GIRLS' VOICES stops them dead in their tracks. They hunker down, peer through the bushes. Wachumee girls are cavorting in the water.

JARVIS

Whoa.

Sakes appears and makes his way toward the water.

SAKES

All right -- everyone out.

Puzzled murmurs go up.

SAKES

You heard me -- out of the water -- vite, vite!

Doris enters the scene.

DORIS

What's going on here?

SAKES

You ought to try answering your phone. Come on, girls, hurry up, we don't have all day. Out of the water.

DORIS

Hey, hey -- back off, I'm in charge here.

SAKES

The heck you are. Come on, girls.

DORIS

Wait a minute.

SAKES

You want a bloodbath on your hands?

DORIS

And just what is this all about?

SAKES

Any minute now about a thirty thousand moose are gonna come screaming through here. Anyone standing between the moose and the lake is in real deep trouble.

DORIS

You can't be serious. What are you telling me, there's a moose stampede?

SAKES

That's exactly what I'm telling you.

Sakes' walkie-talkie BEEPS!

SAKES

Yeah?

INT. MOVING HELICOPTER

Ed on the phone.

ED

Lloyd -- they're on the move again.

SAKES

What?

ED

You better get ready.

SAKES

All right, wait for me to give the signal.

BACK TO SCENE

SAKES

All right everyone, time for the big show.

He starts up the compound.

Pete and Jarvis are taking this all in, baffled.

No sooner has the beach emptied of Wachumee girls than out of the water straggle Fred and Ginger, dazed and dripping wet.

The boys can't believe their eyes.

FRED

Oh God. . . Oh God. . .

GINGER

Freddie?. . .

FRED

I think I'm dead. I know I'm dead. I'm dead.

He flops down in the sand. She flops down beside him. He's moaning.

GINGER

It's okay, Freddie. It's okay.

He's still breathing heavily.

FRED

Not that I really want to know but -- where are we?

Ginger looks around.

GINGER

I don't know. It looks like a camp of some kind.

FRED

I was hoping for the far shore, the eternal resting place.

Ginger rises, trudges to lifeguard stand. She sees Camp Wachumee stenciled there.

GINGER  
My God, it's Camp Wachumee.

IN THE BUSHES

Pete and Jarvis can't believe their rotten luck.

JARVIS  
I don't believe it.

There is a pause.

PETE  
Now what do we do?

JARVIS  
Where there's a will, there's a Wachumee.

There's a sudden CRUNCH in the bushes behind them.

They slowly turn. Freeze.

A MOOSE is watching them. Suspiciously. There is a long, nervous moment.

Jarvis comes tentatively forward. Pauses a tense beat. Extends a welcoming hand.

JARVIS  
Nice moosie, nice moosie.  
(pets moose)  
Now there, see that -- man's best friend. Well, sort of.

But Pete is apprehensive.

JARVIS  
Come on, he's not going to bite you.

Pete approaches.

PETE  
Nice moosie. . .

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP

Hundreds and hundreds of determined male moose are storming over the crest of the hill, kicking up dust, beginning their descent on Camp Wachumee.

IN THE WOODS

Jade struggles, slips to the ground. Moose have begun to stream by.

JADE  
Addie?

ADDIE

Come on, Jade, you've got to get up.

She looks around frantically. Spies a tree.

ADDIE

In the tree. Come on.

ELSEWHERE ON THE MOUNTAIN

the moose pound through the woods, shoulders down, crushing everything in their path.

WITH ADDIE AND JADE

Addie's hands are cupped and she's giving a reluctant Jade a boost into the tree.

ADDIE

All right, I got you. Now come on, you can do it. Pull yourself up. Go on.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND

Brady and the men are idly killing time around the bunker. Sakes hurriedly approaches.

SAKES

All right everybody -- places. Hurry, hurry, hurry. Let's go.

BRADY

Lloyd, what's going on?

SAKES

We're on again. Baby, it's show time.

BRADY

Eddie said it was off?

SAKES

Eddie lied. Well, not exactly. The moose are on the move again, I got the word. Now everyone, grab a gun and get bunkered up. Let's go.

CHARLIE

(to Brady)

He serious?

Brady shrugs.

CHARLIE

I ain't sticking around. See ya, Lloyd.

He exits.

JESSE

I'm outta here.

He leaves.

SAKES

Hey, what is this? You bunch of cowards. You can't walk out like this.

The others have begun to desert the compound.

BRADY

Be seeing you, Lloyd.

He starts to exit.

SAKES

Brady?

BRADY

If you're smart, you'll get out while there's still a chance.

SAKES

You're not getting that promotion, Brady, do you hear? The rest of you, you're not getting a dime.

But it's too late.

SAKES

You cowards!

Sakes now finds himself alone in the middle of the compound.

Moose have begun to filter out of the woods and are racing for the lake.

Miss Rodriguez appears.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

(sweetly)

Ba-by? Guess who I found?

SAKES

Get in the bunker -- quick!

He takes her hand and drags her into the bunker. They scrunch down behind the sandbags.

Up the way, Fred and Ginger have appeared. Sakes sees this.

SAKES

What in the world?

Susan suddenly bursts forth out of nowhere and makes a mad dash for Fred.

SUSAN

Freddie?!

She throws her arms around him, smothering him with kisses.

SUSAN

Oh Freddie, Freddie!!!

He tries to fend her off. Ginger goes after her.

GINGER

You little creep!

SUSAN

I love you, Freddie, I love you.

Susan and Ginger lock arms, furiously wrestle each other to the ground. Fred tries to separate them.

FRED

Hey, hey --

Sakes abandons the bunker, joins the fray. Manages to separate Susan and Ginger.

SAKES

Hey, come on, stop it. You gotta get out of here. All of you.

GINGER

(to Susan)

Why I ought to --

SAKES

Hey, hey, hey. There's about to be a stampede. You gotta get out of here.

GINGER

I don't get it.

SAKES

Look around.

Ginger looks around.

GINGER

Oh my God.

SAKES

Vamoose!

Fred grabs Ginger's hand. They make for the woods.

Susan dashes for cover.

Sakes retreats to the bunker, grabs his AK-47.

SAKES

Okay baby, now here's all you gotta do -- shove in a clip like this. And just hold it and take aim.

He hands her the loaded AK-47.

SAKES

Stay down.

He pokes his head up, sights on the moose --

SAKES

All right, babies, it's killing time.

He fires -- CLICK. The gun has jammed.

He tries again -- CLICK. Flings it aside.

Ducks down and grabs another one. Loads it.

He's up again.

SAKES

If at first you don't succeed, babies.

He aims, squeezes the trigger -- CLICK.

SAKES

Shit.

And dives for cover, narrowly avoiding moose that have begun to leap the barricade.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

Jade and Addie are literally up a tree. They managed to climb up to a notch about fifteen feet above the ground.

A blinding streak of moose can be seen thundering beneath them.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM

Jessica watches the moose stampede from the dorm window, perched on an upended footlocker. The other girls are anxiously huddled in groups.

CATHY tugs on her foot.

CATHY

What do you see?



Don't ask. JESSICA

Bad? CATHY

Yeah. JESSICA

Pete and Jarvis now appear in the doorway. Cathy tugs on that foot again.

Jessica? CATHY

Jessica turns, sees the boys. She quickly scrambles down, moves to them.

JARVIS  
We're looking for Addie and Jade.

JESSICA  
Anyone see Addie and Jade?

She shakes her head.

JARVIS  
Great.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER

The compound is now literally besieged with stampeding moose. Sakes continues to wage war, or at least try.

He sticks his head out and unleashes occasional barrages with the AK-47: BADA-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM!

SAKES  
Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!  
(ducks down)  
That'll show 'em who's boss.

He sticks his head out again. BADA-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM! But the onslaught is overwhelming. He ducks down.

SAKES  
There are more than I expected.

He sticks his head up again.

MISS RODRIGUEZ  
Baby, be careful.

Sakes tries to fire. A moose leaps the barricade and grazes him, knocking him down.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Baby, baby -- are you all right?

SAKES

I think so. This is pretty bad, isn't it?

She nods.

SAKES

We need our secret weapon.

He grabs his walkie-talkie.

SAKES

Eddie, come in, Eddie? Eddie, you gotta bail us out.  
It's do or die time, Eddie. Bring it and bring it hard.  
Do you copy, Eddie?

INT. MOVING HELICOPTER

Ed is on the phone.

ED

I copy, Lloyd. We're coming in with all barrels  
smoking.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOVING HELICOPTER

It comes in from the lakeside heading for the compound, ROCKET LAUNCHERS  
ominously slung from its underbelly.

IN THE HELICOPTER

Ed is singing to himself.

ED

Don't throw bouquets at me. . . Don't laugh at my jokes  
too much. . .

THE HELICOPTER

swoops low over the moose-choked compound.

IN THE HELICOPTER

Ed continues to sing happily.

ED

Don't talk to my folks too much. . . People will say  
we're in love. . .

(he pushes launch button)

Whammo!

A rocket EXPLODES from the underbelly of the copter and SIZZLES through the air.

WITH THE ROCKET

as it comes in high, whizzing above the heads of the onrushing moose, and scores a DIRECT HIT on the recreation hall, creating a THUNDEROUS EXPLOSION.

ED

Whoops!

The COPTER swoops around, doubles back to make another pass.

CUT TO:

INT. RECREATION HALL - DORIS AND HERMANN

Doris is frantically dialing for help.

DORIS

Operator? Operator?

A thunderous EXPLOSION shakes the lodge, and the walls begin to buckle.

DORIS

Oh my God.

She drops the phone. She and Hermann look around. Bolt for the front door.

Beams and rafters are collapsing everywhere, and fire has broken out.

A rafter comes crashing down, blocking their path. The sense of shock and terror is absolute.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER

Eddie's misfire has not gone unnoticed, and Sakes frantically works the walkie-talkie.

SAKES

Eddie? Eddie, what the hell was that?

INT. MOVING HELICOPTER

Ed responds.

ED

A screwup, Lloyd. Not to worry, we'll get 'em next time.

SAKES

We're being crushed, Eddie. You gotta deliver -- come on.

ED

Sit tight, buddy. We're coming on in.

EXT. HELICOPTER

It drifts back toward the lake, makes a turn and swoops in over the compound.

IN THE HELICOPTER

Ed's singing again.

ED

Just once in a lifetime. . .  
Fire two!

THE ROCKET explodes out of its bay, sizzling in low again, but this time it veers to the left and grazes the top of the GIRLS' DORM!

IN THE DORM

the rafters are shaking and shuddering, and the Wachumee coeds are huddled together, screaming in terror.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - EDGE OF THE COMPOUND

Pete and Jarvis are watching the stampede in awe from the vantage point of the bushes.

Fred pops out of hiding.

FRED

Aha!

They're off and running again, disappearing into the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUNKER

Sakes is now plenty frustrated, what with that second rocket wide of the mark and moose continuing to flood through the compound.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

We're gonna get trampled, aren't we, baby?

SAKES

Naw, probably just squashed and mutilated. Next time I get a really stupid idea like this, please clobber me.

The moose continue to leap the barricade.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Hold me, baby, I'm frightened.

They find each other in an embrace. This continues for several beats, but now Sakes senses something changing.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

What is it?

He shrugs. Pokes his head up. Looks around in disbelief. The moose have evaporated.

SAKES

This is our chance -- come on.

He takes her hand and they make for the woods.

He whips out his walkie-talkie as they hunker down.

SAKES

Eddie, it's suddenly very quiet.  
I don't know what to make of this.

IN THE HELICOPTER

Eddie's on that phone again.

ED

What can I tell you, Lloyd, they stopped again. But this time we might have another problem.

SAKES

What's that?

ED

A couple of girls in a tree.

SAKES

What -- what girls?

ED

There appear to be two girls clinging to a tree up here, Lloyd. I'm thinking, what happens if they come down and the moose start running again? I'm thinking, this could be a bad thing.

SAKES

Shit.

ED

We're bailing, Lloyd.

SAKES

Eddie? What do you mean you're bailing?

ED

You're on your own. We tried, we gave it our all.

SAKES

Eddie?. . . Eddie?

BACK TO SCENE

Sakes turns to Miss Rodriguez.

SAKES

Great. There are a couple of girls trapped up there.  
Now what am I gonna do?

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

A fearful Addie and Jade cling to each other in a tree. The silence on all sides is deafening.

CUT TO:

EXT. RECREATION HALL

Flames lick hungrily from the windows and doors.

INT. RECREATION HALL

A terrified Doris and Hermann find themselves trapped, with fallen beams and smoke and fire running wild all around them.

DORIS

The back way.

They start for the back exit, carefully working their way among the wreckage of fallen timber, as well as choking smoke and fire.

They reach the back door. Doris tries the handle. No good.

She pounds on the door.

DORIS

Help! Help! Please?

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - PETE AND JARVIS

Our heroes are hiding in the shadow of a tree near the rec hall. Fred and Ginger have appeared at the edge of the compound.

The muffled sound of Doris' pleas for help can be heard, but it's hard to make out exactly where those sounds are coming from.

Pete and Jarvis exchange concerned looks.

PETE

You distract him.

Jarvis bolts out into the open.

JARVIS

Yoo-hoo -- Freddie????

He's off and running. Fred gives chase.

Meantime, Pete hotfoots it to the back door of the rec hall, frantically works the handle.

Jarvis comes racing out into the open and disappears into the woods again, with Fred giving chase.

INT. RECREATION HALL

Doris continues her desperate pleas for help.

BACK TO SCENE

Pete is working the handle. It won't give.

Jarvis returns.

PETE

Won't budge.

He spies a slab of charred timber on the ground.

PETE

Come on.

They move to piece of fallen timber.

PETE

Grab the end.

They appropriate the slab of timber, ready it for use as a battering ram.

Fred has reappeared in the compound, rejoining Ginger. He throws up his hands in frustration.

But after a short pause, he spots the kids again. He's ready to pounce. But Ginger restrains him.

GINGER

No.

She realizes the kids are engaged in some sort of rescue.

He throws her a questioning look -- she shakes her head.

Fred tries to break free again. She shops him.

The boys are now ready to make their assault.

PETE

Count of three. One, two -- go!

They race forward, heads down, battering ram tucked under their arms, and hit the door with a crunch. It won't give.

PETE

Try it again.

They make a second run at it, driving forward with all their might into that stubborn door. Still no dice.

IN THE RECREATION HALL

a desperate Doris and Hermann are fighting for breath as smoke and flames envelope them.

DORIS

Oh God -- help us, somebody, please???

BACK TO SCENE

The building is shaking on its foundations, about to give way.

PETE

This time for all the marbles.

They race forward with all their might, ramming the wooden beam into that reluctant door, and with a THUD it gives way. But just a tad.

PETE

Come on -- push!

They throw their weight against the door. It crashes in.

A shell-shocked Doris and Hermann stumble out into the sunlight.

DORIS

Oh my God -- we're alive.

(to Pete and Jarvis)

Oh God, thank you, thank you, thank you. . .

She recognizes him.

DORIS

You!

JARVIS

Oops.



They beat it out of there.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS

Addie and Jade cling to that tree. But it has now become apparent that the stampede has ended.

Addie motions to Jade. They start back down the tree.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - FRED AND GINGER

The kids' noble rescue deed has not gone unappreciated, but now Fred is once again in search and destroy mode.

GINGER

Tell me you're not proud of them, Fred. Tell me they're not heroic.

FRED

All right, they're not heroic. One little deed does not a reputation make. All I know is, they're nearby, I can smell it.

Fred feels a tap on the shoulder. Turns.

JARVIS

Yoo-hoo -- hi, Freddie.

He's off and running. Fred starts out after him.

The boys are chugging along through the woods, evading Fred.

TRUMPET FANFARE: WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP

The LEAD MOOSE rears back on his hindquarters, lets out a ferocious rallying cry: M-O-O-O-O!, and goes tearing down the mountain, leading a fierce rampage.

REACTION SHOTS:

PETE and JARVIS exchange looks.

ADDIE and JADE freeze in their tracks as they reach the forest floor.

FRED halts in his pursuit, looks around.

SAKES and MRS. RODRIGUEZ are frozen in fear.

Sakes' walkie-talkie BLEEPS. He is fearful, slowly answers it.

SAKES

Yeah?

INT. MOVING HELICOPTER

Eddie is on the phone again.

ED

The moose are coming, Lloyd. No joke, they're on their way.

SAKES

The girls, Eddie?

ED

Bad, Lloyd, bad. They're no longer in view.

SAKES

You know who they're going to blame.

Doris appears.

DORIS

They're going to blame me. And you know something, I deserve it. If it wasn't for the way I treated those girls, they probably wouldn't be up there.

SAKES

I have no idea what you're talking about. Any suggestions?

DORIS

Yeah -- let's pray.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - ADDIE AND JADE

Terror is mounting as Addie and Jade realize their blunder and struggle down the mountain.

WITH THE MOOSE

as they continue their ferocious descent, hooves pounding, trampling everything in their path.

A HOBbled JADE

trips and falls to the ground, grimacing in pain.

Addie frantically tries to help her up. Moose have begun to streak past them.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM

Doris faces the frightened girls.

DORIS

All right, I want everyone to gather round.

The girls gather together.

DORIS

Most of you may realize by now that Addie and Jade never came back to the dorm. They're up there on the mountain. I know what you're thinking, and of course I am very frightened too, but maybe if all of us pray and pull together, they will come out of this safely. I want you to know that if anything should happen to them, I take full responsibility. I should have listened to them and I didn't.

Pete and Jarvis step forth.

PETE

Excuse me.

DORIS

Oh my God.

PETE

All right, listen. We're going up there after them. I know it's incredibly noble of us, but we've got to try. So everyone, wish us luck.

DORIS

Wait -- if you go up there, you could be killed.

PETE

Yes. And if we don't, well, we'll be doomed in another way. We have to go for it.

He crosses his fingers.

PETE

(to Jarvis)

Come on.

EXT. DORM

Pete and Jarvis emerge from the dorm, look around. Moose have begun to appear once again in the compound.

JARVIS

How are we gonna make our way through that?

PETE

I've got an idea.

He leads the way as they sprint across the compound and plant themselves at the base of the Wachumee Pole.

PETE

It's a long way up -- here goes.

He begins his climb.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - MOOSE STAMPEDE

The moose are pouring down the mountain ferociously.

ELSEWHERE IN THE WOODS

Addie and Jade struggle to make it to safety, but Jade collapses to the ground.

JADE

It's hopeless.

ADDIE

Get up, Jade.

JADE

I can't.

ADDIE

Yes, you can.

CUT TO:

EXT. WACHUMEE POLE

Pete has now climbed high up on the Wachumee Pole. He gazes out over the compound. Cups his hands. Lets out a pretty impressive rallying cry: M-O-O-O-O-O!

The call ECHOES through the compound.

WITH SAKES AND MISS RODRIGUEZ

as they react to this, more than a bit confused.

BACK TO SCENE

Pete clammers down the pole.

PETE

Come on.

He and Jarvis set out on the run for the center of the compound.

As they arrive there, a familiar moose trots into view. They approach the moose.

PETE

All right, old friend, we're counting on you.

FRED

Aha!

He's got his arms around Jarvis.

JARVIS

Let go of me. Dad, please?

FRED

No way.

JARVIS

Dad, please?

FRED

You're not getting away this time.

JARVIS

Dad, there are girls up there and they're in danger.

PETE

We've got to try to save them.

FRED

A likely story.

JARVIS

It's the truth. This is a chance to redeem ourselves.  
Come on, Dad, give us a break.

FRED

No.

JARVIS

They'll be killed if we don't get up there.

FRED

And you'll be killed if you try to escape from my  
clutches -- you've done enough damage.

JARVIS

Dad, please?

An exhausted Addie and Jade have staggered out of the woods. All around them moose are streaming into the compound.

JARVIS

Oh my God.

Fred turns, catches sight of this, can't believe his eyes. He releases Jarvis.

FRED

Go!

Addie and Jade stumble forward, helpless.

Jarvis and Pete mount up on mooseback -- YAH! -- and they're off to the races.

RAGING MUSIC -- WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE

Addie and Jade are completely exhausted and collapse to the ground. They cling to each other in terror as stampeding moose streak by.

FRED'S FACE

is a mask of horror, as at any moment the girls will be crushed, and he imagines the worst.

FANTASY SEQUENCE

Addie and Jade let out SHRIEKS of terror as they are engulfed by the moose, obliterated, mercilessly trampled.

BACK TO SCENE

Fred rubs his eyes, snaps back to the present.

Meanwhile, the girls are huddled together, tearful and terrified. Addie catches sight of the BOYS ON MOOSEBACK and a sudden flash of hope crosses her face.

ADDIE

Oh my God -- come on, Jade -- get up, get up!

JADE

Addie???

ADDIE

You've got to get up! You can do it.

Addie manages to get Jade to her feet.

The boys are closing fast.

They swoop in low, arms extended. Scoop the girls up, narrowly eluding the onrushing moose. And ride-'em-cowboy, heading down the compound on mooseback in the direction of the lake.

They come to a halt in a safe part of the beach.

There is a long moment as everyone regroups, and there are audible sighs of relief. Pause.

The riders dismount. Addie folds her hands in prayer.

ADDIE

I think this merits a moment of prayer.

She and Jade cup hands.

ADDIE

Well, come on.

The boys cup hands as well.

ADDIE

All-powerful Wachumee god, you who have brought us to safety here on the shores of Moose Lake -- we thank you copiously, abundantly, and mightily. As for the guys, well, we have to admit, they were brave and cool.

(a beat)

Okay. We've appeased the spirits. Now for the fun part. What do you say, guys?

PETE

Wow!

ADDIE

(to Jarvis)

You?

JARVIS

Wow.

ADDIE

Very guys-like, I have to admit. Well, I'm Addie, that's Jade. You're --

JARVIS

Jarvis. That's Pete.

ADDIE

That was some entrance, guys.

PETE

Shucks.

ADDIE

And it wins you the right to escort us up the compound. If you please.

She takes Pete's arm.

Jarvis extends his arm -- Jade takes it.

They start up the compound.

JARVIS

Wait. Gotta thank our friend.

He retreats to moose. Pets him fondly.

JARVIS

Nice work, moosie.

Up the way, Doris and the rest of the Wachumee coeds have gathered to await the girls' arrival.

They applaud as Addie, Jade, Pete and Jarvis come into view.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Peace has once again returned to Camp Wachumee, as several pairs of lovers sit dreamily in lounge chairs around the campfire:

Fred and Ginger have once again been restored to marital bliss.

Sakes and Miss Rodriguez bask in their newfound love.

Pete and Jarvis, Addie and Jade hold hands.

And Susan and an improbable Hermann have paired up, and sit peacefully side by side.

Dreamy-eyed love is everywhere in the air.

GINGER

Peaceful, huh, Fred?

FRED

Yeah. I like peaceful.

It's Pete and Addie's turn.

PETE

I like peaceful, too. So, have you made any plans?

ADDIE

No. You?

PETE

I don't know, I thought we might invite a couple of -- friends -- to join us as our house guests.

ADDIE

You did, huh?

She puts her hand on his.

Meanwhile, Miss Rodriguez and Sakes are wrapped up in their own little cocoon of love.



MISS RODRIGUEZ

The moose brought us together, baby, so maybe they're not all bad. We're going to be happy, aren't we, baby?

Susan and Hermann are also in that realm called love. She mischievously tickles him.

SUSAN

Hermann???

And they share beaming looks of love.

BACK TO FRED AND GINGER

as Ginger's hand reaches for Fred's, and she looks longingly in his eyes, and we go round robin.

GINGER

Oh Fred --

FRED

Oh Ginger. . .

HERMANN

Oh Susan --

SUSAN

Oh Hermann. . .

JARVIS

Oh Pete --

PETE

Oh Jarvis. . .

BACK TO FRED AND GINGER

FRED

Well, it's been quite a day, and I have to admit, you boys did yourself proud.

PETE

Thanks, Dad.

FRED

It is so darn peaceful out here that I seriously doubt anything could shatter this tranquility.

(a beat)

Of course, if you believe the Indian stories, you might think differently.

GINGER

Fred?

FRED

See, the Indians believed that the ghosts of maligned spirits haunted these woods at night, out for revenge. I doubt there's anything to it, but that's what they believed.

GINGER

Maligned spirits?

There's a RUSTLE in the bushes.

GINGER

What was that?

FRED

What?

GINGER

A sound -- in the bushes.

FRED

That was nothing. As I was saying, the Indians believed that the ghosts of maligned spirits haunted these woods, and I suppose that after today, some of those maligned spirits could well be moose. I mean, if they felt mistreated.

GINGER

Fred?

FRED

Of course, that's ridiculous.

There's another CRUNCH in the bushes.

GINGER

Fred, tell me you didn't hear that? I'm beginning to get a little frightened.

FRED

Honey, you don't believe those Indian stories?

GINGER

Fred?

FRED

You don't really believe that stuff? 'Course, the Indians had no reason to lie.

A MOOSE CALL is heard -- M-O-O-O-O!

GINGER

Oh my God, it's the spirits, it's the spirits of those moose, Fred.

FRED

Honey, I'm telling you, you have absolutely nothing to worry about. There is nobody here but us moose --  
M-O-O-O-O!

BURST OF WILLIAM TELL OVERTURE!

RAMPAGING MOOSE come crashing out of the bushes toward them and rend the fabric of the movie screen.

FREEZE FRAME.

THE END

**SLAUGHTERFEST ONE: SUMMER BREAK**

FADE IN:

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NEW ENGLAND - DAY (TEASER)

High on a hill in a clearing, a massive Swede with a brain the size of a pea is splitting wood. This is BJORN. Shortly we will realize he is unstable, and a psychopathic murderer. But now, he happily splits wood, whistling blithely.

His WIFE appears in the door to their modest cabin.

WIFE

Bjorn!

Bjorn looks up.

WIFE

Bjorn, come in here.

He rests his ax over one shoulder, follows her inside.

INT. CABIN

The wife is struggling to unscrew the lid from a mason jar on the sideboard.

WIFE

(irritably)

Help me with this.

The giant Swede takes the jar in his massive hands.

WIFE

You're always out there chopping wood when I need you to help in here.

BJORN

I help you -- ja, ja.

His huge, powerful hands easily twist the lid open. He smiles.

WIFE

Teach me to marry a Swede. Barely speaks English.

She appropriates the jar, moves to the kitchen counter, stoops over to continue her work.

BJORN

Bjorn help you -- ja, ja.

He smiles an evil smile, comes up behind her, raises the ax and brings it down sharply on her neck, slicing her head off, and watching as it bounces to the floor.

Yes, Bjorn can be a very bad man, very bad indeed. And his slaughterfest has only just begun.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COURTROOM - THE FOLLOWING WEEK

Bjorn and his LAWYER stand before a JUDGE at a preliminary hearing.

LAWYER

It was an accident, Your Honor. The ax slipped out of my client's hand. He wishes to throw himself on the mercy of the court.

JUDGE

An accident? He hacked off her head. Counselor, are you kidding?

LAWYER

Look at him, Your Honor -- could you picture anyone more benign? We ask that you grant him probation.

The Judge scrutinizes Bjorn, who smiles.

BJORN

Ja.

JUDGE

He looks a little nuts to me. Know this, counselor -- I am not so easily deceived.

LAWYER

You'd be surprised at all the good works he's done. In his native Sweden, he worked with kids in a day care center, and they loved him. Everyone has good things to say about him.

JUDGE

A woman is dead, counselor.

LAWYER

It was an accident, Your Honor, pure and simple. I request that you grant him probation, and assign him to community service. He grieves, Your Honor, truly he grieves.

JUDGE

I shall take what you have said under consideration. Be back here in court on Wednesday.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WHITTIER HIGH - WESTCHESTER COUNTY, NY - SEVERAL MONTHS LATER - DAY

To ESTABLISH.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

Indeed, it's the last day of classes before summer break. The bell RINGS. The teacher, JACK STEVENS, slams shut a book, looks over his class.

MR. STEVENS

You're free. Enjoy your summer break. Those of you who signed up for the field trip, sit tight.

The room clears out, leaving eight students, four male, four female (KEVIN, BRAD, HAROLD, DWIGHT; AMY, KRISTIN, CAROLINE, MARY ANN). Naturally, the females are shapely, savvy and hot. The guys range from jocks to dorks.

MR. STEVENS

Four and four, a perfect complement. And I'm sure you are going to be perfect gentlemen.

Sneers from the guys.

KEVIN

We get extra credit for this, right?

This draws a dirty look.

MR. STEVENS

Your nature and survival skills will be put to the test, but you'll have a terrific time and get to enjoy the outdoors. Vermont is gorgeous at this time of year. . . You'll pitch tents, camp out in the woods. The whole nine yards. Under the watchful eye of Mrs. Rodriguez and myself. We've hired a guide for the trip -- a big, gentle fellow who knows the woods like the back of his hand. Any questions?

KEVIN

Yeah -- do we get to sleep coed?

MR. STEVENS

What is it with you, Mr. Phillips? Now, you have a list of what to bring along. Any questions, my phone number is on that list. We will see you bright and early a week from Saturday.

EXT. SCHOOL

As the guys and girls huddle in separate groups.

CAROLINE

I thought we were going to the beach?

AMY

We are going to the beach.

CAROLINE

I don't want to get eaten by a bunch of mosquitoes.

This was your big idea.

(she eyes the guys)

Look at them, bunch of jerks.

Amy and Kevin exchange looks.

AMY

I'm looking.

And she likes what she sees.

CAROLINE

I'm only doing this for you, because we're best friends.

We get back, we go to the beach. And not with those yo-yos.

Then there are the guys, nudging each other.

HAROLD

Hey, Kevin?

KEVIN

Look, nerdo, you stick to chopping wood and tying Boy Scout knots and keep away from me, okay?

HAROLD

Oh, you're going to cop an attitude?

KEVIN

I'm not going along on this trip to learn about the murmuring pines, got it?

BRAD

(to Harold)

You heard him. Do your Boy Scout thing, but keep away from us.

KEVIN

And listen, all of you -- Amy is mine, got it?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WHITTIER HIGH - ONE WEEK LATER - DAY

There's a CHARTER BUS in front of the place. The DRIVER and Mr. Stevens are loading the last of the backpacks and suitcases into the side of it. The kids are already on the bus.



## INT. TOUR BUS

As Mr. Stevens enters, with the DRIVER behind him. MISS RODRIGUEZ is already waiting in front. They eye each other. As she turns to seat herself, he pats her ass.

KEVIN

Did you see that? Holy shit, he grabbed her ass.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. HIGHWAY -- RUNBY SHOT

As the tour bus speeds on its way through the mountains.

## EXT. MAIN STREET - VERMONT TOWN

A storefront sign reads: SVENSEN CAMP GUIDES. The charter bus rounds a turn and comes down the street.

## INT. MOVING BUS

Mr. Stevens leans on the driver's shoulder, points.

MR. STEVENS

There -- that's it.

## EXT. MAIN DRAG - SVENSEN RENTALS

As the bus pulls up front. Mr. Stevens emerges, enters the rental office.

## INT. SVENSEN OFFICE

Yes, as you might expect, Bjorn is idling around, ax slung over his shoulder with a big innocent grin on his face.

Mr. Stevens enters, eyes him. Moves to the front counter, where he encounters CHRIS SVENSEN himself.

MR. STEVENS

I'm Jack Stevens from Whittier High.

SVENSEN

Chris Svensen.

They shake hands.

SVENSEN

We've been expecting you. As I indicated over the phone, Bjorn there will act as your guide. I think you'll find the lodge beautiful, and well kept. We stocked it with what should be enough food provisions for a week. Bjorn?

Bjorn comes over.

SVENSEN

This is Mr. Stevens. You're going to be taking his group up to the lodge. This is Bjorn Lindstrom.

MR. STEVENS

Nice to meet you.

Bjorn and Stevens shake hands.

SVENSEN

Strong, huh? Look at the shoulders on that sucker, will you. You get into any kind of pinch, you think anyone's gonna mess with that?

BJORN

Ja.

MR. STEVENS

There's something kind of weird about his eyes.

SVENSEN

Forget it. He's a gentle soul. He loves kids. I mean, look at him. Big, gentle, strong. Show 'em your muscles, Bjorn.

Bjorn flexes his biceps for Stevens.

MR. STEVENS

I notice he carries an ax.

SVENSEN

Yeah, it's sort of like his lollipop. He likes to cut wood, stay busy. Good man.

ECU - THAT SHARP AX BLADE

SVENSEN

The lodge is ready for you. And there are campgrounds adjacent to it. You had mentioned you might want to pitch tents, sleep out in the woods. Bjorn will show you. Well, let's see -- oh yes, I need you to sign a release form.

He produces release. Stevens signs it.

SVENSEN

Okay, you're all set. Any problems, we're right here.

INT. TOUR BUS

The kids are bunched up in back. Mr. Stevens enters, with Bjorn in tow.

MR. STEVENS

Okay everyone, listen up. I'd like you to meet Bjorn. He'll be our guide while we're here. He knows everything there is to know about these woods, right Bjorn?

Bjorn nods.

BRAD

(whispering)

Look at the size of that sucker.

KEVIN

Yeah, and what's with the ax?

Mr. Stevens claps his hands smartly.

MR. STEVENS

Okay, off we go.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN ROAD

As the tour bus drifts along. Turns off the road and heads up the mountainside into the woods.

INT. MOVING BUS

As it makes its way through the thick pines.

DWIGHT

The forest primeval, man.

Amy and Caroline are seated next to each other, Amy on the window. Kevin slips across the aisle into the seat next to Caroline. There's obviously not enough room to sit three across.

CAROLINE

You mind?

KEVIN

Hi, Amy.

He waves, smiles.

DWIGHT

Hey Kevin?

Kevin flips him the bird.

The bus rumbles uphill. Up front, Mr. Stevens sits across from Miss Rodriguez. Bjorn sits in a front seat watching them.

MR. STEVENS  
You're Swedish, huh?

BJORN  
Ja.

Stevens turns to Miss Rodriguez.

MR. STEVENS  
Excited?

She nods.

EXT. BACK ROAD - WOODS

As the bus cruises along, then slows as a roadside sign appears: HARRINGTON'S LODGE. And the lodge itself begins to become visible.

The bus turns off and goes up a slight incline, along a gravel drive that leads to the entrance to the lodge.

Stevens and the kids stream out of the bus.

The Driver opens the luggage compartment and removes duffel bags, backpacks and such.

The students gather their possessions. The Driver briefly salutes, climbs back into the bus, and drives away.

MR. STEVENS  
Ah, here we are in the great outdoors. Love it, love it.  
(a beat)  
Okay folks, listen up. Let's get this stuff inside.

INT. LODGE

The main room has a large table for dining to the left, several armchairs and pool tables to the right. The wraparound second floor balcony overlooks the downstairs.

The kids stream in with their belongings. Mr. Stevens inspects the room.

MR. STEVENS  
Well, this is nice.  
(to kids)  
Okay, everyone. I'm guessing the guest quarters must be upstairs. Follow me.

He climbs the stairs, and the kids follow him. At the head of the stairs, he halts. There are four or five rooms along each side of the corridor.

MR. STEVENS  
Okay, you guys take the rooms to the right, and the ladies take the rooms to the left. Unpack your things, but don't get too settled in. We are going to pitch tents and sleep out tonight.

KEVIN

Pitch tents, you're kidding, right?

MR. STEVENS

Don't you want to commune with nature, Mr. Phillips?

KEVIN

With nature? Naw. But there are other things I wouldn't mind communing with.

MR. STEVENS

(scolding)

Mr. Phillips.

A moment.

KEVIN

(mocking, raising his hand)

Can I call home to tell them I made it safely?

MR. STEVENS

Yes, Kevin, by all means do. Give your mother our love, won't you?

Snickering among the others.

KEVIN

And where will you be sleeping, Mr. Stevens?

MR. STEVENS

Where I can keep a watchful eye on you, Mr. Phillips. Get unpacked, and meet downstairs in an hour.

Kevin turns to Brad.

KEVIN

Home sweet home?

They start down the hall. Kevin and Brad enter the first room to their right. There's one bunk bed in it. Kevin deposits his backpack and belongings on the bed. There is a small pile of fresh sheets neatly arranged there.

KEVIN

I guess it's one to a room.

He tests the bedsprings, then moves to the window, gazes out at the woods and the lake beyond.

KEVIN

Not bad.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. BEHIND THE LODGE - ONE HOUR LATER

The kids are assembled with Bjorn, Stevens, Miss Rodriguez in the woods behind the lodge.

MR. STEVENS

As you can see, there is a wonderful lake for us to enjoy. We're going to pitch tents beside the lake, and that is where we will spend the night. Bjorn will help you with the tents.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. LAKE - AFTERNOON

Bjorn is helping the guys pitch tents. Stevens helps Kevin and the others pitch their tent, which sleeps four across.

KEVIN

Hey -- we going to sing songs around the campfire?

MR. STEVENS

Keep it up, Kevin, keep it up.

KEVIN

Inquiring minds, Mr. Stevens.

MR. STEVENS

(re: edge of tent)  
Hold this while I secure it.

DISSOLVE TO:

## EXT. CAMP SITE -- LATER

The boys have just finished pitching their tent.

KEVIN

Good thing this has a floor on it. I don't want my tush against that wet ground.

He crosses to group of girls.

KEVIN

Hey, who wants to go for a nature hike? Amy?

Mr. Stevens comes over. Kevin shushes Amy.

MR. STEVENS

We're gonna regroup by the lake.

He exits.

KEVIN

How are we going to get rid of that jerk?

AMY

How are we going to get rid of you?

KEVIN

Ha-ha.

She rolls her eyes.

BY THE LAKE

the kids gather. Kevin is standing next to Amy.

MR. STEVENS

Okay, nature seekers, tents look good, though I'm going to have Bjorn check them over. Now, we're going to take a little hike around the lake. Work up an appetite. Any objections?

Kevin looks at Amy, shakes his head in frustration.

MR. STEVENS

Bjorn?

Bjorn nods. Leads the way.

KEVIN

(to Amy)

I love nature, don't you?

He tries to put his arm around her -- she slaps him.

The others start on their way.

KEVIN

Let's go in the woods.

AMY

No way.

KEVIN

Please?

AMY

No way.

She starts off with the others. Turns. Reconsiders. Heads back to Kevin.

KEVIN

Come on.

He takes her hand, they detour.

WITH THE MAIN GROUP

as Bjorn bumps along, ax over his shoulder. The guys are in one group, the girls another.

WITH KEVIN AND AMY

in the woods. They pause. Make out.

In the midst of a clinch, there's a LOUD CRUNCH.

AMY  
What was that?

KEVIN  
What?

AMY  
I heard something.

KEVIN  
Sure you did. Hey, let's take our clothes off.

AMY  
Are you crazy?

KEVIN  
Come on, there's nobody around.

Another LOUD CRUNCH.

Kevin begins to remove his shirt.

AMY  
(scolding)  
Kevin -- !

Bjorn appears.

KEVIN  
Great.

Bjorn waves them his way. Kevin shakes his head in dismay.

WITH THE MAIN GROUP

who are waiting by the lake. Bjorn appears with Kevin and Amy.

MR. STEVENS  
Thank you, Bjorn.  
(crosses to Kevin)  
Naughty, naughty. Stay with the group.  
(MORE)



MR. STEVENS (cont'd)

(turns to Amy)

I'm surprised at you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GIRLS' TENT - NIGHT

Amy and the other girls are getting ready for bed.

AMY

There's something creepy about that guy Bjorn. That ax, and the size of his head.

MARY ANN

What's creepy is Kevin, and I can't believe you snuck away with him.

AMY

I can.

Kevin sticks his head in.

KEVIN

Hey, girls. I came to tuck you in.

MARY ANN

Get lost, dumb wad.

KEVIN

Hey, come on, be nice. You might need me to rescue you.

MARY ANN

Bjorn will protect us, especially from the likes of you.

KEVIN

Ja, ja.

Mr. Stevens pokes his head in.

MR. STEVENS

I'm sure they are capable of tucking themselves in, Mr. Phillips.

He gestures -- out. Kevin exits.

MR. STEVENS

Everything okay in here?

The girls shrug.

MR. STEVENS

Bjorn will be patrolling, so you have nothing to fear from, among other things, your male counterparts. Good night, ladies.

Stay with Mr. Stevens as he heads back to his tent. He pauses when he sees the silhouette of Miss Rodriguez undressing inside her tent.

On the opposite side of that tent, Bjorn is watching that same silhouette, and becoming aroused.

Mr. Stevens pokes his head inside the tent.

MR. STEVENS

Hi. Just thought I'd look in. Everything okay?

Miss Rodriguez is dressed in a nightgown. She blushes.

MR. STEVENS

I don't believe I know your first name.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Louise.

MR. STEVENS

Louise. Jack. I don't want to embarrass you, but you look pretty.

She smiles.

MR. STEVENS

You married?

MISS RODRIGUEZ

Divorced.

MR. STEVENS

I'm with you there.

MISS RODRIGUEZ

You too?

He nods.

MR. STEVENS

I think we've got them all tucked in. Most of them anyway. Well, my tent is right next door, so if there are any problems, well, I'm there. Good night -- Louise.

A pause. They eye each other. Miss Rodriguez fools with her pajama top, slides her tongue alluringly over her lips. Stevens gets the message. Crosses, sits beside her on the cot.

He strokes her shoulder gently. They kiss.

Bjorn is watching this through the tent flap. Hot mouths feasting on each other.

Miss Rodriguez pulls Mr. Stevens down on top of her. They go at it hot and heavy.

WITH BJORN

as he watches Mr. Stevens go humpity hump, riding up and down on Miss Rodriguez, and mutters to himself -- "ja, ja."

CUT TO:

EXT. TENT - ELSEWHERE IN THE WOODS

To ESTABLISH.

INT. TENT

A couple of middle-aged campers, JOE and BETTY PERRY, are readying themselves for bed. Joe is in long pants and T-shirt. Betty is in her pajamas. She crawls into her sleeping bag.

BETTY

Joe?

JOE

I'm going for a smoke.

BETTY

I wish you wouldn't.

JOE

Well, I am.

Brief moment.

BETTY

You think we should be camping here? I mean, this is private property, isn't it?

JOE

What difference does it make? There's nobody around.

BETTY

What about that lodge up the road?

JOE

Did you see any signs of life?

Betty shrugs.

BETTY

I wish you'd brought a gun.

JOE

Why would I need a gun?

BETTY

I don't know, I'd just feel safer.

JOE

I don't feel unsafe. I mean, it's quiet. The tent is sealed.

Several beats.

BETTY

Joe?

JOE

Chill out. I'll be back in a few minutes.

He exits.

#### OUTSIDE THE TENT

Joe lights a cigarette, takes a drag. Restless, he paces. A RUSTLING SOUND comes from the bushes.

Another SOUND. A possum scurries into view and out of sight.

He shrugs, leans against the side of a tree, takes a drag on that cigarette. Yeah, that tastes good like a cigarette should. But this is the last drag he will ever take on that cigarette.

CRUNCH SOUND from the bushes, and an ax blade swoops furiously down and nails his neck, thwacking his head clean from its moorings, and sending it bouncing to the ground.

As it rolls around, the powerful hand of a large, shadowy FIGURE lifts it, looks it in the eye. But we cannot make out the identity of that shadowy figure.

#### IN THE TENT

Betty is getting a little edgy. Where is Joe? She squirms out of her sleeping bag, goes outside.

BETTY

Joe? Joe?

She starts to wander, a fatal mistake.

CRUNCH SOUND in the bushes. That same giant, shadowy figure with huge shoulders, stares out of the darkness at her.

BETTY

Joe?

The figure advances on her.

BETTY

Stay away from me.

She turns, retreats in the direction of the tent at a run. Scrambles inside.

IN THE TENT

she tries to zip the entrance flap shut, fumbling wildly.

A HUGE HAND reaches in and grabs her by the hair, dragging her outside. She SCREAMS. A sharp blade swings down and chops her head from its moorings, and it tumbles to the ground, rolls around.

Her body twitches wildly, legs shaking, as blood spurts out. Then falls quiet.

CUT TO:

INT. GUYS' TENT

The four of them are arrayed in sleeping bags on the ground. Brad stirs. Pokes Kevin.

BRAD

Hey -- hey, Kevin. You hear that?  
(off a groggy look)  
Somebody screamed.

KEVIN

Right.

He turns back over.

BRAD

Someone screamed, I heard it. Wake up.

Kevin waves him off, rolls over.

BRAD

It sounded like a woman. Kevin, don't pull this.  
Someone screamed, something's going on out there.

Kevin ignores him.

BRAD

Suppose it was Amy, okay? Just suppose.

KEVIN

Go to sleep.

BRAD

I'm telling you, I heard something. I'm gonna check it out.

He starts to leave.

KEVIN

Hey -- wait a minute.

BRAD

Something's going on. You gonna get your ass up?

KEVIN

You don't really want to do this. It's chilly out there.

BRAD

You're right. I didn't hear anything. Nobody screamed. It was all a dream.

KEVIN

If I do this, you owe me big time.

BRAD

Humor me. Kev, I definitely heard someone scream.

KEVIN

This better be good.

Kevin extracts himself from his sleeping bag. They grab flashlights, exit.

EXT. LAKE - NIGHT

A hulking, shadowy FIGURE with massive shoulders dumps Joe and Betty's corpses at the edge of the lake. He flings the heads first. Then drags the bodies in.

BACK TO BRAD AND KEVIN

who emerge from their tent.

BRAD

It came from over there.

They move into the woods. It's plenty dark.

Deeper into the woods they go, circling beside the lake. Brad halts beside a tree -- notices a streak of red on it.

BRAD

Kevin -- look at this.

Kevin joins him.

Brad rubs his fingers there. Sniffs them.

BRAD

Blood.

Kevin does likewise.

BRAD

(eyes the ground)

Look.

There are drag marks along the ground.

BRAD

Goes that way.

They follow the marks through the woods. The drag marks lead right up to the lake.

BRAD

They lead right into the lake.

They hold a look.

KEVIN

No way. I'm not going in there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE - FOLLOWING MORNING

Mr. Stevens, Brad and Kevin stand next to the tree where the two boys found the bloodstains.

BRAD

There were bloodstains here. I don't get it, they were right here.

He scratches his chin.

BRAD

There's more. This way.

He leads them to the edge of the lake.

BRAD

There were marks along the ground, as though something had been dragged. They went right up to the water.

Stevens folds his arms, skeptical.

KEVIN

We're not making this up.

MR. STEVENS

If there were marks, why aren't there any now?

BRAD

I don't know. But they were there.

KEVIN

We didn't imagine this. Someone should check it out.

MR. STEVENS

Check what out? No blood, no marks -- you think you saw or heard something. What, we should call the authorities? There's no evidence.

KEVIN

Our word is evidence.

MR. STEVENS

Oh please.

KEVIN

Mr. Stevens, something bad is happening here.

MR. STEVENS

Yes. I think it's called, I'm taking you too seriously. I don't know about you, but I'm hungry. Time for breakfast.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMP SITE - SAME

The kids are gathered around a fire eating hot oatmeal out of mess kits. Kevin's sitting next to Amy. Amy shoves a spoonful of oatmeal into her mouth.

AMY

Yum -- oatmeal, cooked over an open fire.

KEVIN

This sucks. It tastes like glue. I'm not into this great outdoors thing.

Pause.

KEVIN

Look, I don't want to freak you, but there's something going on around here.

AMY

You can say that again.

KEVIN

I'm serious. We heard a scream last night. And there were bloodstains.

AMY

Kevin?



KEVIN

It's not one of my gags. I'm serious. If you don't believe me, ask Brad.

Mr. Stevens comes over.

MR. STEVENS

Enjoying ourselves?

KEVIN

Yes and no, mostly no. This tastes like glue.

He pats Kevin on the back.

MR. STEVENS

Eat up, good for you.

He exits.

KEVIN

Just be careful, okay?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAKE - AFTERNOON

It's swim time. The four girls are poised on a large wooden float in the middle of the lake, decked out in bathing suits, bikinis, caps. A couple of rowboats are tethered to the float.

Kevin and Brad are patrolling the edge of the lake in an old rowboat, poking around in the water with an oar, trying to dig up evidence of foul play. Brad's at the oars. The other two guys are swimming not far from shore.

PULL BACK to reveal this scene from the POV of someone watching them from the woods. Someone huge, with broad shoulders, very much like Bjorn. We can't make out his features, only the dark silhouette of his bulk. After a few moments, he vanishes with a rustle of the bushes.

Mr. Stevens and Miss Rodriguez occupy lawn chairs, watching the proceedings.

BACK TO THE GIRLS

Amy waves from the float, trying to get Kevin's attention.

AMY

Kevin???

Kevin looks up. Amy shakes her hips provocatively.

Kevin waves.

KEVIN

Move over.

He takes the oars, guides the boat in the direction of the girls.

As the boat approaches the float, Amy dives into the water, swims over to it.

AMY  
Water's warm. Come on in.

She disappears under the water, comes up on the other side of the boat.

Kevin pokes at her with an oar. Again, she dives under.

He puts the oar back in its lock. Prepares to row. Then he feels something heavy at the other end of the oar.

KEVIN  
Great.

Amy surfaces on the other side of the boat.

KEVIN  
Very funny.

AMY  
Aren't you gonna come in?

KEVIN  
There's something caught on the oar. See if you can free it.

She dives under. Surfaces several beats later in a panic.

AMY  
Omigod.

KEVIN  
What?

AMY  
Kevin --

KEVIN  
What is it?

She's petrified.

KEVIN  
(to Brad)  
Gimme a hand.

Kevin and Brad work the oar out of its lock, then lift it out of the water. What should be dangling from it by strands of human hair but JOE'S HEAD!

Amy screams!

The oar slips out of Kevin's hand, and flops into the water. They grab for it.

ON THE SHORE

Mr. Stevens and Miss Rodriguez, watching from lawn chairs, react to the scream.

Stevens rises to his feet.

MR. STEVENS

Where's Bjorn? Bjorn!?

Bjorn emerges from the woods, approaches.

MR. STEVENS

Bjorn -- get out there. Hurry!

Bjorn strips out of his tee-shirt, dashes for the water.

IN THE BOAT

Kevin and Brad secure the oar, which is suddenly no longer encumbered.

Bjorn swims furiously out to the boat. He reaches Kevin, who points.

KEVIN

Down there. There's something there.

Bjorn seems puzzled.

KEVIN

Well, go on.

Bjorn dives under.

Tension builds. Kevin and Amy exchange freaked looks.

Long moments pass, and no Bjorn. Finally, after what seems an eternity, Bjorn surfaces. He's got something dangling from his right hand, and it looks like a man's head.

Only it's not. It is a clump of weeds and twigs in the shape of a head.

Kevin and Brad exchange looks. Kevin shakes his head in frustration.

Bjorn looks puzzled.

KEVIN

Head.

Bjorn points to what he's holding.

KEVIN

No.

(points to his head)

Human head.

Kevin points down. Bjorn again dives under, continues his search.

KEVIN

(to Amy)  
Get in the boat.

They drag her into the boat.

ON THE FLOAT

the other girls are freaking.

KRISTIN

What's going on?

MARY ANN

I don't know.

CAROLINE

What is it?

Mary Ann shakes her head.

Bjorn resurfaces, empty-handed. He throws up his hands in frustration.

KEVIN

Great.

He turns the boat around and heads back to shore.

AMY

Kevin?

KEVIN

I told you there was weird shit going on.

AMY

That was someone's head.

The boat reaches the shallows. Amy, Kevin and Brad come ashore.

KEVIN

(to Stevens)  
Are you happy -- someone's head is floating in the lake.

MR. STEVENS

You must be crazy.

KEVIN

I'm telling you, there's a head out there. A human head.

AMY

He's telling the truth. It was awful. Its eyes were just staring. It was gross.

MR. STEVENS

Are you putting me on?

KEVIN

Are you crazy? There's someone's head in the lake, it caught the end of the oar. We are not making this up.

Bjorn emerges from water.

MR. STEVENS

Bjorn? Was there something out there?

Bjorn shrugs.

KEVIN

He's no help. You need to call the police.

MR. STEVENS

This better not be a stunt.

KEVIN

You think I'd kid about something like this?

MR. STEVENS

Yes -- yes, I think you would.

Kevin turns to Brad.

KEVIN

Come on, man.

AMY

What about me?

KEVIN

(cynically)

Don't worry, I'll protect you.

He heads off angry in the direction of the lodge. Brad follows him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - LODGE - DAY

Brad appears in Kevin's doorway.

BRAD

You ready?

Kevin nods. They exit.

Amy catches up to them in the hallway.

AMY  
Where are you going?

KEVIN  
None of your business.

AMY  
I want to come.

KEVIN  
No can do. Amy, look, you gotta chill.

AMY  
Kevin?

KEVIN  
We'll be back in a little while. It's best this way.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LODGE

Kevin and Brad exit and head into woods. Several beats.

Two COP CARS swing into the drive, and two pairs of officers get out. They enter the lodge.

INT. LODGE

The COPS meet up with Stevens.

MR. STEVENS  
Kids say they saw something in the lake. It would put us all at ease if you'd check it out.

Amy comes over.

AMY  
It was a head. Someone's head.

FIRST COP  
Are you kidding me?

AMY  
No.

FIRST COP  
(to Stevens)  
She's kidding right?

AMY  
I'm not kidding.

FIRST COP

There's a head in the lake -- a human head?

AMY

That's right.

FIRST COP

What would a head be doing in the lake?

MR. STEVENS

Look, it would just put everyone's mind at ease if you would check it out.

FIRST COP

Okay.

EXT. BEACH - LAKE

The two Cops get into a rowboat. Amy gives them directions.

AMY

See that float?

The Cops nod.

AMY

It was out there, right next to the float.

The Cops head by boat out into the lake, First Cop at the oars.

FIRST COP

This is crazy, right?  
(off a nod)  
High school kids.

Their boat reaches the float.

SECOND COP

Now what?

FIRST COP

Get hold of the side there. I'll prod around with an oar, I guess.

The First Cop prods with the oar in the water. Nothing.

SECOND COP

How long we supposed to keep this up?

FIRST COP

It's stupid if you ask me.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Kevin and Brad are standing in front of the tree that had the blood stains.

KEVIN

There has to be something around here, some kind of sign. You go in that direction. I'll go the other way.

They separate, start through the woods in opposite directions.

After a time, Brad spots something. Shouts to his friend.

BRAD

Kevin?

Kevin makes his way back through the trees. Brad points to something in a small clearing. It's Joe and Betty's abandoned tent.

They move to investigate, exchange questioning looks.

KEVIN

Anyone home?!

No response. Brad spies partially torn tent flap.

KEVIN

Look at this.

They peer inside. Two empty sleeping bags.

Betty's purse is in the corner. Kevin appropriates it, checks for her wallet.

KEVIN

"Elizabeth Perry." Boston.

BRAD

Beds don't look slept in.

Kevin examines driver's license again.

KEVIN

Come on.

Kevin and Brad make their way in the direction of the lodge. Through the trees, they see a hunched figure beside the lake.

The figure is splitting a felled tree with an ax. It's Bjorn.

CLOSE ON Bjorn, happily grunting away, chopping wood.

Kevin and Brad observe this for a time. Exchange suspicious looks, then move on.

DISSOLVE TO:



## INT. LODGE

Kevin and Brad enter. Stevens observes this. Most of the other kids are upstairs in their rooms.

MR. STEVENS

Go for a little walk, did we?

KEVIN

We need to talk.

They move to one side.

KEVIN

We found this tent. It was empty except for two sleeping bags, which looked like they hadn't been slept in.

MR. STEVENS

And?

KEVIN

Did you hear what I said?

MR. STEVENS

So there are other campers out there.

KEVIN

Last night there were screams and blood. Today we saw a head in the lake. Now we find an empty tent. Do the math.

MR. STEVENS

You're really getting carried away.

KEVIN

There's something fishy going on. If we don't find out what it is, we might all be in jeopardy.

MR. STEVENS

If it will put your mind at ease, the police just left.

(off a surprised look)

They checked the lake -- nothing.

KEVIN

There's something there, there's definitely something there. And if you think I'm sleeping out there tonight, you're nuts.

MR. STEVENS

I thought you were such a brave soul.

KEVIN

I'm not a fool. We didn't imagine those bloodstains.

MR. STEVENS

Be that as it may, you are cordially invited to join us  
on a nature hike in about --  
(checks his watch)  
-- forty-five minutes.

KEVIN

You can keep your nature hike.

MR. STEVENS

Amy will be joining us.

KEVIN

You can't con me.  
(to Brad)  
Come on.

He and Brad head upstairs, stop in the doorway to Kevin's room.

KEVIN

Laptop time. You check on Bjorn. I'll see about  
Elizabeth Perry.

They separate. Kevin enters his room, finds laptop, boots it up. Finds Elizabeth Perry  
and her phone number.

He whips out his cell phone.

KEVIN

(into phone)  
Hello, I'd like to speak to Elizabeth Perry, please --  
who is this I'm speaking to? Yes, well, is your mother  
by any chance away on a camping trip? I don't have  
time to explain. We came across some of her belongings  
in a campsite. Have you heard from her? If you hear  
from her, please call me. We're at a place in Vermont  
called Harrington's Lodge. My name is Kevin.

Amy appears in the doorway.

AMY

Who was that?

KEVIN

Just someone.

AMY

Are you keeping secrets from me?

KEVIN

I wouldn't keep secrets from you. Amy -- we share  
everything. Well, don't I wish.

AMY

Why aren't you coming on the hike?

KEVIN

Because it might be dangerous?

AMY

Why would it be dangerous?

KEVIN

It's not dangerous. I just have some things to do.

AMY

So I have to be all alone?

KEVIN

Amy, you'll have Mr. Stevens and the other students to keep you company. This is important.

AMY

I'm angry that you're not paying attention to me.

KEVIN

I am paying attention to you. But there's something going on here, and I'm not giving up until I know what it is. This is important.

AMY

And I'm not?

KEVIN

Every time I try to get really close to you, you rebuff me. Now suddenly when I don't make advances, you get mad. I can't win.

AMY

You want me to do something I might regret, that's all you want.

KEVIN

Amy, please.

He starts to exit.

AMY

Where are you going?

She follows him to Brad's room, where Brad is sitting on his bed, laptop open.

BRAD

You won't believe this.

They move to Brad.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN THERE'S A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE:

**SUSPECT ARRAIGNED IN WIFE BEHEADING**

BRAD

Bjorn Lindstrom. Sound familiar?

KEVIN

Fuck.

BRAD

His lawyer claims it was an accident.

KEVIN

Like that head in the water, huh?

BRAD

I think we need to show this to Stevens.

KEVIN

No. First I think we need to go out on the lake and do a little fishing.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MAIN ROOM - LODGE

Stevens and the students are grouped together preparing for their nature walk. Kevin approaches Stevens.

KEVIN

Is there any fishing equipment around, Mr. Stevens?

MR. STEVENS

Fishing equipment?

KEVIN

Rods and reels, that sort of thing?

MR. STEVENS

Why do you ask?

KEVIN

We'd prefer to do a little fishing instead of going on your nature walk.

MR. STEVENS

What's the matter, the hike too strenuous for you?

KEVIN

No.

MR. STEVENS

You want to do some more poking around.

KEVIN

Possibly.

MR. STEVENS

You don't give up without a fight, do you. What are you going to use for equipment?

Kevin gestures to Brad. Brad hold up rods.

KEVIN

Found them in a closet off the rec room.

Harold comes over.

HAROLD

Hey.

KEVIN

Butt out, worm face.

HAROLD

Nice rods. You mind?

KEVIN

Yes, I mind. Get lost.

MR. STEVENS

Gentlemen --

KEVIN

(to Harold)

You're not invited.

HAROLD

I love fishing.

KEVIN

You love nature hikes even more, isn't that right, Mr. Stevens?

MR. STEVENS

Come on, Harold. We'll leave them to their angling.

He winks at Kevin.

HAROLD

Aw man.

KEVIN

Go and enjoy nature.

Amy approaches.

AMY  
Kevin?

KEVIN  
You go and enjoy the sights too.

AMY  
I want to go fishing with you.

KEVIN  
Two to a boat. Sorry.

AMY  
All right, that's it for you.

She exits in a huff.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE

Brad and Kevin climb into rowboat, fishing tackle at the ready. They push off, with Brad at the oars.

The other kids are grouped beside the lake. Kevin waves to them. Amy frowns.

Brad steers the boat in the direction of the float.

They reach the middle of the lake.

KEVIN  
Right here, this is good.

Brad maneuvers oars into the boat. Rests hands against oarlocks.

Kevin dangles a metal Red Devil lure from the end of his line.

KEVIN  
Let's see what this little baby can scare up.

He casts lure with spinning rod. It splashes in water. Again, he waves to other kids, smiles.

ON THE SHORE

Mr. Stevens leads his charges on a path at the edge of the lake, taking in the beauties of nature.

MR. STEVENS  
This is the forest primeval, all right. Who among you can quote more of that poem?

HAROLD  
I can, Mr. Stevens.

MR. STEVENS

All right, Harold. We're listening.

HAROLD

The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, bearded with moss and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight.

MR. STEVENS

Well done.

DWIGHT

That's Evangeline, Mr. Stevens, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

MR. STEVENS

Right. And who was Evangeline, Mr. Clarke?

HAROLD

I know -- an Acadian girl in search of her lost love, Mr. Stevens.

MR. STEVENS

And what was Acadia?

HAROLD

A French settlement in the Canadian Maritime provinces.

MR. STEVENS

Very good. Are you in search of a lost love, Harold? Is there anyone not in search of one? . . . Something to contemplate as we investigate the murmuring pines. This way.

They veer off into the woods.

IN THE BOAT

Brad continues to dangle his hand over the side, as Kevin reels in his line.

KEVIN

I think I hooked something.

IN THE WATER

next to the oarlock, a hand and its forearm come to the surface. They aren't attached to a body. The hand is open, and it seems to be reaching for something as it draws closer to Brad's.

The hand curls itself around Brad's wrist.

BRAD

Christ, something's got me, something's got me!

Kevin turns.

BRAD  
Oh shit -- get it off, get it off!

Kevin sets rod aside, moves to Brad.

KEVIN  
Christ. Hold still.

But as he reaches for it, the hand releases its grip, and disappears beneath the surface.

KEVIN  
Gimme the oar -- quick.

They trade places, as Kevin loosens oar from its lock.

KEVIN  
Lean that way.

He prods around with the oar in the water.

BRAD  
(highly agitated)  
What the hell was it?

KEVIN  
Stop moving. Hold still.

He dips oar into the water, makes a swipe with it. Comes up empty.

KEVIN  
Damn.

He tries again. Nothing. He replaces oar in its lock.

KEVIN  
Give me that fishing rod.

Brad passes it over. Kevin works reel.

KEVIN  
There's something on here.

He reels it in, lifts it out of the water. Stuck in with a bunch weeds is a wallet.

He extracts the wallet from the weeds, opens it. There's a driver's license photo ID -- for Joseph Perry.

KEVIN  
You won't believe this.

He hands license to Brad.



BRAD

Oh God.

KEVIN

This is something for the police.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LODGE - DAY

Kevin's on the phone to the police.

KEVIN

Yes, we found an abandoned campsite with a woman's purse, and we just found her husband's wallet in the lake. You better check this out.

He ends call.

BRAD

What did they say?

KEVIN

They said they just got back from checking out the lake. They sound pissed.

BRAD

So?

KEVIN

They're sending someone out. I don't see how they can argue with something like this.

SOUNDS of others returning come up from below. Kevin and Brad head downstairs.

Kevin approaches Stevens.

KEVIN

Mr. Stevens? We need to talk.

They move to one side.

KEVIN

We found this in the lake.

Stevens examines driver's license.

MR. STEVENS

Photo ID.

KEVIN

The name matches the last name of the woman in the empty tent. I called the cops.

MR. STEVENS

They were here, you know.

KEVIN

I know, you told us. We saw something else out there too.

MR. STEVENS

I dare not even ask what.

KEVIN

We dare not bother to trouble you with it. Just someone's arm kind of floating around.

(off a look)

Brad handled it.

MR. STEVENS

Brad?

BRAD

Something came out of the water and grabbed me -- sort of.

MR. STEVENS

It grabbed you?

BRAD

Sort of. But it's okay, I know you don't believe me.

MR. STEVENS

If true, this is quite disturbing.

KEVIN

Getting more so by the minute.

MR. STEVENS

All right, Mr. Phillips, I believe you shall get your wish -- we sleep inside the lodge tonight. Probably just as well, I thought we might have a dance.

KEVIN

A dance?

MR. STEVENS

I found an old record player and some 45s. Sounds like it would be fun, doesn't it?

KEVIN

You want to have a dance?

MR. STEVENS

You remember those -- boys and girls holding each other close to the music.

KEVIN

You want to have a dance, at a time like this? Man, this gets freakier by the minute.

Amy comes over.

AMY

Hi, Kevin. We missed you on the hike.

KEVIN

I missed you.

AMY

You're probably just saying that.

KEVIN

Yes, I probably am.

AMY

(pissed)  
Kevin!

KEVIN

Amy, come on -- you know how I feel about you.

AMY

Are you going to dance with me tonight?

KEVIN

Of course I am.

AMY

If you don't, I'll never speak to you again.

KEVIN

I wouldn't miss it for the world.

SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS. The kids exchange surprised looks.

KEVIN

Excuse me.

He heads out front way, followed by Brad. Two POLICE OFFICERS emerge from black and white.

KEVIN

Hi. I'm the one who phoned.

(produces wallet)

We found this.

FIRST COP examines it.

FIRST COP

Joseph Perry.

KEVIN

We found an Elizabeth Perry ID in the abandoned campsite. We figured husband and wife.

FIRST COP

Where is this campsite?

KEVIN

About half a mile that way.

FIRST COP

Show us.

They head off into the woods.

CUT TO:

EXT. ABANDONED TENT

Kevin and Brad approach tent with cops.

KEVIN

In there.

The cops go inside.

INT. TENT

As the cops enter, Kevin's voice can be heard:

KEVIN

In the corner.

The cops appropriate pocketbook, inspect it. Find the wife's photo ID. Exchange looks.

They exit tent.

FIRST COP

So what exactly happened here last night?

KEVIN

We heard a scream. Actually, he did. When we went to investigate, we found bloodstains and marks on the ground.

FIRST COP

Bloodstains?

KEVIN

That's right.

FIRST COP

You better show us.

Kevin leads cops to scene of stains.

KEVIN

(points)

Right there, on the side of that tree.

The Cops examine the tree trunk. Shrug.

BRAD

It's not there now, but it was definitely there last night.  
We both saw it.

FIRST COP

You mentioned marks?

KEVIN

Yeah. They led way.

They move off in the direction of the lake, halt at waterside.

KEVIN

They ended here.

FIRST COP

Right into the lake.

KEVIN

Right.

FIRST COP

That does seem suspicious, in light of the driver's license  
you found.

(to second cop)

Radio this in. I'll have a look around. There figures to  
be a parked car around here somewhere.

They return to the tent.

FIRST COP

(to Kevin and Brad)

You go with the officer.

Second Cop and boys head back to the lodge. The First Cop enters the tent.

INT. TENT

First Cop looks around, inspects sleeping bags. Exits tent.

EXT. TENT

First Cop looks around, starts off through woods. Huge, dark, hulking shoulders, viewed from behind, are watching at a distance. There's a GLEAMING AX BLADE poised over one of them.

The cop moves slowly through the trees, hears a RUSTLING SOUND. Turns. Nothing.

He notices something through the trees -- in a small clearing, a parked car.

He moves to the parked car. Halts. Senses someone's watching him. Looks around. Nothing.

The car door is locked. He circles the car, studies the license plate. Takes out a pad and jots down the number.

CRUNCH SOUND in the bushes.

He looks up. Nothing. Continues to peruse the car for a time, then turns and starts back the way he came.

As he moves through the trees, he sees a dark silhouette up ahead of him. Large.

He halts.

FIRST COP

Who's there?

No response. The huge, hulking figure is stationary. The cop starts to his right, mindful of the hulking figure.

He turns. The figure has disappeared.

He feels a sense of relief, continues on. The trees grow thicker.

A pause, he looks around. It isn't yet twilight, but there's a sense of darkness slowly encroaching.

CRUNCH SOUND behind him.

He turns, but not in time to elude a huge hand, which grabs him by the throat and pushes him backward to the ground.

He can't make out the features of the giant who stands over him, but he can discern that sharp, gleaming ax blade as it comes down on him, severing his head from his body.

He lets out an AGONIZED SCREAM. And that ax isn't done yet. Chop-chop-chop! Limbs are severed and sliced, blood spurts wildly -- the giant ax-man is on a carnage spree.

The cop's body lies there in the woods, after the giant has finished his work, hacked to a bloody pulp. Indeed, this is the forest primeval, or more properly put -- prime-evil.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PATROL CAR OUTSIDE LODGE

Second Cop on police radio.

## SECOND COP

Joseph and Elizabeth Perry. That's right, Boston. . .  
Frank's checking the area now.

He ends call. Whips out cell phone, dials First Cop. Puts it on speaker phone. Waits. It goes to voice mail.

## FIRST COP VOICEMAIL

You've reached Officer Frank Wilson. Please leave a message.

## SECOND COP

Frank, it's Ed. How come you got your phone off?  
All right, I'm headed back your way.

He starts out through the woods.

CUT TO:

## EXT. CAMP SITE

Bjorn is inspecting the flap of the empty tent. The Second Cop emerges from the woods, can't help noticing Bjorn's ax.

## SECOND COP

Who are you?

## BJORN

Bjorn -- ja.

## SECOND COP

Where is the other officer?

Bjorn shrugs.

## SECOND COP

You live around here?

Bjorn points.

## SECOND COP

The lodge?

## BJORN

Ja.

## SECOND COP

You're with the tour group.

## BJORN

Tour group, ja.

## SECOND COP

Did you see another policeman here?

Bjorn shakes his head.

The Second Cop starts out through the woods. Bjorn is watching. He lifts the ax off his shoulder, eyes that gleaming blade. Ja.

WITH THE SECOND COP

as he spies the car through the trees, advances on it.

He halts as he emerges into the clearing, spies the chopped bloody remains on the ground.

SECOND COP

Oh Christ.

He moves to the remains, realizes it's his partner.

SECOND COP

Omigod. Frank.

He kneels, can't believe his eyes.

SECOND COP

Omigod.

He rises, takes backward step. Pauses. Whips out his cell phone, but a moment too late.

A huge hand grabs his throat from behind, and an ax blade whirs through the air. It's too late for prayers, as the Second Cop's neck is sliced clean through, and the ax continues to chop away, blood spurting everywhere.

Legs thrash, cries for mercy are heard, but it's no use. A few more swipes, and the Second Cop is a bloody pulp on the ground.

Four down, ten to go -- ja, ja.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HALL - LODGE

A few kids are milling around shooting pool. The others are upstairs in their rooms.

INT. KEVIN'S ROOM

He and Brad are hanging out on Kevin's bunk. Harold appears in the doorway.

KEVIN

What are you doing here, nerdo?

HAROLD

There's a library downstairs, did you know that?

KEVIN

So what?



HAROLD

Just thought you might be interested.

KEVIN

We're not. Beat it.

HAROLD

There was a crazy guy who lived here. A psycho nut.  
I found it in a book.

KEVIN

So?

HAROLD

You know that stuff on the lake?

KEVIN

Yeah.

HAROLD

I thought it might be connected to this nut, I mean if  
you believe the lake stuff.

KEVIN

Where did you see this?

HAROLD

I have the book. It's in my room.

INT. HAROLD'S ROOM

The book is on his bed. Old. Leather binding.

HAROLD

I marked the place.

Kevin crosses to Harold's bunk, picks up the book. Scrutinizes the title: HARRINGTON  
FAMILY HISTORY. Examines the binding.

He opens the book, examines front matter, then turns to the page Harold has dog-eared.

BRAD

What is it?

KEVIN

It's kind of like a diary -- of the people who owned this  
place.

HAROLD

Read about the son. Where I marked it. His name  
was Logan. The son was crazy.

KEVIN

". . . He was outsized as a child, six foot five by the age of thirteen, and prone to fits of extreme rage and violence. . ." When was this written?

He checks first and last pages of book.

KEVIN

The last entry is dated fifteen years ago. Which raises the question, where is he now?

Harold leans in.

HAROLD

He's in a nuthouse. Here.

He opens to dog-eared page, thumbs forward a couple of pages.

HAROLD

(points)

There.

Kevin examines the text.

KEVIN

They sent him to a place called Pembroke. Doesn't say where it is. Harold, I have to give you credit. Now you can go back to being a dick.

(to Brad)

Come on.

Brad follows Kevin back to his room. Kevin boots up his laptop.

KEVIN

Pembroke. . .

(surfs)

. . . Let's see -- ah, I think I've got it. Pembroke Mental Asylum.

BRAD

What does it say?

KEVIN

This is no help.

BRAD

It must say something.

KEVIN

It says they closed their doors five years ago.

BRAD

So what happened to what's-his-name?

KEVIN

Yeah, wouldn't you like to know. I doubt we're going to find the answer.

Mr. Stevens sticks his head in.

MR. STEVENS

Dinner in half an hour, gentlemen. Miss Rodriguez and I are cooking pasta. I hope that meets with your approval.

KEVIN

(tinged with sarcasm)

Sounds terrific.

Stevens disappears.

BRAD

You think there's a tie-in between this guy in Pembroke and what's been going on?

KEVIN

Possible. But I think it's that pinhead with the ax. He's always off God knows where chopping wood. If that's the only thing he's chopping.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LODGE - 6:00 PM

The kids are sitting down to their meal, seated around a long dining table -- guys along one side, girls opposite.

Mr. Stevens approaches Kevin.

MR. STEVENS

Mr. Phillips, might I have a word with you?

He takes Kevin aside.

MR. STEVENS

That police car is still sitting out front. It's been quite some time since the officer left. Doesn't that seem a little odd?

KEVIN

(blithely)

It does seem a little strange, doesn't it.

MR. STEVENS

How might we explain it?

KEVIN

We?

MR. STEVENS

Could it take that much time to process a crime scene?

KEVIN

A crime scene -- who knows?

MR. STEVENS

I just wondered.

They hold a look.

KEVIN

I know what you're thinking, and I'm not going out there, so forget about it.

MR. STEVENS

Would I presume?

KEVIN

Yes -- yes, you would. You haven't believed a word I've told you all day, and now suddenly you want me to stick my neck out. I'm not going out in those woods, especially in the dark.

MR. STEVENS

But it's still light out.

KEVIN

I'm not going. Forget it.

Pause.

KEVIN

My compliments to the chef -- the dinner was delicious.

Kevin returns to the table.

BRAD

What was that all about?

KEVIN

Oh -- nothing.

He waves to Amy on the opposite side of the table. She throws him a frown.

BRAD

What's with her?

KEVIN

I've been neglecting her. Isn't it a pity?

He waves again. Amy vouchsafes a little wave.

BRAD  
So, you coming to the dance?

KEVIN  
I wouldn't miss it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KEVIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

He's combing his hair in front of a mirror.

KEVIN  
You devil.

Brad comes in.

BRAD  
Hey -- I look okay?

KEVIN  
Yeah. Me?

BRAD  
You look debonair.

KEVIN  
Right.

They exit room to balcony. Below them, music is playing, oldies and 50s stuff, on a small record player, and there are strobe lights set up. Chairs have been set up on either side of the dance floor. Kids are idling there.

Harold appears.

HAROLD  
Hey.

KEVIN  
Hey, pimple face. Ready to chase the girls?

Amy appears, in jeans and blouse.

AMY  
Kevin?

Kevin whistles.

AMY  
I thought you might wish to escort me to the dance floor.

KEVIN  
Aren't I the lucky one.

AMY

Kevin!

KEVIN

Take it easy. I'd be honored to escort you.

Kevin throws Brad a little look. Kevin extends his arm, and Amy takes it. They head downstairs.

## OUTSIDE THE LODGE

a huge hulking figure looks in at the windows, watching the kids. He has massive shoulders, but we only see him from the back. It could be Bjorn; it could be anyone. But one thing is for sure -- he's holding an ax.

## BACK TO SCENE

Mr. Stevens buttonholes Kevin again.

MR. STEVENS

Mr. Phillips. Welcome to the dance. Miss Peters, you look lovely. You can see we put together some lights and music as best we could. Uh, I'm still a bit concerned about that police car out front. You wouldn't by any chance be willing to go back to the campsite to investigate?

KEVIN

I reiterate, I wouldn't.

MR. STEVENS

I know how courageous you are. Aren't you just a trifle curious?

KEVIN

No. But I know how curious you are. You go out there and check on them. I know you can do it.

MR. STEVENS

I suppose there isn't any need to become overanxious.

KEVIN

If you're worried, why don't you call the police?

MR. STEVENS

I might just do that.

He exits.

AMY

What was that about?

KEVIN

Those two cops. I'm not sticking my neck out. I think he's beginning to realize I was right. There's something going on out there. Promise me you won't go outside, okay?

AMY

Not even to smooch in the moonlight?

KEVIN

We can smooch inside. There's something going on out there, and it's not good.

AMY

Come on, let's dance.

They move to dance floor.

There are nervous guys on one side of the floor, nervous girls on the other.

BRAD

(to Harold)

What's the matter, pimple worm, afraid to make your move?

HAROLD

Look who's talking.

BRAD

All right.

He crosses floor to Mary Ann.

BRAD

Care to dance?

MARY ANN

With you?

BRAD

No, with Robert Redford.

MARY ANN

Well -- okay.

They move out onto dance floor. Brad throws Harold a holier-than-thou look.

Harold's trying to get up the courage to ask Caroline to dance. They are both on the nerdy side.

They eye each other. She crosses to him.

CAROLINE

Hi, Harold.

Uh -- hi. HAROLD

Music's nice. CAROLINE

Yeah. HAROLD

Lights and everything. CAROLINE  
(a pause)  
So?

So? HAROLD

Harold? CAROLINE

You -- want to dance? HAROLD

Of course I want to dance. CAROLINE

With me? HAROLD

No, with Brad Pitt. Yes, with you. CAROLINE

Honest? HAROLD

Don't be a jerk. CAROLINE

She grabs his hand, drags him onto the dance floor.

Don't step on my feet. CAROLINE

They dance in each other's arms to slow music. Harold and Brad eye each other as they pass on the dance floor. Sweet revenge.

#### OUTSIDE THE LODGE

Eyes are keeping watch. Huge hulking shoulders. As the 60s soft rock music plays -- "I'm a traveling man, made a lot of stops, all over the world. . ."

#### BACK TO SCENE

Dance couples sway. Off to one side, Mr. Stevens is on the phone with the police.



MR. STEVENS

Yes. The two officers you sent out to the lodge -- their car is still parked out front. I don't know, that's why I'm calling you. Okay.

He ends call. Crosses floor to Miss Rodriguez.

MR. STEVENS

Nice, huh?

She nods. They eye each other. He extends his arm.

MR. STEVENS

Shall we?

She blushes. They move out onto dance floor and sway in each other's arms. This brings snickering and finger-pointing from some of the kids on the sidelines.

WITH CAROLINE AND HAROLD

CAROLINE

It's stuffy in here. But the music is nice.

Harold is awkward and oafish, and his dance skills are primitive, but somehow the softness of the music in the summer night hides many sins.

CAROLINE

Do you want to go outside?

Harold finds it hard to believe what he's hearing. And that's not the only thing that's feeling hard.

HAROLD

I -- don't know.

CAROLINE

You don't know if you want to go outside and make out with me?

HAROLD

I'm --

CAROLINE

I think you might have issues with self-esteem, Harold. True, you're a pimply nerd with foul breath, but you do have your attributes. I mean, at least you don't have an attitude. I can't stand it when guys have an attitude. So, you want to take this outside?

HAROLD

I guess.

CAROLINE

Stop guessing.

She takes his hand, drags him off the dance floor. They exit the lodge through the back door.

Giant shoulders watch as they emerge.

CAROLINE

Are you afraid, Harold?

HAROLD

Afraid?

CAROLINE

Of making out with me? You do know what making out is?

HAROLD

Sure.

CAROLINE

I shouldn't have to be walking you through this.

HAROLD

I don't know, it's just that -- I just feel kind of awkward.

CAROLINE

Don't be a dick. Are you going to make out with me or not?

(a beat)

Harold, no self-respecting girl in a million years is going to ask a pimple-face like you to make out with her. I should get a merit badge for this.

HAROLD

If that's the case, why are you doing it?

CAROLINE

It isn't some evil plot, Harold. I'm not particularly fond of acne blotches, I'll be right up front with you about that. Maybe it's something in the Vermont night. And maybe I've lost my mind. I do have hormones.

They eye each other.

CAROLINE

Do you believe that man is the master of his fate, Harold?

HAROLD

I never thought about it.

CAROLINE

Think now. You have that chance. Don't let it slip away.

HAROLD

Caroline, I --

CAROLINE

I'm going to go for a walk, Harold. Make up your mind. When I come back, if you don't hold up your end of the bargain I'm going to spit in your face and never talk to you again. Think about that.

She moves off, into the darkness, under the trees. A fatal mistake, as a giant hulking shadow slips around and makes its way in her direction.

Caroline contemplates the summer night, hears a noise behind her.

CAROLINE

Harold?

But it's not Harold that appears before her in dark silhouette.

CAROLINE

Harold?

She moves forward toward the giant shadow.

CAROLINE

You're not Harold.

But a huge hand thrusts out, grabbing her by the throat and pushing her down onto the hard ground.

She SCREAMS, but not soon enough to be spared by the ax blade that swipes down and lops off her head.

Her legs twitch wildly, blood spraying everywhere, and the hulking shadow goes to work, chopping her up like hamburger meat.

The scream draws Harold's attention.

HAROLD

Caroline? Caroline, is that you?

He starts forward into the shadows.

HAROLD

Caroline, I know I'm a dick. I know I probably let you down. But look at it from my position. If we start making out, the other guys will get jealous. They'll probably bully me. I'm not saying you aren't beautiful, Caroline. I mean, anyone would say the same thing. I don't even know why you would waste the time to even look at a jerk like me. Caroline, are you there?

(spies giant shadow)

Caroline, is that you?

He confronts the silhouette of a virtual giant, and that giant is wielding an ax.

HAROLD

Bjorn?

The giant doesn't answer questions, he simply does what nature has programmed him to do. The ax-blade whizzes through the air and lops off Harold's head, which now bounces free. Yet his voice drones on from the disembodied mouth:

HAROLD

If I said something, Caroline, or acted inappropriately.

..

And then speaks no more. The ax-man goes to work on the rest of his torso, in a gruesome symphony of slaughter.

INT. LODGE - NIGHT

The 60s soft rock music continues to drone: "Venus if you will, send down a little girl for me to thrill. . ."

AMY

It's kind of easy, isn't it -- to forget all the other stuff. I mean, with the music and all.

KEVIN

Easy, but not that easy.

AMY

I wish you'd relax.

KEVIN

I can't relax. I've been suspicious of that guy Bjorn from the beginning. We checked up on him. You saw the headlines. He chopped up his wife.

AMY

Bjorn?

KEVIN

Says it was an accident. But what about that head in the lake, was that an accident? And there's some other psycho who grew up here and they put away in a nuthouse. So there are two potential maniacs out there. Amy, I have weird feelings.

But she is dreamy-eyed, hardly hears him.

Meanwhile, on the sidelines Dwight and Brad remark on Harold's conquest.

DWIGHT

Do you believe it, I mean, Harold and Caroline? Do you actually believe it?

Pause.

DWIGHT  
Hey, you didn't do so bad.

BRAD  
Yeah.

DWIGHT  
You dig her?

BRAD  
I do. I think she digs me, but she's playing it cool.  
(a beat)  
What about you?

DWIGHT  
What about me?

BRAD  
You gonna make a move?

DWIGHT  
I don't know.

BRAD  
What, you don't like Kristin?

DWIGHT  
She's cute.

BRAD  
What are you waiting for?

Dwight screws up his courage, crosses to Kristin.

DWIGHT  
Dance?

Kristin blushes.

DWIGHT  
Did I say something? Come on, you want to dance?

KRISTIN  
Okay.

Dwight throws a look at Brad -- I made it. He and Kristin move out onto the dance floor.

DWIGHT  
How about Mr. Stevens, huh? Smooth operator?

KRISTIN  
Yeah.

Brad and Mary Ann eye each other across the room. Mary Ann approaches him.

MARY ANN

This is one of my favorites.

He takes her hand and joins the others on the dance floor. "Venus, goddess of love that you are. . ."

BACK TO AMY AND KEVIN

AMY

Hold me close.

Kevin obliges.

AMY

Closer.

They are tight as two peas in a pod.

AMY

Kevin? Do you love me?

KEVIN

Amy --

AMY

Do you love me, Kevin? I have to know that.

KEVIN

What do you think?

AMY

I have to know because there are stars for me tonight in the heavens above.

KEVIN

Stars in the heavens? Amy, are you okay?

AMY

I wish you'd say you love me.

KEVIN

I love you.

AMY

You're just saying it.

KEVIN

I just wish you wouldn't get so crazy. I think we have to be vigilant.

AMY

I wish you would stop thinking about that other stuff.

KEVIN

I can't help it.

AMY

Why don't we -- well, go somewhere?

KEVIN

Amy, you know I'd love that, but you know that could be dangerous.

AMY

Come on, Kevin.

KEVIN

It's just feels -- safer here.

AMY

You don't want to make out?

KEVIN

I didn't say that.

AMY

Then let's go somewhere. What about upstairs?

KEVIN

You got it.

They exit dance floor, head upstairs.

KEVIN

My room.

They go to his room, sit on the bed, make out.

KEVIN

Wow.

AMY

Isn't this better? If you want to -- well -- it's okay.

KEVIN

You don't mean --

AMY

Not all the way. But, you know --

A sudden SHADOW appears in the doorway, which gives them a start. It's Bjorn.

KEVIN

Oh -- you gave me a start. Bjorn, everything's okay. You need to give us a little privacy.

BJORN

Ja.

He exits.

KEVIN

That guy gives me the creeps. It's like he's everywhere,  
and at the same time he's nowhere.

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

The music has stopped. Stevens and Miss Rodriguez break. She moves to a table, where  
an old 45 record player has run out of 45s to play.

She sorts through a batch on the table.

MR. STEVENS

Where's Bjorn?

Miss Rodriguez shrugs.

MR. STEVENS

He's supposed to be keeping an eye out.

He moves to Brad.

MR. STEVENS

Have you seen Harold and Caroline?

Brad points.

MR. STEVENS

Harold?

BRAD

Yup.

Stevens can't believe it.

MR. STEVENS

What about Kevin?

Brad shrugs. Stevens moves to Miss Rodriguez.

MR. STEVENS

I'm going to check on Harold and Caroline out back.  
If you see Bjorn, tell him to stick around.

He exits rear of lodge. Walks toward woods. Notices something on the ground. Harold's  
chopped-up body.

MR. STEVENS

Oh God.



A huge, menacing figure emerges before him, holding an ax.

MR. STEVENS

Who the hell are you?

No answer, and the figure moves menacingly forward. Stevens flees to the lodge.

INT. LODGE

As Stevens enters hastily, slides deadbolt across back door. He motions to Brad.

MR. STEVENS

Lock the front door -- fast!

Brad moves to front door, bolts it.

MR. STEVENS

There's a maniac out there. Everyone, listen up. Get up to your rooms. Close the doors -- now! Somebody find Bjorn.

And almost on cue, there's the SOUND OF SHATTERING GLASS, as an ax blade smashes the window from the outside. The hulking maniac outside, none other than LOGAN HARRINGTON late of the psycho ward, is trying to get in.

He peers into the lodge, a mop of blonde scraggly hair coming down over his ears. Innocent enough, if you can overlook the rage burning in his eyes.

The kids scatter, scamper upstairs to their rooms.

Stevens crosses to Miss Rodriguez.

MR. STEVENS

Get in your room. I wish I had a gun. Where the hell is Bjorn?

Bjorn comes down the stairs. Stevens spies him.

MR. STEVENS

Bjorn?! Where the hell have you been? There's a psycho outside trying to get in. Bjorn, it's up to you to stop him.

BJORN

Ja.

The rear door CREAKS as psycho Logan forces his weight against it.

Mr. Stevens dashes up the stairs.

Bjorn moves to the rear door. Waits for Stevens to get out of sight.

The rear door sighs again, with Logan forcing his weight against it, and he begins to chop through it with his ax.

Another thirty seconds of chopping, and he walks through, confronted by Bjorn.

Two sets of angry eyes lock. And they commence an ax fight, swinging the axes wildly over their heads, Bjorn backing toward the middle of the room.

Logan lunges for Bjorn with his ax, but Bjorn steps to one side.

Bjorn swings back, and the two axes clash, then lock.

In the balcony, the kids are watching this colossal battle in awe.

Kevin grabs Amy.

KEVIN

Come on.

They retreat to his room.

He goes to the window, looks out. Then moves to his bunk and begins to strip the sheets off.

AMY

What are you doing?

KEVIN

We're getting out of here. Help me with these.

He tears sheets into strips, then twists them to tighten them. He's trying to create an escape rope.

KEVIN

Tie them together -- like this.

AMY

Kevin, are you crazy?

KEVIN

Just do it.

BACK TO THE BATTLE SCENE

The two hulking giants continue to flail with their axes, neither yet drawing blood. And then, as fate would have it, Bjorn stumbles.

He pitches backward, and loses control of the ax, which skids out of his hand.

Logan is upon him instantly, puts his boot on Bjorn's chest, and brings the ax down square in the middle of his forehead, splitting it in half like a coconut, brains spewing out.

SCREAMS from above. The kids scatter wildly for their rooms.

Kevin comes out of his room to investigate.

KEVIN  
What's going on?

DWIGHT  
He killed Bjorn.

Kevin retreats to his bedroom.

KEVIN  
(to Amy)  
Hurry.

ON THE GROUND FLOOR

Logan reacts to the screams above. Starts up the stairs after the others, wielding his ax.

WITH STEVENS

as he grabs Miss Rodriguez in the hallway.

MR. STEVENS  
My room. Quick.

They duck into his room.

MR. STEVENS  
The bed.

He pushes the bed up against the door. They huddle together.

The door begins to push open, as Logan forces his weight against it. Stevens pushes back.

Logan begins chopping his way through the wood door, with splintering strokes of the ax.

Now he's made it inside, and confronts Stevens.

MR. STEVENS  
No -- please?

He and Miss Rodriguez back away, as Logan sneers and readies his ax for the kill.

IN THE HALLWAY

Brad spies Logan entering Mr. Stevens' room. He quickly moves to the other rooms, knocking on doors, which are reluctant to open. But some do.

BRAD  
We have to make a break for it. Now, while he's occupied.

DWIGHT  
Occupied with what?

BRAD

Don't ask. Let's go, while we have a chance.

WITH KEVIN AND AMY

Kevin looks for a place to secure one end of the sheet strips that have been knotted together into a length of rope.

AMY

We can't.

KEVIN

We have to.

The SOUND from the adjacent room of an ax thunking on bone and flesh can be heard, together with desperate cries from Stevens and Miss Rodriguez, who make easy pickings for Logan.

AMY

It's Mr. Stevens! Oh God, he's got Mr. Stevens.

Kevin shushes her.

KEVIN

What can we tie this to?  
(he looks around)  
The bed.

He pulls the bed up against the window, secures the sheet end to it. Then he flings the makeshift sheet-rope out the window.

KEVIN

I don't know if it's gonna hold.

AMY

It's too dangerous.

Stevens' anguished cries can be heard, and that ax continues its gruesome chores.

AMY

Omigod.

KEVIN

Let's make a break for it.

He grabs her hand.

IN THE HALLWAY

sickening blood seeps out under the door to Stevens' room.

Kevin and Amy coming racing out of his room and break for the head of the stairs. They quickly scurry down those stairs and out into the night.

The others are not far behind them.

WITH LOGAN

standing over the bloodied, hacked corpses of Stevens and Miss Rodriguez, star-crossed lovers after all.

He hears noises from without, goes to investigate, catches sight of the last of the kids scurrying down the stairs.

He gives chase.

EXT. LODGE - NIGHT

Kids stream out, screaming, heading every which way.

Kevin and Amy follow after them, halt, look around.

Kevin grabs Amy's arm and steers her toward the woods at the side of the lodge.

AMY  
Kevin?

KEVIN  
Hurry up.

They enter the woods, hunker down behind a clump of bushes.

AMY  
What are we gonna do?

He shushes her. They watch the front entrance to the lodge.

Logan emerges, catches sight of Brad and Dwight fleeing toward the road.

He starts after them.

KEVIN  
We can't let him get Brad. Stay here. Don't move.

He makes for the lodge.

AMY  
Kevin?!

Kevin enters the lodge.

INT. LODGE

Kevin is looking for a weapon, any kind of weapon.

Mary Ann emerges from hiding.

MARY ANN  
Kevin?

KEVIN  
Mary Ann, what are you doing here?

MARY ANN  
Is it safe?

KEVIN  
No, it's not safe. Hide. Quick.

MARY ANN  
What are you doing?

KEVIN  
Get out of sight.

He spies Bjorn's ax next to his bloody body on the floor.

He moves to the ax, hefts it. Too heavy. But he has no other choice. He grabs the ax and heads out the front way.

EXT. LODGE

Kevin emerges and heads for the road. Amy watches in terror.

ON THE ROAD

Logan is chasing Brad and Dwight.

Kevin shouts, waves the ax.

Logan turns, spies him.

Brad and Dwight quickly duck into the woods. They hunker down, watch the road.

BRAD  
He must be out of his mind.

Logan advances toward Kevin. Kevin stands still.

WITH BRAD AND DWIGHT

BRAD  
Gimme your shirt.

DWIGHT  
What?

BRAD  
Your shirt. Take it off. Hurry.

Dwight removes his shirt. Brad tears it in strips, ties them together, fashioning a length of rope.

DWIGHT

What the fuck are you doing?

Brad shushes him. Moves forward parallel to the road, inching his way closer to Logan.

WITH AMY

as she moves through the woods, tracking Kevin's movement. She's astonished as she witnesses Kevin waving his ax.

Logan draws closer to Kevin, murder in his eyes. How dare his supremacy be challenged?

Now is Brad's chance. Makeshift rope in hand, he emerges from hiding, standing about ten feet behind Logan. He slowly, cautiously comes forward, noose at the ready.

Suddenly Amy emerges from hiding.

AMY

Kevin?

Very bad timing indeed.

KEVIN

Amy, get out of here.

She moves to him.

AMY

Oh Kevin.

KEVIN

For God's sake.

At that moment, Brad springs forward with the noose and throws it around Logan's neck, pulling it taut with all his might, and this drags Logan backward, crashing on top of him.

Logan gasps for air, but he's a strong sucker. Brad pulls tighter and tighter on that noose, as Logan's face turns green. But not quite green enough.

He pulls himself upright, and frees the noose from around his neck. Now he's facing a petrified Brad.

Kevin starts forward.

AMY

No!

Logan grabs Brad by the throat, and lifts his ax.

POLICE SIRENS are heard.

Logan releases Brad, turns to face an approaching police car, lights flashing.

The cop car pulls to a stop. Two COPS get out. The FIRST COP has his gun drawn.

FIRST COP

Drop the ax. Do it now.

Logan seems bewildered.

FIRST COP

Drop the ax.

But rather than drop it, Logan flings the ax at the First Cop, and it finds its mark, splitting his skull and dropping him to the ground.

The Second Cop goes for his gun, but not before Logan advances on him and seizes him by the throat with two powerful hands. He begins choking the cop, until the cop goes unconscious.

Now he pivots, facing Kevin, Brad and Amy in the road.

Brad makes a run for it, ducking into the woods.

Kevin drops his ax, grabs Amy's hand, and also makes a run for it.

Brad is the nearer, and so Logan hefts his ax and follows Brad into the woods.

WITH BRAD

at a run, as he navigates through the darkness.

He pauses, turns. A huge, hulking figure is giving pursuit.

He continues to flee this monster.

WITH KEVIN AND AMY

in the woods, but not far from the road.

AMY

What are we gonna do?

KEVIN

I know what I have to do.

WITH BRAD

who continues to flee in the darkness, then realizes he's wiser to find a hiding place and stay quiet.

He hunkers down behind a tree. Watches.

Logan slows. Looks around, eyes filled with menace.



BACK TO AMY AND KEVIN

AMY  
So, what are you going to do?

KEVIN  
Stay here.

AMY  
Kevin?

KEVIN  
Amy -- just do it.

Kevin makes for the road, peers out. He heads in the direction of the fallen policemen.

WITH BRAD

who's breathing heavy in hiding. He can sense that Logan is near, and he's freaking.

Kevin reaches the policemen, secures one of their guns. Holds it, but is unsure how to fire it.

He starts into the woods.

KEVIN  
Brad?!!

His voice echoes, but he gets no response.

KEVIN  
Brad?!!

This stops Logan dead in his tracks. But he will not be deterred.

He clomps forward through the woods, can almost smell Brad's fear.

Brad peeks out. Logan is gaining on him.

KEVIN  
Brad?!!

Brad gets up from a crouch.

BRAD  
Over here!

He makes a run for it.

Logan gives pursuit, his heavy feet thudding, that ax poised and ready to do his bidding.

Brad slips, falls to the ground. It's too late to escape, a huge figure now stands over him.

BRAD

Oh God, oh God, oh God. . .

Logan raises the ax, ready to bring it down on Brad.

A GUNSHOT breaks the air, and Logan grunts, catching a slug in the back, and falls forward, the ax tumbling out of his hand.

His huge body thuds to the ground, eyes vacant now, mop of blonde hair disheveled over his face. He's stone dead.

Kevin approaches. He's holding the gun he just fired.

He kneels, examines Logan's body.

KEVIN

He's dead.

(a beat)

I didn't think I could do it. But I had to. You okay?

BRAD

Yeah.

Amy's voice is heard.

AMY

Kevin!

She goes to him, throws her arms around him.

AMY

Oh God. . .

She eyes the dead monster on the ground.

AMY

Who is he?

KEVIN

More like what is he. This must be the psycho they sent to the loony bin.

(off a look)

The people who used to own this lodge. Fun, huh? What I did on my summer vacation.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LODGE - NIGHT

Kevin, Amy, Brad and Dwight exit the road and move inside the lodge.

INT. LODGE

Bjorn's bloody body is in evidence.

KEVIN

Look at the place.

Mary Ann comes out of hiding. Mary Ann and Amy embrace.

AMY

It was awful, Mary Ann, awful. Mr. Stevens and Miss Rodriguez -- we heard the screams -- it was awful.

MARY ANN

What -- ?

KEVIN

It's all right, he's dead.

Kristin enters, the last of the group. She moves to the others. She and Amy embrace.

Kristin tries to look at Bjorn, but Amy turns her face away.

AMY

Don't look.

Several beats.

KEVIN

Somebody get a sheet or something. Well Bjorn, I guess I had you wrong. R.I.P.

Brad disappears upstairs to get the sheet.

KRISTIN

Where are the others?

KEVIN

What others?

KRISTIN

Caroline?

Kevin shakes his head.

KRISTIN

Oh God.

Kevin moves to one side, whips out cell phone, dials police.

KRISTIN

Now what do we do?

AMY

We go home, I hope.

KEVIN

(aside)

First thing in the morning. Start packing.

AMY

Come on.

They head up the stairs.

Brad returns with a sheet, drapes it over Bjorn.

KEVIN

So much for Mr. Stevens' glorious let's embrace nature plans.

BRAD

Yeah. I caught a glimpse of him. He doesn't look so good.

KEVIN

We'll get the tour bus back here tomorrow morning and get the hell out of here as fast as we can.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LODGE - DAY

An ambulance pulls into the drive. Police SIRENS SOUND and patrol cars follow it. Cops get out and go inside.

INT. MAIN HALL - LODGE

Kevin's already downstairs. A few of the other kids, including Brad, come down, carrying backpacks and luggage.

KEVIN

I called the guide place. The bus should be up here soon.

A COP accosts him.

COP

We found two dead officers up the road.

KEVIN

There are probably two more about half a mile back there in the woods.

(to Brad)

Fill them in. I wanna check out back.

He exits lodge via rear door.

## EXT. BACK OF LODGE

Kevin emerges, looks around. Nothing. He starts into the woods.

There are two legs jutting out from behind a tree, with a skirt attached. He goes to inspect them and what they're attached to.

We don't see Caroline's body, but he does. He cringes. Then moves farther on.

There's another body in the trees -- the instant he spots it from afar, he halts. Can't take more. Turns back.

## INT. LODGE

Kevin enters, crosses to Brad.

KEVIN

Harold and Caroline.

He shakes his head.

KEVIN

(to Cops)

There are two more out back.

(to Brad)

Where's Amy?

Brad shrugs. Kevin heads up to Amy's room.

## INT. AMY'S ROOM

Kevin appears in the doorway.

Amy's cinching the straps on her backpack. There's a suitcase on the bed.

KEVIN

You ready?

AMY

Just about.

KEVIN

How can I help?

AMY

It's okay.

He moves to her.

KEVIN

You all right?

AMY

I guess so.

KEVIN

You're still frightened, I can see it.

AMY

Can you blame me?

KEVIN

We'll be out of here soon.

(re: backpack)

Let me take the backpack.

Kevin moves to bed, hefts backpack.

KEVIN

You about done?

AMY

Yeah.

KEVIN

You need help carrying that?

AMY

I'm okay.

Kevin pats her gently on the arm.

KEVIN

Police are here. Tour bus is on the way. See you downstairs.

He exits.

Amy opens her suitcase on the bed. She takes some clothes from a bureau drawer, stuffs them in there.

Examines the other drawers -- they're empty.

She thinks for a beat. The closet. She has some hanging clothes there.

With a shove of the hand, she parts the closet doors. Grabs a fistful of clothes on hangers. Crosses back to the bed, places the clothes in her suitcase.

She turns, heads back to closet -- but doesn't quite get there as a **HUGE FIGURE STANDS BEFORE HER.**

The figure has disheveled blond hair. Steps forward with a menacing sneer on his face, and an ax in his hand.

He raises the ax. She **SCREAMS!**

He staggers forward. She backs away. Backs and backs toward the door.

Again she SCREAMS! But just as Logan is about to bring the ax down on her, he crashes down face forward on the floor -- stone dead.

Kevin and Brad arrive. Kevin can't believe his eyes.

AMY  
Is he dead?

Kevin examines Logan's body.

KEVIN  
I think so, but I'm not taking any chances. Come on, let's get out of here.

He helps Amy collect her suitcase.

A COP appears in the doorway. Spies Logan. He

Moves to Logan's body, examines it.

KEVIN  
That's the guy who did all this.

COP  
Who is he?

KEVIN  
I think he's some psycho named Logan Harrington.

COP  
The Logan Harrington?

KEVIN  
You know about him?

COP  
His family was nuts. They used to bug us all the time. They sent him away.

KEVIN  
He's back. Or was.

COP  
Yeah -- was.

EXT. LODGE - DAY

The tour bus pulls up out front. Kevin, Brad, Amy and the others are waiting with their luggage.

The Driver gets out, opens the side compartment.

DRIVER  
Short stay?

KEVIN  
Yeah.

The Driver stashes their belongings.

DRIVER  
What's the matter, fresh air too much?

KEVIN  
Much too much.

DRIVER  
You want to tell me about it?

KEVIN  
No. No, I don't think I do.

DRIVER  
Where's your fearless leader?

KEVIN  
He went to that great fearless leader place in the sky.

Slight moment.

DRIVER  
You in charge?

KEVIN  
I guess.

DRIVER  
Well okay, all aboard.

The kids pile into the bus.

INT. BUS

Kevin sits with Amy. The others are scattered about the bus.

DRIVER  
Ready?

He kicks the bus in gear, and eases it on its way, leaving behind parked police cars and an ambulance loading Bjorn's body.

KEVIN  
You know something?

AMY  
What?

KEVIN  
I don't think I'm going camping next summer.



AMY

You're not?

KEVIN

No, I think I'll stay home and read.

She rests her head against his shoulder.

FADE OUT.

THE END

**TRUEBLOOD & COCHISE**

FADE IN:

EXT. LACROSSE FIELD - HARVARD UNIVERSITY - MORNING

A lacrosse goal net, and viewed from its perspective, two little dots -- lacrosse players, shouting and weaving back and forth with headgear and webbed rackets, wearing Harvard sweatshirts.

CLOSER SHOT

TED TRUEBLOOD, Cherokee, mid-20s, and BUCK COCHISE, mixed blood Apache-Sioux, same, Harvard law students and best friends, are tossing the lacrosse ball back and forth in the crisp June air, making progress toward the net.

Trueblood is short, wiry, determined, although there is perpetually an air of a kind of innocence about him. Cochise -- father, Apache; mother, Sioux -- is heavysset, steady, contemplative.

Cochise is struggling to keep up with his swifter, more agile friend, who breaks free with the ball, lets out with a WAR CRY and speeds toward the net.

He tosses the ball in, extends both hands in a show of triumph. Cochise, breathing heavily, catches up.

TRUEBLOOD

Victory is sweet, Buck. Don't let it go to your head.

They collect gear.

COCHISE

You're in a pushy mood.

TRUEBLOOD

You know, you're right. And I wonder why. I think I recall an agreement.

COCHISE

An agreement?

TRUEBLOOD

Something about going into practice together, counselor. You know, buddy-buddies, taking on the white oppressor.

He starts toward clubhouse.

COCHISE

Ted?

TRUEBLOOD

No explanation required. Susan told me all about it.

They halt.

TRUEBLOOD

You applied to a New York law firm behind my back.  
An act of betrayal. You know it's not good to betray a  
Cherokee.

COCHISE

Oh please. I tested the waters. Big deal.

TRUEBLOOD

An agreement is an agreement -- pal.

COCHISE

Oh, so now you're going to sulk.

TRUEBLOOD

I'm going to sulk. It's a good thing I'm sensitive and am  
going to take this very personally.

Trueblood starts for clubhouse.

COCHISE

Hey.

He catches up.

COCHISE

Come on, who's your best friend?  
(off a skeptical look)  
Who has been with you through thick and thin, even to  
the point of putting up with your dirty socks and  
laundry?

TRUEBLOOD

You're playing upon my sympathies.

COCHISE

Look, I was just testing the waters. Simple curiosity.  
You know I wouldn't betray you. . . Come on now,  
who's your pal?

Trueblood throws him a skeptical look.

COCHISE

Ted?

Cochise extends his hand. Several beats.

Trueblood faux smiles, reaches out, but just as quickly retracts his thumb -- sucker!

TRUEBLOOD

Pal.

And starts for the clubhouse.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROOKLANE APARTMENT COMPLEX - BOSTON - 11:45 AM

The building superintendent, a short, dark, balding man in his 60s named ANGELO CAPUTO, waddles along the walk, baggy slacks and all, toward the front entrance. A gray-haired woman, MRS. KINGSTON, emerges through the main doors, with a little dog on a leash. Acknowledges him.

MRS. KINGSTON

How are you, Mr. Caputo?

CAPUTO

Menzamenz, Mrs. Kingston. Thanks for asking.

MRS. KINGSTON

And how about your sister, is she going to be okay?

CAPUTO

So they tell me.

MRS. KINGSTON

I'm so glad she could afford the operation. I was worried for you.

CAPUTO

Worry is a bad thing, Mrs. Kingston. Ages the holy hell out of you.

MRS. KINGSTON

Life is precarious. I'll pray for a full recovery.

CAPUTO

You do that.

He goes inside.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Trueblood's beat-up Chevy swings off the road into the lot. He gets out.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Trueblood stops in front of the door to his apartment, roots in his pocket for his key. Uh-oh, no key. He's locked himself out.

He turns, starts down the corridor.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Caputo comes down the hall, stops in front of his apartment, which displays a nameplate: A. CAPUTO - SUPERINTENDENT.

He goes to insert his key in the lock, but immediately realizes something's wrong. The door is open.

INT. SUPER'S APARTMENT

Caputo enters. The place is a mess. It's been tossed.

EXT. HALLWAY

Trueblood comes down the corridor toward the Super's apartment. He notices the door is ajar, hears voices coming from within. He presses himself to one side, listens.

INT. SUPER'S APARTMENT

Two hoods, ALLIE BOY and NICKY, step out of the shadows.

ALLIE BOY

Hello, Caputo. Where is it?

CAPUTO

Where is what?

ALLIE BOY

The money you owe Mr. Andreas. Don't keep him waiting.

CAPUTO

I told Andreas, I gave him everything.

ALLIE BOY

He says you shorted him. Cough.

CAPUTO

What they gave me, I gave him. I don't want any more involvement in this.

ALLIE BOY

Last chance, Caputo. You owe him ten large.

CAPUTO

They shorted me ten. What was I gonna do? I only took the job because my sister needed an operation.

NICKY

Ice him.

CAPUTO

Hey, wait a minute.

Caputo looks around, tries to make a dash for the door.

The nose of a SILENCER CHUG-CHUGS! And he sprawls dead to the floor, his head and arms stretched out into the hallway.

The hoods drag the body back inside.

An alarmed Trueblood quickly starts down the hall back the way he came. The hoods exit the apartment.

Trueblood ducks into the shadows as the hoods pass, then whips out his cell phone.

TRUEBLOOD

Uh, get the police.

IN THE PARKING LOT

The hoods scramble into their car, a large, gaudy late model monstrosity. A matchbook falls out of one of the hood's pockets. Trueblood rounds the corner, catches sight of this.

The car pulls out. Trueblood retrieves the matchbook, picks it up by the edges. It reads: RAVEN LOUNGE. Drops it in his breast pocket.

He whips out his cell phone.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck? Get over here now. I think we've got our first case.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SUPER'S APARTMENT - NOON

Uniformed cops and technicians are everywhere taking evidence, buzzing around the super's corpse. The room is a mess. It's obviously been tossed.

A detective, DETECTIVE BURKE, comes in. One of the officers, EDDIE, moves to him. They chat. Eddie points out Trueblood.

The Detective moves to Trueblood, flashes his shield.

DETECTIVE BURKE

You saw it?

TRUEBLOOD

Not exactly. I sure heard it. I mean, muted though it was.

DETECTIVE BURKE

Heard what?

TRUEBLOOD

Arguing. Then muffled shots.

DETECTIVE BURKE

What was the beef?

TRUEBLOOD

Something about money, I think for a drug deal. The super said he didn't have it. Say, did I ever tell you about my impoverished youth? The struggles of growing up Cherokee on the reservation?

DETECTIVE BURKE

No. Funny isn't it, I didn't ask.

TRUEBLOOD

(off a hostile look)

Okay, okay.

DETECTIVE BURKE

So you saw these guys?

TRUEBLOOD

Sort of. There were two of them. And they mentioned a name. Andreas.

DETECTIVE BURKE

Andreas?

Trueblood produces matchbook, holds it by the edges.

TRUEBLOOD

Oh, they dropped this in the parking lot.

(hands it over)

Notice how carefully I'm handling it. Detective smarts. I want to be one, you know. When I grow up.

DETECTIVE BURKE

(gestures to cop)

Eddie?

EDDIE comes over.

DETECTIVE BURKE

Bag this. Get a full statement.

TRUEBLOOD

Oh, I forgot -- I need my room key. Misplaced it.

DETECTIVE BURKE

Find his key.

Cochise appears in the hallway, outside the police line. He gestures to Trueblood.

TRUEBLOOD

Excuse me just a minute.

He steps outside into the hall.



TRUEBLOOD

Hello, Buck. And welcome to murder most heinous.

COCHISE

You don't say.

TRUEBLOOD

Caputo bought the farm. And I thought he was such a sweet guy.

(off a look)

Well I did.

COCHISE

You picked a bad time for this.

TRUEBLOOD

For what?

COCHISE

Because I know damn well you want to get involved.

TRUEBLOOD

I, uh, sorta am involved. Eyewitness.

COCHISE

(with sarcasm)

Great.

TRUEBLOOD

This is so cool, it fell right into our lap.

COCHISE

Correction, your lap. And it's not for you to deal with.

TRUEBLOOD

Aw Buck.

COCHISE

You and those crummy detective novels, and I know all about your ideas. No, you don't want to practice law, you wanta be a big crime solver. I know you too well.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck -- pals?

He extends his hand.

COCHISE

Not that kind of pals. You're not dragging me into this. In fact, you're not dragging you into this.

(a couple of beats)

Okay, what happened?

TRUEBLOOD

Misplaced my room key. Came down here. Two guys plugged the super, Buck -- bam! Bam! No more super. But a super chance for us to crack our first case.

COCHISE

Wrong.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck, this is our big chance. We crack this, our reputations are made.

COCHISE

Listen -- you're gonna keep your nose clean, and tomorrow we are going to get our diplomas, and then I'm gonna be on an airplane.

TRUEBLOOD

No Buck, no.

COCHISE

Yes Ted, yes.

TRUEBLOOD

With our combination of brains and native sleuthing power, it's a cinch. I know we can solve this. Raven Lounge, Buck. Our first clue. Tell me you're not enticed.

COCHISE

I'm not enticed.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck, we're natural-born crime solvers.  
(pantos)  
Indian scouts moving quietly in the night.

COCHISE

Ted -- in there, that could be you.

TRUEBLOOD

Come on, where's your devil-may-care attitude?

COCHISE

Susan's waiting lunch. Goodbye.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - BOSTON - 12:30 PM

Trueblood eyes displays of binoculars in the window showcase. He goes inside.

INT. STORE

The PROPRIETOR approaches.

TRUEBLOOD

I saw the binoculars in the window. Just what I'm looking for. Sleuth.

PROPRIETOR

Sleuth?

TRUEBLOOD

Sleuth. May I try them?

PROPRIETOR

Certainly. . . Sleuth?

TRUEBLOOD

Sleuth.

Proprietor gets binoculars.

PROPRIETOR

These are 7 by 50s. I'm not sure what your sleuthing needs might be.

TRUEBLOOD

I dare not say.

He removes lens caps, looks through binoculars out the window.

PROPRIETOR

You can adjust them there.

He demonstrates.

TRUEBLOOD

Nice view.

He hands them back.

TRUEBLOOD

My friends call me Sherlock.

PROPRIETOR

Where you from, Sherlock?

TRUEBLOOD

North Carolina, by way of Harvard Law School. Honest injun. What exactly does seven by fifty mean?

PROPRIETOR

Seven times magnification, and fifty represents the diameter of the objective lens in millimeters. You don't want to go too high in the magnification unless you're stargazing -- it will reduce your field of view, and you'll get a shaky picture.

TRUEBLOOD

I wouldn't want shaky.

PROPRIETOR

No.

TRUEBLOOD

I'll take them.

PROPRIETOR

Ninety-nine dollars, a bargain. They come with carrying case and strap, of course.

TRUEBLOOD

Of course.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVEN LOUNGE - SAME

Trueblood pulls his car to a stop across the street. (Perhaps he's wearing a deerstalker cap, or a fedora of some kind.) He removes his binoculars from their pouch, pops off the lens caps, surveys the scene.

POV SHOT - RAVEN LOUNGE

He whips out his cell phone.

TRUEBLOOD

(into phone)

Buck? All's quiet outside the Raven Lounge.

Peers through binoculars again. A car pulls into the Raven lot, a familiar car. Indeed, the getaway car. He zooms in on it.

Allie Boy and Nicky get out -- yes, the same hoods who shot Caputo -- and go inside the club.

Pause, then Trueblood emerges from his car, briefly looks left and right, then dials out again.

TRUEBLOOD

(into phone)

I'm going in.

He crosses to the parking lot.

He uses his cell phone to snap a photo of the license plate, then sends it to Cochise.

INT. KITCHEN - COCHISE'S PLACE - 1:00 PM

The rented downstairs of a home in the Boston suburbs. Cochise and his wife, SUSAN -- cute, Waspy, 20s -- are preparing a salad for lunch.

Cochise's phone buzzes. He accesses text, sees license plate photo. Trueblood has texted "trace plate."

He shakes his head, stashes phone.

Well? SUSAN

Well what? COCHISE

What does Ted want? SUSAN

Ted? COCHISE

Come on, Buck, I know it's from him. SUSAN

I don't know. He sent me a photo of a license plate. He's outside the Raven Lounge. Trouble. COCHISE

A beat or two.

Well? SUSAN

Well what? COCHISE

You just gonna sit here? SUSAN

I'm going to enjoy my lunch. COCHISE

He spoons out salad on plate.

Care to join me. COCHISE

He moves to LIVING ROOM. She follows him.

Buck -- SUSAN

COCHISE

I know, he needs my help. It's always the same song and dance. Let him get himself into a mess, I'm not getting dragged in. I'm gonna live long enough to graduate.

He tastes salad -- good.

SUSAN

He's your best friend.

COCHISE

You're my best wife. And I love you, and would prefer not to do something foolish like run off and endanger my life.

SUSAN

But he depends on you.

COCHISE

Susan, listen to what you are saying. His super was murdered today -- shot in cold blood. Now, you want me to get involved in something like this?

She has second thoughts.

COCHISE

I'm tired of diapering him. Come on, let's enjoy lunch.

Pause. They munch on salad.

SUSAN

You're not mad at me, are you?

COCHISE

No.

SUSAN

I mean about the New York thing.

COCHISE

No.

He affectionately takes her hand.

COCHISE

I have a fondness for you. You might have forgotten.

Pause.

SUSAN

So have you thought about it?

COCHISE

A little. You want me to take it?

SUSAN

I don't know.

COCHISE

I don't know either.

SUSAN

Do what you feel is best. But if you go to New York, it'll kill Ted.

COCHISE

Kill -- interesting choice of words.

CUT TO:

INT. RAVEN LOUNGE - 1:15 PM

Your typical crappy bar, just opening for the day. The BARTENDER is alone behind the bar. There are a handful of customers in the joint.

Trueblood enters, looks around. Spots ALLIE BOY and NICKY sitting at a table in the back. He tries to play it cool. Moves to the bar. The Bartender spies him, comes over.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

TRUEBLOOD

Information. And I'm willing to pay.

BARTENDER

Listen, you want to drink, order something, otherwise get out.

TRUEBLOOD

That's not very nice.

BARTENDER

I don't specialize in nice.

Trueblood casts a look at the hoods in the rear booth.

TRUEBLOOD

See those two at the rear table?

BARTENDER

I see 'em.

TRUEBLOOD

They look kind of shady.

BARTENDER

You gonna order, or am I going to escort you out?

TRUEBLOOD

Heard of a guy named Andreas?

BARTENDER

I'm going to escort you out.

TRUEBLOOD

Wait. Tell those two that if Andreas wants the money Caputo stiffed him for, to get in touch with me. There's the number.

He hands over slip of paper containing his phone number, nods, goes out.

EXT. RAVEN LOUNGE - 1:30 PM

Trueblood emerges, crosses the street to his car. Hears a voice.

COCHISE

Ted?

He turns -- it's Cochise.

TRUEBLOOD

Well, surprise surprise.

COCHISE

This better be good.

TRUEBLOOD

The guys who iced Caputo are in there. I just gave them my name and phone number.

COCHISE

Are you crazy?

TRUEBLOOD

They're going to lead us to Andreas, the mastermind behind Caputo's drug deal.

COCHISE

"Mastermind"?

Allie Boy and Nicky emerge from the club.

TRUEBLOOD

Shit -- duck!

They crouch behind car. The hoods get into their car, drive away.

TRUEBLOOD

Quick.



He and Cochise pile into Trueblood's car and give pursuit.

INT. MOVING CAR - ALLIE BOY AND NICKY

Allie Boy's at the wheel, and working the cell phone.

ALLIE BOY

Richie -- yeah, tell Andreas we gotta see him. Trouble.

INT. FOREMAN'S OFFICE - ANDREAS INDUSTRIES - 2:00 PM

A warehouse that fronts for a drug-running operation.

PAUL ANDREAS, a heavysset man with gray-streaked hair, sits behind his desk.

RICHIE, one of henchmen, enters.

RICHIE

Allie Boy called. Says he has to see you.

ANDREAS

What does he want?

RICHIE

All he said was, trouble.

EXT. BACK STREET - BOSTON

The hood car makes a turn, and Trueblood does likewise.

INT. MOVING CAR - ALLIE BOY AND NICKY

Nicky at the wheel. Allie Boy catches a glimpse of Trueblood's car in the rearview.

ALLIE BOY

Company.

Nicky turns, sees for himself. He guns engines, and the car surges forward.

WITH TRUEBLOOD IN CAR

TRUEBLOOD

They spotted us.

He hits the gas.

TRUEBLOOD

Hold on.

The hood car squeezes through the light at the intersection. The light turns red.

TRUEBLOOD

Crap.

He makes a right turn on the red.

COCHISE

What are you doing?

TRUEBLOOD

We'll cut 'em off.

Trueblood goes down a block, cuts a left, tries to double back to main thoroughfare to catch the hoods.

COCHISE

Take it easy.

He swings another left, guns the engine surging forward at breakneck speed, and pulls to a halt when he reaches the main thoroughfare.

TRUEBLOOD

Keep an eye out.

Long pause.

COCHISE

Mercifully, I think we lost them. Win some, lose some.

Trueblood registers defeat.

TRUEBLOOD

Damn. . . Have I shown you my expensive binoculars?

He reaches into glove compartment, removes binoculars. Hands them to Cochise.

COCHISE

They outsmarted you.

TRUEBLOOD

I wouldn't be so sure quite yet.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ANDREAS INDUSTRIES

A sign reads: ANDREAS INDUSTRIES -- PRIVATE PROPERTY. The warehouse is fenced all around. There are transport trucks parked here and there.

The hoods' car pulls up to the gate. There are a couple of HENCHMAN out front guarding the place.

They unlock the gate, allow Allie Boy's car through.

Allie Boy pulls the car up to the loading dock, gets out. He and Nicky go inside.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Dark inside. Lots of unopened packing crates. Allie Boy and Nicky move in the direction of a metal staircase that leads to a catwalk above, and start their climb.

## INT. FOREMAN'S OFFICE

Allie Boy and Nicky enter, face Andreas.

ANDREAS

What's this crap about trouble? And where is my ten grand?

Allie Boy hands Andreas slip of paper.

ANDREAS

What the hell's this? And I repeat, where is my money?

ALLIE BOY

We had to ice him.

ANDREAS

You didn't get it?

He rises, crosses to Allie Boy, slaps him in the face.

ALLIE BOY

We tried.

ANDREAS

(waving paper)  
And what the heck is this?

ALLIE BOY

Some Indian guy left that for you in the Raven Lounge. Said he knows where Caputo's money is.

ANDREAS

What is this, some kind of a joke? I thought you said nobody saw you.

ALLIE BOY

That's what we thought.

ANDREAS

Then how did they have my name?

ALLIE BOY

Maybe Caputo talked.

ANDREAS

You said you snuffed him.

ALLIE BOY

Maybe he talked before we did him.

ANDREAS

Maybe the sky isn't blue. This Indian guy may be a cop. I'm gonna check this out. You lay low.

Allie Boy and Nicky exit.

Andreas dials out on cell.

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE HEADQUARTERS - 2:20 PM

A cop, STEVENS, is putting coins into a vending machine. His cell phone GURGLES. He eyes it, and when he sees who's calling, he looks circumspectly from side to side. In hushed tones:

STEVENS

(into phone)

I told you not to call me here.

(listens)

I don't know. All right, give me a little time.

He ends call. Finishes his selection from machine, heads to squad room.

INT. SQUAD ROOM

Stevens enters, looks around. Moves to second cop, DONOVAN, seated at desk.

STEVENS

The Brooklane thing? Who's got the file on that?

DONOVAN

(gestures)

Burke.

Stevens moves to Burke's vacant desk. He spies file. Looks around to see if he's being scrutinized. Picks the file up, thumbs through it. Deposits it. Exits squad room.

He dials out on cell. We don't hear what he says, but we can only guess -- he's identifying Trueblood and his whereabouts to Andreas.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUEBLOOD'S MOVING CAR

Still waiting for the hood car, which has obviously taken a detour.

TRUEBLOOD

I can't believe they outsmarted me. It takes a lot to outsmart a crafty Cherokee. . . At least we got their license plate.

He hits the accelerator, swings a right onto main thoroughfare.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - 2:30 PM

Burke has returned to his desk. Another OFFICER accosts him.

OFFICER

There's a guy outside, says he has something on the Brooklane shooting.

Burke exits.

IN THE HALLWAY

Burke meets up with Trueblood and Cochise.

BURKE

Ah, Mr. Trueblood.

TRUEBLOOD

We've got something for you.

BURKE

Why don't we go inside.

He points, leads them into interrogation room.

TRUEBLOOD

This is Buck Cochise, my close friend. Buck, Detective Burke.

COCHISE

Nice to meet you. And I already know he's crazy, so I'm on your side.

BURKE

Sit down.

They seat themselves around a table.

BURKE

(to Trueblood)

What have you got?

TRUEBLOOD

A photo of the perps' car, taken outside the Raven Lounge.

He produces cell phone, hands it over.

BURKE

You got the plate number. That's gold. You sure about the car?

Trueblood shrugs.

TRUEBLOOD

Okay, I was snooping.

BURKE

Don't they teach you that snooping is a no-no at Harvard?

TRUEBLOOD

Curiosity.

BURKE

We'll run the plate. And you will henceforth keep out of this.

(to Cochise)

Your friend here is quite the little detective.

COCHISE

I try to keep him on a short leash.

BURKE

Do.

Burke jots down plate number.

BURKE

(to Trueblood)

So, you got anything else?

TRUEBLOOD

Psoriasis? I kid. Aren't you going to trace it?

BURKE

Yes. You can go.

TRUEBLOOD

Can't we stay and see who that belongs to?

BURKE

In a word, no. You've already done your fair share.

COCHISE

(to Cochise)

He's trying to tell you, butt out.

TRUEBLOOD

Come on, you can't leave us out of the loop.

BURKE

(rising)

Goodbye, gentlemen.

COCHISE

Come along, Ted, I think it's past your bedtime.

TRUEBLOOD

But --

Burke waves bye-bye. Smiles.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- AFTERNOON

Trueblood and Cochise emerge.

TRUEBLOOD

We can't just sit around.

They get into Trueblood's car.

INT. TRUEBLOOD'S CAR

He turns to Cochise.

TRUEBLOOD

We need a trace on that license plate.

COCHISE

No.

Trueblood starts car.

TRUEBLOOD

I think I know how we can get it.

He thinks a moment.

TRUEBLOOD

You know that guy Danny Abrams, from contract law?

COCHISE

The computer nut?

TRUEBLOOD

He can find anything. I'll give him a call.

COCHISE

Is that legal?

TRUEBLOOD

Gee, beats me.

COCHISE

Ted?

TRUEBLOOD

The Great Spirit would approve, Buck. I'm sure he would approve. I'll take it up with him the next time we chat.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAVEN LOUNGE - 2:30 PM

As Trueblood's car pulls up across the street. Cochise gets out, gestures. Trueblood drives off.

EXT. BROOKLANE APARTMENT COMPLEX - 2:45 PM

To ESTABLISH.

INT. HALLWAY - BROOKLANE

Trueblood comes down the hall in the direction of his apartment. Lets himself in.

INT. TRUEBLOOD'S APARTMENT

The hoods are waiting for him, guns pointed.

ALLIE BOY

Surprise.

Trueblood is stunned. How did they locate him.

ALLIE BOY

Show us the money, show it now.

TRUEBLOOD

Oh, the money.

ALLIE BOY

Yes. Your little message delivered by way of the Raven Lounge?

TRUEBLOOD

Oh, the money.

NICKY

Yes.

TRUEBLOOD

Oh, I can get that for you. Just give me a little time.

The Hoods exchange looks.

TRUEBLOOD

I know, you think I'm stalling. I'm not that kind of guy.

ALLIE BOY

Just what kind of guy are you?

TRUEBLOOD

Mild-mannered, good-natured. Cherokees have one hell of a sense of humor. At the same time, terribly vulnerable. Terribly.



ALLIE BOY

The money -- where is it?

TRUEBLOOD

I'll take you there. Uh, you mind if I change into my sneakers?

They wave guns, march him out of the room.

EXT. ENTRANCE - BROOKLANE APARTMENTS

As the hoods emerge with guns at Trueblood's back, who should appear coming toward the building down the approach walk but Mrs. Kingston with her poodle.

MRS. KINGSTON

How are you, Mr. Trueblood?

TRUEBLOOD

Well, as good as might be expected.

MRS. KINGSTON

I see you have friends.

TRUEBLOOD

Yes. It pays to have friends.

He throws an awkward look at hoods.

TRUEBLOOD

Burly ones.

MRS. KINGSTON

Wasn't that terrible about Mr. Caputo?

TRUEBLOOD

Terrible.

MRS. KINGSTON

Pray for his soul, won't you?

TRUEBLOOD

Love to. And, you, uh, might pray for mine.

MRS. KINGSTON

I'll do that.

The hoods press Trueblood forward.

TRUEBLOOD

Nice lady. You could learn a lot about kindness from her.

## IN THE PARKING LOT

Nicky nudges Trueblood into the back seat of the car, while Allie Boy takes the wheel.

## INT. HOODS' CAR

Allie Boy gives it the gas and it swings out of the lot.

TRUEBLOOD

You do realize that this is sort of kidnapping?

ALLIE BOY

Shut up.

TRUEBLOOD

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Chapter 265, Section 26 -- forcibly kidnapping someone against their will with a firearm gets you at least 10 years. The firearm is the kicker.

ALLIE BOY

You learn that in law school?

TRUEBLOOD

I sort of did.

Silence.

ALLIE BOY

We're not going to kidnap you.

TRUEBLOOD

That's a relief.

NICKY

We're going to torture and kill you.

TRUEBLOOD

Short-lived, I must say. But malice aforethought is a very bad thing. The courts frown on it.

(pause)

Why don't you just drop me at the corner there, I think I'm late for my nail appointment.

The hoods' car comes to a stretch of warehouses.

TRUEBLOOD

(Oh look, warehouses.)

The factory district. How quaint.

Allie Boy swings the car up to the front gate of ANDREAS INDUSTRIES. The Henchmen swing open the gate.

Allie Boy pulls the car up to a loading bay.

ALLIE BOY

Out.

EXT. LOADING BAY

Nicky forces Trueblood out of the car at gunpoint.

NICKY

That way.

They enter loading dock.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Lots of packing crates. Trueblood is wondering what's in those crates. Illegal drugs perhaps?

They cross the warehouse, reach a flight of metal stairs. Nicky gestures.

NICKY

Go on.

They steer Trueblood up the flight of metal stairs to the top floor.

INT. ANDREAS' OFFICE - 3:40 PM

Andreas is seated at his desk. The others enter.

ANDREAS

You two, get out. You, sit down.

The hoods exit. Trueblood sits in front of the desk.

ANDREAS

Where's the ten large Caputo shorted me? That's all I'm asking.

TRUEBLOOD

I don't have it -- I mean, right here with me.

ANDREAS

You bet you don't. According to the police report, you are the sole witness to the crime.

TRUEBLOOD

What ever gave you that idea?

ANDREAS

I just told you.

TRUEBLOOD

I was around the complex, that's all. Caputo told me about the money. Last week. I know where he stashed it.

ANDREAS

Sure you do. I said, where is it?

TRUEBLOOD

Post office box.

ANDREAS

Right. Give me the number.

TRUEBLOOD

I can do better than that. I have the key.

ANDREAS

All right, hand it over.

He produces a gun and points it.

ANDREAS

I'm waiting.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

The POLICE CAPTAIN emerges from his office.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Stevens -- my office.

Office Stevens gets up from his desk, goes into the Captain's office.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Sit down.

The Captain remains standing.

POLICE CAPTAIN

What do you know about Paul Andreas?

STEVENS

Paul Andreas?

POLICE CAPTAIN

You made a bunch of phone calls to him.

STEVENS

Not me, you must mean someone else.

POLICE CAPTAIN

I had a phone call from the NSA today. Andreas' phone number came up in one of their sweeps. Another number came up as well. Yours. We know Andreas is a drug dealer.

(MORE)

POLICE CAPTAIN (cont'd)

In fact, the two of you had a conversation this very day. So now don't feed me any crap, what's your connection with Paul Andreas?

CUT TO:

EXT. DINING ROOM - COCHISE'S APARTMENT - 4:30 PM

Cochise is pacing the dining room. Susan enters.

SUSAN

Buck? You've been pacing around for twenty minutes. What's the matter?

COCHISE

Everything. Ted will find a way to trace that license plate, and when he does, he's going to be in big trouble.

He whips out cell phone, dials out. It goes to Trueblood's mailbox.

COCHISE

(into phone)

Ted, give me a call as soon as you get this.

(to Susan)

I'm going to his place to check on him. If you hear from him in any way, shape, or form, call me immediately.

He starts to exit.

SUSAN

Buck -- be careful.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - BROOKLANE APARTMENT COMPLEX - 4:45 PM

Cochise's car pulls into the parking lot.

INT. LOBBY OF BROOKLANE

Cochise hits Trueblood's apartment buzzer. No response. He produces a key, lets himself into the lobby.

He heads for stairwell.

OUTSIDE TRUEBLOOD'S APARTMENT

Cochise stops in front of Trueblood's door. Knocks. Tries handle. It's open. He goes in.

There's no sign of Trueblood, but the place is in disarray, apparently tossed.

He whips out his cell phone. Calls up photo of license plate. Looks around, grabs pencil and jots number on a slip of paper. He dials out.

COCHISE

(into phone)

I'd like the number of Danny Abrams. Cambridge.  
Yes, thanks.

(dials out)

Danny? This is Buck Cochise. Yeah, yeah I'm excited.  
Listen, you gotta trace a license plate for me. You can  
get it online, I didn't know that. Do me a favor, trace  
it anyway. It's urgent. I'll hold.

He holds for several beats, then jots down the address.

COCHISE

Andreas Industries, Fulton Street. Got it. Thanks,  
man.

He ends call. Dials out.

COCHISE

Suse, listen, call the police and tell them to get over to  
Andreas Industries, it's in the warehouse section. I'm  
headed there now.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING CAR - COCHISE

As he negotiates the roads in the industrial park. Eyes the number and address on a slip of paper. Spies sign for ANDREAS INDUSTRIES.

EXT. FRONT GATE - ANDREAS INDUSTRIES - 5:30 PM

Cochise slows his car as he passes the main gate. Makes a U-turn, and quietly pulls into a lot across the street.

INT. ANDREAS' OFFICE

Andreas is finishing up his conversation with Trueblood, whose face is bloodied. Allie Boy and Nicky are standing in the doorway.

TRUEBLOOD

You still don't believe me.

ANDREAS

Andreas was telling the truth. I did a little digging. I  
know the punk who skimmed it, and he will be dealt  
with.

(to others)

Dispose of him.

## EXT. WAREHOUSE

From across the street COCHISE spies TWO HENCHMEN outside, moves up the street, then crosses, moving quietly, heading around the side fence toward the back.

## IN REAR OF WAREHOUSE

There are trucks parked. Cochise moves cautiously, surveying the fence, looking for a way in.

## INT. WAREHOUSE

Allie Boy and Nicky are escorting Trueblood at gunpoint down the metal staircase. When they reach the bottom, they nudge him in the direction of the rear. They're ready to ice him.

TRUEBLOOD

Don't I get a final wish or something?

ALLIE BOY

Keep moving.

TRUEBLOOD

You know, it's bad luck to shoot an Indian. Seven years' is what I've heard. Could be just a rumor.

Trueblood is intrigued by those unmarked crates.

TRUEBLOOD

My, my, I wonder what's in all of those crates.

## WITH COCHISE IN REAR LOT OF WAREHOUSE

as he contemplates his options, realizes he's going to have to climb that fence.

He looks left and right. The coast is clear.

He begins his climb. As he drops down on the other side, he hears a voice:

FIRST HENCHMAN

Hey!

Oh shit. The guy's got a gun. He takes a SHOT at Cochise, who darts around the side toward the front.

A SECOND HENCHMAN joins the first one.

FIRST HENCHMAN

That way.

Cochise is running now, and has reached the loading bay in front. Another SHOT is fired.

## WITH TRUEBLOOD AND HOODS

ALLIE BOY

What was that?

The SOUND OF COCHISE'S SCUFFLING FEET comes from the loading bay as he enters the darkened warehouse.

ALLIE BOY

Keep an eye on him.

Allie Boy goes to investigate.

Trueblood bolts. Nicky SHOOTs and misses.

Trueblood sprints for his life, quickly hunkers down behind some crates.

Allie Boy meets up with one of the Henchmen at the loading bay entrance.

ALLIE BOY

What's going on?

HENCHMAN

Guy jumped the fence. He's in here somewhere.

ALLIE BOY

We got one back there. Okay, you go that way.

As Henchman proceeds to his right, Allie Boy returns to Nicky.

NICKY

He slipped me.

ALLIE BOY

You jerk.

NICKY

(points)  
That direction.

Allie Boy motions. They split up and advance down parallel aisles through the darkness.

## WITH TRUEBLOOD

hunkered behind some crates in the shadows, as Cochise suddenly appears beside him.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck!

COCHISE

Your friend, the idiot.

TRUEBLOOD

I knew you'd save the day.



COCHISE

Don't be so sure. There are a couple of goons out there with guns.

TRUEBLOOD

There are a couple in here too. They were about to kill me had you not rudely interrupted.

COCHISE

Now what are we gonna do?

A moment as they think.

TRUEBLOOD

I got it.

Trueblood reaches into pocket, pulls out penknife.

TRUEBLOOD

The equalizer.

He opens it, clenches it between his teeth. Cochise throws him a hostile look.

COCHISE

Hours away from a Harvard law degree, and you're cracking jokes at our funeral. You better pray for a miracle.

Pause.

COCHISE

I got an idea. Here's how we'll work it. Split up. You take that aisle, I'll take the other. You lure them out, I'll jump them.

TRUEBLOOD

You make it sound simple.

COCHISE

Oh, and don't forget to pray.

TRUEBLOOD

Hey Buck, how is it that I get to be the bait?

COCHISE

Because you're irresistible, not to mention you got us into this mess.

TRUEBLOOD

Couldn't we flip a coin?

(off a hostile look)

If anything should happen and we don't make it -- it's been -- well...

## COCHISE

A pain in the ass? Noto bene: my car is parked across the street. If you see daylight, run baby run.

They take deep breaths.

Trueblood starts forward, keeping low, moving up the aisle, pressing himself cautiously against the crates.

He sees a shadow at the other end.

Cochise moves parallel to him along the other aisle.

Trueblood raises his hands in surrender, moves slowly forward.

Nicky approaches, gun pointing. Cochise readies himself on the other side. When Nicky nears Trueblood, Cochise pushes one of the stacked crates over on top of him, and it thuds on top of him with a crunch.

## WITH ALLIE BOY AND THE HENCHMAN

responding to the noise.

## ALLIE BOY

What was that?

A quick beat.

## HENCHMAN

Over there.

## BACK TO SCENE

## COCHISE

(re: fallen Nicky)

Grab his gun!

Trueblood obliges.

## TRUEBLOOD

What am I gonna do with this?

## COCHISE

Cover me.

He moves forward up the aisle, Allie Boy appears opposite with the Henchman.

They FIRE!

Cochise hits the deck. Now what are they gonna do?

Trueblood eyes the gun, doesn't even know how to shoot the damn thing. He aims it at the ceiling -- FIRES A SHOT!

ALLIE BOY

Over there!

They head in the direction of Trueblood.

TRUEBLOOD

Oh shit. Buck?

COCHISE

This way.

They start up the safe aisle, keeping low. Allie Boy and the Henchman are moving down the other aisle in search of them in the opposite direction.

The Second Henchman is standing in the door of the loading bay.

Trueblood and Cochise hunker down, eye him.

TRUEBLOOD

How are we gonna get past him?

COCHISE

It's your call, Tonto. Make it a good one.

TRUEBLOOD

I'm sort of hesitant to shoot the guy. I mean, I do have some ethical principles.

But more SHOTS RING OUT! And Allie Boy and the other Henchman have spotted them. Trueblood points to stairs.

TRUEBLOOD

Up there.

They start up the metal staircase, as BULLETS FLY.

At the top of the staircase, they turn left and start down the catwalk at a run.

ALLIE BOY

(points)

There.

He and the Henchman start up the stairs.

Trueblood and Cochise halt. A voice startles them from behind.

ANDREAS

Gentlemen?

He has a gun pointed at them.

ANDREAS

Drop the gun.

Trueblood obliges.

TRUEBLOOD

I guess you got us. We know, we know -- the only good Indian is a dead Indian. I'm sorry, I take offense.

As Andreas points his gun, the SOUND OF POLICE SIRENS comes from without. Trueblood and Cochise exchange amazed looks.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Cop cars with sirens and cherry lights flashing are everywhere, having breached the front gate.

One of the COPS exchanges GUNFIRE with Henchman at loading dock, and brings him down.

BACK TO SCENE

Andreas turns tail and pushes past Trueblood and Cochise down the stairs.

Allie Boy and the other Henchman are in a panic.

ALLIE BOY

Out the back.

They dart toward the back of the warehouse. There's a rear loading platform.

ALLIE BOY

That way.

They make for daylight, only to be confronted by several cops with guns drawn. They surrender.

Trueblood and Cochise start down the stairs, hoping to head off Andreas, who is also headed for a rear platform.

He turns and FIRES at them. Heads for daylight, then hears voices.

POLICE OFFICER

Right there, Andreas.

Andreas is trapped.

Trueblood and Cochise are now surrounded by police in the center of the warehouse floor.

TRUEBLOOD

I knew we'd triumph, Buck, I knew it. Truth and justice always does.

(off a skeptical look)

Sometimes?

(off another look)

On a rare occasion?

Detective Burke comes over.

TRUEBLOOD

Kidnapping and attempted murder. Probable cause.

Burke waives search warrant.

DETECTIVE BURKE

Search warrant. Wonder what's in all of these crates.  
(to other cops)

All right, boys, go ahead and search the place.

Susan appears.

SUSAN

Buck!

She runs to her husband, hugs him.

SUSAN

Are you okay?

Cochise nods.

TRUEBLOOD

I'll never know how you did it, Buck. Saved the day.

SUSAN

He traced the plates.

COCHISE

In-jun-uity, Ted. Ingenuity.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOLMES FIELD - HARVARD UNIVERSITY - THE FOLLOWING  
AFTERNOON

In front of Langdell library, on a canopied podium, commencement exercises for Harvard law school graduates are underway. The woman DEAN of Harvard Law School shakes hands with the newly awarded graduates, who are attired in caps and gowns, as they receive their diplomas.

Cochise's name is called, and he comes forth and receives his diploma.

QUICK DISSOLVE:

Trueblood does likewise.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LAWN - HOLMES FIELD - SHORT TIME LATER

The graduates are mingling. Trueblood, Cochise and Susan are gathered together.

TRUEBLOOD

I knew we could do it, Suse.

SUSAN

Graduate, or solve the case?

TRUEBLOOD

Uh, both? So what now, Buckeroo?

COCHISE

South Dakota, Ted. We fly out tomorrow.

TRUEBLOOD

Oh no.

COCHISE

Oh yes. Gotta check up on the folks.

TRUEBLOOD

You're gonna run off at a time like this? What about me?

COCHISE

What about you?

TRUEBLOOD

Take me with you, Buck, you can stash me in your luggage. I won't be any trouble, I swear.

COCHISE

Kinda hard to breathe in there.

TRUEBLOOD

I'm resourceful, don't sell me short.

COCHISE

I'm not sure you can handle the scene out there, it's pretty rugged.

TRUEBLOOD

Not as rugged as New York, I hear tell. Buck?

COCHISE

Don't go there.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck?

COCHISE

Don't push it.

TRUEBLOOD

Suse?

Cochise and Susan exchange looks.

SUSAN

There won't be a New York, Ted. You know that.  
You knew it all along.

TRUEBLOOD

(to Cochise)

Is that true?

COCHISE

I plead the Fifth.

DANNY ABRAMS, a classmate, approaches, weaving his way through crowd.

DANNY

Hey --

COCHISE

Hey.

They shake hands.

DANNY

Congrats, man.

COCHISE

Thanks.

(to Trueblood)

You owe this guy big time. He traced the plates.

TRUEBLOOD

Bless your good heart.

DANNY

Party at my place later. No excuses, be there.

They tap knuckles.

TRUEBLOOD

May we call you "counselor"?

DANNY

You may. Hey, I heard about that murder thing. Your names were mentioned, as I recall.

TRUEBLOOD

Yes, you might say we had a slight hand in helping crack that.

DANNY

Harvard, baby.

TRUEBLOOD

Harvard.

They slap high fives.

DANNY

See you later.

He exits.

TRUEBLOOD

Buck, I can already see our names up there on the brass plate: TRUEBLOOD & COCHISE, Attorneys at Law. What do you think?

Cochise ponders a beat.

TRUEBLOOD

You don't have to make up your mind immediately, only right this minute.

COCHISE

I don't know. . .

SUSAN

Buck, come on.

TRUEBLOOD

Shake on it?

Trueblood and Cochise shake hands.

TRUEBLOOD

You know, Buck --

COCHISE

Just a minute. Every time you start with "you know, Buck," you're about to drag us into a mess.

TRUEBLOOD

Aw come on. Buck?

COCHISE

Yes, I know, I know, I know. Are you happy? Yes, Ted -- yes, yes, yes.

TRUEBLOOD

I know.

FADE OUT.

THE END





**DARK SNOW**

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK WOODS - NIGHT

The thick branches of evergreens tremble in the cold, swirling air, with snowflakes whipping round and round.

CAMERA PANS left to reveal a house isolated in the woods with a drive leading up to it. The porch light is on, and there are LIGHTS in the downstairs windows.

The dark silhouette of a woman can be seen -- AUNT LIDA -- spinsterish, 60s, behind the window curtains.

AUNT LIDA (V.O.)

In the winter, my niece Sandra called late on a Saturday night. There was a mixture of fear and excitement in her voice the like of which I had never heard before, as icy winds whipped snowflakes outside my little cabin in the woods. Could she come and see me, could she drive up from the city, please, for something wonderful had happened, wonderful and terrifying, and she had to share it with me, she simply had to. And of course I said yes, yes, my darling Sandra, my precious only niece Sandra, of course you can drive up and see me, as you've always come to see me when you sought solace from the pain, the terrible pain we have both endured at the hands of this curse, this terrible curse. Yes, come quickly my darling Sandra, come quickly and let me enfold you in my arms. Let Aunt Lida protect you from the dark, my precious Sandra, and the snow.

MOVE IN as Aunt Lida comes to the window. Parts the drapes. Peers out. Dark features contemplating the wintry night.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A car hugs the curve, wiper blades beating back lightly falling snow, and moves into the straightaway.

Through the snow-blurred windshield we can make out the features of the driver, SANDRA, a plain-looking woman in her 30s. With haunted eyes, nervous and agitated. Trying to focus her attention on the road.

INT. MOVING CAR

A palpably edgy Sandra clutches the steering wheel. Those wiper blades continue to beat and beat.

AUNT LIDA (V.O.)

(softly)

Was there snow on the road?

SANDRA (V.O.)

Snow?

AUNT LIDA (V.O.)

Were you afraid?

SANDRA (V.O.)

No -- no, I wasn't afraid.

AUNT LIDA (V.O.)

Of the dark and the snow?

SANDRA (V.O.)

No.

AUNT LIDA (V.O.)

Yes.

Sandra's face in terror. Her foot lunges for the brake. The car begins to swerve.

EXT. ROADWAY

The car skids.

IN THE CAR

Sandra frantically fights for control.

THE CAR

swerves onto the shoulder of the road. Thuds to a stop in a snowdrift.

INT. CAR

A shaken Sandra lies dazed against the seat. She slowly manages to pull herself upright. Wiper blades beat and beat.

She slumps back, dazed.

AUNT LIDA (V.O.)

Tell Aunt Lida, Sandra, what is it, what happened?  
What happened tonight in the dark and the snow?

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BISTRO - GREENWICH VILLAGE - NIGHT

Light snow is falling. Inside, an advertising agency is holding its annual Christmas party.

## INT. BISTRO

A Christmas party is in full swing. A bar. Well-dressed Yuppies mingling. Loud dance music.

In a corner of the room, Sandra is conversing with a girlfriend, EMILY.

Opposite, an affable guy in his thirties, ROBERT, surveys the scene.

He catches sight of Sandra. She catches sight of him. They sense an attraction, and immediately retreat from it. But Robert is curious.

FOLLOW HIM as he circles the room, stalking his prey.

Sandra senses his presence, grows nervous. She hopes to escape from what she perceives as a male threat, yet she is intrigued because she feels something. Even from a distance, for the first time in her life, she feels something.

SANDRA

Excuse me --

And she starts to move away, but he's too quick for her, and he steps in her path.

ROBERT

Hi. I'm not interrupting? I saw you over there, and I thought --

EMILY

You'd interrupt.

ROBERT

Yeah.

EMILY

It's okay. Go on, you guys.

ROBERT

No, I mean --

EMILY

It's okay.  
(a wink at Sandra)  
It's Christmas.

She pats Sandra on the shoulder, moves away.

ROBERT

I'm not much good with introductions.  
(extends his hand)  
Robert.

SANDRA

(hesitantly)  
Sandra.

They shake.

ROBERT

When I saw you -- I don't know, I just felt sort of compelled. I sometimes feel like I'm on my own little island, I mean, in crowded places like this. Then I saw you, and -- well, you ever feel that way?

SANDRA

Always I feel that way. Always.

An awkward moment.

ROBERT

So, what do you think?

SANDRA

What do you mean?

ROBERT

I mean --

He gestures. She's uptight, shrugs.

ROBERT

You wanna get something to drink?

SANDRA

The two of us?

ROBERT

(looks around)  
Is there someone else here?

They share a soft laugh.

ROBERT

What do you say? Live dangerously? Trust in our instincts? Aw hell, get loaded. . . I'm kidding. Come on.

He leads her through the sea of people to the bar. There's a bowl of punch there. He points.

ROBERT

You think?

She shrugs.

He pours out two glasses. Sips the punch.

SANDRA

It takes a little time -- for the poison to work.

Robert nods -- good. Then gestures -- her turn.

She demurs. Smiles. Then after a few beats, takes a tentative sip. Nods -- not bad.

ROBERT

I know a restaurant across the street. They don't poison the food. I have it on good authority. It won't be so crowded.

SANDRA

No, I don't think so.

ROBERT

Come on -- it's Christmas.

SANDRA

I'm not comfortable, I mean, in these kinds of situations.

ROBERT

I'm not either, believe me.

SANDRA

Especially in these kinds of situations.

ROBERT

I'm just getting a vibe, you know?

SANDRA

I know.

ROBERT

You do?

SANDRA

I sort of do, and I'm not used to this.

ROBERT

We could take a chance.

EXT. BISTRO

As Robert and Sandra emerge. They stop. Robert points. They move along the walk, cross the street to a small restaurant.

INT. RESTAURANT

They find a table.

ROBERT

This is better, don't you think?

(off a pained look)

Or maybe not. Look, I'm pretty innocuous. Somewhat innocuous? Extremely innocuous?

She laughs softly.

ROBERT

Okay, let me guess, because I don't recall seeing your face before -- traffic?

SANDRA

Studio. Illustrator.

ROBERT

Ah, an artiste.

SANDRA

An artiste.

ROBERT

New?

SANDRA

A few weeks.

She gestures -- your turn.

ROBERT

Okay, I admit up front -- I'm one of -- them.

SANDRA

Oh God.

ROBERT

Not top gun. Yes, the dreaded AE. Or AE in grooming. But it's safe to talk to me, I'm still reasonably human.

A pause.

SANDRA

I'm not used to these situations. I'm hardly a conversationalist.

ROBERT

As you can tell, neither am I.

SANDRA

I --

She starts to her feet.

ROBERT

Hey --

SANDRA

I'm a little tense, okay? This is very difficult for me.



ROBERT

It's difficult for me.

Pause. The WAITER comes over.

ROBERT

The waiter wants us to stay.

(to waiter)

Right? I think we'll need menus.

SANDRA

Robert?

ROBERT

It's okay. Come on, sit down.

She obliges. He nods to Waiter, who retreats.

ROBERT

So, we both got a vibe. I'll show you my vibe if you show me yours.

(off a pained look)

Weak joke.

SANDRA

I'm sorry, I'm uncomfortable. And I'm making you uncomfortable.

ROBERT

Don't be uncomfortable. It's just me. Besides, I'm really trying, can't you see?

SANDRA

Yes, and I'm ruining it.

ROBERT

No no. Now come on, be brave.

She remains tense.

SANDRA

I can't even believe I'm doing this.

ROBERT

Having drinks with a colleague? Am I that bad?

SANDRA

It's not you.

ROBERT

And it's not you, so -- I think we're safe.

(a beat)

You live here in the city?

SANDRA

Yeah.

ROBERT

I live right around the corner. In the Village. You grow up here?

SANDRA

Upstate New York. My mother died a couple of years ago, I moved down here. It was traumatic.

ROBERT

I can understand that.

SANDRA

When you lose somebody that close -- it's hard. She was sort of like me -- frightened, always frightened. Can't help it, I guess it's genetic or something.

ROBERT

Frightened?

SANDRA

You know --

ROBERT

Yeah.

(a moment)

Maybe you just haven't met the right person.

Pause.

SANDRA

I still have an aunt who lives up there -- in the woods. I'm very close to her. I just don't want to end up like her.

ROBERT

What do you mean?

SANDRA

Alone. Unhappy. I don't want it to be that way -- forever. Except I'm probably kidding myself, I probably do want it to be that way.

Robert reaches across, puts his hand on hers. The Waiter returns, passes them menus.

ROBERT

I grew up in Brooklyn. My father was in advertising, that's how I got in. I studied journalism. There isn't much by way of journalism these days. Print media dying. So, you know, not wanting to starve --

SANDRA  
 (checks her watch)  
 Look -- I really should go.

ROBERT  
 It's only 10:30.

SANDRA  
 I'm sorry.

ROBERT  
 It's okay.

Pause.

SANDRA  
 You ever feel -- well, sometimes I feel as though I am  
 in the dark, and it's cold everywhere. I mean, all alone,  
 and I can hear the winds outside, and there's snow.

ROBERT  
 I know the feeling.  
 (re: menu)  
 Well now, what looks good?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BROWNSTONE - UPPER EAST SIDE - NIGHT

A cab pulls up to the curb.

INT. CAB

Robert gestures to cabbie.

ROBERT  
 Wait here.

EXT. BROWNSTONE

Robert and Sandra emerge from cab.

SANDRA  
 I'm sorry I've been so uptight. I'm sorry.

ROBERT  
 Don't apologize, I had a good time. Can I call you this  
 weekend?

Pause. She's tense.

SANDRA  
 You sure?

ROBERT

No, I was just testing you. Yes, I'm sure.

(a beat)

How about, I'll give you my number if you give me yours? Come on.

She removes pen and scrap of paper from purse, jots her on it. Hands it to him.

That tense moment has come when goodbyes are said.

SANDRA

Well --

ROBERT

Well --

SANDRA

Good night.

She starts to walk away.

ROBERT

Wait.

He moves to her; they share a kiss. She flees up the steps.

CUT TO:

INT. SANDRA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

She enters, rushes to the phone. Dials out.

SANDRA

(into phone)

Aunt Lida? . . . I know it's late. I need to see you, to talk to you. Something's happened, and I need to come up. I know, but it's important.

FLASH FORWARD TO:

EXT. ROADWAY - PRESENT

Sandra's car is in the snowbank.

INT. CAR

Sandra snaps out of her daze, pulls herself upright, and resumes control of the steering wheel.

EXT. CAR

As it backs out of the snowbank, and continues on its way to Aunt Lida's.

CUT TO:

## EXT. AUNT LIDA'S HOUSE - WOODS - NIGHT

Sandra's car turns off the road and moves up the drive. Aunt Lida is standing in the lighted doorway.

Sandra gets out of the car, moves to her.

AUNT LIDA

Sandra --

They hug.

SANDRA

Oh Aunt Lida, Aunt Lida, I know you are going to be so happy for me.

AUNT LIDA

Come inside.

They move inside.

## INT. FOYER

Sandra shakes off the cold, a bit stunned.

AUNT LIDA

Let me help you with your coat.

She helps Sandra shed her overcoat, then hangs it in the closet. Sandra moves into the LIVING ROOM, turns.

AUNT LIDA

You're shaking.

SANDRA

Yes.

(several beats)

It happened, Aunt Lida, it finally happened.

AUNT LIDA

Calm down. Come on, sit down.

They move to the sofa. Sandra seats herself.

SANDRA

I just can't believe it.

AUNT LIDA

I made you some coffee.

SANDRA

That's all right. I met someone, Aunt Lida. Tonight. At a party.

AUNT LIDA

You met someone. And?

SANDRA

It was an office Christmas party.

Several beats.

AUNT LIDA

You met someone at an office party. Well?

SANDRA

His name was Robert -- *is* Robert. I don't know how it happened, but I was attracted to him. I sensed it, he sensed it. We were attracted to each other.

AUNT LIDA

Oh Sandra, my precious Sandra. Don't put yourself through this again.

SANDRA

This time it was different.

AUNT LIDA

It wasn't different. But go on.

SANDRA

We had feelings for each other. For the first time, I felt as though I had made a real connection. Do you know what that means?

AUNT LIDA

No, I don't. And neither do you. You're fooling yourself Sandra, as you have a number of times in the past. As a young woman I was frightened of men. Here I am, alone my entire life, in this cabin. Your mother was frightened, but somehow for a time she overcame it. And now you've inherited this family curse. What happened tonight, did he frighten you?

SANDRA

No, he loved me. And I had feelings for him. We kissed, Aunt Lida. And it was wonderful. I came to you because we were so close, I needed to share this with you. I want you to be happy for me.

AUNT LIDA

Of course you do.

SANDRA

But you don't believe me. I can see it in your eyes.

AUNT LIDA

I don't want to see you hurt. And if you delude yourself in this way, you will be hurt.

SANDRA

It's not a delusion.

AUNT LIDA

It's always the same. You're frightened, you retreat into my arms. But it's nothing to be ashamed of.

SANDRA

I'm not ashamed. For once, I'm happy. Probably for the first time in my life. I can't wait to be with him again. I know you can't accept that, but I'm excited. I feel as though I am finally coming alive. Be happy for me.

AUNT LIDA

(putting arm around her)

Oh Sandra, my precious Sandra. . .

SANDRA

Please be happy. I felt warmth in his arms. He is sweet and gentle.

AUNT LIDA

When I was a young girl, your mother and I spent hours walking in the bright fields, where the sun was rich and warm. We would wake in the fields just to feel our senses awakening. And yet when we saw someone, a man of any kind, we were frightened. Your mother wasn't happy in her marriage, she was terrified. She regretted it, she told me so. And I've never admitted it, but I was molested by my own father, Sandra. I was terrified. Yet I hoped I could be happy and overcome this fear, while always there was darkness surrounding me, and the coldness like that snow. I don't want you to delude yourself -- you'll only bring more suffering and pain.

SANDRA

I'm not deluding myself.

She rises.

AUNT LIDA

Where are you going?

SANDRA

To call him. To tell him I have feelings for him. I'm leaving, Aunt Lida. I'm sorry if you can't share my happiness.

AUNT LIDA

Don't go.

SANDRA

I deserve to be happy. Say you will support me in this, Aunt Lida. Say you are glad for me.

AUNT LIDA

Sandra --

Sandra moves to leave.

AUNT LIDA

Sandra, please -- I want to support you, but I'm jealous. Now I'll be all alone.

SANDRA

No, you won't be alone. I promise you.

AUNT LIDA

Outside the snow is falling, and it is dark and cold and painful, and I hide against it. I bunch up under the covers in the chill of night, and pray. I hide and hide. Oh Sandra, if what you say is true, you'll go away from me forever. Please don't go away from me.

They embrace.

SANDRA

Goodbye, Aunt Lida.

She goes out.

AUNT LIDA

Sandra -- !

Several beats. Sound of front door closing.

Aunt Lida moves to the window. SOUND of SANDRA's car starting.

POV shot of car pulling out.

AUNT LIDA

Oh Sandra, my own dear niece Sandra -- don't leave me all alone in this little house, with the snow swirling. Don't leave me in the dark and the snow.

FADE OUT.

THE END





**MARILISE**

FADE IN:

EXT. DUPRE HOUSE - HARBOR COVE, THE HAMPTONS - DAY

It's an older Victorian-style home much in need of repair. Indeed, it's dilapidated, with old gray siding that's cracked, dormer windows, and a wrap-around porch on which sits an old rocking chair. Weeds overgrow the front yard, and the property is bounded by a picket fence. TRACK SLOWLY around to the back of the house, and MOVE IN on an upper window, as a gentle voice is heard.

MARILISE (V.O.)

I grew up in a small town in the Hamptons with my sister Leigh Ann. Small, but tony. Our parents had money, but they died when we were young, leaving just the two daughters, and an aunt who looked after us. By the age of ten, we realized that we were in love with each other. I mean, more than just the way it is with sisters.

INT. BEDROOM

MARILISE and LEIGH ANN are entwined in each other's arms, two naked bodies on a four-poster, kissing and stroking each other.

Both in their mid- to late 20s, Marilise is fair, delicate, fragile. She is possessed of a childlike innocence and vulnerability. Leigh Ann is dark, slender.

Marilise teases her sister.

MARILISE

(softly)

My name is Marilise.

LEIGH ANN

I'm Leigh Ann.

They laugh, the laugh of two mischievous girls, then roll on top of each other, touching and groping.

MARILISE

You'll always be *my* Leigh Ann.

They continue to laugh and smooch. Then the mood grows more serious.

LEIGH ANN

What will we do?

MARILISE

I don't know.

More kissing and groping.

LEIGH ANN

There's no more money.

MARILISE

I don't want to think about it.

A pause.

LEIGH ANN

We have to. I think we have to be pragmatic.

MARILISE

It's more fun to be sisters.

They laugh, kiss. SOUND OF DOWNSTAIRS DOORBELL. The sisters hold a puzzled look.

The DOORBELL SOUNDS AGAIN. Leigh Ann shakes her head in frustration.

She hurriedly dons a bathrobe.

INT. DOWNSTAIRS HALLWAY

Leigh Ann opens the front door, confronts the POSTMAN.

POSTMAN

Sign here.

She signs, takes letter. It's addressed to Marilise. As the Mailman departs, she opens the letter, scrutinizes it.

Marilise comes down the stairs.

MARILISE

What is it?

LEIGH ANN

Would you believe, an invitation to a garden party.

She hands it over.

MARILISE

Alisa Powers. Do we know her?

LEIGH ANN

Nope.

MARILISE

Wait -- I think I recall seeing her name in the papers. Her husband is very rich.

LEIGH ANN

They're all rich around here --  
(MORE)

LEIGH ANN (cont'd)

(touch of disdain)

-- in the oh-so-snooty Hamptons. All but us. What ever happened to the family fortune?

Marilise shrugs.

LEIGH ANN

Oh, that's right, grandpa squandered it. But somehow we managed to keep up appearances. We're broke, Marilise dear. No getting around it. And we had better begin to take it seriously.

MARILISE

I don't want to think about it. I just want to have fun. I'm gonna get all dolled up for the party.

(gestures)

I shall flirt and have fun.

LEIGH ANN

You'll do no such thing.

MARILISE

I'm not going to sit around, stew and worry.

LEIGH ANN

Yes, sister dear, Marilise Dupre, the Hamptons' own Miss Lollipops and Roses. Let's put it off till tomorrow.

MARILISE

Yes, Leigh Ann Dupre, let's worry, worry, . . . We'll get the money. We scraped by before.

LEIGH ANN

That was when Aunt Leah was still alive.

MARILISE

Well, anyway. . .

Leigh Ann reaches for the invitation.

LEIGH ANN

What puzzles me is, why would Alisa Powers be sending us an invitation to a garden party in the first place?

MARILISE

Perhaps she has her eye on me. I'm only the hottest item in town.

LEIGH ANN

Right. And I'm the Queen of Sheba. You're mine, Marilise, you'll always be mine. Never forget it. Two sisters alone in this great big house, but bonded by their love.

MARILISE

(with sarcasm)

Right.

LEIGH ANN

(hint of mischief)

Come on, admit it, you're devoted to me.

MARILISE

In your dreams.

(deflecting)

I'm going to get all dolled up for the occasion and have myself a wonderful time.

LEIGH ANN

That shouldn't be hard. The invitation says "come as you are." You can go as a slob.

MARILISE

You --

Marilise takes a poke at her.

MARILISE

I know. We'll go to the party tomorrow. I want to get all dressed up. I want you to get dressed up too.

(off a look)

We'll find someone there, someone who will help us.

They gaze into each other's eyes.

LEIGH ANN

I love you, Marilise.

MARILISE

I love you, Leigh Ann. . . We'll find someone, someone to help us.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BEDROOM - THE FOLLOWING DAY

Marilise comes out from behind a dressing screen in a sweet little outfit -- blouse and jeans. Leigh Ann appraises her.

MARILISE

Do you like it?

LEIGH ANN

Muchly, very muchly.

(shakes her head)

It's too casual.

MARILISE

What do you mean, too casual?

LEIGH ANN

Honey, you are never gonna catch fish with that kind of bait.

Marilise shakes her head.

MARILISE

It's a garden party. It's supposed to be casual.

LEIGH ANN

Get rid of the jeans. And that pair died and went to heaven long ago.

MARILISE

Come on, why do you have to be so hard on me?

LEIGH ANN

Because I love you.

MARILISE

I wonder.

LEIGH ANN

You wonder?

MARILISE

I think you say that, but it's easy just to say it.

LEIGH ANN

Is it?

She gives Marilise a playful push. Marilise pushes back.

LEIGH ANN

Oh, getting rough.

MARILISE

Now, Leigh Ann.

LEIGH ANN

I'll show you rough.

Marilise makes a break for it, and Leigh Ann chases her around the room, and tackles her on the bed. Before you know it, they are kissing and smooching. After a time --

LEIGH ANN

I don't care what you wear. I just want you to look beautiful. To me, you are beautiful.

DISSOLVE TO:





MARILISE

Yes.

ALISA

From the outside, forgive me, but it seems in need of a bit of repair.

MARILISE

It does need repair.

ALISA

Why don't you come with me into the house, Marilise. Help me with the food.

Marilise hesitates.

ALISA

Come on, don't be shy.

Marilise throws a look at Leigh Ann, who shrugs.

Alisa takes Marilise's arm and guides her into the house.

INT. KITCHEN - ALISA'S

Alisa enters with Marilise.

ALISA

I really should give you a grand tour of the house. I think it's a little more swanky than what you might be used to. But that can wait. Help me with the steaks.

She moves to counter. Steaks are piled to one side. Marilise approaches.

ALISA

You're probably wondering why I invited you.

MARILISE

I didn't even think you knew we existed.

ALISA

Of course, there's gossip, always gossip. They say you and your sister are close, very close. I was -- well -- curious. I've seen you from afar, in town. You seem so fragile.

MARILISE

I am fragile. That's what Leigh Ann says. But I have another side as well.

ALISA

I've seen you from afar, and I've been attracted to you. Come here, beside me.

Now they're side by side.

ALISA

Why don't you put the steaks on the plate. Here.

She hands her large fork.

ALISA

Go ahead, they won't bite.

Marilise begins to move steaks onto plate, throws occasional timid looks at Alisa.

Now Alisa leans toward her, gently pushes her hair aside, and softly kisses her on the neck.

MARILISE

Don't.

ALISA

You're very fragile, very beautiful.

MARILISE

No.

She backs away.

ALISA

What's the matter?

MARILISE

You, that's what's the matter.

ALISA

You've never been kissed?

MARILISE

No, it isn't right.

ALISA

You should be flattered.

MARILISE

Maybe I gave you the wrong impression.

ALISA

You need money, don't you?

MARILISE

What difference does that make?

ALISA

Come on, don't be naive. Let's be friends. I want us to be friends.

She moves closer.

ALISA

I can help you, Marilise. I'm very rich.

MARILISE

You --

ALISA

It's all right. I can be patient. I want you to have feelings for me. Don't close the door.

She turns to the side, helps with the steaks.

ALISA

I've heard the talk. I think we have things in common, Marilise. I know about you and your sister.

MARILISE

But your husband -- ?

ALISA

He doesn't know from stock futures. I doubt he cares.

Pause.

ALISA

I know you're devoted to your sister. But that doesn't change my attraction to you, my feelings for you.

MARILISE

But we only just met.

ALISA

No. No, I've seen you from afar, and I feel as though I know you -- intimately. It's a feeling, Marilise. Let your feelings come forth.

They hold a look.

ALISA

Don't make it difficult to love you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALISA'S BEDROOM - LATE THE SAME AFTERNOON

She and Marilise are naked together in bed, kissing each other.

ALISA

I hope you don't expect this kind of treatment all the time. I do it only as a special favor.

Kiss kiss, smooch smooch.

MARILISE

Why must you be cruel?

Several beats as Alisa fondly brushes Marilise's hair back from her face.

ALISA

Why did you come here with me?

MARILISE

We don't have any money.

ALISA

I thought you came from a rich family?

MARILISE

I think that's what they tried to have everyone believe.  
But we're not rich -- we never were. We need your  
help.

ALISA

Marilise, my Marilise.

MARILISE

Please?

They stroke each other.

ALISA

(softly)

Money is not a problem.

Another pause.

MARILISE

You'll help us?

ALISA

Kiss me.

Marilise pulls away.

ALISA

Kiss me, Marilise.

They kiss.

MARILISE

Please, you have to help us.

ALISA

You have the most beautiful eyes.

A moment.

MARILISE

I work in a bookstore, I don't earn much money.

ALISA

You're very beautiful. Almost ethereal, I'd say.  
Delicate.

She kisses Marilise softly on the forehead.

ALISA

And I want you to be mine.

They gaze into each other's eyes.

ALISA

I wonder if my husband would approve.

MARILISE

Does he -- know?

ALISA

About me? No, no I don't think he does. But we're  
distant when we're together, I mean, together this way.

MARILISE

Would he be shocked?

ALISA

I wonder. I think he's happy, so long as he has his trophy  
gentle. That's what I am -- a gentle he can carry on  
his arm. No, I don't think he knows.

(gazing fondly)

You are delicate and beautiful, and you have come to  
me asking for help.

MARILISE

Will you help us, Alisa, will you?

ALISA

Don't beg -- you don't have to beg.

MARILISE

Will you help us?

ALISA

I don't want to talk about that. Let's just be in the  
moment.

They stroke, they kiss.

ALISA

My poor Marilise, alone and wanting for money. Alone  
except for Leigh Ann, in that big old house. Is it true  
that you love Leigh Ann?

MARILISE

Yes.

ALISA

The way you love me?

She kisses Marilise softly on the forehead.

ALISA

No, not the way you love me. You love me as you have never loved before, I can feel it. If she knew we were together, would she be mad?

MARILISE

Yes. She knows.

ALISA

Would she be angry if I took you from her? Yes, she would be very angry. But you are mine, sweet Marilise, I want you and you must be mine.

They kiss.

ALISA

If I help you, will you be mine? Will you be devoted to me?

MARILISE

I shouldn't have come here.

ALISA

I'm glad you did. I can feel our love growing. Kiss me, Marilise, but only if you really want to kiss me.

MARILISE

Oh God.

They kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DUPRE HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

To ESTABLISH.

INT. KITCHEN

The sisters are making dinner.

LEIGH ANN

And so, what did she say?

MARILISE

She'll help.

LEIGH ANN  
She really said so?

MARILISE  
Yes.

A pause, and then Leigh Ann turns to her sister:

LEIGH ANN  
What went on between the two of you?

MARILISE  
That's private.

LEIGH ANN  
Was it cozy?

MARILISE  
(shrugs; teasing)  
Like French perfume, like chocolate pudding.

LEIGH ANN  
You.

She tosses a flirtatious little pinch of flour in Marilise's face.

LEIGH ANN  
You don't love her?

MARILISE  
(scolding)  
Leigh Ann.

LEIGH ANN  
I mean, I detected something about you when you got home. You seemed unusually upbeat. . . I couldn't stand it if you loved her, you know that. I couldn't even stand the thought of you being with her.

They continue with their preparations.

MARILISE  
If it's any consolation, I don't love her.

The PHONE RINGS. Marilise cleans her hands with a towel, answers phone.

MARILISE  
(into phone)  
Hello?

Alisa is on her cell phone in the parking lot of a country club.

INTERCUT:

ALISA  
(on phone)  
Marilise?

MARILISE  
Yes?

ALISA  
I have to see you.

MARILISE  
I don't think this is a good time.

ALISA  
I have to, please?

MARILISE  
What -- what is it?

ALISA  
I couldn't look at him, Marilise, not after today. I just  
couldn't look at him.

MARILISE  
Okay.

ALISA  
I couldn't look at him, or stand to be with him. I want  
to see you.

MARILISE  
I don't think --

ALISA  
Can I see you tonight, please?

MARILISE  
Call me later.

ALISA  
I love you, Marilise, so very much.

MARILISE  
Goodbye.

END PHONE CONVERSATION

LEIGH ANN  
Oh boy, someone's in trouble. I told you you shouldn't  
have gone with her.

MARILISE  
She's distraught.



LEIGH ANN

I knew she was trouble the moment we laid eyes on her. I shouldn't have allowed you to go with her.

MARILISE

I'm frightened.

LEIGH ANN

Poor Marilise.

She hugs her sister.

MARILISE

I love you, Leigh Ann, you know that?

LEIGH ANN

Yes, I know that.

MARILISE

I'm frightened of this woman, Leigh Ann. I think she's desperate.

LEIGH ANN

I knew there was something wrong. It's all right, Leigh Ann will look after you.

MARILISE

But we needed the money.

LEIGH ANN

We'll get the money, don't worry. We'll find a way. Now, don't be upset, let's make dinner and have some fun.

She tosses a pinch of flour in Marilise's face, and they get into a flour fight, laughing. But deep down, Marilise knows that trouble lies ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DUPRE HOUSE - THE FOLLOWING NIGHT

The girls are watching TV and the front doorbell sounds. Looks are exchanged.

Marilise answers the door. It's Alisa.

ALISA

Can I come in?

Marilise throws a nervous look Leigh Ann's way.

ALISA

I have to come in.

She barges in.

ALISA

I'm distraught, I am very distraught. Can we talk?

MARILISE

We were just watching television.

Leigh Ann appears.

LEIGH ANN

Well, look who's here.

ALISA

(coldly)

Hello, Leigh Ann.

LEIGH ANN

What are you doing here?

ALISA

I came to see Marilise. I hope you don't resent the intrusion. I'd like to have a minute with her alone.

LEIGH ANN

Only a minute?

ALISA

I am in no mood for games.

(to Marilise)

Is there somewhere we can be alone?

MARILISE

(pointing)

In there.

LEIGH ANN

Wait.

ALISA

What seems to be your problem?

LEIGH ANN

Marilise is my sister. I look out for her.

ALISA

She's a grown woman. She can fend for herself.  
Come.

She steers Marilise into the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

Alisa takes Marilise aside, breaks into tears.

ALISA

Oh Marilise.

She throws her arms around Marilise, who is embarrassed and pulls away.

ALISA

I know I was cruel to you this afternoon, I'm so sorry. Sometimes I just get that way and can't help it. I knew at dinner tonight that my marriage was over. I knew that I wanted only you, that I loved you. I knew, and it was painful -- I had to see you, to be with you. You love me, tell me you love me. You love me, you have to love me.

MARILISE

I think you're all wound up.

ALISA

Don't reject me, please.

MARILISE

Alisa --

ALISA

You love her, that's it, isn't it?

MARILISE

I'm not rejecting you.

ALISA

You don't want to hurt her feelings. But you have to make a choice, you have to choose one of us. I won't share you.

MARILISE

Alisa --

ALISA

You want to be with me, don't you?

MARILISE

Of course I want to be with you. But something has happened and you're very upset. You need to get hold of yourself.

ALISA

Marilise?

MARILISE

We can talk about this tomorrow. It's best if we talk about it tomorrow.

ALISA

I can't wait for tomorrow -- I need you now, tonight.

MARILISE

It's not possible.

ALISA

I want to be with you tonight, I have to be with you tonight.

MARILISE

I'll see you tomorrow. You can come by the bookstore, all right?

ALISA

Oh Marilise.

MARILISE

Come by the bookstore in the morning. Now, you need to go and get some rest. .It's going to be okay. Now, come on.

She escorts Alisa to the door.

LEIGH ANN (O.S.)

(calling)

Goodbye, Alisa.

Alisa throws her a sullen look. Goes out. Marilise watches as she disappears down the walk. Leigh Ann has appeared beside Marilise. She gives Marilise a disapproving look.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - THE FOLLOWING DAY (MONDAY)

Marilise is busy stocking shelves. Several beats, then Alisa enters through the front door. Marilise looks up, sees her. Marilise continues to stock shelves as Alisa approaches. Alisa is back in monster mode.

ALISA

Well, the busy worker. Hello, Marilise.

MARILISE

Hello.

ALISA

I thought we might go shopping. I have some things picked out for you.

MARILISE

Shopping?

ALISA

When you're done here. I want to spoil you, is that all right?

MARILISE

I promised Leigh Ann --

ALISA

That you'd come right home. Well, I don't care about Leigh Ann. And from now on, neither do you. You are going to come with me -- I have the perfect outfits picked out for you. I want to spoil you.

The proprietess, MARILYN BALTIMORE, a middle-aged, demure lady, comes over.

MARILYN

Is everything all right?

Marilise nods.

Marilyn gives Alisa a dark look, then moves away.

MARILISE

Alisa, I can't let you buy me things.

ALISA

I want to buy you things. I insist. What time do you get off?

MARILISE

Three o'clock.

ALISA

I'll see you then. Oh, by the way, I was a literature major. I have a very literary bent. French poetry.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

As Marilise and Alisa stand in front of a shop window.

ALISA

Look at that -- it's perfect for you.

They enter the store. Move to the racks. Thumb through. Alisa removes a dress from the rack, holds it up.

ALISA

Here it is in your size. Do you like it?

MARILISE

I don't know.

ALISA

Try it on.

MARILISE

I don't think we should be doing this.

ALISA

I want to pamper you. I want to show my love for you. Now, go on.

Marilise takes the dress, disappears. Alisa looks around.

A SALESLADY comes over.

SALESLADY

Can I help you?

ALISA

(abrupt)  
No, no thank you.

SALESLADY

Was that your daughter?

ALISA

No, no it was not.

Marilise reappears in the new dress.

ALISA

Oh God. Turn around. It's perfect. Turn back. The colors are just right for you. We'll buy it.

MARILISE

Alisa?

ALISA

Now, let's look for some other things.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MOVING CAR - ALISA AND MARILISE

Alisa is driving.

ALISA

Next Saturday, I think we should go on a picnic.

MARILISE

A picnic?

ALISA

Yes. I have a couple of bicycles we can use. We'll go up in the country. I'll pack lunch.

MARILISE

I had plans with Leigh Ann.

ALISA

Come on, this will be fun.

MARILISE

I don't want to cause any friction. I wish you could understand that I can't shut Leigh Ann out, I just can't do it. I have feelings for her.

ALISA

Of course you can shut her out, and the sooner the better. I'm going to end my marriage, then we can be together. We'll be so happy. You'll see.

She pulls the car into the driveway of the Dupre house.

ALISA

I'll pick you up at eleven o'clock.  
(gestures)

Don't forget your clothes.

She leans over to kiss Marilise, but Marilise slips free. She gets out of the car, opens the back door and takes out several boxes of clothes. She turns to Alisa, exchanges a momentary look, then starts up the walk.

INT. FOYER - DUPRE HOUSE

Marilise is setting down the boxes. Leigh Ann appears.

LEIGH ANN

What's this?

MARILISE

We went shopping.

LEIGH ANN

I expected you an hour ago.

MARILISE

She insisted.

LEIGH ANN

You said you'd put an end to this. Now put an end to it. She must have spent a fortune.

Looks through boxes.

LEIGH ANN

Look at this. This isn't cheap stuff. Marilise.

MARILISE

I did this because we needed money, remember?

LEIGH ANN

I'm beginning to think you did this because you like her. Do you like her?

MARILISE

Maybe.

LEIGH ANN

Were you with her again?

MARILISE

No. Absolutely not.

LEIGH ANN

You're lying. I know you were with her. She bought you expensive clothes, and then you were with her. Or was it the other way around?

MARILISE

Please, Leigh Ann.

LEIGH ANN

You could have been with me, but you chose to be with her. I'm beginning to get the picture.

MARILISE

You're wrong.

LEIGH ANN

Are you in love with her?

MARILISE

How could you say that?

LEIGH ANN

Because you've changed toward me, I can feel it. I think you're in love with her.

MARILISE

Leigh Ann, you know how I feel about you, how I'll always feel about you.

LEIGH ANN

But you also have feelings towards her. Is that possible?

(Marilise shrugs)

I won't allow it -- I won't allow you to be in love with someone else. You can only love one person.

MARILISE

Why -- why can I only love one person?

LEIGH ANN

Because I love you, and you must be devoted to me. I want you to break this off, I don't care about the money.



MARILISE

But what will happen to us?

LEIGH ANN

I don't care. I want you to break this off now.

MARILISE

I promised I'd go cycling with her on Saturday.

LEIGH ANN

Call her and tell her you've changed your mind.

MARILISE

I can't. She'll be so disappointed.

LEIGH ANN

If you don't, I will.

MARILISE

No, please. I'll go with her on Saturday, and I'll tell her that it's over. I promise.

LEIGH ANN

You absolutely swear?

MARILISE

I swear, on my honor. I'm so confused, Leigh Ann. Please hold me.

They embrace.

LEIGH ANN

I love you, Marilise.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SATURDAY

Marilise and Alisa pedal along furiously on their bicycles, laughing, hair streaming in the breeze. Marilise is dressed in a brightly colored dress; Alisa wears dark slacks and a turtleneck.

CLOSE ON legs pumping and pedals turning, as they barrel furiously down the road. Alisa is in the lead, and steers up a side road and into a field. Marilise follows after.

Alisa comes to a halt and dismounts. She waits for Marilise to catch up. They hug each other.

ALISA

I brought a blanket. And sandwiches.

She gets them from the back of the bike. Then she takes Marilise's hand, and they start into the fields.

ALISA

It's so warm and beautiful.

They continue on their way. Alisa comes to a halt.

ALISA

Here.

She spreads out the blanket.

ALISA

Let me hold you.

They lie on the blanket together, and kiss each other. Then they begin to remove their clothes.

MARILISE

Alisa?

ALISA

I love you.

MARILISE

No, you have to listen to me.

ALISA

I won't listen.

MARILISE

I can't love you.

ALISA

Yes, you can.

MARILISE

I can't, Leigh Ann won't allow it.

ALISA

I hate Leigh Ann. I told my husband about us, and I told him I was leaving him. I told him that you and I wanted to spend our lives together.

MARILISE

She won't allow it.

ALISA

It's not up to her to decide. I told him I was leaving him, and you must tell Leigh Ann the same.

MARILISE

But I can't.

ALISA

You have to.

MARILISE

She'll never forgive me.

A slight pause.

ALISA

Marilise, Marilise, I love you, and you love me. You have to choose.

MARILISE

No.

ALISA

Yes. Leigh Ann is the past, and I am the future. We will be so happy together.

MARILISE

No.

ALISA

Marilise, my Marilise.

MARILISE

Oh God.

She starts up. Makes a dash to the bicycle. Gets on and takes off. Alisa gives pursuit.

Marilise heads back in the direction of the main road, pumping furiously. When she reaches it, she turns left and starts back the way they came.

Alisa reaches the main road, catches sight of her.

ALISA

Marilise?

She gives pursuit.

Marilise disappears over the crest of the hill. Alisa pedals after her furiously, trying to catch up.

As she reaches the crest of the hill, the sound of a truck is heard, and only too late does she catch sight of it -- a BAKERY TRUCK -- as it swerves to try and avoid her. It nails her head-on, and there is an enormous crash.

CLOSE ON the front wheel of the upended bike -- bent now, broken and gnarled, as it slowly turns round and round beside the crumpled body on the road.

THE END

**SHARK WATCH**

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL BLOCK - NEWARK, NJ - LATE MORNING

Cheap row houses and abandoned lots. A flashy late model car slowly cruises the street occupied by three young HOODS. Farther up the block, ROMEO, a goombah in his 40s, strides along, dressed in sports jacket and slacks. He's tall, swarthy, a Tony Lo Bianco type.

INT. MOVING CAR

Two hoods up front, one in back. Passenger side hood scopes the street.

FIRST HOOD

Where is he, I don't see him?

The hood in the back seat leans forward against the passenger headrest, points him out.

SECOND HOOD

That's him.

EXT. STREET

As the car pulls up to the curb.

FIRST HOOD

Hey, Romeo. Ruggiero wants to see you.

ROMEO

What?

FIRST HOOD

Get in.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOB SOCIAL CLUB

To ESTABLISH.

INT. BACK ROOM

Fat mafiosi captain ANGELO RUGGIERO is sorting cash at his desk. A beat, his door opens, and Romeo enters.

RUGGIERO

I got a job for you.

ROMEO

Me?

RUGGIERO

Am I talking to myself?

He rises, goes to wall safe, extracts a satchel containing \$250,000 in cash, places it on His desk.

RUGGIERO

Two-fifty large. Here's an address.

He hands over slip of paper.

ROMEO

A fortune teller?

RUGGIERO

She'll make the exchange. Don't fuck up.

ROMEO

Why me?

RUGGIERO

Robert De Niro wasn't available. And Romeo -- sample the shit.

Romeo nods.

RUGGIERO

Get going.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY

Romeo's car speeds by, takes the Seaside Heights off ramp.

EXT. AMUSEMENT PIER - NEW JERSEY SHORE

Children pitch and whirl, swoop round and round in one of those giant bucket rides, their gleeful cries piercing the air.

A car swerves into the parking lot. Romeo gets out, opens the rear car door and removes a satchel from the back seat, as well as a pair of binoculars. He looks around briefly, unzips the satchel, briefly inspects the contents of it -- bundles of cash -- and zips it shut.

He turns, hefts satchel and binoculars up the ramp to the boardwalk.

ON THE BOARDWALK

he pauses, looks left and right. There's a chain link fence along the perimeter of the amusement area. He makes his way there. Stops.

He raises the binoculars, peers out to sea.

WHAT HE SEES through those binoculars -- a freighter not far out.

He checks his watch. Starts up the midway.

## AT A SAUSAGE STAND

a teenage KID leans on the counter and ribs the FAT GUINEA behind the grill.

KID

You got sau-seege? Sau-seege for me?

GRILLMAN

Yeah --

He takes a swipe at the kid, who jumps back, bumping into Romeo.

KID

Sorry.

Romeo scowls. Continues down the pier. Passes an amusement booth. A TEENAGER is trying to drum up business. You get three balls for a buck, and the object is to knock tin cans off a ledge with a softball.

TEENAGER

Hey, hey, hey, three balls for a buck. Everyone's El Duque, huh? Come on.

Romeo swipes a softball. Hurls it and knocks one of the bottles off its perch.

TEENAGER

Hey. See that.

He looks around, but Romeo is already gone.

He reaches the edge of a darkened arcade, pauses to look around. Setting the satchel down, he lights a cigarette, takes a drag on it. Checks his watch again. Whips out a cell phone.

ROMEO

(into phone)

Angelo? Yeah -- yeah, I'm here. I don't see no palm reader.

(looks around)

Wait a minute.

(spies gypsy fortune booth)

I think I got it, I'm good. Yeah, I'm cool. Relax.

He stashes the phone. Starts on his way.

Another FIGURE steps out of the shadows -- a FED. Or at least that's what he'd like us to believe. Dressed in business suit. He produces a cell phone of his own, pantos talking into it.

## EXT. GYPSY FORTUNE TELLER'S BOOTH

Romeo approaches, pauses, looks around.





Romeo rises slowly. Eyes the Gypsy. He goes out. The Gypsy reaches for the tarot deck. Turns a card: TOWER COLLAPSING.

EXT. BOARDWALK

Romeo emerges from the fortune teller's. He moves to one of the amusement stalls opposite. Ducks into the shadows. Observes.

The Fed who has been keeping tabs on him appears in front of the fortune teller's booth.

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S

The Gypsy hears someone outside. Stashes the satchel of money. The Fed comes in.

FED

Guy who just came in here?

He flashes a phony police badge.

FED

Tell me about him.

GYPSY

That guy?

FED

That guy.

GYPSY

He wanted his cards read.

FED

Don't give me that shit.

GYPSY

People like to have their fortunes told. That's why they come down to the shore. Sunburns, tarot cards, getting sick on stale pizza and cotton candy.

FED

That guy was a mobster. You can't bullshit me. Start talking.

GYPSY

Excuse me just a minute.

She gets up, disappears into the back. SOUND OF A DOOR CLOSING. Several long beats as the Fed looks around. Now he realizes she's not coming back. He quickly darts after her.

IN THE DARK RECESS

behind the main room, he encounters a locked door. Tries the handle. No dice.

Resigned, he starts back.

EXT. FORTUNE TELLER'S BOOTH

The Fed emerges, heads down the midway.

Romeo observes him for a beat. Crosses to the Fortune Teller's and enters.

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S

Romeo looks around. The place is empty.

ROMEO

Hey?

Silence. He tries the door at the rear. Nothing.

He turns, exits.

EXT. BOARDWALK

Romeo starts down the street, spies a diner. Crosses to it, goes inside.

INT. DINER

A lunch counter, booths. It's deserted except for a couple of crusty-looking shore types draped over the counter.

Romeo plops down in a booth.

The WAITRESS comes over. She's about 40, not unattractive.

WAITRESS

Hello.

She hands him a menu. He gives her a good once over.

WAITRESS

You're staring.

ROMEO

The sea air, does things to you.

He stares some more.

WAITRESS

The menu.

He eyes the menu. Eyes her.

WAITRESS

I'll come back.

ROMEO

No -- wait.  
(re: menu)  
What's good?

WAITRESS

Everything. Nothing. Just pick something.

The front door opens and the Fed comes in. He throws a suspicious look at Romeo, takes a seat at the counter.

Romeo smiles, eyes the Fed.

ROMEO

See that guy, the one who just came in?

WAITRESS

Yeah.

ROMEO

Do me a favor. Go spill some coffee on him.

WAITRESS

You're out of your mind.

ROMEO

It would make me very happy.

WAITRESS

It would make me unemployed.

ROMEO

That guy's a cop. A fed.

WAITRESS

I got nothing against cops.

ROMEO

And I thought you were such a sweet lady.

WAITRESS

(gestures)  
So what's it gonna be?

She thumps her pencil, registers frustration.

ROMEO

Coffee, black, turkey club on white toast. If I throw up, I know who to blame.

She jots it down.

WAITRESS

You'll throw up.

She starts off.

ROMEO

Hey?  
 (off a look)  
 What time do you get off?

WAITRESS

Like, none of your business.

She turns to leave, takes a few steps, then turns back.

WAITRESS

Three-thirty.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - DINER - TWO HOURS LATER

Romeo is leaning against a car. The Waitress emerges from the diner. Passes him, halts.

WAITRESS

You coming?

They start on their way.

WAITRESS

I thought you might buy me a drink. I have to change first. Well?

He nods.

INT. RENTED ROOM

The Waitress and Romeo enter the room. Romeo glances around. It's a bit of a dump.

WAITRESS

I don't invite just anyone up to my dump. Isn't it sumptuous?

She sits on the bed, sighs.

WAITRESS

Let me just kick back for a minute.

She removes her shoes and tosses them on the floor. Leans back. She's tired.

ROMEO

I don't have much time.

He eyes his watch.

ROMEO

In fact, no time for drinks, or games.

WAITRESS

(mocking)  
Uh-oh, is this where you get tough?

ROMEO

Lady, I don't have time for pleasantries.

She manages to rise, crosses to closet -- he intercepts her. Tries to kiss her.

WAITRESS

Hey --

He tries again, she pulls away.

ROMEO

You're making me angry.

WAITRESS

Can I change?

Romeo checks his watch.

ROMEO

Last chance.

She throws him a sour look. He pulls a gun.

WAITRESS

Hey -- come on.

ROMEO

I told you -- I don't have time.

BLAM! BLAM! He pumps two shots into her. Her body jerks back and she slams against the wall, then slumps over dead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REFRESHMENT STAND -- DAY

Romeo pays for an ice cream cone. Checks his watch. Scopes the scene. Starts down the boardwalk.

He pauses opposite the FORTUNE TELLER'S BOOTH. The Gypsy is seated outside.

They exchange looks. She nods. He tosses the rest of the ice cream cone into a wastebasket, follows her inside.

INT. FORTUNE TELLER'S BOOTH

They sit around the table.

ROMEO

You didn't say nothing to the fed, right?

GYPSY

Do I look stupid?

Pause.

ROMEO

(gestures)  
So?

GYPSY

Just a minute.

She disappears into the back room. Returns with the satchel, puts it on the table.

He opens it, brings out a large bag of white powder. Removes a jackknife from his pocket and slits it open.

He samples a line of the stuff with a rolled-up bill. Nods. Stuffs the bag back in the satchel. Gives her a half salute.

The Fed emerges from behind the curtains. Only the catch is, he's not really a Fed. It was all a ruse. He's another hood, a guy named TONY. He's got a gun pointed. A silencer.

ROMEO

Hey -- what is this?

TONY

Gimme the shit, and shut up.

ROMEO

You know who you're dealing with?

TONY

Sure I know.

ROMEO

You don't fuck with Angelo Ruggiero, goombah.

TONY

Ruggiero is sticking his nose in where it don't belong.  
You tell him up north, to stay the hell out.

ROMEO

He'll kill you for this.

TONY

He'll kill me? I don't think so.

He points the barrel of a SILENCER at Romeo -- CHUG! CHUG! Romeo catches those slugs, crashes against the wall and falls in a heap.

Tony checks for a pulse.

TONY  
I'm afraid his lifeline ran out.

He collects the bag of cocaine and stashes it in the satchel.

He points the SILENCER --

TONY  
Yours too.

CHUG! CHUG! -- she catches two slugs and flops to the floor.

He turns to leave, pauses. Cuts the pack of tarot cards and gazes at what he's cut to, although we cannot see it. He shakes his head, goes out.

EXT. FORTUNE TELLER'S BOOTH

The mobster emerges, rearranges his lapels, starts off down the boardwalk carrying that satchel.

CAMERA PULLS BACK revealing FORTUNE TELLER'S BOOTH against the larger backdrop of the surrounding shops and stalls and milling tourists on the amusement pier.

The pier gets tinier and tinier as we PULL AWAY. Tourists go about their business, and we can hear gleeful cries from the amusement rides as the mobster vanishes into the crowd.

FADE OUT.

THE END